OLD SOUTH
THORP & MARTIN Co
No. 1839 Price
Old South
T.&M.Co
TRADE MARK
64-66 FRANKLIN STREET
BOSTON
INVOICE BOOK
To duplicate this book it is only necessary to quote number.

No. 480.305
V. 31
THE TRUSTEES OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
GIVEN BY
Philip Hale.

"all-of-a-sudden Peggy" 13

o'a ino's concert

"ancient Voices" 10

Applesauce (Shakers) 11

Amber Princess 63

Ames W. in the theatre 3

VOLUME

29

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Brazilian Honeymoon, A. 4

Bois Jules 1
Brown, A.A. 85

Bernard Sum. Keith's 4

Chaplin C. & H.B. Tree 84

Colonial theatre 1915-16, -3.
Crosman, H. (Kes Mis) 24

Cocks, Fans legged 5

"Clean Kitchens" 20

+ Civilization 08

Crosman. Henrietta 24

Devil's Harvest The 8 5

"Efficient Composer. An" 4
"Ending in Ette 5

"Elijah" 18

"Farrar Park" 9
Franklin, J. (Keitus) 3

Gadski mme Gyale 5

"Federal Censorship" 10

German Red Cross Court 3

Gibson Dora 69

"Friars Frolic." 20

Filmed Clinics 25
Fish pingle 30

"Girls" 10
Goodwin N.C. 64 Shylock 80 Keitus

Forbes. C. 11
× Follies of 1911/76

"Foolish Protests"

D E F G H I J K L Mc M N O P Q R S T U V W Y Z

Hamlet [illegible] 7[illegible]

* Hit the Trail Holliday 68

Hollis St. Theatre Season 15 Holbrooke /. 2

Height and Price 15
** [illegible] Naked Self 69
* Heart of Dixie 70
Henry VIII al. 92

"In the Open" 19
Importance of being Earnest 93

Latin, ca 64

Ketchup 10

H
I
J
K
L
Mc
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

Rec, [illegible] 23

Letters of Reference 25

Little [illegible] Wrt Don 68

Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come 68

McDonough D. 11

Mayor of Troy 2
McCormack, J. 84

Merchant of Venice 64,
× Milo by of Youth 68

Mitt + Jeffs Wedding, 72

L
Mc.
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

"Old Homestead. The" 14

[illegible]

Nelson Adelaide 27

Nicolay C 68

Norworth [illegible] (Rec Tho) 55

Occupation Gone Un" 23

+ Pair of Queens 76 + Pasternack 69

Peddler, the 80

"Phillips. The case of Stephen" 8
"Pipe for Women" 11

Pops (Copley Hall) 40

"Political characteristics" 6

Pozzi Marks "Fall
Sarasin 69

N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

- [illegible] 5
Rasch A. [illegible]

Ratan Devi, 9

Reger Max 4, [illegible]

"Redheads the" 19

"Rio Grande 84
Riddle the 37

"Roll of Honor Ca" 13
Rolling Stones 93

"Shakespeare and Steam" 6
"Sea-fights and poets" 8
"Saxe John G." 21
"Strange Survivals" 28

Shakespeare 13

xx "Scapegoat the" 27
Sharlow, M. 73

Snelling, L. 69

"Science of Musical Sounds the" 11
Silent Witness 81

Shortcuts 4, 6

Shylock 62

"Superstition and the theatre" 16

Troilus & C. Sida 36 ,

Tunbridge Tails 4, 5.

Till Eulenspiegel,
ballet - 07

R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

"Victims of Dates" 3
very Good Eddie 61

Ware, Helen (Keith's) 4

Whitman's Birthday 14

Whelan Albert 14 "Wheaton and Carroll" 28
where are my Children 36

You never Can Tell 84

V
W
Y
Z

May 13 1916

Th. M. Jules Bois, who visits Boston for the purpose of lecturing in aid of France, and begins Monday afternoon, May 15, at the Chilton Club by talking about "The Smile of France," was born in 1871. Poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, he is professor of "retrospective psychology" at the school of psychophysiology and the Institute of Psycho-Physiology. He was educated at the colleges of St. Sebastian and Marseilles. His blood-curdling volume "Le Satanisme et la Magie," a volume of over 400 large octavo pages with nightmare illustrations by Henry de Malvost, reached a fourth edition in 1895. Huysmans contributed a preface to it in the vein of his strange romance "La-Bas." Opposite page 219 is a picture of the Abbe Guibourg cutting a child's neck so that blood will flow into the chalice that stands between the breasts of Mme. de Montespan, who is lying naked, stretched at full length as an altar for the blasphemous ceremony. She is represented by M. Bois as entering masked and perfumed, with the words: "Woe to him if he resists: death to her; I shall be queen." The Black Mass was celebrated in her honor; and it is said, that Mme. de Montespan, then in disgrace at court, the day after the celebration, won back the heart of Louis, by means of a disgusting potion that had been mixed in the chalice.

The titles of the chapters will give only a faint idea of this extraordinary volume. The chapters of the first part, "Satan and His Disciples" are: The Three Satans, The Sorceress—very different from Michelet's book of the same title—The Sorcerer, The Mage, Fantastical Evocations of the Mage, The Invocation of the Devil, Dialogue between the Devil and the Invoker. Part second is concerned with the Sabbath of the Witches, the Mass of the Sabbath, Black Masses, Incubes and Succubes, Exorcism, The Magical Charm of Hatred (as in Rossetti's "Sister Helen," and Hardy's "Return of the Native," and back as far as an eclogue of Virgil who borrowed from Theocritus, etc. There is a preamble, which contains a prayer to conjure up Satan. The appendix is concerned with the fourth book of "Occult Philosophy" by Cornelius Agrippa. All in all M. Bois's volume is not to be recommended as a soothing night-stand companion.

Mme. Emma Calve, greatly interested at one time in occult matters, was naturally interested in M. Bois. She wrote from Paris to friends in Boston, asking who best could manage him as a lecturer on "Satanisme" in this country. The reply was made that this country was hardly ripe for a lecturer on the subject—although there were reports that the Black Mass had celebrants in sumptuously furnished apartments in New York. Now that Mr. Bois is in town, he may be persuaded to extend the scope of his lectures as originally planned.

Fantastic Derivations.

As the World Wags:

Even if "dormouse" is not "dormeuse," nor "March hare," "ma chere," there are, I think, some unsuspected French ancestors of English words. For instance, "rummage." I believe it comes from "remue-menage," which Bellows translates, "stir, bustle, upset." When the Queen sent for d'Artagnan, in the first volume of "Vingt Ans Apres," he reflected, "There must have been the devil of a remue-menage in her mind to make the memory of me turn up after 20 years." (I quote from memory.) Also rummage sales occur at house-moving season.

There is even the Scotch word "fu," meaning full—Sympathic and extenuational for intoxicated. Surely no word could seem more indigenous than that. It belongs to Scotland, almost as much as "Scotch" itself, in all its senses. And yet no less an authority than Thomas Davidson—last of the travelling Scholars, fluent speaker of ancient and modern languages, cradled in Scotland and absorber of Scotch idiom, including the old ballads, not from books, but from verbal tradition—Mr. Davidson was inclined to believe that "fu" wae a spelling based on a false derivation and that the real origin was the French word "fou"

On the whole I do not want to believe in this last theory. "Fu" is I think, a tenderer word than "fou" and more suggestive of resignation and contentment, even if the user be a wee bit drapple i' the ee.

Yours fu' weel PHIL O. LODGE.

Boston, May 11.

(1) Rummage is derived from the old French "arrumer," now "arrimer," to stow, to trim. Cotgrave gave the definition of the French verb (1673) as "to delineate or set out in a sea-card all the rums of winds." Just what "rums" here means, we do not know. The dramatist Shirley spoke of a "rum in the rhyme, consisting of two languages." The original meaning of the verb "rummage" was to arrange or rearrange goods in the hold of a ship (1544); also to arrange or put in order anything. Later it meant, to search thoroughly the hold of a ship; still later (about 1616) to make a search in or among. Curiously enough from 1591 to 1878 it also meant, but in rare instances, to disarrange, to knock, stir or drive about, to force out by making a stir. The French "arrimer" now means to arrange the cargo of a vessel.

Fu, fou, foo, foul, bow, vull, are only dialect variants of full, a word of Aryan origin. See the German "voll." Let us note that "fouish" is said of a man slightly drunk; but "fouscanhaud," a term applied to Celtic keepers of boozing-kens, literally "full as can hold," means dead drunk. In some parts of Scotland "fou" means rich, or bountiful, generous; also puffed up, conceited.

In Lincolnshire they speak of children being "full of cold." George Thatcher used to recite a pathetic poem about an aged man whose "shoes were full of feet."

The French "fou" comes from the Low Latin "follis," meaning "balloon," which in turn came from the Ciceronic "follis," a pair of bellows; but the original meaning of the Latin word was "a leathern bag or pouch." "Follis" as used by Juvenal, Plautus, Lampridius, Macrobius had other meanings.

NEXT SEASON'S SYMPHONY SEAT PRICES FIXED

Since last fall when it was announced that the custom of selling season tickets for the Symphony concerts by auction would be abandoned in the season of 1916-17 for a subscription at fixed prices, there has been curiosity as to what the scale of prices would be for the coming seasons. The problem has been settled. Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, gives the details in the following statement made yesterday:

"All the subscribers to the Symphony concerts of the past season who have registered their seats with the managements are receiving this week subscription cards which will enable them to retain those seats for the concerts of 1916-'17, together with diagrams which show the fixed prices of subscription and the manner in which the hall has been divided.

Problem Difficult.

"The problem of fixing the prices of seats for the Friday and Saturday series has presented many difficulties and it is hoped that these have been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned. The management feels that a great step for the better has been taken in abolishing the auction sales. For the patrons of the concerts, the fixed price subscription means a minimum of trouble in securing seats and an exact knowledge of the price they must pay for the seats they want. For the management, it means an exact knowledge of the resources on which to base the annual budget.

"In fixing the prices it has been the task of the management so to scale the house for both series that the total receipts from the sales will meet the minimum requirements of the orchestra from the Boston concerts; and, at the same time, maintain the average of prices for various parts of the house within the limits shown by the auction sales of the past several years.

"One of the chief objections to the auction sales has been the great inequality of prices from the maximum to the minimum and to regulate this has been the most difficult part of the work.

"The prices of the Friday and Saturday concerts will be the same, but owing to the differences in division the average cost of the seats for Friday will be higher than for Saturday. This is made necessary by the fact that for the Friday concerts the entire second balcony, or 505 seats, is not included in the subscription sale, these seats being held out, as in the past, to be sold at the door on the days of the concerts at 25 cents each.

Highest Prices $60 for Season.

"For both series the top price of season tickets will be $60. The bottom price for the Friday concerts will be $24; for the Saturday concerts $15, this being the price of all the seats in the second balcony, except those in the front row. The intermediate prices for Fridays will be $48 and $36; for Saturdays, $48, $36 and $24.

"The records of the auction sales of the past several years show that patrons will pay for their seats practically the average price they have paid during those years. For Friday afternoons a number of seats in the middle of the hall, which have brought very high prices, will cost considerably less. The bulk of the seats for the Saturday evening concerts are very moderate in price. For example, on the floor alone there will be practically 500 seats at $24 each, or $1 per concert. These comprise nearly all the seats back of the broad aisle. Again, while for Friday afternoons the greater part of the centre section in front of the broad aisle will be sold at $60 per seat, for the Saturday evening concerts only a few of the most sought-for seats in that section have been placed at that price.

"Holders of registered seats have until June 1 in which to subscribe for them and until Sept. 2 in which to make their payments. All seats which have not been subscribed for by June 1 will be offered for sale to the general public.

Brilliant Season Planned.

"Plans are already in the making for a season of unusual brilliancy. Dr. Muck, of course, will be at the head of the orchestra, and in the personnel there will be few, if any, changes from that of this year. The list of soloists is more comprehensive than it has been in many seasons, and on it will be found the names of several artists who are appearing with the Symphony orchestra for the first time.

"There will be seven singers, six of them women. The women will be Julia Culp, Emmy Destinn, Johanna Gadski, Elena Gerhardt, Louise Homer and Melanie Kurt. All of these have appeared with the orchestra one or more times except Mme. Kurt, who was first heard in Boston this spring with the Metropolitan Opera Company. The seventh singer will be John McCormack.

"There will be five pianists—I. J. Paderewski, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Schelling, Carl Friedberg and Heinrich Gebhard. Of these, Mr. Friedberg is making his first appearance with the orchestra. He has been heard here in recital, making a most favorable impression. The violinists will be four—Fritz Kreisler, Albert Spalding, Anton Witek and Sylvian Noack. The last two named are, of course, drawn from the orchestra, and Mr. Spalding will make his first appearance with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"The other two soloists now announced are Heinrich Warnke and Josef Malkin, the admirable 'cellists of the orchestra. In all, there will be soloists at 18 out of the 24 pairs of concerts. This is the largest number the orchestra has had since Mr. Gericke's days, and the quality has never been higher."

May 14 1916

The music season of 1915-16 was one of more than ordinary interest. The Herald has already spoken of the brilliant character of the Symphony concerts, brilliant in spite of the fact that some of the programs were inherently uninteresting.

There were eight weeks of opera. The San Carlo Company, which was announced with trumpet blasts, gave mediocre or poor performances. One week of it was enough. The Boston Grand Opera Co., with Mme. Pavlowa's Imperial Ballet Russe, visited us for four weeks. It deserved a better fate. The performances as a rule were of a high order. The Mme. Butterfly of Mme. Miura will long be remembered, as will impersonations by Mme. Villani, Teyte and Messrs. Zenatello, Baklanoff and Chalmers. The scenery, costumes, orchestra and stage management were excellent. The ballets were beautiful. It was a mistake to revive Auber's "Masaniello," for the music is shopworn and Miss Pavlowa did not shine in pantomime as Fenella.

There was no dancer in the Russian Ballet that came later in the season to be compared with Miss Pavlowa or her chief assistants. Yet, these ballets were almost always interesting by reason of scenery, music and the groupings. These ballets were seen: "Apres Midi d'un Faune," Feb. 1; Carnaval, Feb. 2; L'Oiseau de Feu, Jan. 31; Petrouchka, Feb. 4; Prince Igor, Feb 1; Princesse Enchantee, Jan 31; Scheherazade, Jan. 31; Soleil de Nuit, Jan 31; Les Sylphides, Feb. 3—this has been given here in another form by Miss Pavlowa's company; Thamar, Feb. 8.

The visit of the Metropolitan Opera Company was welcome. The list of operas performed is given elsewhere in this article. The promises made by the management were faithfully kept. Only the sudden illness of Mme. Farrar necessitated a substitution of one opera for another.

The Handel and Haydn Society brought out no new work. The Cecilia, under a new management and a new conductor, began at once to show signs of life. The performance of d'Indy's "Son of the Bell," although the orchestra was numerically inadequate, was highly creditable. The Choral Music Society showed enterprise by performing oratorios by Carissimi and Wolf-Ferrari; but the orchestra had not had sufficient rehearsal.

Mr. Kronberg arranged a series of unusually attractive concerts for Monday mornings at the Copley-Plaza. We regret to say they were sadly neglected. A glance at the list of artists who appeared will show the generosity of the management. These artists sang and played here for the first time in concert: Mmes. Peterson, Tornadie, Konsnezoff, Zantay, Messrs. Sembach, D'Arnelle, Reimer, Linden, Bourstin. The Symphony Hall Sunday concerts were for the most part eminently successful. The greater number of the artists engaged were already established favorites. Newcomers to Boston were Mme. Coudert and Miss Van Dresser.

Each of the visiting orchestras produced an unfamiliar composition.

There was a noticeable falling off in the interst shown toward chamber concerts. Neither the Kneisel concerts nor the Flonzaley concerts were so largely attended as in preceding seasons. Yet the Kneisels played with a spirit and a sense of euphony that had not been remarked for some years, and the perfection of the Flonzaleys was not impaired.

Among the concert singers visiting this city for the first time Mme. Povla Frisch stood forth pre-eminent as an interpreter, nor did other singers, however great their reputation, exert so great a spell on the hearers.

The historical concerts of Mr. Gabrilowitsch were a conspicuous feature of the season. Seldom, if ever, has he played so poetically. Miss Winifred Christie proved to be an exquisite pianist, while Miss Pyle had individuality. Mr. Ornstein did not make so much of a sensation as he undoubtedly had hoped, but he certainly has a wild and irregular talent.

Many of the younger singers, pianists and violinists that came here for the first time knew that they would not pay their expenses. They came in quest of press notices to be used for obtaining engagements in the Middle West and West. Even if the criticisms were adverse, their managers by omitting and garbling sentences were able to find something to the advantage of their clients.

The following chronicle of the season does not pretend to be complete. Many concerts were given in aid of a fund for relief of foreign soldiers or for a domestic charity. All these concerts have not been noted. No doubt there are errors in dates, but care has been taken in drawing up the lists.

These operas were performed in Boston theatres during the season, before the arrival of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Sept. 20, 25, 1915, Boston Opera House, San Carlo Company, Rigoletto 2, Aida, The Barber of Seville, Lucia di Lammermoor, Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci, Carmen, Il Trovatore. The chief singers were Mmes. Vaccari, Kaestner, Fara, Charlebois, Zawner, Donalda (Carmen), Demette and Messrs. Salazar, Agostini, Graziani, Pico, Modesti, De Biasi, Cervi, Battistini. Mr. Guerrieri and Mr. Angelini were conductors.

Nov. 15, Dec. 15, 1915, Boston Opera House—Boston Grand Opera Company in conjunction with the Pavlowa Imperial Ballet Russe. The operas were L'Amore dei Tre Re (Mme. Villani, Messrs. Zenatollo, Baklanoff, Mardones); Carmen (Mmes. Gay and Scheider, Messrs. Martin and Baklanoff); Madama Butterfly (Mmes. Miura and Leveroni, Messrs. Martin and Chalmers); Tosca (Mme. Villani, also Mme. Fremstad, Messrs. Zenatello and Baklanoff); Pagliacci (Miss Teyte, Messrs. Zenatello and Baklanoff—Mr. Martin alternated with Mr. Zenatello; Mr. Chalmers with Mr. Baklanoff); La Muette de Portici (Miss Pavlowa, Miss Lyne, Zenatello, Michailoff, Chalmers, Ananian; La Boheme (Mmes. Teyte and Amazar, Messrs. Botta, Chalmers, Mardones, Puliti); Othello (Mmes. Villani and Leveroni—also Miss Campbell, Messrs. Zenatello and Baklanoff); La Boheme (Mme. Villani as Mimi; Mr. Martin or Botta); Faust with the Walpurgis scene, (Mmes. Lyne, Campbell and Leveroni; Messrs, Zenatello, Chalmers, Bakanoff); Cavalleria Rusticana, (Mmes. Villani, Clement, Davies, Messrs. Martin and Puliti); Rigoletto (Mmes. Lyne and Leveroni; Messrs. Botta, Baklanoff, Mardones, Ananian); Aida (Mmes. Ewell, Gay, Saroya; Messrs. Zenatello, Baklanoff, Mardones, Kaufman); Hansel and Gretel (Mmes. Teyte, Carson, Sapin, Clement, Marcel, Mr. Hinshaw); Pagliacci (Miss Lyne, Messrs. Gaudanzi, Chalmers, Boscatti, Puliti); Carmen (Mmes. Gay and Saroya; Messrs. Martin and Mardones). These ballets were performed; Elysian Fields from Gluck's Orfeo with Mme. Gay as Orfeo; Snowflakes from Tschaikowsky's Nutcracker; Luigini's "Egyptian" Ballet; Spanish Dances introduced in Carmen; Delibes's Coppelia; Amarilla, Puppenfee; Walpurgis ballet in Faust; Glazounoff's Raymonda; Spanish Dances; The Awakening of Flora; besides divertissements. The conductors were Messrs. Moranzoni, Jacchia, Lyford and Schmid.

The Metropolitan opera company at the Boston Opera House performed these operas for the first time in Boston: "Boris Godounoff," April 3; "Der Rosenkavalier," April 10; "Der Wiederspenstigen Zaehmung," April 13; "Madame Sans-Gene," April 17. The other operas performed were "La Boheme," "Carmen," "Tristan and Isolde," "Lucia," "Aida," "Madama Butterfly," "Lohengrin," "Tosca," "Rigoletto, "Il Trovatore," "La Sonnambula," "Un Ballo

2

in [illegible] "The Barber of Seville"; "Hansel and Gretel," "Die Meistersinger." The [illegible] new comers as operatic singers were [illegible] Kurt [illegible] [illegible] Messrs. [illegible] and [illegible] conducted here for the first time.

These orchestras visited Boston: The Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, Emil Oberhoffer, conductor, [illegible] overture No. [illegible] Brahms's Symphony No. 1. Sibelius [illegible] Dance Rhapsody [illegible] Strauss's "Don Juan."

The New York Symphony orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, Nov. 6: Beethoven's Symphony No. 7; Carpenter's "Adventures of a Perambulator" first time here; Goldmark's violin concerto (Mischa Elman, violinist).

The Philharmonic orchestra of New York, Josef Stransky, conductor, Nov. [illegible]: Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade"; Reger's Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Mozart (first time here); Saint-Saens's piano concerto No. 4 (Harold Bauer, pianist); Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser."

New works thus produced:
Nov. 7. Reger's Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Mozart.
Nov. [illegible] Carpenter's "Adventures of a Perambulator."
Feb. [illegible] Delius's Dance Rhapsody.

Chamber concerts were as follows and these new or unfamiliar works were performed:

Kneisel Quartet. Nov. 2 (C. Friedberg, pianist, with W. Willeke, cellist). Chopin's 'cello sonata. Haydn's quartet op. 20, No. 4, first time at these concerts. Nov. 30. D. S. Smith's quartet in A major. Jan. 4. Sibelius's quartet "Voces Intimae" (also Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist); March 14, Ravel's Piano Trio, Mr. Ganz, pianist.

Flonzaley Quartet. Dec. 2. Stravinsky's three pieces for quartet [illegible] Jan. 27. Reger, trio for violin, viola and 'cello, op. 77 B. March 1. Taneieff quartet, C major Op. 5. Also in a concert for Italian [illegible] April 4.

Longy Club. Nov. 18. Juon Divertissement op. 51. Jan. 20. Enesco, variations for two pianos, op. 5 (Miss Longy and Mr. De Voto). Mrs. A. Roberts-Baker, mezzo soprano, March 9. Holbrooke, Sextet No. 3, op. 33.

Hoffmann quartet. Jan. 12 (Hans Ebell, pianist). Feb. 23. Juon, rhapsodie op. 37 (Alfred de Voto, pianist).

Boston quartet. Dec. 15 (Edith Cave [illegible], pianist). Jan. 19 (Ruth Deyo, pianist).

Zoellner quartet. Dec. 9.

American string quartet. Dec. 13. Jan. 18 (Apollo).

Mrs. R. J. Hall's concert of chamber music, March 21. Woollett, octuor for two violins, viola, 'cello, double bass, clarinet, oboe and saxophone. Danses Falennes Grovlez, Sicilienne and Minuet.

Messrs. Keller and Wille played on May 1 Richard Platt's new violin sonata (MSS.).

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, gave these performances:
Dec. 26. The Messiah. Mmes. Hudson-Alexander and Keyes. Messrs. Reed, Miller and Martin.
Dec. 27. The Messiah. Mmes. Hudson-Alexander and Keyes. Messrs. Miller and Connell.
Jan. 23. The Messiah, for the Children's Hospital and the School for Crippled and Deformed Children. Mmes. Grace B. Williams and N. Van der Vere; Messrs. Miller and Brown.
Feb. 27. Mozart's Requiem and Mendelssohn's First Walpurgis Night. Mmes. Grace B. Williams and Christine Miller. Messrs. Murphy, Ferguson and Glenn.
April 23. Judas Maccabaeus. Mmes. Kaiser, Whitcomb, Woodstock. Messrs. Kingston and Martin.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Clifton, conductor, gave three concerts:
Dec. 16. Franck's "Beatitudes." Miss Fay Cord, George Harris, Marion Green, Bernard Ferguson. Assisted by the Harvard Glee Club.
Feb. 7. Part songs. Mme. Povla Frisch soloist.
May 4. Vincent d'Indy's "Song of the Bell" in French. First performance in the United States. Miss May Peterson and Johannes Sembach, soloists.

The People's Choral Union on April [illegible] performed Verdi's Requiem. Misses [illegible] and Wakefield; Messrs. Harrold and Glenn. Mr. George Dunham conducted, as Mr. Wodell, the regular conductor, was ill.

The Choral Music Society, Stephen Townsend conductor, gave three concerts. Jan. 12. Carissimi's Jephtha, and Wolf-Ferrari's "Talitha-Kumi." March 14. Part Songs. April 21. Bach's Passion Music according to Matthew.

The Loyola Musical Society, James M. McLaughlin conductor, performed Gounod's Redemption on May 7. Mmes. Hudson-Alexander, Lida Littlefield, Evans; Messrs. Evan Williams, Joslyn, Miles.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, gave four concerts:
Nov. 16—Mme. Scotney, soprano, soloist.
Jan. 11—The American String Quartet assisting.
March 7—Mme. Marie Ladd Piersol, soprano, her first appearance here.
April 18—A. Torello, contrabass viol soloist.

These concerts, arranged by Messrs. Ellis and Mudgett, were given in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoons:
Oct. 10. Mr. Paderewski (with an address) for the Polish victims relief fund.
Oct. 17—Mme. Melba, Miss Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist; [illegible] Parker, [illegible].
Oct. 24—Mme. Florence Hinkle, soprano; Percy Grainger, pianist.
Oct. 31—John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist.
Nov. 7—Philharmonic Society of New York. Harold Bauer, pianist.
Nov. 14—Miss Geraldine Farrar, Reinald Werrenrath, baritone; Miss Sassali, harpist, and orchestra of Symphony players.
Nov. 21—Fritz Kreisler, violinist.
Nov. 28—Mme. Clarisse Coudert, mezzo-soprano; Pasquale Amato, baritone.
Dec. 5—Mischa Elman, violinist.
Dec. 19. Mr. Paderewski.
Jan. 2—Fritz Kreisler.
Jan. 9—Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano; Joseph Malkin, 'cellist, an orchestra of Symphony players.
Jan. 16—Harold Bauer, pianist; Pablo Casals, 'cellist.
Jan. 30—Fritz Kreisler, violinist.
Feb. 6—Mischa Elman, violinist.
Feb. 13—Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano; John Powell, pianist.
Feb. 20—John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist.
March 12—Mme. Julia Culp, mezzo-soprano; George Copeland, pianist.
March 19. Miss Marcia Van Dresser, soprano.
March 26—Messrs. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch, pianists.
April 2—John McCormack, tenor; Donald McBeath, violinist.

A series of morning musicales was arranged by Mr. S. Kronberg at the Copley-Plaza.
Nov. 1. Mme. Gadski; Johannes Sembach, tenor; Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist.
Nov. 15. Mme. Martha Richardson, soprano; Vernon d'Arnelle, baritone; Mme. Yolanda Mero, pianist; Albert Stoessel, violinist.
Nov. 22. Miss Marcella Craft, soprano; Paul Reimer, tenor; George Copeland, pianist.
Dec. 13. Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano; Pablo Casals, 'cellist; Hans Ebell, pianist.
Dec. 27. Miss May Peterson, soprano; Miss Mary Zantay, violinist; Miss Greta Torpadie and Einar Linden in "Mamselle Mariette."
Jan. 3. Mme. Sundelius, soprano; Albert Janpowski, baritone; Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist; Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist.
Jan. 17. Mme. Frances Alda, soprano; Paul Althouse, tenor; Frank La Forge, pianist.
Jan. 31. Mme. Maria Kousnezoff, soprano; Marcel Journet, bass; Mme. Ethel Leginska, pianist.
Feb. 14. Mme. Matzenauer, dramatic soprano; Paul Dufault, tenor; Arkady Bourstin, violinist.

These singers were heard here. B. S. O. stands for Boston Symphony Orchestra. H. & H. for Handel and Haydn Society, C. for Cecilia; P. C. U. for People's Choral Union; A. for Apollo Club; S. H. for Symphony Hall concerts; C. P. for Copley Plaza, T. T. for Tremont Temple.

Alda, Mme., Jan. 17, C. P.; Allan, Hugh, Dec. 16. Almazia, Maria, Dec. 12; Althouse, P., Jan. 17, C. P.; Amato, P., Nov. 28, S. H. Arkadij, A., Dec. 1; Arnalle, V. d', Nov. 15, C. P.; Axman, Gladys, Nov. 8.

Baker, M. Atwood, April 28, May 2; Baklanoff, G., Jan. 14, T. T. Barker, A. Roberts, Jan. 20 (Longy Club); Bernabo, Emilia, Sept. 19. Brown, A. E., Jan. 13, T. T., Jan. 23, H. and H.; Burns, Nora, May 7 (Loyola Society).

Calvert, W., Oct. 25; Cartwright, E., Nov. 26; [illegible] C., Dec. 16; Clark, M., April 25; Codman, J., Dec. 14, Conley, A., March 29; Connell, H., Dec. 27 (H. and H.), Cord, F., Dec. 16, C., Jan. 13, T. T.; Coudert, C., Nov. 28, S. H.; Craft, M., Nov. 22, C. P.; Crescenzo, A. di, Feb. 3, T. T.; Culp, J., Dec. 4, Jan. 8, Feb. 13, S. H., March 12, S. H.

Destinn, E., Dec. 13, C. P., Jan. 9, S. H., Dostal, G., March 16, T. T.; Dufault, P., Feb. 14, C. P., Dunlap, M., Jan. 14, T. T., Dwyer, M. J., Dec. 2, T. T.

[illegible]cker, J., March 2.

Farrar, G., Oct. 30, Nov. 14, S. H., Feb. 3, B. S. O.; Fay, M., Feb. 3; Ferguson, B., Dec. 16, C., Feb. 27, H. and H.; Fox, B., Nov. 5, Jan. 13, T. T.; Frank, E., Dec. 28, April 26; Frisch, P., Dec. 15, Feb. 17, C., March 21.

Gabrilowitsch, Mme., Dec. 16, March 26; Gadski, J., Nov. 1, C. P., Glenn, W., Feb. 27, (H. & H.); Gorgoza, E. de, Nov. 29; Green, M., Dec. 16, C.; Graveure, L., Nov. 8, Jan. 29; Guilbert, Y., Feb. 17, 21, 24, March 14.

Hackett, A., Jan. 13, T. T., April 6, T. T.; Harris, G., Dec. 16, C., April 24; Hayes, R. W., Nov. 11; Hemenway, H. S., Dec. 9; Hinkle, F., Oct. 24, S. H., Nov. 4; Homer, L., Dec. 2; Hubbard, Mrs. F. S., Dec. 14. Hudson, C. Alexander, Nov. 29; Dec. 26, 27, (H. & H.); May 7 (Loyola Society).

Janpolski, A., Jan. 3, C. P.; Jeane, E., Dec. 14. Joslyn, F., (Loyola Society), May 7; Journet, M., Jan. 31, C. P.

Kennedy-Fraser, Mrs. and Miss, May 6. Keyes, M., Dec. 26, 27 (H. & H.); Kousnezoff, M., Jan. 31, C. P.

Lange in [illegible], April 26. Leveroni, E., Dec. [illegible], T. T.; Linden, E., Dec. 27, C. P.; Littlefield, Laura, March 23, 29; Littlefield, Lida, May 7 (Loyola Society); Lyeth, J. L., April 11.

McCormack, J., Oct. 10, 31, Feb. 20, 22, April 2; Mardones, J., Dec. 12; Martin, F., Dec. 26, (H. & H.); Martinez, L., March 9; Matzenauer, M., Feb. 14, C. P., Melba, Mme., Oct. 17, Jan. 11, B. S. O.; Miles, G., May 7 (Loyola Society); Miller, C., Feb. 27 (H. & H.); Miller, E. V., Jan. 23, (H. & H.); Miller, R., Dec. 26, 27 (H. & H.), Jan. 23 (H. & H.); Mura, T., Jan. 11, T. T.; Morse, J. M., [illegible] Nov. [illegible]; Morse, J. Swartz, Feb. 29.

Nicholson, B., March [illegible]; Nielsen, A., Feb. 21, T. T., April 6, T. T.

Onlukanoff, N., Nov. 8, Dec. 28, Jan. 3, T. T.; Feb. 9, March 29.

Parker, R., Oct. 17, S. H.; Peterson, M., Dec. 27, C. P.; May 4, C.; Piersol, M. L., March 7 (Apollo).

Rappold, M., Dec. 16; Rasoly, G. E., April 18; Reimer, P., Nov. 22, C. P., Richardson, M., Nov. 15, C. P.; Rogers, C., Jan. 27; Rogers, F., Feb. 7.

Schelder, M., Dec. 22, T. T.; Scotney, E., Nov. 11, T. T.; Nov. 16 (Apollo); March 16, T. T.; Sembach, J., Nov. 1, C. P.; May 4, C.; Sharlow, M., March 13. Shaun, J., Nov. 18; Snelling, L., Jan. 3, T. T.; Sundelius, M., Jan. 3, C. P., Feb. 9.

Townsend, R., Jan. 10; Torpadie, G., Dec. 27; Tracy, M., May 5, True, H., April 25.

Van Dresser, M., March 18, March 19, S. H., Varesa, N., March 25; Villani, L., Dec. 12.

Werrenrath, R., Oct. 30, Nov. 14, S. H.; White, H., Nov. 11, T. T.; March 16, T. T.; Williams, E., Nov. 10, May 7 (Loyola Society); Williams, G. B., Jan. 23, H. & H.; Feb. 27, H. & H.

Zenatello, G., Dec. 12.

Many pianists descended on the city:

Aiken, M. A. (her piano trio MS. with Messrs. Loud and Van Vliet), April 11; Arnold, L., Dec. 16.

Barentzen, A. Van, Dec. 16; Bauer, H., Nov. 7 (Philharmonic Orchestra), Jan. 16, S. H.; Feb. 7, Feb. 25, B. S. O., March 26, April 29; Buell, D., Feb. 29; Buonamici, C., April 4.

Christie, W., Jan. 19. Cole, E. C., Dec. 15 (Boston Quartet); Cooper, C., Feb. 10; Copeland, Nov. 9, Nov. 22 (C. P.); Jan. 22, March 6, 12, 26. Cornell, L., Dec. 6.

Deyo, R., Dec. 17 (B. S. O.); Jan. 19 (Boston Quartet), March 15; Donahue, L., Jan. 17; De Voto, A., Feb. 23 (Hoffmann Quartet).

Ebell, H., Dec. 13, C. P.; Jan. 12 (Hoffmann Quartet); March 1.

Fiske, D., Dec. 14, 20; Forbes, C., April 17; Fox, F., April 4; Friedberg, C. (Kneisel Quartet), Nov. 2.

Gabrilowitsch, O., Oct. 23, 30 (B. S. O.), Nov. 5, Dec. 18, Jan. 4 (Kneisel Quartet), Feb. 26, March 17, 26; Ganz, R., March 14 (Kneisel Quartet); Gebhard, H., Nov. 9, Dec. 9, Jan. 13, T. T.; Gordon, E., Jan. 22. Grainger, P., Oct. 24, S. H., Jan. 17.

Havens, R., Feb. 19. Hoffmann, J., Feb. 18.

La Croix, A., March 6; La Forge, F., Jan. 17, C. P., Lawrence, W. S., Nov. 11; Leginska, E., Dec. 8, Jan. 31, C. P., Feb. 24; Lesniewska, M., Nov. 13; Lavers, R., Dec. 12. Loesser, A., Oct. 17, Longy, R., Jan. 20 (Longy Club).

Maier, G., Nov. 23, Jan. 25, Feb. 29; Martin, J., April 22; Mero, G., Nov. 15, C. P., Jan. 27.

Neuhaus, E., Nov. 26, and another recital, Newcomb, E., Mch. 20; Newstead, A., Mch. 15, Novaes, G., Feb. 28.

Ornstein, L., Nov. 16, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 9, 22.

Paderewski, I., Oct. 10, S. H., Dec. 3, Dec. 19, S. H., Mch. 10, B. S. O.; Paine, C. A., Mch. 11; Pattison, L., Jan. 5, Feb. 29; Perry, E. B., Nov. 7; Platt, R., Mch. 26; Powell, J., Dec. 16, Jan. 20, Feb. 13, S. H., Mch. 7; Proctor, G., Jan. 10, Pyle, W., Feb. 23.

Renaud, E., Nov. 5.

Schelling, E., Dec. 31, B. S. O.; Schnitzer, G., Jan. 3, C. P., Shattuck, A., Nov. 22, Siedhof, E., Mch. 16.

Thompson, E., Nov. 23.

Vieh, G. C., April 18.

Warner, G., Feb. 29, Welsh, H., Jan. 13; Wille, S., May 1.

Zeisler, F. Bloomfield, Nov. 11.

These violinists appeared:

Adamowski, T., Dec. 2; Barstow, V., Dec. 1; Bourstin, A., Feb. 14, C. P.; Brown, E., April 1; Codman, H., Dec. 14; Elman, M., Nov. 16 (N. Y. Symp. Orch.); Dec. 5, S. H., Feb. 6, S. H.; Gresser, E., with Mme. Guilbert, Feb. 17, et seq.; Hochstein, D., Nov. 15; Jacobsen, S., Nov. 17; Kreisler, F., Nov. 21, S. H., Nov. 26, B. S. O., Jan. 2, S. H., 30, S. H., Keller, H., May 1; Lewando, R., Nov. 23; McBeath, D., Oct. 10, 31, Feb. 20, 22, April 2; McQuaid, M., Dec. 16; Marshall, G., Feb. 7; Nash, H., April 6, T. T.; Noack, S., April 14, B. S. O.; Ondricek, Mr. and Mrs., Oct. 28; Ondricek, Mrs., Nov. 8, Feb. 9; Ondricek, E., Dec. 28, Feb. 9, 24, T. T.; Parlow, K., Jan. 3, C. S.; Pochon, A. (Flonzaley), March 16. Powell, M., Oct. 17; Seydel, I., Nov. 11, T. T.; Spalding, A., Nov. 3, Jan. 28, April 4; Stillings, K. K., Nov. 23, March 7; Stoessel, A., Nov. 15, C. P., Dec. 14, Feb. 1, March 29; Witek, A., Feb. 11, B. S. O.; Zantay, M., Dec. 27, C. P.

'Cellists: Casals, P., Dec. 13, C. P., Jan. 16, S. H., March 15 (with Miss Deyo); Harrison, B., Oct. 17, S. H., Nov. 1, C. P.; Malkin, J., Nov. 22, Oct. 24, B. S. O., Jan. 9, S. H., March 29; Sandby, H., April 24, Smalley, R., Dec. 2, T. T.; Warnke, H., March 24, B. S. O.; Webster, C., Dec. 28.

Viola: Ferir, E., April 26, 28.

Contrabass viol. Torello, A., April 18 (Apollo Club).

Flute: Barrere, G., with Mme. Guilbert, March 14; De Mailly, C., May 5.

Euphonium: Sordillo, F., Feb. 20.

Saxophone. Mrs. R. J. Hall, March 21.

Guitar: Llobet, M., April 25.

Organ: Marshall, J. P., Dec. 24, B. S. O.

Harp. Sassoli, A., Oct. 30, Nov. 14, S. H., Dec. 2; Walker, V., Nov. 26.

"The Mayor of Troy," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, April 22. It was Sir Arthur's first play, which led the London Times to remark by way of introduction: "It must be great fun for an artist to experiment in a new medium. The Cinquecentists thought so, at any rate. Your Michelangelos were one day at painting, another at sculpture, the next at sonneteering. But they were what the music halls call 'Protean artists' in those days. We are less ambitious in range. A pastellist will have a shot at lithography, or a ballad-writer will venture on an orchestral score. 'Q' began with verse and criticism and passed on to prose romance; on Saturday night he produced his first play. A first play is apt to be like a first lecture, a first speech, a first symphony. There are generally too many ideas, too many 'movements' in it. 'Q's' first play to be sure, has one main idea or thesis, but it has too many casual ideas, superfluous details, loose ends. His main idea is the inconvenience caused all round by the return of the dead to life. Resurrection—at any rate after sufficient lapse of time for wills to be proved, property resettled, and griefs to have calmed down—is a social nuisance. When the dead returns with fresh millions, like Monte Cristo, you have another story. But when he comes back, like Maj. Toogood, without a penny, to an estate long since divided up among his heirs, he is certainly de trop and made to feel it."

Maj. Solomon Hymen Toogood was a fat old rascal, loving flattery, pompous, "the sort of genial old boy," according to the Daily Chronicle, "who would arrange to get a cargo of smuggled brandy into port at the very moment that everybody was taken up with unveiling a bust in his honor. When he was supposed to have died in an attack on a French frigate, the townsmen very quickly set up a memorial hospital—and prepared to forget all about him. He came back 10 years later from a French prison to find his place filled and his property divided among his relatives, his name gradually dying into a hallowed but hoary memory. Troy had no use for Solomon Toogood, 'broke in your wars.' Troy was busy celebrating peace. Hobbling about the town hospital, the old man fumed and swore. But what a pack of mean, scurvy little rogues his successors were! Once more he will command them. Catching up his old Volunteer uniform from its haloed glass case, he puts it stiffly on, hobbles to the window—and lets them see and hear 'the mayor of Troy' command his 'Dichards' once more. In the end he settles down on a convenient competence. In the last act the author rather fumbles over the finishing of his pattern. Instead of leaving the old man, stripped of his old follies and resigned to fate, as he smashes the otiose monument to his memory, he will drag him back to posturing and publicity. The curtain should fall on the smashed emblem of the mayor's infirmities."

The Daily Telegraph found that long passages of the play were designed to preach a homily on respectable if not exhilarating texts rather than for any more gamesome purposes. "After all the most manly and kindly morality will not of itself furnish forth a play. Such fun as the play offers you is ordinary and familiar even to tedium. Just here and there you have hints, as it were scraps from a notebook, of 'Q's' which he meant to work up into a jolly chapter or two. But for the most part the humor requires the smile of charity. * * * It is too plain that Sir Arthur has not command of the ways of the stage. The cliche for the occasion is that the methods of the novelist will not do in the theatre. The story, merely as a story, is weak and crude."

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke of England has written a sour letter to the editor of Musical America. He visited this country last summer, thinking that his ballet-opera would be produced by the Rabinoff-Pavlowa company. During his visit he met with various accidents, which may have prejudiced him. In his letter contradicting certain statements made by Mr. Arthur Watson and "G. W. S." he says: "They must remember that such splendid musicians as Dvorak, Nikisch, Elgar, Strauss and, no doubt, many others, have visited the United States and very quickly got out again, the same as I did! I do not think there is another country where a musician like myself, with a long list of works behind him, would be expected to find financial support for his own opera! There is no doubt America has no musical ideals whatever. I found they talked a great deal about 'art,' but they have precious little of it in their midst, and

whole of their musical activity is, accidentally or not, in the hands of Germans, who are, I admit, very fine musicians. But where do the Americans come in? America admires the charlatan, and they have plenty of them in their midst, flourishing!"

Mr Nikisch first came to this country as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As the conductor he remained here four years. His departure after the fourth season was not wholly voluntary. When he visited this country as the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, he did not leave until his engagements were fulfilled. Mr. Holbrooke is famous in London for his letters of complaint concerning musical conditions in that city. He should take a more cheerful view of life there and here.

The Black Oak correspondent of the Braymer Bee informs us that "Prof. J. D. Wheeler gave an entertainment on his violin last week which was very fine. He imitated the old cane mill, the mule, the old sow and pigs, the Arkansas traveler, the old spinning-wheel, and various other things. Rev. Lawrence Wheeler preached a couple of good sermons, and then C. W. Lane passed around the hat. The collection was 65 cents for the young preacher, who thanked the audience for their good behavior, and dismissed them to their homes."

It is a little curious that Germans are so anxious to claim Shakespeare for their own, seeing that his allusions to them are the reverse of complimentary, the three Germans heard of in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" being represented as unconscionable rogues who steal the host's horses; and they are described by Sir Hugh Evans as "three cousin Germans that has cozened all the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money." As for Austria, few play a more contemptible part in any of the plays than its duke, Lymoges, does in "King John," afraid, despite his loud brags, to resent the frequent taunt of Faulconbridge to "hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs."—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Winthrop Ames on the Ills of the Theatre

Mr. Winthrop Ames made a speech at the dinner given in honor of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe at the Hotel Astor in New York. This speech was published in the New York Times of May 7.

The intelligent people who occasionally sit in front of the curtain have fallen into the habit of berating pretty constantly those of us who work behind that curtain. They say that the stage is degenerating—at least, that it is not on the whole keeping up with them intellectually. And their private grumblings have been taken up by college professors and amateur critics and drama leaguers and stage-society-ites, and all sorts, who raise their voices to cry out that it is all our fault. I've sometimes been surprised that we behind the curtain have managed to keep so silent under the chorus of attack. Perhaps it is because, trained to regard ourselves in the old stage phrase as "the public's humble and obedient servants," we don't think it mannerly to answer our masters that we think the fault not ours but theirs. Moreover, if we reflect a little I think we should not make that answer. It's not true—or at best only half the truth.

But the accusation is also only half the truth. Any broad statement that the drama has in our day gone backward is obviously too sweeping. What chance would Mr. Thomas's subtler plays or those of Shaw or Galsworthy or Barrie in his more fantastic vein have had with the playgoers of our fathers' generation—playgoers who considered "The Lady of Lyons" a masterpiece! Have you ever looked over a list of the pieces given at Wallack's Theatre in the days of its prime—a playhouse that all good New Yorkers were brought up to revere as a very shrine of drama? I wish you would, and if their titles don't convince you of their quality, just read a few of them. You can find them in dusty yellow covers at the Public Library. The moving picture people have found them.

I believe that more good plays are produced now, and that on the whole they are as competently acted, as they ever have been. And yet those of us behind the curtain are the first to acknowledge that something seems very wrong with our stage, and that intelligent people have every right to grumble. I think we shall diagnose the trouble more accurately if we say that the average isn't as high as it ought to be. That the good plays are so submerged and overwhelmed by a flood of inferior rubbish that they seem to have got lost in the shuffle altogether and so given the stage a general air of retrogression. A constant diet of 10 trashy plays to one good one is what has disgruntled and alienated so many of our more intelligent theatregoers.

Well, who is to blame—we behind the curtain or you in front of it? Neither, I think. Evils spring sometimes from beneficent sources—as floods from rain, and droughts from sunshine. I believe that the average quality of stage plays has declined in America during the last 20 years for these surprising reasons: First, that America is a democracy; second, that we have free public schools; third, that these 20 years have brought us unexampled material prosperity; and fourth because of the labor unions and their influence.

I'm not aiming at a paradox. Democratic America has stood for the right of the lowest citizen to better his social position, and he has taken full advantage of this opportunity; our schools have made a certain level of education not only free but compulsory; the national wealth has increased by leaps and bounds, and various social forces, chief among them the labor unions, have been sifting this wealth down through all classes of society. The result has been that in the last 20 years those in America who would be called peasants abroad have advanced a stride in the social scale, and this pressure from below has correspondingly increased the lower middle class, and in its turn this has resulted in not only doubling, it is hardly wide of the mark to say it has quintupled our theatregoers. A whole new section of the public has got sufficient mental advancement and spending money to become patrons of the drama. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, and finally in a flood, the newly sprung playgoers announced their advent. Theatres upon theatres were built, not in New York only, but all over the country—and still they seemed too few.

The celebrated theatrical "trust," which had hitherto pretty much controlled things, could no longer keep its dams in order. All the old traditional rules of the game went by the board. And still the tide of the new audience continued to rise. Plays had to be found; but from the quality of the drafound; but from the uality of the dramatic fare they obviously relished and demanded we gauged the quality of the new patrons. And we found, to our regret and yours, that it was not the intellectual public that had quintupled—it was the less intelligent. They were innocent of dramatic standards and of culture. To them a play was just a "show." They cared nothing for such things as character delineation or psychological analysis, or subtleties of dialogue—in short for the things that make drama literature. They wanted a good "show"—and their definition meant merely a simple, rapid, exciting story, told in terms of action. The more intelligent public had increased, too, of course, but in comparison its increase was so small as to be negligible; and the so-called advanced drama began to lead a hole-and-corner existence. In a word, what happened was a grand general watering of the intellectual stock.

Now, alas! If you want an intellectually aristocratic drama you must have an intellectually aristocratic audience. The thing is as sure as sunrise. Russia has the most advanced stage today; and in proportion to its population Russia has the fewest theatres, and audiences almost exclusively drawn from the upper classes. Do you suppose that the man who drives you in a drosky to the Art Theatre in Moscow ever dreams of going inside? He'd as soon expect an invitation to the Czar's garden party. Yet not a month ago I drove to a New York theatre in a taxi, and as I paid my fare the driver asked: "Boss, what time does this show begin? Half-past eight? Just got time to make the garage and get the wife," said he. "I'm going, too." Well, there you are! The taxi-driver and Mrs. Taxi-Driver—or, to be more accurate, the class just above him in the social scale, outnumbers any other in the average modern audience four or five to one. This is what we have grown to call the General Public—the public that pays the piper and therefore calls the tune. And so most of us behind the curtain began vigorously to pipe ragtime. Sometimes when we got very rich or very courageous we'd take a little flier in Beethoven or Debussy and then come back and pipe ragtime more vigorously than ever to pay our bills.

We don't like ragtime ourselves as well as other dramatic music, I assure you. Any one that really knows the people back of the curtain will tell you that, with rare exceptions, both actors and managers would mightily prefer to give the public better plays than the public wants. They sometimes underestimate the public taste, it is true; but quite as often they fail by aiming too high.

No, the trouble with the drama now, and for several years in the past, is that it is dominated by a great, new, eager, childlike, tasteless, honest, crude, general public, and as for blaming anybody—well, it's pretty poor fun blaming a great primal force like gravitation or democracy. We're probably just going through a disagreeable but necessary period of gestation, and when the potentialities of our audiences have time to develop they may develop with it an American drama that—like the drama of Elizabethan England—will give u a place in the sun.

Colonial's Season

With the performance of "The Dawn" at the Colonial Theatre last evening, the regular dramatic season at that house came to an end. The year has been one of the most successful ones in the history of that playhouse, and the long runs of the chief musical comedy successes from New York broke all records here. The season opened on Labor day and the entire year was devoted to musical attractions with the exception of three weeks. The review of the season follows:

Sept. 6—Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in "The Girl from Utah"; two weeks.

Sept. 20—"Ziegfeld Follies," edition of 1915, book by Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf and Gene Mack, first time in Boston; six weeks.

Nov. 1—Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle and Frank Tinney, in "Watch Your Step," music by Irving Berlin, book by Harry B. Smith, first time in Boston; five weeks.

Dec. 6—"The Girl Who Smiled," by Paul Herve, music by Jean Briquet and Adolph Philip, first time in Boston; two weeks.

Dec. 20—Montgomery and Stone, in "Chin-Chin," book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside, music by Ivan Caryll, first time in Boston; five weeks.

Jan. 31—Mizzi Hajos, in "Pom-Pom," book by Anne Caldwell, music by Hugo Felix, first time on any stage; four weeks.

Feb. 28—"Around the Map," book by C. M. S. McClellan, first times in Boston; four weeks.

March 27—Gaby Deslys, in "Stop! Look! Listen!"; book by Harry B. Smith, music by Irving Berlin, first time in Boston; four weeks.

April 17—"Watch Your Step"; one week.

April 24—George Arliss, in "Paganini," by Edward Knobloch; one week.

May 1—"The Dawn," by George D Parker, first time in Boston; two weeks.

---

may 15 1916

Mr. D. A. Casey names
SOME FAMOUS SPEAKERS.
Demosthenes.
Cicero.
Daniel Webster.
TRIS.

The New Republic.

As the World Wags:

Will some kind friend enlighten the ignorant? What in the name of the seven sacred cats of Siam is the New Republic?

The first time I ever read the fateful words was in B. L. T.'s column. I wondered mildly why he was so vague, but I supposed it was merely another of his subtle jokes, and cut it out for a rainy day. There are scarcely more than 60 or 70 of his jokes that have thus far defied my patient analysis. But this is the prize puzzler.

CIDRA, P. R., Jan. 1.

As the World Wags:

As I said in my letter of Jan. 1, at first I thought the New Republic another of B. L. T.'s jokes or puns; but the context seemed so sad that after considerable speculation I was obliged to abandon that theory. Then I began to notice more references—thick and fast they came—an evident quotation followed always by a man's name and the mysterious "In the New Republic." B. L. T. appeared to have found a gold mine, and he certainly was working it. Then it ocurred to me that perhaps the multifarious signatures to the various yet monotonous excerpts were only pseudonyms for B. L. T.—that he really did them all. But I soon discarded that notion, for B. L. T. is too thoroughly the artist to be guilty of the sort of stuff he was quoting.

Then I grew desperate and considered wildly. The thing got on my nerves. I probed the theories that the New Republic might be the name of a new breakfast food or a 1917 automobile or an indespensable Ford car accessory or a patent medicine for prohibition territory—I probed those theories to their very depths. I said, "Can this be an indirect method of advertising some new product or process or religion?" And still I found no peace.

Then I really got down to business. I shed my coat and collar, I oiled my fountain pen, read the entire Encyclopedia Britannica, ninth, tenth, and handy editions, looking up all classical allusions in a good dictionary, and copying and correcting all synonyms, antinomies, and plausible derivations. Not a word of light could I find—not a single, solitary, measly, one candle-power monosyllable.

March 1.

As the World Wags:

At last! One calm day last week, not on the ridgepole this time, because ridgepoles hereabouts are made of corrugated iron or zinc and are infernally sharp, one sweetly solemn day, I guessed the answer—at least I narrowed the field of possibilities considerably. After all, the whole blooming universe is probably quite simple if we only knew—like the riddle that seems so absurdly easy after one hears the answer. So I said, "Why not give B. L. T. credit for a novel and commendable essay in simplicity, even literalness? Let us make an investigation upon that hypothesis."

The various names appended to the mysterious quotations were apparently of American origin. Let us take "John Henry Smith, in the New Republic" as our type. Now the whole matter resolves itself into just two problems: Which is the New Republic, and why are Smith et al. afraid to state any more definitely where they really are?

You shall hear more anon. I think I am on the right trail at last.

April 1.

As the World Wags:

In one sense Portugal is the new republic—it really appears to have seen the light. Yet Yuan Shi Kai's latest flip-flap has flopped China back into the charmed circle. In which of these charming new arrivals among the sisterhood of the more or less free nations breathes that typical New Republican, J. H. Smith? There is a third possibility—an obvious one. I admit it. There may be more. It is possible that on some desert isle shipwrecked castaways have set up an unrecognized democracy and are sending marconigrams to the folk at home.

If Smith is an American, I incline to the latter theory; though it is true that his comments on American institutions and ideals show him scarcely more well-informed on what is happening in America than any fairly up-to-the-average Portuguese, Chinese, or native South Sea Island critic might be. Names are funny things—what's in them? Perhaps John Henry Smith actually is a Portagee, a Chinaman, or a bona fide, horn on the coral, browned on the sand South Sea Islander.

If not, and he really is an American, we have but two possibilities: he must either be a member of a party of expatriated mariners (as suggested above), or be wandering at large in Portugal or China. And, I ask, why is he in Portugal or China? And, I also ask, why is he ashamed to tell us exactly and frankly in which of the two he is? Does he fear extradition?

I call all the gods and goddesses to witness that I am in earnest. For goodness sake, put me wise. If the New Republic (I can't believe it), really is a patent combination canopener and corkscrew or a new kind of chewing-tobacco—or anything else parcels-postable—send me one of it C. O. D. on approval, and let me take a look, taste, or smell at it. Or, if my guess is correct, do what you can to calm my fevered pulse and soothe my bosom's anguish by explaining whether the New Republic is Portugal or China, and why these friends of B. L. T. wander there. I ask, as the glorious Gilbert wrote, "the delicate question which."

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Cidra, P. R., April 26.

GERMAN SOCIETIES SING FOR THEIR RED CROSS

Benefit Concert Attended by Several Thousand at Arena.

The united German singing societies of Boston gave a benefit concert for the German Red Cross at the Arena last night, which was attended by several thousand persons. There was a male chorus of 400 voices and a Symphony orchestra of 100 players, with Ernst Schmidt, assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as conductor. Assisting artists were Mrs. Sophie Illing-Schmidt, soprano, and Herman Weil, baritone, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who appeared in place of Johannes Sembach of the same company.

Organizations represented in the chorus were: Arbeiter Turnverein, Boston Turnverein, Boston Schwaben Verein, Casino Club, Concordia Singing Society, Fidella Musical Society, Frohsinn Singing Society, German-American Singing Society, Germania Verein, Roxbury Maennerchor, West Roxbury Liederkranz.

Emmanuel Marcus was chairman of the committee of delegates. Christian Eberhard was chairman of the committee on arrangements.

The chorus sang with admirable effect choruses by Mohr and Abt with orchestral accompaniment and two folk songs. The end chorus of Wagner's Festival March was also sung by the chorus, which was massed at one end of the Arena. The orchestra, which was largely composed of players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a splendid performance of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," together with two Wagnerian numbers.

Mrs. Illing-Schmidt sang Agathe's aria from Weber's "Freischutz." Neither she or Mr. Weil, who sang two arias from Wagner, were heard to the best advantage because of the size of the hall. They were both warmly applauded by their hearers, however.

may 16 1916

VICTIMS OF DATES

Some appointed May 13—absit omen!—the day for wearing straw hats; others May 15. There is no greater folly in sumptuary laws than to name any particular day for the donning or doffing thick underclothes or straw hats. Our varied,

...am ... ...onsible ... climate ...cks any attempt at regularity in the daily life of mortals. This may be said, however: many men now wear underclothes of a certain weight throughout the year while few would be so ... as to cover their heads with straw in winter. There have been exceptions. Many years ago a lawyer in Boston consulted his own taste heroically regardless of remarks made by rude boys and wondering strangers, and in Albany, N. Y. the assistant attorney-general of the state would be seen in the late seventies with a battered straw in December. Men thus defying conventionality were looked on as amiable eccentrics; to be classed with wealthy persons that wore a silver watch with a leather chain or smoked stogies with an air.

In a dismal, east windy day, and they are not uncommon this month—for smiling May in New England is a fiction of the poets—a man with a straw hat is an incongruous and depressing sight. No one knows what the morrow may bring forth. The derby or the slouch should hang on a peg next the straw. Surely there is no weakness in suiting the hat to the weather, but such is male obstinacy, that a straw once sported must be worn whether the sun blazes or sulks like Achilles in his tent. No one, though armed in triple brass, can help knowing in the inmost recesses of his heart that he is foolish and looks foolish in his defiance of rain and cold. Yet as it has gone forth that straw hats are the thing on May 15, man outwardly glories in his obedience to custom. It may also be said, the newer the straw hat, the greater the incongruity.

'A BRAZILIAN HONEYMOON'

By PHILIP HALE.

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "A Brazilian Honeymoon" by Edgar Smith from the original of Julius Brammer and Alfred Grunwald, lyrics by Matthew Woodward, music by Robert Winterberg and Sigmund Romberg. Produced by Messrs. Shubert at New Haven, Ct., May 11, 1916. Charles Previn, musical director.

Herr Zamzelius	Shep Camp
Wanda Zamzelius	Kath'een George
Swanhilde	Ma...on Ballou
Lieut. Olaf Nansen	C...fton Webb
Lena Swartsstrom	Dolly Castles
Swen Llverstol	Hal Forde
Hilma	Marguerite Namara
Herr Axel	Lou.s A. Simons
Herr Torkel	Albert M. Raymond
Herr Schnockel	Fra...k Caverly
Baron H...z von Reedigen	John H. Goldsworthy
Gegda	Nora White
Edith Loyd	Frances Demarest
Carfus	Lester Scharff
Lessia	Katherine Collier
Caribe...a	Phi...p Dunning

"A Brazilian Honeymoon" is frankly announced as a summer show. Its sole purpose is to win popularity. That it pleased the large audience last night at the Wilbur Theatre was evident. Many songs and choruses were repeated again and again, and the vaudeville features, especially those of an acrobatic character, excited uproarious laughter. The sight of a grown man falling headlong has been regarded as funny on the stage of every country for many years. (See the treatises of Bergson and Sully on laughter; also the essay of Baudelaire).

Since the voice of the people is one that sways the minds of managers, it would be idle to consider seriously entertainments of which "A Brazilian Honeymoon" is a fair type. No one, however should reproach this piece for the absence of plot; the libretto is all plot. Old friends appear on the stage: the supposedly rich ...k...r, now in Stockholm, who is bankrupt and wishes his daughter to wed an enormously rich baron; the baron who is in reality penniless the banker's daughter, who in the first act loves a young lieutenant, then loves the baron, but only when she learns that he is poor the rich and fascinating woman from South America, this time Brazil who crosses the sea to look into her business affairs and incidentally indulges herself in ... and unmaking amorous complications; the comic servant with a taste for liquor, this time the banker's secretary; and lo, two German comedians, disguised as Swedish ...tors, but with the old familiar stage bu...—they are all there in St... ...to—and a- isting.

they are ...zil. It may also be said that a feature of the stage business is kissing, in song and in daily practice.

The music is of the type that is fondly supposed to soothe and excite alternately the tired business man. There are sentimental airs there are the duets of lovers, with young women and young men entering and leaving the stage, prancing and ...gling, to form a friendly chorus; there are waltzes there are livelier ... to with blasts of brass and thumping of the drums for emphasis. The spectator who is in the habit of attending shows of this nature hears the expected strains and is not disturbed or perplexed by music that is striking ... ...

Miss Namara sang effectively and in a pleasing manner when she did not force her tones or essay ...zas. Miss Demarest by her entrance in the second act gave life to a piece that had sadly needed it. Her own energy, activity, lack of self-consciousness, her incisive manner and dominating airs set things a-going. Mr. Forde played the banker in light comedy vein. Mr. Goldsworthy sang acceptably and acted easily. Then there was Mr. Simons who excited laughter by his adventures with a step-ladder, tin pans and a table for bottles of wine and strong waters. Nor should Messrs. Raymond and Caverly be passed by without a word, for their misuse of English and use of German certainly amused many. In one instance their use of German was an abuse. It is hardly the time to give in German before an American audience a long description of an invention to keep flies out of ...ter.

Only a few days ago some one asked whether Clara Louise Kellogg were still alive. We answered, yes, not knowing that even then she was near her end. Born in 1843, she made her debut in concert at Pittsburgh in 1860. Her first appearance in opera was at the Academy of Music in New York as Gilda, Feb. 26, 1861. The week afterward she came to Boston. In her memoirs she says: "Boston would not have 'Rigoletto.' It was considered objectionable, particularly the ending. For some inexplicable reason 'Linda di Chamounix' was expected to be more acceptable to the Bostonian public." She enjoyed her first visit in this city, and gave an amusing account of it in her volume of recollections, roasting Mrs. Paran Stevens and Miss Fanny Reed, who invited her to their home and then insisted that she should sing. "They were struggling hard for social recognition in Boston, and every drawing card was of value, even a new, young singer who might become famous." But she was glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Longfellow, "Tom" Appleton, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Howe, James Freeman Clarke and others. She kissed Julian Hawthorne, a boy of about 12 years; kissed him to his great annoyance.

Alas, there were no records of voices taken in the sixties and seventies! Her voice was a beautiful one, pure, true, sympathetic. It mattered not whether she sang in Italian or English, the tonal quality was charming. Many in Boston remember her on the stage, and it is not necessary to describe her singing. The younger generation does not wish to be told that it has missed anything; that it has not seen Fechter, E. L. Davenport, Adelaide Neilson, Salvini, Rossi, Lester Wallack, or heard this or that singer. We older ones have been bored by those who heard Jenny Lind, and we took a malicious pleasure in telling them that her voice had a bad break in it and her emotional range was limited, if unprejudiced contemporaneous account is to be believed.

It is often said that Clara Louise Kellogg was the first American singer to win a reputation in Europe. She was one of the first, but Squires, the tenor, Mrs. Estcott and a few others were long before her.

When she first sang in Boston there were only 300 persons in the house. That made a deep impression on her. She alludes to the fact more than once in her memoirs, an unusually entertaining volume, though many ungracious remarks about other singers might well be omitted. The book is full of graphic descriptions, amusing anecdotes, and there are pages that show she had the soul and mind of the true artist. It is in strong contrast to the printed eulogy of Mme. Farrar by herself.

It may interest some to note the first appearance of Clara Louise Kellogg in opera in this city. Academy of Music (Boston Theatre) March 19, 1861: Miss Kellogg, Linda; Adelaide Phillips, Pierotto; Brignoli, Carlo; Ferri, Antonio; Susini Il Prefotio; Dubreul, Marchese.

Strange Words.

As the World Wags:

I should like to inquire of your very learned correspondents the precise meaning of this quotation from the "Life of John Hay," vol. 1, p. 109:

"Whence on clear afternoons is to be seen, windows favoring, the President (Lincoln) ensarking and bifurcate dischrysalizing." This is a sort of wonderful performance. Can it possibly mean that President Lincoln sat with his heels in the air supported by a brass rod across the window seat of a club, and stretching his legs far apart telling one of his yarns?

Let us have some authoritative opinion on this wonderful concatenation of words, which the dictionaries and cyclopaedias in our part of Down East so far fail to reveal to considerable research J. A. S.

Portland, Me.

The question is a natural one. We work out the answer in this way:

"Sark" is a good Scotch and north England word for "shirt." The verb "sark" means to furnish or clothe in a sark. "En" is a prefix to verbs with the sense of putting (the object) into or on something, or putting something on the object. Hence ensarking is putting on one's shirt.

A bifurcated garment may be either drawers or trousers. Is it not probable that Mr. Lincoln was seen putting on his shirt and nether garments? The author of the "Life of John Hay" confirms us in this opinion.—Ed.

For the Teeth.

As the World Wags:

If "Road Breaker" thinks he has a patent in vaseline as a tooth paste, I shall claim one in using art paste on mine. To some of us all tubes, as all coons, look alike. MILLIE MARIA.

Boston, May 13.

Swedish Movements.

We read not long ago of a plot to kill the King of Sweden at a horse show. His illustrious predecessor, Gustave III, was assassinated at a masked ball, hence the opera "Un Ballo in Maschera," performed here last month, although Verdi was obliged to change the name of the ruler and the scene of tragedy from those in Scribe's libretto which served Auber for his opera. A Queen Dowager of Sweden died of apoplexy while witnessing a play entitled "Life is But Smoke." She was a Frenchwoman named Clary. Bernadotte married her when she was 17 and he was twice her age. Joseph Bonaparte had married her younger sister.

A Double Set.

Mr. Fred Quillen of Columbus, Ind., applying for enlistment in the United States army, was rejected because he had a double set of teeth so that he could not pronounce the "Q" sound in his name. He was not the first to be thus afflicted by Nature. Driptine, the daughter of King Mithridates by Laodice, his queen, had a double row. It was reported of Louis XIII. that he had a double row in one of his jaws, "which was some hindrance to him in the readiness of his speech." Realdus Columbus, a physician, who taught anatomy at Rome, the author of "De re Anatomica," said that his boy, Phoebus, had a triple row.

Why should Mr. Quillen be rejected because he cannot pronounce his name distinctly? He is not obliged to shout it in battle. Falstaff regretted bitterly that his name was terrible to the enemy.

SAM BERNARD "OF 25 YEARS AGO" APPEARS AT KEITH'S

Comedian Heads an Attractive Vaudeville Bill.

Sam Bernard is the principal figure at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week in a monologue "as he appeared 25 years ago." In those days the comedian was fond of showing his "legitimate" style, for he always balanced his act with a pathetic touch and a bit of the melodramatic. Last night he recalled the old days principally through his dress and make-up. There was the commodious dress suit and the luxurious blonde wig. His monologue is not only funny and brought out in subtle detail, but the emphasis he brought about in his hysteria over pounding home a point in the knotting of his feet was an unusually clever bit of business. Mr. Bernard also favored with some side-splitting parodies that brought several of the members of the orchestra into the act, and any review of the act would not be complete without mention of Mr. Cohen, the leader, who gave and took with the comedian in snappy and spontaneous fashion.

Maude Muller, an eccentric comedienne, surprised agreeably with the unexpected turn of her act. Starting on the line of low comedy, she sang an exacting operatic aria with facility and good tone.

Other numbers that pleased were the musical act of Master Dave Schooler and Louise Dickinson; the Primrose Four, the ponderous quartet, with their fascinating tricks of harmony; Dorothy Regal and company, in an amusing sketch, "The Girl at the Cigar Stand"; Northlane and Ward, a clever pair of dancers; Max Le Hoen and Mlle. Dupreece, in a novel target act; Lucy Valamont and Jack Raynen, in operatic selections, and Roy Harrah and his skating girls, in a graceful act on the rollers.

AN EFFICIENT COMPOSER

Max Reger died last week, a German, who by some of his countrymen was regarded as the greatest of German composers, and therefore the greatest of composers then living. Many of his compositions have been heard in Boston, and it is not necessary to discuss them at length. This, however, may be said: Reger, his music, and the devoted Regerites were characteristic of the modern German kultur. His music is, first of all, efficient. A supreme master of counterpoint, he wrote enormously, as though he would subdue the musical world by mass and impact. There is little in the long list of his compositions that has aesthetic beauty or charm. His music is cerebral. There is a certain "militarism" in his expression, whether the work be for orchestra, chamber club or choral society. There is even a prejudicing arrogance in his invention and style. Some have said that Richard Strauss in his music is typical of modern Germany. This is not true. Strauss has imagination, and with all his extravagance and his brutality, there are many pages of tenderness, grandeur and beauty, not parochial, not national, but of value to the world. Reger, as a rule, wrote as if he were associated in the Krupp industry, but not as a silent partner.

Take any gentleman (the more respectable the better) and charge him with what you and all the world know to be false. Then revile him for it, as if it were true. This done, retract your lie as soon as possible; but instead of showing any shame for it, or any sorrow for the insult you have heaped on an innocent person, be particularly careful to glory in the one and add to the other by sneeringly observing that you are pleased to see he is not quite so bad as you thought him.

Random Notes.

"Prof. Cook of the University of Chicago goes to Yale." There has already been a famous Prof. Cook at Yale, Robert J. Cook, professor of aquatics.

In New York last Saturday, the day of the great parade was practically a holiday. In Boston the request has been made that the coming parade for preparedness be so arranged that Saturday trading will not suffer. For though on patriotism he is bent, the Bostonian has a thrifty mind.

By the way, a "'steemed contemporary" uses the phrase, "the parade be so routed." Here the verb "rout" is associated with "route," but this verb does not exist. There was a verb "rout," meaning to assemble, to gather or herd together; also to stir, move; to be riotous; to scour, ride along in a troop, but it has long been obsolete.

Short Cake.

We are told that Bostonians relish only the "old-fashioned kind of short cake." (Short cake here stands for strawberry short cake.) Yet in some of the recipes recommended we find the phrase: "Serve with whipped cream." Now whipped cream on strawberry short cake fit to be eaten is the abomination of desolation.

What is short cake? "Short" when applied to edible substances means friable, easily crumbled. A short cake is a cake made short with butter or lard. Let us now quote from the great Oxford Dictionary: "The specific application varies according to locality; in some English districts the word means a cake of shortbread; elsewhere in England and in the United States it is applied to a rich tea cake, and to a cake of pastry enclosing a layer of fruit:" In Wright's Dialect Dictionary we find that in Cumberland, at fairs, short cakes are oblong squares made of flakey puff paste with about a dessert spoonful of currants in the centre and a cover of pastry on top. In Yorkshire, "fatty cakes" are for everyday use; "short cakes" are for Sundays only, and, buttered, are reckoned a luxury among the poor.

At the famous supper described by Irving in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—a description of good eating that is to be classed with those found in novels by Scott, Dickens, Dumas and Mortimer Collins—there were sweet cakes and short cakes. Were these the cakes known to the young Walt Whitman on Long Island, mentioned by him at the end of that great yawp beginning: "I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey—work of the stars"? Whitman ends by saying: "And, I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron tea-kettle and baking shortcake."

As there are persons who put Rochefort cheese on crackers and call the mess a Welsh rabbit so there are misguided souls who eat strawberry shortcake that is compounded of strawberries and some doughy, gluey substance, or a cake that is like unto leathery and cold dry toast, or something resembling compressed sawdust, smeared with whipped cream. A woman, cook, or mistress, or daughter of the house, or maiden aunt, that can make a genuine strawberry shortcake is more to be valued than rubies.

The strawberry shortcake has only one rival: the Tunbridge tart. We have

never seen one in Boston. It was found among dwellers in Vermont and western Massachusetts in the sixties. There were alternate layers of doughnut stuff and Shaker apple sauce, until the tart was a little larger than a full-sized loaf of Boston brown bread. Was the tart named after Tunbridge, Vt.? Alas, the real old-fashioned Shaker apple sauce, black but comely, with thick slices of apple, is no longer to be found.

Toads in the Well.

Mr. Alfred S. E. Ackermann writes to Notes and Queries: "In South Africa it was a common belief that frogs and toads purify the water in which they live, and apparently the belief is held in Great Britain also. What is the origin of this, and is there any justification for it?"

Those of us who were brought up in the country remember the cleaning of wells; how there would be horror in the household if a frog or toad were discovered. If any one in the farmhouse died of typhoid fever, a frog was accused, although the well was conveniently near the barnyard or an outhouse. Never did we hear from old inhabitants versed in curious folk lore, especially medicinal—for strange and repulsive remedies were given and not alone on lonely hillside farms—the report that frogs and toads were purifiers of water, natural filters.

Without Frying.

A Boston woman recently went into an intelligence office, ironically so called, in search of a cook. She found one with good references. Ellen asked $10 a week, but after some minutes of argument, say rather persuasion or entreaty, condescended to accept the position if she were relieved from frying. Is frying so burdensome a task that it is worth $1.50 extra? Precisely what did Ellen mean by frying? There is light frying; there is frying in deep fat. Think of a housewife obliged to pay $8.50 a week, yet forced to go without doughnuts.

May 15 1916

'RAMONA' IS

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Ramona," a cinema-theatrical entertainment adapted from Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of the same name. Produced by W. H. Clune. Carli D. Elinor, musical conductor.

Senora Gonzaga Moreno.....Lurline Lyons
Felipe Moreno, Jr.....N. de Brullier
Senorita Ramona Phail.....Adda Gleason
Alessandro Assis.....Monroe Salisbury
Father Salvierderra.....H. M. Best
Juan Canito.....E. Valencia
Margarita.....Beatrice Burnham
Marda.....H. Davenport
Old Juanita.....Mrs. Gordon
Jose.....Wesley Warner
Chief Pablo Assis.....Chief Standing Bear
Carmena.....Inez Gomez
Mrs. Hartsell.....Rosa Dray
Jim Farrar.....James Needham
Father Gaspara.....J. L. Franck

In the prologue the chief characters are as follows:

Senorita Ramona Gonzaga....Mabel Van Buren
Angus Phail.....Richard Sterling
Gen. Felipe Moreno.....N. de Brullier
Senorita Hermosa Gonzaga..Miss Lurline Lyons
Senora Moreno.....Miss Lurline Lyons
Senor Gonzaga.....Hubert Whitehead
Lieut. Ortegna.....Arthur Tavers
Father Salvierderra.....H. M. Best
Soft Wind.....Princess Red Wing
Ramona Phail.....Miss Anna Lehr
Felipe Moreno, Jr.....Master Victor Vallejo

At the beginning of the prologue and at the beginning of each of the two acts the stage is set as for a play. The scenes with living actors are superfluous. The music that is sung, with the exception of the prelude to the last act, is not of any importance, and it was poorly sung.

But the cinema entertainment was interesting and effective. There was a time when it would not have been necessary to describe a play based on Mrs. Jackson's novel, a novel with a purpose. No doubt this entertainment will lead the younger generation to read the story, and wonder at the base treatment of peaceful Indians, with the Great White Chief at Washington apparently consenting. The pictures show the greed and cruelty of the settlers more vividly than any printed description.

In the prologue, Phail's wooing of Ramona Gonzaga is depicted, but the pictures do not tell the spectator why the beautiful betrothed deserted him during his absence to marry the distinguished Mexican general. Then Phail wanders about broken hearted, and all last is nursed by an Indian woman, whom he weds. Ramona, the heroine of the play, is their child. The pictures do not offer any reasonable excuse for his running away from his wife and robbing her of her daughter. "She must not be brought up in these surroundings." So he dumps the little girl on his first love, now childless and unhappy. No wonder that Gen. Moreno, finding the baby at home on his return from the tavern, made disagreeable remarks and went out again to quench his thirst and indignation.

The two acts that follow picture graphically incidents in Mrs. Jackson's novel. We are shown how Ramona falls in love with the Indian, Alessandro, much to the disgust of the stern-faced, inexorable Senora Moreno; how the lovers run away; how the white men burn the Indian village and drive the Indians like cattle before them. The trials and tribulations of Ramona, the madness of her husband and his murder, the quest of the faithful Felipe, the final scene of happiness—these are realistically portrayed.

Many of the scenes are beautiful; many are startlingly realistic; some are exciting. The scenes of ranch life are picturesque, especially those of shearing the sheep. There are remarkable views of fast riding in mountain passes, over plains, through forests and across streams. Very graphic are the pictures showing the destruction of the village and the panic of the terrorized natives. There are charming interiors. All in all, an engrossing portrayal of life in southern California.

Among the most conspicuous actors in these scenes are the sheep, horses, birds and, above all, the dog that is the companion of Ramona and Alessandro in their joy and sorrow. The babies in the play have "personality." Their behavior is exemplary. The scene in which the little Ramona is washed, probably for the first time, is particularly good.

Among the men and women that take part, Miss Lyons, Mr. Sterling as the young lover in the prologue, Mr. de Brullier, Mr. Salisbury and Mr. Best are perhaps the most worthy of attention. Miss Gleason, who impersonates Ramona, is pleasing in the simpler scenes, where she is represented as a light-hearted maiden wooed by her Indian lover. In the more emotional pictures she is evidently acting.

But this is a play in which the ensemble is to be considered rather than the performance of this or that individual. The groupings, the handling of the crowds, the strongly contrasted scenes in which many are concerned—these are engrossing.

There was a large and unusually capable orchestra. The music, chosen from the works of many composers, operatic, symphonic, etc., as a rule is well suited to the scenes, in turn. Yet it gave one a strange sensation to hear the "Fire" music from "Die Walkure" when the torch was applied to the Indian huts.

There was a large and thoroughly interested audience.

ENDING IN "ETTE"

War enlarges knowledge of geography, which is to be desired; it also introduces words into the dictionary, which is in some cases to be deplored. The London General Omnibus Company, obliged to engage women as conductors, has chosen the word "conductorette" to designate them. Not long ago the correct name for women serving on street cars was discussed in Sheffield, Eng. "Tramwomen" was voted down; "lady conductors" was rejected; "women conductors" was adopted. But "conductress," a female conductor, leader, guide, had been used by John Ford, Moore, Dickens; and in the eighteenth century a female carrier was thus named. In the fifteenth century "conductrice" appeared, but soon was dropped overboard and disappeared, as the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." "Conductorette" is absurd, for the termination "ette" has reference to size, not to sex, and it is reasonable to suppose that these conductors in London are of normal stature. The Daily Chronicle thinks that the man who now leaps the bus will avoid speaking the word. "His classic mode of addressing women officials of every kind will probably remain as ever—'Hi! Miss.'" "Women officials." Why is there a prejudice today against "female"? "Male and female created [illegible] 'em."

There are already atrocities in "ette." Witness these words: Leaderette, sermonette, essayette; and to be named with them, playlet, etc., to which many press agents prefix the adjective "little." "Sermonette"—there were none in New England churches for many years when the hour-glass was turned at "Sixthly, my brethren"—is bad enough, but it is to be preferred to "sermonettino" and "sermonettist." "Suffragette" was coined by those believing that "ette" denoted the female sex; surely without thought of the modern commercial use, meaning "sham," as, in "leatherette," "Brusselette," etc. The thought that thus a distinction is made—"suffragette," a militant suffragist—was subsequent. "Conductorette" is not only grotesque, it is unnecessary. A conductor, a manager, or a writer, may be a man or a woman

When ghastly Death, with unrelenting hand,
Cuts down a Father, Brother, or a Friend:
The still small voice should make you understand,
How frail you are—how near your final end.

But if regardless, and still warn'd in vain
No wonder if you sink to endless pain;
Be wise, ere 'tis too late, use well each hour,
To make your calling and election sure.

Homage to Shakespeare.

A London journalist finds in a remote corner of the British empire a proof of the affection in which Shakespeare is held by the Anglo-Saxon race. Stations of the Hope Mountain Railway in British Columbia are named after characters in Shakespeare's plays: Othello, Olivia, Romeo, Juliet, etc.

This reminds us of a remark made by Reuben Pettingill, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested agriculturist, who, according to Artemus Ward, lived in the village of Waterbury, N. H.

"He was contented to live in this peaceful hamlet.

"He said it was better than a noisy Othello.

"Thus do these simple children of nature joke in a first-class manner."

Personal.

Miss Mary Garden said "that she had been booked on several ships and had really intended to take them." As she has lost 30 pounds of flesh in Europe, she finally succeeded in arriving on only one vessel. Nor did she before her departure for Europe suggest the necessity of distributing herself impartially on several steamers. Certain German singers in Wagner's music dramas visiting us might well have thought of at least two steamships. They came to us before the ocean monsters were launched.

Four-legged Cocks.

Mrs., or Miss, Alice R. Warren Hamaker wrote from Westmount, P. Q., on May 12, to the New York Sun, saying that four-legged chickens are not uncommon in Java and the other islands of the Malay Archipelago. "It would be interesting to know if the farmer in Sayville, L. I., succeeds in breeding a number of these freaks, as no one has succeeded in doing so in Java to my knowledge. * * * My mother has preserved in spirits a four-legged chicken, which was hatched by one of her hens in Eurabaya, Java, about 1901."

In "Kirby's Wonderful and Eccentric Museum" (London, 1820, vol. IV., page 230) is a description of a cock with four legs hatched near Birmingham, purchased in the market of Alcester, "and now the property of Mr. John Welsman, tailor, residing at No. 6 Lombard street, Mint street, Southwark." This cock was strongly made, with beautifully variegated and spangled plumage. "When seen in front he appears to resemble any other animal of the same species, except that his beak is small for his size, and his comb and wattles are considerably larger than usual; but connected with the rump there is a smaller body, which is provided with a second pair of legs, with spurs equal in size to those of the other legs, being three inches in length and remarkably strong. These hinder legs the animal does not employ in walking; they hang down behind the others, not loosely, but on the contrary, in a firm and strong manner. He has * * * and crows both loud and well." This extraordinary animal was inspected and examined by many gentlemen of the medical profession, and also by several members of the royal and antiquarian societies. Facing the printed page is a fine full-page engraving of this cock. It was first published in 1813.

A young chicken with two bodies and one head was shown in the cabinet of natural curiosities at Chantilly.

A Local Event.

Perhaps the most painful books are the ones published in the 18th century with plates describing punishments and tortures in China and certain books describing monsters. From one of the latter, Clark's Mirror, we quote a paragraph of local interest. "At Boston in New England, October 17, 1637, Mrs. Dyer was delivered of a monster, which had no head, the face was on the breast, the ears like an ape's grew upon the shoulders, the eyes and mouth stood far out, the nose hooking upward, the breast and back full of prickles, the navel and belly where the hips should have been; instead of toes, it had on each foot three claws, upon the back it had two great holes like mouths, above the eyes it had four horns, and was of the female sex. The father and mother of it were of great families."

Caviare to the General.

The Tagliche Rundschau demanded that the importation of caviare should be prohibited. It was amazed that patriotic Berliners, at a time when the strictest economy is necessary, should "hanker after these stimulants for their tongue and stomach, the purchase of which profits Germany's bitterest enemy by millions of marks. May the devil fetch all this delicacy of palate. While ordinary citizens are finding difficulty in obtaining bread and milk, potatoes, and a dozen other things, there are citizens quietly gorging on caviare at 42s. a pound." When one thinks of it, says the writer, it is enough to turn the best caviare to "Teufelsdreck" on the tongue. But the Berliner must have his caviare. Herring's roes, colored, are served in Berlin. The Deutsche Tageszeitung warns the public against them, and says: "Not even our brilliantly resourceful German chemists can make synthetic caviare."

The Berlin journals should publish the remarks of Dr. Ramsey, physician to Charles II., about caviare. They are to be found in his treatise on the worms of the human body. Caviare, he says, is "a fond dish of the Italians made of the roes of sturgeon, and altogether as unwholesome, if not much worse. Invented by idle brains, and fancied by none but such as are ignorant what it was." "The learned physician quotes an Italian proverb and translates it as follows:

He that eats Cavialies
Eats salt, dung and flies.

"For it is only (as was said) the roes of sturgeon powdered, pickled and finely denominated. 'Caviale,' to be a bait for such woodcocks and dotrils that account every exotic fancy a real good."

May 9 1916

The greater the discussion about Mme. Gadski and her singing in the Yale Bowl, the more she and her manager will be pleased. Mr. Carter's remonstrance, the letters supporting or censuring him, the newspaper comments are the best of advertisements, unsolicited and without cost. It is true that the husband of Mme. Gadski has been indicted. The chief question is whether that fact will impair her singing. Remember the opera is not "Fidelio" in which the soprano wife visits her husband in prison and saves him from the vengeance of the vindictive baritone. The opera is "Die Walkuere," presenting the more amiable theme of incestuous adultery, with a sympathetic Valkyrie standing by. A sensitive, shrinking woman might prefer to live in retirement at present if she were in Mme. Gadski's shoes, but opera singers are not noted for shyness. Mme. Gadski was quoted some time ago as breathing out threatenings and slaughter, fire and destruction to all ammunition plants in this country. She denied the truth of the published statements. She was never noted for her tact, and her husband is tactless, to say the least. Many resented his appearance in the foyer of the Boston Opera House when his wife sang here last month, and not because they thought he might have a bomb in his pocket in case there was not due appreciation of her performance.

It is unfortunately true that many opera singers who are pampered and spoiled in this country, where they earn much more money than they could gain at home, have an ill-disguised contempt for the United States, its government, people, institutions, manners and customs. They bite the hands that feed them. There are exceptions. Some have taken out naturalization papers and are enthusiastic about the United States, as long as they have remunerative engagements.

Popular Delusions.

There is still talk about "a silken halter" for Sir Roger Casement, although no one in England is entitled by custom or privilege to this neckgear. In an account of a breach of promise trial we find the word "chaperon" spelled with a final "e." There is no word "chaperone." The word "chaperon," taken from the French, meant originally a hood or cap formerly worn by nobles and after the 16th century by ladies. It was a part of the full dress of Knights of the Garter; also a small escutcheon placed on the forehead of a horse drawing a hearse. "Little Red Riding Hood" is in French "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge." In the 18th century the word in England began to be used figuratively: "A person, especially a married or elderly woman, who for the sake of propriety, accompanies a young unmarried lady in public, as guide and protector." Or "the experienced married woman shelters the youthful debutante as a hood shelters the face." In these days the chaperon is often more giddy and skittish than the chaperonee. Chaperon is a masculine word and has no feminine form.

Tunbridge Tarts.

As the World Wags:

A "Tunbridge tart," forsooth! 'Tis not a tart at all. Was it not our most longed-for supper on a cold winter's night in the middle sixties when the doctor and I were little boy and girl

together in old Lawrence? A "tart," indeed! No, 'twas known to us by a name far more [illegible] 'twas 'Polk and Dallas.' The dough first cut out by faithful Ellen to [illegible] of a [illegible] saucer, was [illegible] crispy brown, to [illegible] and of tempting smell, then spread with hot apple sauce, light, juicy, sweet to taste and with [illegible] of nutmeg therein. These [illegible] edifices did alternate until [illegible] perhaps 10 inches high was borne to the table before the awaiting household. Which was the Polk? Which was Dallas? We never knew. It was a perfect whole and doubtless commemorated the uneventful reign of its sponsors in the White House from 1845 to 1849. H. W. D.

Brookline.

(1) Not the [illegible], but the same? The glory of the Thanksgiving Tart and that was the [illegible] consisted in the Shaker apple sauce, which was dark and needed no piquancy of nutmeg to make it palatable. It should be remembered that the word "tart" in England was a name for many dishes consisting of a crust of baked pastry inclosing different ingredients, meat, fish, cheese, fruit, etc.

(2) "More uneventful"?

(3) Was the reign of Polk uneventful? Was there not a war with Mexico? Was there not robbery of Mexican territory by the United States? Was there not a threat of war with Great Britain?—Ed.

The Real Thing.

As the World Wags:

Boston's strawberry shortcake as made in an old-time down town Boston hostelry has long been well known. It was recommended to me by old Ben Tucker, the New Bedford Anarchist, in 1872, and each passing year I slip stealthily into the Court square place and order the shortcake with a small pot of coffee. Like the Sun's glorified watermelon, it's nectar ambrosial. The ordinary home-made or boarding house shortcake is only a travesty on the real thing. I agree that whipped cream is, after the manner of the local politicians, frothy imposition. The real cream is the thing. The Sun once said of a noonday summer blueberry dish, "With crackers and milk, no; with bread and milk, yes."

A day or two ago a Brookline waggist picked up the mushroom matter. He didn't refer, however, to a kindred table delicacy now seldom seen, mushroom ketchup, highly prized in Britain, Canada and all English possessions. Dashed lightly on cold chicken, cold pigs' feet, beef or mutton it's a soul-stirring aid and appetizer. Let's now hear from the Herald's ever ready reservists in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Neponsit! W. B. W.

Aspinwall Hill, May 17.

Temperance Towns.

Some one asserts that if bay rum is rubbed on the face and neck mosquitoes will not annoy. This remedy would never do in many Cape Cod towns, which are morally dry. There is not enough bay rum left for even a handful of mosquitoes.

May 20 1916

POLITICAL CARICATURISTS

In an article dealing with the influence of caricatures on presidential nominations and elections in this country, there is mention of the cartoons published in the time of Jackson, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln. Nast and Gillam are also duly considered. The genius of Joseph Keppler is ignored, nor is there any recognition of the work of H. L. Stephens in Vanity Fair. It is true that for several years the influence of Nast was mighty in local and national politics; that his cartoons were feared not only by members of the Tweed ring, but by national politicians of the baser and the better sort. It is also true that Gillam invented "the tattooed man." But Joseph Keppler, the elder, with H. C. Bunner as editor, made Puck a power in the land. He had an amazing fertility of invention, a keen sense of humor, a graphic pencil; furthermore, he had strong convictions; he was fearless in the expression of them. Gillam, after his caricatures of Republicans, gaily turned about and in Judge assailed the Democrats with equal bitterness. Keppler could not have done it. Nor was there any mention in this article of Matt Morgan, who in the Tomahawk of London made a sensation by his cartoons against the Prince of Wales. He was brought to this country to aid in defeating Gen. Grant. He was pitted against Nast. Morgan was on the losing side. Not well acquainted with the ins and outs of American politics, this skilful draughtsman was not always fortunate in his subjects, in detail, or even in suggesting a likeness.

The cartoons of Stephens in Vanity Fair are valuable documents with reference to public feeling before the civil war and during 1861-2. The weekly was brilliantly conducted. Men of marked talent directed it and contributed to it. It won the approval of even the Atlantic Monthly. The cartoons of Stephens were a conspicuous feature. At first they were for compromise, peace. The Negro and the abolitionists were represented as the cause of all the trouble; they were disturbers, annoying persons; Lincoln was not the favorite candidate. But with the firing on Fort Sumter, Vanity Fair became flamingly patriotic and a stalwart supporter of the President and the Northern cause.

The glory of Puck as a political influence departed with the death of Bunner and the elder Keppler. There was a time when every number was eagerly anticipated. The glory of Harper's Weekly was dimmed after the days of Curtis and Nast. Caricaturists soon found employment on daily newspapers. Many of them are able and amusing, but it is doubtful whether any one of them exerts the influence of their predecessors. There are too many of them today. Or is it because the readers do not take politics so seriously as in the earlier years?

I love in the cat that independent and almost ungrateful temper which prevents it from attaching itself to any one; the indifference with which it passes from the salon to the housetop. The cat lives alone, has no need of society, does not obey except when it likes, pretends to sleep that it may see more clearly, and scratches everything it can scratch.

War and Art.

We spoke of politics, war and art as entering into the case of Mme. Johanna Gadski and the Yale Bowl. (The old lines, "And if the bowl had been stronger, my song would have been longer," cannot well be worked in, for the performance of "Die Walkuere" has not taken place. Yale men, however, are confident that the bowl can stand it.) Not long ago in London, at a concert conducted by Sir Henry Wood, music from "Parsifal" was performed. As soon as Mme. Kirkby Lunn had sung Kundry's first address, a woman stood up and shouted: "Englishmen and Englishwomen, I protest against German music being played in England whilst Englishmen are being slaughtered by Germans. It is a shame." Some in the audience called out to her gayly, "Run away!" She left the hall.

Soon afterward the woman who objected wrote a letter to the Daily Chronicle. "I am proud, sir, to emerge from the anonymity of your report by disclosing myself as the author of that protest." She said that music to the glory of Wagner was an insult to British patriotism. She was amazed that thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen would "gather and vociferously applaud a Gargantuan feast of Hunnish melody." Her name is Helene Gingold.

This is an example of misguided patriotism. If the music had been by some German now living and violent in hatred of the allies, there might have been excuse for indignation. If the music had been, for example, by Mr. Felix Weingartner, who signed the incredible and foolish address of supposedly deep thinkers, and composed an overture in which he burlesqued the national airs of France and Russia, no one would have blamed Miss or Mrs. Gingold, especially as, according to unprejudiced report, Mr. Weingartner's overture is musically poor stuff.

A Matter of Inches.

Some one inquired recently—we think the question was published in the New York Times—as to the height of Napoleon. The customary answer was given, that he was short, about 5ft. 4in. But the record of Napoleon's funeral was lately found, with evidence of the undertaker. He put down 5ft. 7in. "C. K. S.," commenting in the Sphere on Napoleon's length in the coffin, says: "Standing in his boots, with his military hat, he must at any time have presented the appearance of 5ft. 10in." Yet the general impression for years has been that Napoleon was short. His soldiers called him "le petit caporal." Was "petit" only a word of affection or used in jest?

A Fiddlers' Opera.

It is reported that Mr. Fritz Kreisler, author, warrior, violinist, arranger and disarranger of musical pieces by others, has composed an operetta, which will be produced in New York early next season. As this new work is an operetta, not an opera, Mr. Kreisler will be able to offer the village maid's excuse: "Please, sir, it is such a little one." We are sorry to learn that part of the music was written "during Mr. Kreisler's service with the Austrian army at the outbreak of the war." He is too good a violinist to need such advertisement; but ten to one his military service will again be brought in to boom him at the beginning of next season.

Few great violinists have written operas. Ferdinand David, it is true, brought out his "Hans Wacht" at Leipsic in 1852, but David is not ranked with Paganini, Wieniawski, Sarasate, Joachim, Ysaye. Before them Viotti, Tartini, Nardini, were also guiltless, but Lafont wrote a couple of little ones, Leclair wrote one which was performed in 1747, Pugnani wrote seven and a ballet. Leclair, by the way, was murdered, but not for 17 years after his opera was produced.

Johnstone's Submarine.

We spoke of Napoleon. How many associate his name with the submarine? When he was banished to St. Helena, there were various schemes to free him. One was planned by a smuggler named Johnstone. The story is told by Sir Walter Scott: "A submarine vessel was to be the means of effecting this enterprise. It was thought that by sinking the vessel during the day time, she might escape the notice of the British cruisers, and, being raised at night, might approach the guarded rock without discovery. The vessel was actually begun in one of the building yards upon the Thames; but the peculiarity of her construction having occasioned suspicion, she was seized by the government."

Another "Howler."

The following "howler" from a student's history paper is quoted by Sir John Struthers in his annual report on secondary education in Scotland: "When the South Sea Bubble was drawn up, in the reign of Charles, the men placed it on the table and, sending for Cromwell, asked him to sign it. Cromwell, when he saw the document, put on a stern look and, swinging his hand in the air, with a loud voice shouted, 'Take away that bauble.'"

May 21 1916

SHAKESPEARE AND STEAM

A production of "The Tempest" has aroused discussion in New York, a discussion that may be taken by some as proof of a lively interest in Shakespeare and his plays. This discussion is of more than local interest, for "The Tempest," it is said, will be performed here next season. Is the discussion about the manner in which the text is read by the players? Or about the dramatist's indebtedness to Montaigne and books of travel? Whether Shakespeare drew in Prospero his own likeness? Or about the symbolism associated with Caliban and Ariel? No. There is dispute over the way in which the ship scene is managed and whether old stage managers could have used steam in the vision scene. Mr. John Corbin has worked indefatigably to find evidence that the "mist" in "The Tempest" was "actually steam, escaping from a pipe." When the stage manager told Mr. Corbin that steam would make a hideous uproar in this scene, Mr. Corbin pointed to the stage direction: "to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish," and he quoted Della Porta, de Caus, the Marquis of Worcester, experimenters with steam in the seventeenth century; he even went back to "Hero's engine of B. C. 130." What was the result?

"The combined noise of our steam, thunder, and music seemed to produce in the audience a most agreeable effect of astonishment." And as some critics found that the dramatist who invented the low comedy group of Trinculo, Stephano and Caliban, would succeed as a writer of vaudeville sketches if he should apply himself today, so Mr. Corbin believes that this steam effect puts Shakespeare in the front rank as a producer and show man.

All this is entertaining, but is not the play itself the thing? Would it not be more to the point if there were discussion concerning the character of the impersonations and the diction of the actors? Is Caliban only a vaudeville freak? Renan and Browning, not to mention others, held to the old fashioned opinion. Even Mr. Ben Greet's performance of Caliban in Symphony Hall some years ago did not wholly destroy our illusions. The question whether Ariel was man or woman would lead some one to show a minute acquaintance with the text. There is more in "The Tempest" than actual steam escaping from a pipe.

It is often said that actors and actresses in the earlier and "better" days of the drama were modestly announced; that the work of the modern and passionate press agent would not then have been countenanced. On Nov. 7, 1862, the manager of the Howard Athenaeum took "the greatest pleasure in informing the public of Boston that at great expense he had secured the services of the great Tragic Artiste Miss Bateman." We quote from an advertisement in the Evening Transcript of the date named above:

"The manager takes this occasion to congratulate the public upon the re-entree of this celebrated young American artiste, after a success in New York and Philadelphia almost unprecedented in the annals of the stage. In the former city she performed the character of Julia for twenty nights, before crowded and enthusiastic audiences, whose refined taste endorsed her by a unanimous recognition, as the best representative of that delicate and difficult impersonation since the palmy days of FANNY KEMBLE."

The manager also said that "with the sagacity and generosity of greatness," Miss Bateman had chosen to secure the co-operation of the distinguished artists, Messrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Edwin Adams.

"She will thus fulfil the promise given by her former efforts in Boston, which were so universally hailed as the chefs d'ouvres of a lofty genius, moulded to perfection by extreme culture.

"The public may rest assured that no labor has been left undone, no expense withheld, no exertion untried by the management to present the most complete and artistic entertainment that has been witnessed in modern times. The classic beauty and youth of the artiste, combined with the intense naturalness of all her impersonations, and her disregard of the artificial traditionary habits of the stage, have everywhere gained her the laurels, and justified her claim to honor as the Madonna of Art, the greatest actress of our day, both in present performance and future promise."

The night of Nov. 7, 1862, there was a benefit at the Boston Museum for Miss Josephine Orton (Mrs. Benjamin E. Woolf). She took six characters in the drama, "The Mysterious Stranger," with Messrs. Hardenburgh and Warren as her chief associates. Miss Kate Reignolds and Warren were seen in "The Conjugal Lesson." The price of an orchestra and reserved seat was 50 cents; admission, 25 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams played at the Howard Athenaeum. The bill included "The Bashful Irishman," "Prince Doloroso," "Latest from New York," "Brian O'Lynn."

"Japanese Tommy," only 29 inches high and 30 years of age, was seen in his celebrated comic acts at Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House. "First week of the Burlesque Prima Donna. First week of 'Isn't It a Wonder' and 'They've Grafted Him Into the Army.' Second week and immense hit of the Exempt Shaking Quakers and 'Stocks Up and Stocks Down.' The Raw Recruits. Concluding with the laughable farce entitled 'Look Out for Your Carpet Bag.'"

Gilmore gave a monster concert in Boston Music Hall on the next night. A package of 10 tickets cost $1. Listen to this:

"The manager pledges himself to make it a matter of surprise how such entertainments as he is now prepared to offer can possibly be afforded at the very low charges which he has decided to establish; but knowing from experience that full houses will enable him to pay all expenses and leave a profit too, he is willing to risk the undertaking, feeling confident that he will receive a continuance of the liberal patronage which has heretofore left it in his power to fulfil all promises, and which now stimulates him to greater exertions in his endeavors to afford an entertainment which the musical public cannot fail to appreciate."

The world went very well then.

Sir Edward Elgar has set music to three war poems by Laurence Binyon: "The Fourth of August," "To Women" and "For the Fallen." The music is for solo voice, chorus and orchestra. The verses were written more than a year ago. Sir Edward began his music last spring. The three settings, being connected by thematic material, may be regarded as a continuous work. "The music is of symphonic dimensions, the orchestral part being important and independent, and by no means serving merely as an accompaniment to the vocal parts. 'For the Fallen' is, in fact, a miniature requiem." The Leeds Choral Union gave a performance of the work at Leeds, May 3, and of the second and third parts in London, May 9.

Sir Charles Stanford has altered and considerably amplified the historic masque at the end of his new opera

based on Sheridan's "Critic." The new version was heard for the first time on May 5.

Debussy's "Noel des Enfants qui n'ont plus de Maisons" was sung recently at one of the concerts of "L'Aide Affectueuse aux Musiciens," organized in Paris by Morse Rummel. The Noel was composed last Christmas. The composer's health is very poor. It is whispered that he is suffering from cancer.

E. Fernandez-Arbos, for one year concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is touring the Spanish provinces with his Symphony Orchestra of Madrid.

Mme. Edvina, now in London, sang at an entertainment in aid of "Soldiers of the Empire" on May 4.

Mary Anderson appeared at the "Old Vic" Shakespeare matinee on April 25. She then, returning to the stage after 26 years, played Lady Macbeth's sleep walking scene for the first time on the English stage. "She is still," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "everything that is beautiful and gracious and, vocally, everything that was right with that deep, finely expressive voice of hers. The finish was peculiarly interesting. Her 'To bed! To bed!' was not just a tired sign, but hurled defiantly at the doctor and waiting women as though she saw them. Surely it ought really to be neither, but spoken conspiratorially to a visionary Macbeth. Just one little hint for future performances. Miss Anderson looked so beautiful in such a pretty nightgown that one sighed for a little more barbarism. Was Lady Mac, to put it brutally, quite so clean? But there—welcome, welcome, welcome back!"

Miss Genee, who swore solemnly that after her marriage she would never dance again, appeared in a new ballet, "The Pretty 'Prentice," at the Coliseum, London, April 25. "It is the story of one of tho great Parisian fashion houses in which Patty, the 'pretty 'prentice,' is employed, and from which she dances her way to marriage and fortune with the elegant commis voyageur who calls to show madame his latest creation."

This reminds us that Mr. Richard Northcott in a privately printed life of Donizetti states that he was a grandson of a Scotchman whose name, Donald Izett, became corrupted to Donizetti when he went as a valet to Italy. The Daily Telegraph made this comment: "I wonder if the connections by marriage of Mme. Genee, whose name in real life is Isett, have any knowledge of the Perthshire family from whom Donizetti sprang? I have heard that there are in Scotland those who claim relationship with the Dr. Greig who was the grandfather of Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer. The great Russian poet, Lermontov, was a lineal descendant from the Scots Learmonths, and that he was proud of his Scots descent is clear from several of his poems."

Martin Harvey played Petruchio in an abridged version of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Coliseum, London, last month. "Mr. Harvey is a picturesque Italianate Petruchio, a wit rather than a bully."

If anything can popularize serious opera in English, Mr. Thomas Beecham's present effort will do it. The psychological reason for previous failures is not far to seek. Opera is a form of art eminently un-English. It is purely artificial, and its conventions, to the ordinary play-goer, destroy the illusion which is possible to spoken drama. When the words are in a foreign tongue, particularly in Italian, it is possible for the Englishman to create a kind of illusion for himself, but when they are in his own familiar speech he is apt to be put off by his sense of the grotesque. It is "agin natur." It is for this reason that many lovers of music prefer to have opera rendered by an orchestra only. They can supply their own illusion and create their own emotional setting.—London Daily Chronicle.

What became of "those talented artists, the Alleghanians, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Players"? They were at Barnum's Aquarial Gardens in this city --in the early sixties? Sig. Vontiverdi, the contortionist, was also there, and a young lady drove a living whale in harness at 11 A. M., 4 and 9 P. M. At the same time the Buckley Serenaders in Aliston Hall, near the Tremont House, included the "Alligator Singers Stu-di-ent song" in their program.

Here is a really true story of Henry Pettit, the death of whose widow is just announced. Walking one day in the West End, he ran against an old schoolfellow on a visit to London from their native place. After greetings conversation turned to the theatre. "By the way," said the friend, "you are no relation, of course, to Pettit the dramatist?" The latter answered modestly, "Only that I happen to be the man himself." Then responded his friend, "Yes, Pettit, as a lad you were always a liar." —London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Robin H. Legge contributed to the Daily Telegraph, London (April 29), an interesting article on English singing. He first speaks of a Society of English Singers to be founded. "No society, however strong numerically and musically, can hope to eliminate that remarkable thing which has existed since time was, the 'inventor' of the 'secret and only old Italian' method. That specious kind of crank will remain with us to the end, even as he has been here ever since the beginning, if for no other reason than that hinted at by Carlyle as to the predominance of fools in this world."

Many of us have thought that visiting English singers, in oratorio, recital, musical comedy, were to be praised for the clearness of their diction, in this respect at least giving a lesson to our own singers. It is therefore surprising to find Mr. Legge writing: "For many years I have held the idea, however erroneous it may be in real life, that one reason for the uncommonly poor—nay, downright bad—diction, in English, of so great a multitude of English singers lies in the fact that at so many of our schools and colleges foreign singing teachers have been employed. I say nothing whatever against these teachers as such, but I would ask how many of them talk English as the English talk? Have you ever heard more than a mere handful of foreign singers, even among those who are well known as teachers, who pronounced our language as we ourselves pronounce it? If the difficulty of pronunciation is almost impossible to surmount in the spoken language, why is it presumably easier to resolve in the singing language? By far the best foreign speakers of our tongue in my experience, from all standpoints, are the Russians, while the Germans are undoubtedly the worst. In an experience of 40 years or thereabouts I can recall not one single case of a German whose nationality was not written large, as it were, upon every English phrase he uttered, even when the said German had spent the greater part of his life among us."

Mr. Legge inquires into the qualification of those who set up as teachers. "How is the greatest good of the greatest number to be attained so long as Tom, Dick or Harry may put up a brass plate upon his door and open a kind of shop as 'Professor of Singing,' and charge an eleemosynary fee. I remember an old friend of my comparative youth who used to go a-fishing with me in Norfolk, who knew every drop in the Norfolk waters, and every nook that ever held a fish. I believe he even knew some of the older fish by name. To his door in a little back street in Norwich was fixed a brass plate bearing his name and the legend 'Professor of Fishing.' Why not, if every Tom, Dick and Harry is to be permitted likewise to set himself up as a trainer of our youth in the art of song? We are such a very 'free' country in arts as in all else that in reality we are an agglomeration of individual entities rather than a homogeneous whole, and that being the case, as undoubtedly it is, who is to prevent the humbug from taking the prize while a minority look on gravely but quite impotently? Will the new society make the attempt?"

The question was recently asked in England, "Will somebody restore the lost art of singing?" To this Mr. Legge answers: "If there is a good deal of hyperbole in this suggestion there is also a substratum of truth, for the art of singing stands not so high as it stood, and though there are more people singing now than probably ever before it is open to doubt if there are now as many truly great singers as once there were. Why? Individual brain is surely more highly developed and specialized today than ever, speaking broadly and generally, is that not so? The quality of the individual voice I suppose is more or less constant throughout the generations. Why, then, should the quality of the singing deteriorate, or at least change so much? Perhaps it is the type of music that singers are called upon to sing nowadays that is at fault. But Julius Stockhausen, by far the greatest master of diction in my experience, told me himself more than once this: 'I am an old man. In the days of my youth we were taught that only the music of Mozart and the Italians can really be sung, that modern music is unvocal. I do not believe it. I can see the day coming when Wagner will be sung even as Mozart was sung in my boyhood, and the art of its singing will come to Germany from England and America, where the voices come from. You will live to see this, for you are young enough.' Has it come true or has it not, this dictum of the truly great artist uttered now some 30 years ago? Then again, as an example, though Strauss wrote some 'impossible' vocal pyrotechnical stuff in 'Ariadne auf Naxos,' have we not the notable example of Mozart with his Queen of the Night music in 'The Magic Flute'?"

During his week's wait at Genoa for the production of his new opera, "Goffredo Mameli," the first performance of which yesternight scored a moderate success, the celebrated Maestro Leoncavallo has been whiling away his time in sorting out a mountainous mass of private correspondence with a view to a volume of personal memoirs. Coming across a packet of autograph letters from the German Emperor, the creator of "Pagliacci" was suddenly seized with a fit of burning indignation like to that which overtook Moses on his way down from Mt. Sinai. Unable to consign the Kaiser to oblivion, Leoncavallo has inflicted this fate upon the Emperor's correspondence. "When I came upon the letters, I reread them and reflected," he told the Genoa correspondent of La Tribuna. "Fire kindled within me, and I tore tho whole pack to shreds. The Kaiser had written them to me with his own fist, and I felt I could no longer harbor under my roof prose of such a rascal."—Milan Correspondent of the Daily Chronicle, April 28.

The Daily Telegraph, reviewing Horace Annesley Vachell's "Pen," produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, May 3, says that the author, a zealous purveyor of confectionery, thinks that on the stage we can hardly have too much sugar. "So this last play 'freely adapted' from a novel by Mr. Morley Roberts is merely another bit of confectionery." The Times publishes a rhapsodic eulogy of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who as a duchess has nothing to do but to sit and look on. Her nieces has to choose a husband from a quartet of lovers. "They make love together, are jealous together, live their lives together. One is called a poet, another is a 'strong man' (athletic, not political), a third an American with dollars, a fourth a harmless young viscount; but these are mere labels, and if they were to give you a 'banjo act' with blackened faces or to break out into the quatnor from 'Rigoletto' you would not be in the least surprised. You never guess which of them is going to he selected by the capricious young lady, and when you know, you wonder why it wasn't any one of the three others. * * * It is the lightest of comedies, and for a light comedy is rather too geometrical in plan, with its amorous quartet always forming a square or a cross or a parallelogram. Presumably in Mr. Morley Roberts's novel there is more irregularity of figure, and so, possibly, some resemblance to life. The moral is the old one: Playwrights ought never to read novels."

To the Editor of the Herald:

Those who would experience a new and wondrous sensation in listening to music should not fail to hear Ratan Devi in her recital of Indian songs next Tuesday.

These songs, as she renders them, are expressions of human emotions never heard in any other music. Such an unbridled directness; such an outpouring of latent yearnings, wrung from the depths of a passionate nature, is something so new and strange that it presents itself as a revelation.

The infinite variety of sounds, both musical and unmusical, of which the human voice is capable under stress of emotion, is, for the first time, brought into play in this Indian music. The impression thereby created is profound, the effect, both absorbing and transporting.

The famous Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, in commenting on Ratan Devi's rendering of these Indian songs, says: "Listening to her, I felt more clearly than ever that our music is the music of cosmic emotion." And this inspired word of the poet may stand as a final judgment of the true significance of this Indian music. As a singer, Ratan Devi has acquired such perfect control over a naturally fine voice that the subtlest shades of feeling reveal themselves in her singing. That she is an accomplished artist and an illuminating interpreter of this strange music no one who hears her can question.

CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS.

Boston, May 17.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. Winthrop Ames, speaking as "one of us who work behind the curtain" in his comment upon the ills of the theatre, quoted by you last Sunday, says: "I believe that the average quality of stage plays has declined in the last 20 years for these surprising reasons: First, that America is a democracy; second, that we have free public schools; that these 20 years have brought us unequalled material prosperity; and fourth, because of the labor unions and their influence."

One might infer, from this ingenuous statement, that Mr. Ames held a brief for the theatrical trust, whose cry is that it "gives the public what it wants." Indeed, Mr. Ames says: "The trouble with the drama now and for several years past is that it is dominated by the great new crude tasteless general public."

Quite true, "now and for several years past," and very neatly put! But what of the years before the advent of the theatrical trust? When the artists of the theatre—the playwright and the actor of superior gifts—had a voice in their own business? When the manager was something more than a janitor in his own theatre and the actor something more than a hireling?

We must go back a bit to get at the root of the evil that is very largely, if not wholly, responsible for this condition today.

In 1898 Thomas Bailey Aldrich declared that "a theatrical trust in control of the theatre would mean the degeneracy of the stage." Many other eminent thinkers of those days warned the public by voice and pen that for the dramatic artist to lose control of the theatre would be a public calamity; that the debauching of public taste would be inevitable.

But the powers in Washington were too busy with the Beef Trust, Oil Trust and other ills that were pinching the peoples' pockets and bellies to give heed to the warning of those who realized that "man does not live by bread alone."

The crime was committed when the Theatrical Trust lifted the variety actor from the place where he belonged to the $2 theatre, and forced the legitimate producer and actor out of business.

The playgoers who dropped away from the theatre in disgust were replaced by the oncoming generations whose material prosperity hastened the decline. This "great, new, crude, tasteless public" grew upon what it was fed!

The chief reason why the art of the theatre has not kept pace with our material progress is because the Theatrical Trust by di[illegible] the actor the character of his pr[illegible] killed his ambition, his incentive to [illegible] achievement.

In the mat[illegible] ment of the stage in scenery, lig[illegible] stagecraft—in short in the mechan[illegible] ors of the art of the theatre w[illegible] advanced. But is the spiritual e[illegible]nt—subject ma[illegible] nobility of s[illegible] point of view, [illegible] al fibre and t[illegible] of the act[illegible] that gives the d[illegible] for[illegible] is a [illegible] izing factor, a[illegible] and [illegible] lifting elemen[illegible] palli[illegible]

E[illegible]WARD [illegible]

May 17.

To the E[illegible]or of the Herald:

An article in the current [illegible] of Scribner's Magazine on Edwin Booth recalls to mind an old landmark, associated with his memory, which has recently disappeared. This was the little old-fashioned red cottage which stood on Washington street nearly opposite Algonquin street in Dorchester. It was there that the first Mrs. Booth (Mary Devlin) died over half a century ago after a brief but happy wedded life. Thomas William Parsons, who was the author of the prize address for [illegible] ing of the present Boston Theatre in 1854, lamented her early death in the following poem:

MARY BOOTH.

What sha[illegible] we do [illegible] Mary being dead
Or say or write that shall express the [illegible]
What can we do but pillow that fair head
And let the springtime write her epitaph?

As i[illegible] will soon, in snowdrop, violet
Windflower and columbine and ma[illegible]'s [illegible]
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
That spells in flower the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love,
She was a woman for a husband's life;
One that had learned to value far above
The name of love, the sacred name of wife.

Her little life dream, rounded so with sleep,
Had all of life except gray hairs—
Hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep;
And that mysterious tie a mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed;
Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes look on that loved image for the last:
Now cover it in earth—her earth no more.

I was at the Boston Museum in 1863 when Edwin Booth came with his wife from Dorchester to witness a performance by his younger brother, the unfortunate John Wilkes Booth, and as they passed down the aisle to their seats they were recognized by the audience and given a cordial reception. If I remember correctly the play was "Richard III.," in which the younger actor was seen at his best in the leading character. At any rate it was the part that I saw him perform on the first night of his initial engagement in Boston. He was not a finished player, but he had great force, especially in the combat scene, in which he recalled the fierce vigor of his father in the depiction of the desperate end of the tyrant's career. W. H. Whalley, who enacted Richmond on the occasion mentioned, had some difficulty in meeting his fiery assaults. After the play, while these two actors were taking a nightcap at the Museum Exchange opposite the playhouse, the youthful star expressed in language more emphatic than polite the great fear he had in appearing before a critical Boston audience. At this time he was a bright, handsome, cheery, likable young man with nothing about him to suggest the assassin or conspirator. It is charitable to suppose that the taint of inherited madness was in his blood. His most popular characterization was Raphael in "The Marble Heart." It was a great matinee card.

Edwin Booth took for his second wife Mary McVickar, a popular actress in some of the lighter walks of the drama, but the union was not a happy one and eventually they separated. She was not at all adapted to be the life companion of the retiring and moody tragedian. She did not understand him, and was wholly unlike the gentle woman whose loss he mourned deeply until the end of his earthly pilgrimage.

Edwin Booth's hostile critics were wont to say, at the beginning of his dramatic career, that he succeeded because he was the son of Junius Brutus Booth, the elder. That the younger actor copied his father in his early days on the stage may be granted. Players from the nature of their calling are imitators. When Edwin Booth wore his hair in long feminine locks many young actors followed the same fashion, and when Charles Fechter came over here from England, with his excessive gesticulation, some American histrions began to saw the air with their hands, unmindful of the advice of the plotting Prince of Denmark. Even as far back as when the strenuous Edwin Forrest wore an imperial, numerous leading men adopted the same style of facial decoration.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, May 7.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Oh, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose;
Disfigure not their shape.
—Love's Labour's Lost," act iv., sc. 3.

Lowell, in one of his essays, remarks in substance that there is hardly an obscure meaning in Shakespeare which is not due to some corruption caused by errors in printing or transcription. The following note on a weak and unsatisfactory reading may serve to illustrate, in this particular instance, the truth of the observation:

All the old editions read: "Disfigure not his shop." Theobald's conjecture of

[illegible] has been [illegible] by modern editors that it is now [illegible] an integral part of the [illegible] text. Hudson, in the Harvard edition of Shakespeare, [illegible] Lumley's [illegible] was a better reading, [illegible] the correction in Collier. However, [illegible] with the original reading [illegible] as much in a poetical image [illegible] as in the fact that a singular pronoun cannot be made to agree with a plural antecedent. But the old and new readings violate the rule that pronouns should be in the same number as their antecedents. The rule is further violated by the singular possessive having to find an antecedent in a combination of words without a subject or predicate.

To make this clear, let us cut out the explanatory parenthesis "On wanton Cupid's hose," which, being parenthetical, has no direct connection with the subject, and bring the two main clauses together in read: "O, rhymes are guards . . . Disfigure not their shape." When Longaville threatens to tear his "numbers"—the sonnet to sweet Maria—and write in prose; Biron, in ambush, seems to say: don't mar them; your sentiments expressed in rhyme are in better shape than if paraphrased in prose.

Nothing, perhaps, so aptly, supports Collier's correction than the lines in "Midsummer Night's Dream," which Macaulay, in his essay on Milton, declares are "Universally admired for the vigor and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which Shakespeare excelled"

As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
—Act v., sc. 1.

With the line amended to conform to a simple rule of speech, combined with Collier's certain emendation, the unity and force of the passage have been restored, and incidentally, without offence to the textual critics, the poet is freed from the implication of thrusting Dan Cupid's chubby legs and gayly trimmed hose into a pair of large, baggy trousers called slops—a garmen that even the worst enemy of the joy-killer would hate to see him wear!

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.

Dorchester.

G. K. Chesterton and Shakespeare's Dark Lady

Mr. Frank Harris, who in his really poignant and pathetic autobiography used the nom de plume of "Shakespeare," has, I hear, suddenly discovered that he is an American citizen. It makes an Englishman feel a little nervous; as if he might wake up in bed and suddenly remember that he was an ancient Roman or a celebrated Russian dancer. There is nothing to be said, except that if Mr. Frank Harris is an American citizen he must be a very bad American citizen, for he was generally regarded as an English jingo.

But though Mr Harris has apparently been a bad American and a bad Englishman, it is really probable that he would be a good German. Many of the more all-embracing of the Teutons say that Shakespeare was a German, and if Mr. Harris describes Shakespeare correctly it would seem as if they were right; for he describes the poet as sentimental and sulky and inordinately interested in himself, in defiance of all the facts of existence. I do not believe that Shakespeare was sulky; but then, I am also sufficiently paradoxical not to believe that he was German.

Mr. Harris made all Shakespeare's emotions revolve round himself and the Dark Lady, who was exactly like Ophelia, and also Cleopatra, as well as being the replica of Desdemona and the very image of Lady Macbeth. Anyhow she was like all Shakespeare's heroines at once, Shakespeare being unable to imagine any one else; and in that case [illegible] a handful.

It is Mr. Harris's mission and excuse upon the earth to prove that the Dark Lady was Mary Fitton—a lady of whom nobody seems to know anything to speak of except that she was fair. The objection to this line of study is that if you ask who the Dark Lady was you [illegible] who Mr. W. H. was [illegible] There are people [illegible] who are [illegible] that he was Mr. William Shakespeare.

For my part, I very much doubt whether there ever was any Dark Lady. Tennyson said, in a poem in many ways quite as egotistic as the Sonnets,

I will take some savage woman, she is dark
At my side.

Tennyson lived in such very public privacy in the Isle of Wight that we know he never carried out the adventurous intention in a literal sense. But if he had not, if he had gone about his business among other men like a sensible fellow, as Shakespeare did, his private life would probably be as little known as Shakespeare's. He would have been lost in a crowd. And in that case we should have these critics who ask "Who was the Dark Lady?" asking in the same style, "Who was the Dusky Woman?"

Critics say that little is known about "the man Shakespeare." But, to judge by the critics, even less is known about "the poet Shakespeare"; for he is allowed to be almost everything except a poet. He is a philosopher, a lawyer, nay, a lord chancellor. The Germans seem to maintain not that he was a German poet, but rather that he was a German professor. Let us suppose that Shakespeare wrote a charming and irresponsible play, with the very irresponsible title of "As You Like It," in which there is still more irresponsible song, which begins like this

There was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a [illegible]

The German professors will proceed to reconstruct the second line like a Latin inscription. Very likely they will say it is a Latin inscription; and they will print it like this, "(with a) . . haec . . (and a) . . hoc . . (and a) . . haec nonne no (n)," using, you observe, the double negative permitted in Latin in a manner more extreme even than that established by Grimcke's Law, though Grimcke was with all the world-enlightening scholar's necessities equipped. Or if they do not do that, they will read it as an old English agricultural proverb, beginning "With a hay and a hoe" and about the word "nonny" they will tell you to Cf. Chaucer Cant. Pil. 971 v. xii. And when you have cf.'d Chaucer, you will find he speaks of "the none priest"; and you will learn that the passage is a protest against the [illegible] and agricultural powers possessed by the mediaeval clergy up to the dissolution of the monasteries, just before Shakespeare's time. Shall the nun and the priest control our hay and our hoes? "No!" exclaims Shakespeare, the universal world-soul, here proving that he is with the heart-throbs of our German Luther at one. [illegible] If you venture to say that people don't [illegible] whatever they may do [illegible] you will be told that you [illegible] with our great Hegel reconciled the Is Not with the Is. Or they will tell you that Hey and Ho were two ancient gods (cf. Hermes and Horus) of whom the Illuminati, including Shakespeare, were secret adherents; and that "nonny no" is connected with the old Roman Nones, and the Lord knows what. They will read and re-read that sentence, and spell it backwards, and number its letters, and try it as anagram, and write it in Coptic to see if it looks nicer; but there is one thing they will never do to it. It will never occur to them to sing it; or in other words, to remember that it is meant to be part of a song.

In fact the sight of a thoroughly Germanised commentator suddenly singing in the British Museum Library would be quite startling and would undoubtedly attract remark. If the critics did this [illegible] of things would happen to them; but among other things, they would discover that the voice is fitted and the stress laid on the second "hey;" or, in other words, that Shakespeare was a poet and that they are a pack of idiots.

All that these people can do is mystisize, which means the making of mysteries, not the recognition of them. [illegible] the mysteries which [illegible] they prefer those, like the Dark Lady, about which they are in the dark. There are many much brighter ladies who are just as incomprehensible and more worth comprehending. They are to be found in any number in the plays of Shakespeare and not in his biography, for it is not in a man's biography that we can read his life.

As I have already suggested, I neither know nor care whether Shakespeare [illegible] cared about anybody named Mary Fitton. That he cared at some time about somebody I am very certain. I do not even admit that there was any Dark Lady. But there was something. There was something which Shakespeare thought, and these Shakespeare critics apparently do not think, worth writing about.

There was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no.

Or, in other words, with all the world-revolving life's necessities equipped.

May 22 1910

THE CASE OF PHILLIPS

The will of Stephen Phillips, poet and dramatist, was proved recently in London. He left about $17—or was it £17? Some will therefore argue that the writing of poetry is a wretched profession; that the poet is no better off than he was in the days of Grub street, when Pope sneered at the starved in garrets. They may quote the statement of John Morley about the state of the man of letters in Paris and London shortly before the middle of the eighteenth century: a beggar and an outcast. "Voltaire, Gray and Richardson were perhaps the only conspicuous writers of the time who had never known what it was to want a meal or go without a shirt. None of the three depended on his pen for his livelihood."

But not all poets today cultivate the Muse on a little oatmeal. If Phillips, John Davidson, and some others died in want, or lived in a discouraged way on the charity of appreciative readers, there are some whose fame brings them in a substantial income. There has been as much talk about the money made by Mr. Alfred Noyes as about the quality of his verse. Take the case of Phillips. He started out bravely. His talent was at once recognized. He was applauded as a true poet, a "boss poit," to use the phrase of Artemus Ward. Perhaps the tributes spoiled him; perhaps the craving for liquor frightened the Muse so that she forsook him. Whatever the cause, he soon lost vigor, charm, and originality of expression. Then came the destructive, brutally critical article of Mr. Arthur Symons, and poor Phillips was dead long before the official announcement in 1915.

The poet best thrives, like the lovers, when corn if not wine flies into the window of his ivory tower. Fortunate the one that can support himself by some daily task with leisure to dream! Yet Swinburne, who had always ample means, wrote mediocre verse after Watts-Dunton nursed him and kept him from strong drink; he was no longer the poet of "Poems and Ballads" and "Atalanta in Calydon"; he babbled of babies and his mother the sea. There is something in the old idea that the true poet must suffer and know poverty. "Vex not the poet with thy shallow wit"; but buy his volumes, especially when his singing robes are tattered and torn.

He will never sleep any more as he did in the cot in his mother's bed room.

The Gained Hour.

"Summer time" will last until September in England. Men and women will leave bed an hour earlier, and it is thought that they will not know the difference. Is it better to be an early riser? There's the old saw, "Early to bed and early to rise," etc. There's the volume written by A. C. Buckland, "Letters on the Importance, Duty and Advantages of Early Rising, Addressed to the Heads of Families, the Lover of Nature, the Man of Business, the Student and the Christian." A note in the fifth edition deplores the fact that Mr. Buckland died at the age of 25. This reminds one of a verse in Thomas Hood's "Morning Meditations":

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."—
Well—he died young.

There are other maxims, and not only Benjamin Franklin's (It was Leigh Hunt who disliked "Poor Richard's Almanack"—"a heap, as it appeared to me, of 'scoundrel maxims.'") But an anthology for those who rise late might easily be compiled. The entertaining Mr. E. V. Lucas could be quoted. He believes that the habit of early rising "leads to self-conceit, intolerance, and dulness after dinner. The old poet was right:

"When the Morning riseth red,
Rise not thou, but keep thy Bed,
When the Dawn is dull and grey,
Sleep is still the better way.
Beasts are up betimes? But then
They are beasts, and we are men."

Perhaps the poet had in mind the reply of the famous Julia in Rome.

Dr. Johnson should figure prominently in this anthology. "He had come down one morning to the breakfast room, and been a considerable time by himself before anybody appeared. When, on a subsequent day, he was twitted by Mrs. Thrale for being very late, which he generally was, he defended himself by alluding to the extraordinary morning when he had been too early. 'Madame, I do not like to come down to vacuity.' He often resolved to rise earlier. He once said to Lady McLeod: 'No man practices so well as he writes. I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet, I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good.'" Johnson's idea of an early hour was 8 o'clock.

Thompson, the poet of the seasons, exclaimed in a fine burst, "falsely luxurious, will not man awake." Yet he would lie in bed till noon, and he was so lazy that he would eat fruit standing close to the wall with his hands in his pockets. Does anyone read Armstrong's poem on "The Art of Preserving Health"? He recommends a morning bath.

With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth your daily pains.

And then Armstrong, who, by the way, prided himself on his profanity, adds some curious remarks about wives and "venal graces." He has this to say about sleep:

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this relieves not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether through the tedious winter gloom
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fags; but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.

There comes a time when even the most alert feels a strong disinclination to leave his bed. We do not refer to the morbid who at night as they stretch themselves wonder whether they will feel cramped in a coffin. The healthiest often thinks his morning legs are made of iron, they weigh so heavily. He no longer sings in his bath tub. Shaving, he surveys the crumbling of his face. He suddenly remembers he is almost as old as his father when he died. Better to stay in bed and forget it all. Sweeter than melody by Mozart or Bellini is the sound of railway whistle or trolley car bearing wretched mortals at an untimely hour to their too daily work. He, lucky dog, does not get up. The abused sluggard in the worldly wise and sometimes priggish book of Proverbs is his brother. What advantage would it be to fall in line with those of early hours? To heed the poet, whose habits were regularly irregular?

And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at four-score
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

Flea-Bitten.

As the World Wags:

I saw in a weekly magazine yesterday a picture of a Mr. Wadsworth on "a flea-bitten" gray horse. In this picture the horse appeared completely white, and as he stood at ease, without stamping, without tossing of head or movement of tail, I could not think that fleas were then at work. Had they already marked him for their own?

EUGENE HEAVYSAGE.

Milton, May 19.

The word "flea-bitten," O earnest inquirer, is not used in this instance as it is in "Peregrine Pickle": "You old flinty-faced, flea-bitten scrub," or as by Panurge with reference to one of his members when he related the manner how he escaped out of the hands of the Turks. "Flea-bitten" refers to the color of the horse; "having bay, or sorrel spots on a lighter ground." There is an old adage: "The flea-bitten horse proveth always good in travel."

There are some curious uses of "flea" in English dialect. "Flea-lugged" is unsettled, restless, hair brained; Col. Roosevelt, for example. "Flea-meat" is the flesh of one susceptible to flea bites. There are some persons, sound and sweet meated, who do not tempt fleas either in Italy or Greece. Was "flea," meaning the fat or pork, or "flea-rib," the spare rib of a pig, ever used commonly in New England?—Ed.

MANY ATTEND OPENING CONCERT ON BRAVES FIELD

125 Instrumentalists Are Assisted by Venetian Soprano.

D'Avino's Concerto Armonico, with 125 musicians, gave the first of a series of outdoor Sunday afternoon concerts at Braves' Field yesterday afternoon. Assisting artists were Madame Bice Bernardi-Stivanello, Venetian soprano, and Signor Simone Mantia, euphonium soloist and first trombone of the Metropolitan Opera Company orchestra. Signor Alfonso D'Avino conducted the band. More than 2000 persons attended.

The first number was the triumphal march from "Aida," featuring a choir of Egyptian trumpets. The overture from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" was given for the first time in Boston.

Madame Bernardi-Stivanello, who has won an enviable reputation as an opera singer in Italy, South America and Spain, sang a solo from "Traviata," which was warmly applauded by the audience. Her rich, powerful voice could be heard in every section of the field. She responded to an encore. Operatic numbers from Carmen and Mefistofele were followed by a number descriptive of a hunt by Bucalossi.

Signor Mantia played a Fantasia by Picchi, a solo number for the euphonium. He was enthusiastically received. The feature of the concert was the performance of Signor D'Avino's arrangement of "The Hymn to the Sun" from Mascagni's opera Iris. The piece depicts the night, coming of the dawn and the opening of the flowers, and works up to a climax musically portraying the break of day and the rising of the sun. The concert, which lasted more than three hours, closed with a fantasy of American airs, winding up with the "Star Spangled Banner," which was sung by the audience.

May 23 1916

FARRAR PARK

Peaceful Melrose is disturbed, it appears, by the plan of naming a new park in the heart of that pleasant town after Mme. Geraldine Farrar. "Prominent clubwomen disagree." Some think the park should perpetuate the name of one that has "helped advance the world a bit." Some object to Mme. Farrar's published views on marriage and other episodes in life, also to her "activities on and off the stage."

Certain European cities have named streets after famous composers, artists, physicians, men of letters, statesmen. Paris has had a habit of doing this. Boston in one of its districts, West Roxbury, named streets after Beethoven, Brahms, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Liszt, Goldmark, Schubert, Schumann, Weber, Rubinstein—we regret to say that the name of the Russian Hebrew is erroneously spelled—and there is Nikisch avenue. No tribute of this nature was paid to Zerrahn, Lang, Henschel, Gericke. Some of these streets were included in taking land for the West Roxbury parkway.

Mme. Farrar has certainly made Melrose famous. What says the poet?—

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it on a Farrar night.

The people are justly proud of the woman who has carried with her in European tours and from the Pacific coast to the raging Atlantic the name of her birthplace, Medford; although prohibitionists may deplore the fact, was long world-famous for its rum. Thousands have been intoxicated, without moral or physical loss, by the voice and personality of Mme. Farrar. The purer glory is the lot of Mlerose.

It is said that she has done nothing to advance the world. Has she not given pleasure to many? Has she not, by her talks with reporters, her autobiography, her caprices, amused many? Has she not taken hundreds upon hundreds away, for a night at least, from the carking cares, the sordid, cramping business of every-day life? And is this nothing? The lark is not so useful as the hen, but has it not a loftier mission? As for Mme. Farrar's views on matrimony that displeased some, did she not promptly make amends by an impetuous marriage?

The real objection to naming the park after her has not been stated. There may be confusion as to the proper pronunciation. Her family and she for years accented the name on the first syllable. As she rose in fame she accented the final syllable with ever increasing emphasis. The people of Melrose might justly decide in favor of the earlier accent, which certainly will be easier for street-car conductors answering the inquiring stranger.

O ye who have labored up to fifty, who are in the enjoyment of comfort, and who still have left to you health and strength, what then are you waiting for before you take rest? How long will you go on saying "Tomorrow, tomorrow"?

An Unanswered Question.

Some time ago we made the statement that in 1688 Judge Sewall had a rare pair of garters given to him, "a pair of Jerusalem garters which cost above two pieces 8 (Spanish dollars) in Algeria." We then asked how Jerusalem garters differed from other garters. We have vainly questioned collectors of colonial furniture and colonial table equipage, and others interested in the good old uncomfortable, unsanitary days. Our correspondents for once have failed us. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle informs us that in Judge Sewall's time snakeskin garters were constantly worn to ward off cramps in the leg; that when the first boots for women's wear in New England came in fashion (1828) they were laced at the side, and the boots and garters had fringes at the top. Mr. John Evelyn noted in his diary, Oct. 18, 1666: "To Court. It being the first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloak, into a comely dress, after the Persian mode, with girdles or straps, and shoe strings and garters into buckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtained to our great expense and reproach." This costume was shortly put aside. There is no portrait of the King so dressed. No one has told us why certain garters were called "Jerusalem" or how they looked. Even now letters arrive, but the question is unanswered.

The "Pops."

As the World Wags:

Do you remember the Pops in the old Music Hall? Or have you been to the Pops in recent years? Have we come under the yoke of cruel taskmasters who do not realize that the essential function of these delectable concerts is to distract, to cheer, to amuse, to enliven!

In old days, under those dingy, but well-beloved walls, we drank and smoked and listened—if we wanted to—and we *talked*.

Now, o'erborne by red plush and gold leaf, we tiptoe to our places and, drawing our chairs out stealthily, slink into them. Then, as the tyrant on the platform raps his rasping baton, we, one and all, subside into a miserable silence. But with me, remembering happier things, it is a rebellious silence as well as a miserable one.

A young army officer was speaking the other day of his introduction to the Pops, which had taken place a night or two before. He told of the sensation he had created because, in standing up suddenly, his coat had caught a bottle which was on the table and swept it to the floor. "It went bumping about, making a lot of noise," he said, "and people stared at me."

"Why, man," I wanted to cry out, "in old times there would have been so much noise that nobody would have heard the bottle go over!"

I ask you, sir, will those days never come again? Yours for liberty and relaxation, M. B.

Boston, May 20.

Shaker Apple Sauce.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of Shaker apple sauce, for what reason has this delectable article been relegated to oblivion? Years ago it was in common use in New England. The real Shaker—made in Shirley or Lebanon, was put up in wooden firkins and sold in the markets of the larger towns. In the rural towns the farmers made their own, and it was a poor pantry which was not well stocked with it, boiled cider apple sauce, they called it, in the fall and winter months. The whole family at times pitched in of an evening and pared a bushel or more of apples; on the following morning the housewife filled the big kettle with the quartered fruit, added the boiled cider, molasses, spices, etc., and after thorough cooking the rich, dark product was poured into stone jars or other receptacles. One winter, when teaching school in southern Vermont, I "boarded 'round." I recall one household where they had made a tremendously ample winter's supply; there were great casks of it stored in an outer room. Every day they would chop out a dishful of the frozen sauce and let it thaw on the table.

Great stuff to eat cider apple sauce was: it went well with almost everything, but I think it went best with fresh, home-made doughnuts; and the late Amos H. Whipple of the Copley Square Hotel showed his genuine New England blood by having on his bill of fare regularly—at least up to a few years ago—doughnuts with cider apple sauce. It was some years longer ago that the Shaker apple sauce dropped out of the Boston market. I used to buy it down near the custom house, but one day I was cruelly told there that lessening demand had decided them to carry it in stock no more. And so have I stopped eating cider apple sauce? Not much! I go into the kitchen (under the special sanction of Mrs.) and make it myself. I have tried to teach others, but they don't quite get the knack.

Boston, May 19. E. P. G.

May 24 1916

High time it is to haste my carcass hence:
Youth stole away and felt no kind of joy,
And age he left in travail ever since:
The wanton days that made me nice and coy
Were but a dream, a shadow, and a toy.

The Old Howard.

As the World Wags:

Was the first performance of Italian opera in Boston given at the Howard Athenaeum, and if so when? Has the interior of the Howard been changed, as far as the general plan, since the days when Truffi sang there?

MUSIC LOVER.

Lexington, May 22.

Italian opera was first heard here in Italian at the Howard Athenaeum April 23, 1847, when "Ernani" was performed by the Havana opera troupe, formed by Marti, "purveyor of fish and proprietor of the great Tacon Theatre." Mme. Tedesco and Perelli, Novelli and Vita were the chief singers. Mme. Truffi did not sing in Boston until May 31, 1848, when she appeared in "Luerezia Borgia," performed by the Astor Place opera company. You will find a long and entertaining account of her in Richard Grant White's articles, "Opera in New York." The Howard Athenaeum, originally Miller's Tabernacle, was opened as a theatre on Oct. 13, 1845. It was destroyed by fire in February, 1846. The present theatre was built in that year, and opened in October under the management of James H. Hackett.—Ed.

The Prurient Prude.

As the World Wags:

When, in the course of a recent conversation, I mentioned legs I was diffidently corrected in favor of the more modest "limbs." This correction indicates a usage which, though not very prevalent, is yet more common than it should be, and which obtains in spite of reason and Mr. Webster. Possibly one lady's error might be dispelled by a few pertinent remarks by you. INQUIRER.

We had thought that this foolishness had gone out with the coming in of a more healthy, saner, purer view of the human body and with the increasing number of modern athletic women. We advise you to acquaint the "lady" with Richard Grant White's remarks on this subject. "A squeamishness, which I am really ashamed to notice, leads many persons"—this was written in the late sixties—"to use the word (limb) exclusively instead of 'leg.' A limb is anything which is separated from another thing, and yet joined to it. * * * The limbs of the human body are the arms and the legs; the latter no more so than the former. Yet some folk will say that by a railway accident one woman had her arms broken, and another her limbs—meaning her legs; and some will say that a woman hurt her leg when her thigh was injured. Perhaps these persons think that it is indelicate for a woman to have legs, and that therefore they are concealed by garments and should be ignored in speech. Heaven help such folk; they are far out of my reach. I can only say to them that there is no immodesty in speaking of any part or function of the human body when there is necessity for doing so, and that when they are spoken of it is immodest not to call them by their proper names. The notion that by giving a bad thing a wrong or an unmeaning name, the thing, or the mention of it, is bettered, is surely one of the silliest that ever entered the mind of man. It is the occasion and the purpose of speech that make it modest or immodest, not the thing spoken of, or the giving it its proper name."

In the Oxford dictionary we find "limb" defined as "leg," "now only (especially United States) in mock-modest or prudish use." There are entertaining quotations in illustration. One from Marryat's diary of his travels in America: "I am not so particular as some people are, for I know those who always say limb of a table or limb of a pianoforte." And here is a quotation from Holmes's "Elsie Venner": "'A bit of the wing Roxy or the—under limb.'" Remember, there was a time when modest American women were accused by foreign visitors of clothing piano legs in pantalettes. You might read aloud to your squeamish acquaintance Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg." This would accustom her to the dreaded monosyllable.—Ed.

Behold, a Mystery.

As the World Wags:

Will the editor kindly convey a friendly caution, as between sociologists, to my distinguished colleague, Herkimer Johnson (author of "The Sociologist's Vade Mecum and Vest Pocket Guide"), to the effect that it is no use looking round. They are longer behind. He will understand. CYRO P. DYER.

Boston, May 19.

We do not understand this message, nor did we know that Mr. Johnson had written the work named by Prof. Dyer. Is it possible that the Vade Mecum is an abridgment of Mr. Johnson's colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription, as yet unpublished)? We have sent Prof. Dyer's note to our distinguished contributor, who, alas, has been silent, as far as the public is concerned, for many weeks. The last time we heard directly from him, a day or two ago, he said that during the green corn season, which he eagerly anticipates, he should shave his upper lip.—Ed.

From an Englishwoman.

Ethel L. Voynich, an Englishwoman, whose "Gad Fly" and other novels are known in this country, writing to a friend in Boston about coming to the United States a second time, says: "It is queer how much more fond of it (America) I get as I grow older, especially within the last year and a half. Since the war began the existence of one neutral nation that has kept its head and just tried to help everybody in trouble anywhere has been a big comfort to many of us here, I think, and has made some of us at any rate feel nearer to Americans than we ever felt before."

Smiling May.

Is there not an old song running:

Smiling May
Comes in play,
Making all things
Bright and gay.

SINGS INDIAN FOLKSONGS AND RAGAS

K. W.

Ratan Devi made her first public appearance in Boston yesterday afternoon at the Wilbur Theatre in a recital of Indian Ragas and Kashmiri Folk songs. Dressed in Eastern costume, this Englishwoman who has thoroughly mastered the mysteries of Indian music, sat oriental fashion upon the stage against red draperies, holding between her knees the tambourа, a gourd shaped instrument of strings which provided an unchanging and twanging accompaniment. On each side of the singer fragrant incense burned, while two vases of crimson poinsettia lent additional color to the scene. Before the songs, Dr. Ananda Cosmaraswarry made elucidating remarks upon Indian music.

He urged the audience not to listen for mere amusement or out of curiosity, but in the Indian spirit, as though hearing magic songs. "In India," he said, "music is a very old, but not a popular, art. It depends not upon the support of the public, but is carried on under aristocratic protection or in the temples. The Hindu scale has 22 notes. A raga consists of from five to seven notes, upon which the singer is required to display individual skill in improvising. In the classic Indian ragas the words are of little importance. The reverse is true of the Kashmiri songs."

Mme. Devi's voice, a contralto of pleasing quality, is well schooled. She is skilled in the use of nuances and significant phrasing. The Kashmiri songs, more direct, less intricate, of a sharper rhythmic character and greater vivacity, are more readily intelligible to the uninitiated, to those unversed in the mysticism of India, than the alternate crooning and droning of the classic ragas. These songs, which were sung without accompaniment, are akin to the folk songs of other nations. Certain international characteristics of form are noticeable.

An audience of fair size was interested and appreciative.

May 23 1916

DANCERS AT KEITH'S PLEASE

Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown head one of the best dancing numbers seen this season at B. F. Keith's Theatre. Last evening there was a crowded house and much enthusiasm. The act is unique in the treatment of the main idea, the old rhymes of Nurseryland being used and the characters that enchanted us in our childhood days are successively visualized by Mr. Kalmar and Miss Brown.

Thus we renewed acquaintances with Old Mother Hubbard with the dog in the cupboard scene, Little Bo-Peep, Simple Simon, Little Boy Blue and Jack and Jill. All of the characters are introduced as coming out of a huge book and there are the familiar rhymes to suggest the characters.

But the interest in the piece does not rest entirely with the nursery theme, for there is the unusual dancing of the principals—dancing that might even suggest the idea back of the whole scheme were the characters less definitely dressed. Mr. Kalmar was particularly interesting as Mother Hubbard's dog, and his song in the character of Simple Simon was a nice accompaniment to the character.

While both take their places as dancers of more than ordinary ability, Miss Brown's work in this respect stands out in relief. With her widely differing characters there was always the widely differing characteristics, there was an alluring rhythm, a fleetness; there was the keen enjoyment of the artist in her work and no sign of laborious endeavor. A sketch that is unusually interesting to the grown-ups, it should not be missed by the children.

Ben Welch proved to be the big laugh-getter of the bill. Mr. Welch has the faculty of rattling his chatter in spontaneous style. And while unusually skilful as a dialectician, he does not

make th[illegible] speech. [illegible] sure [illegible] comprehe[illegible] point is m[illegible] his act he [illegible] of the mel[illegible] of work.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of D[illegible] and P[illegible] Wenrich. Miss C[illegible] group of [illegible] ter. Besides being gifted w[illegible] the singer is [illegible] sense. Mr W[illegible] poser of son[illegible] melodies, was at the [illegible] re in playing some [illegible]

Other acts on the [illegible] and Mrs Gardner [illegible] Smith," a new comedy [illegible] Mullen and C[illegible] ing, if nonsens[illegible] dancing act; [illegible] opera sextet [illegible] "A [illegible] Royal Blue"; Mullen [illegible] batic and da[illegible] "April." [illegible] Olympia Desvall [illegible] their trained [illegible]

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Girls." Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch.

Edgar Holt .... David Herblin
[illegible] H[illegible]plague ... Theodore Friebus
Frank [illegible] .... Robert Capron
Mr De[illegible]tt .... George Ernst
[illegible] .... Bert Young
[illegible] .... Joseph Skinner
[illegible] .... Monte Crane
Pamela Gordon .... Doris Olsson
Violet Lansdowne .... Justine Adams
Kate West .... Dorothy Dickinson
L[illegible]le Purcell .... Betty Barnicoat
Mrs. Dennett .... Marion Royston

"Girls," which was acted at the Castle Square for the first time in several years, is intended wholly for amusement and it succeeds in its mission. Pamela Gordon, Violet Lansdowne and Kate West live together in a studio in New York. They are earning their own living and seeking for fame. They swear to have nothing to do with men, and thereby hangs the tale upon which Clyde Fitch has founded his play.

The play opens in the flat where the three girls are living in single blessedness, and where they are doing their best to become famous in their professions. One is a private secretary, another an illustrator and the third free lance writer. But man comes. He enters their flat precipitously, and before long all three are well on the way towards engagement and marriage. Not merely is this opening scene hilarious; so also is the second act set amid the legal surroundings of the office of Sprague & Holt.

There is not a dull moment in the play. The action is brisk and lively, and the situations are uninterruptedly comic. They follow one another in lively fashion. The dialogue is witty. The play is farce and its nonsense is its best feature.

So well are the two roles of Pamela Gordon and Edgar Holt played by Doris Olsson and David Herblin that their falling in love with each other seemed inevitable. Mr. Herblin was easy and graceful. Miss Olsson, so attractive that her railing against men in the first act seemed all the funnier. Her companions were well played by Miss Dickinson and Miss Adams. In fact the performance by Mr. Friebus, Mr. Capron, Mr. Young, Mr. Ernst and all the others showed the all round capability of the Craig players.

"The Old Homestead" will be played at the Castle Square next week, with William Lawrence especially engaged to play Josh Whitcomb.

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916

FEDERAL CENSORSHIP

There is naturally opposition to the Hughes bill, which would create a federal censorship of motion pictures. A minority report signed by four members of the House committee on education, one Democrat and three Republicans, insists that a few men should not have despotic control over the art that even now may influence more than 20,000,000 people daily; that to censor this form of expression would be as unwise as to censor speech or the press; that no evidence has been brought forward to show that state and municipal censorship is not adequate; that the national government should not undertake to exercise police powers hitherto reserved to the states, and to regulate purely local amusements.

There is no denying that motion pictures deliberately or unconsciously exert a great influence, especially over the young and those scantily educated. It is also true that the great majority of these pictures shown were innocuous where they were not positively educative. There are silly but harmless films as there are plays of this character on the stage of the theatre, as there are foolish magazines and books. It is also true that motion pictures may be harmful by giving undue attention to the achievements of criminals, by exciting the passions, or by stirring up class hatred with representations of the extravagance and folly of the suddenly rich.

But is not the local censorship sufficient? Why should it be in the power of a federal board to decree what pictures should be shown in Eastport, New York, Terre Haute, Los Angeles? Why should the federal government interfere with the theatre of the great people, when it is not proposed to censor plays or operas produced in the high priced theatres?

That there is need of judicious local censorship all will agree, nor do the great majority of the motion picture producers object to it. It is a protection to them. But each city, each town, should have its own censors. In England some believe that women would be capable and wise inspectors. Others think that the general public can put a stop to abuses; that individuals can purify exhibitions by lodging formal complaints with the authorities. There are cranks, prudes, supersensitive persons in every community, but their complaints might occasionally be reasonable. In spite of the desire of some to centralize government, states and towns still have rights, and these rights should be held inviolable. There is no need of a federal censorship in the matter of local entertainments and amusements.

ANCIENT VOICES

Ever since the breaking out of the war, there has been a recounting of prophecies genuine and spurious concerning the conflict of nations and the result. Monks of centuries ago have been quoted. Deep thinkers, unknown to their fellow-villagers in this country, have been invoked. The dark sayings of sorcerers and wise women, long dead, have been published with respect. "Ancestral voices prophesying war" have been listened to as oracular. Writers of all ages are pressed into service. John Ruskin, writing in 1854 to Col. Bruce, thought that soldiers might in the future "fight by chemistry" and use poisoned bullets, but to fight "with Greek fire and rams and any others of your cursed Woolwich apparatus is just as if two gentlemen, instead of fighting with sword or pistol, went each first to his apothecary to fill his pockets with nitric acid and fulminating silver, to be thrown in his antagonist's face." Ancient chroniclers are cited to the disparagement of the Germans. The campaigns in Mesopotamia led a historian to assert that Alexander the Great was a Bulgarian, and the world was reminded that his fleet lost its way in the lakes and swamps. An antiquarian recalls the fact that a smuggler, one Johnstone, worked on a submarine for the purpose of allowing Napoleon to escape from St. Helena. And so on, and so on.

Naturally there has been talk of early hints at aerial warfare. Tennyson in "Locksley Hall" saw the heavens filled with commerce, but the "argosies of magic sails" dropped down, not with bombs, but with "costly bales."

No one, however, has yet quoted a remarkable passage in Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," published in 1759. The Prince of Abyssinia met in the happy valley an artist who was at work on an aerial machine, for he believed that man might use the migration of wings instead of the tardy conveyance of ships. He took the bat's wings for a model. But he begged the prince not to divulge the art; not to require him to make wings for any but the two of them. When Rasselas remonstrated, saying all skill should be exerted for universal good, the artist answered:

"If men were all virtuous, I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of Northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The artist failed in his undertaking, as the common sense opinion of the 18th century foretold. But that which was regarded as imaginative, wholly fantastical, in 1759, is now a commonplace, and the gloomy prediction of the mechanician in the valley has come to pass.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Now, friends, shake hands, I must be gone, my boys!
Our mirth takes end, our triumph all is done,
Our tickling talk, our sports and merry toys
Do glide away like shadow of the sun.
Another comes when I my race have run,
Shall pass the time with you in better plight,
And find good cause of greater things to write.

The New Republic.

Some days ago we published a long letter from Mr. Hazleton Spencer dated Cidra, P. R. Reading an opinion quoted as having been said by "John Henry Smith in the New Republic," Mr. Spencer inquired the name of the new republic—is it Portugal?—or is Mr. John Henry Smith in China?

A few readers of this column hastened to give the desired information. They told Mr. Spencer where the New Republic is published and how he could obtain a copy. Mr. Spencer thus shared the lot of many other mortals: he was taken seriously. Not so by the New Republic itself. The Herald has received a letter from Mr. Sweetser, the advertising manager of that periodical, saying he was ever so much amused by reading about the interest taken in Cidra, P. R., in the New Republic. "I only wish I might send on a copy of this week's issue with an article by James Bryce to your correspondent." He can do this even now. The cost of postage is small.

And now comes the celebrated Dr. Hernandez y Mendoza, who gives a reasonable explanation of Mr. Spencer's extraordinary letter.

Mr. Spencer's Case.

As the World Wags:

Many years ago I spent several unforgettable months wandering over those enchanted isles which guard the eastern border of the Caribbean sea, observing the rare and very peculiar mental vagaries to be found nowhere else in the world. So the other day when I saw a letter from Cidra, P. R. (I must confess at once that I am not a regular reader of your valued column) I was immediately interested and proceeded to read, with growing interest, the several articles or letters. As I read on, my mind naturally reverted to my many peculiar experiences and the results of my investigations, and my medical instinct began at once to try and account for this unusual and scientifically interesting effusion. I thought of the effects of the tropical sun on those unused to its direct rays. But that could not be the cause, for the time of year was against such a conclusion.

But there were the astonishing and uncanny effects of the moon, and I turned to my notes for confirmation. Not that, either, though there were a few symptoms of moonstruckness. Then I read, "Names are funny things—what's in them." Here at last I had the clue. Cidra. How simple it was after all. Cidra. But what kind of Cidra? that was the question. The real Spanish article, put up in big green bottles such as one used to see years ago, has, I am told, become quite rare now, and anyway the toxic effect was different. But Cidra has many varied meanings and is applied to many different brews in different places, and no two of these act alike. My notes again. Cidra, a marvelous beverage brewed from the green berries of the coffee tree, with certain, or rather, uncertain, additions. Mildly intoxicating, invigorating, medicinal. But under its influence one thinks clearly and is not inclined to verboseness. Clearly I was not on the right track yet. So I ran over my notes on half a dozen others, and for a time it looked as though it must be a mixture of several of these decoctions, but finally I hit by chance on the elusive real cause. Cidra, a delectable but extremely dangerous brew made from the leaves of a rare species of the cacao tree, found only in a few isolated localities. Produces great exhilaration, delusions and various hallucinations of a fantastic character with a pronounced tendency to verbosity. So simple when you know. "Poor boy," said I to myself, "won't someone warn him of the dire effects before it is too late?"

Hoping that you may still be in time, I am, S. S. S. Q. B. S. P.,
DR. GREGORIO B. HERNANDEZ Y MENDOZA.
Curacao.

A Singular Elm.

As the World Wags:

Those of your readers who are addicted to intemperate habits of botany will be interested in a rare, if not unique, specimen of American elm now on view in the Public Garden near the Boylston street end of the pond, a little toward Arlington street. The tree is a large one, and the curious thing about it is that it is densely crowded with pink blossoms, which might lead the unwary to suppose it to be a fruit tree of some sort if it were not for the tin label, six inches square, which says "Ulmus Americana." I should be interested to know whether any similar cases have been noted in the Herald.

W. S. BIGELOW.

May 26 1916

Maj. Charles T. Cahill has emphasized the necessity of wearing shoes with thick soles in the great parade of Saturday. Would it not be better to wear the "opauken" of the Serb men and women at work or at play? It is said that among the soldiers wearing it, flat feet, sweating feet sores and similar complaints are unknown. "These sandals—for such they are—are composed simply of a piece of hard leather, bent, loosely plaited, and open across the foot, and fastened by a long leather strap round the leg to a hook at the top. There is thus no pressure—everything is wide, and open to the air."

The question may arise, How many steps will one take to the mile? Seventeen hundred and sixty? According to British army regulations the infantryman's pace is 30 inches in slow and quick time, 33 inches in stepping out and 40 inches in double time. We have read that the Russian pace is 27½ inches, the French, Italian and Austrian 29, the German 31. A rule is given for Jones or Robinson to determine his. We do not vouch for its accuracy: "Take your eyebrow height, halve it, and that represents your pace. You will find it to be somewhere between 30 inches and 32 inches, so that you will need between 2000 and 2100 paces to the mile." The British soldier in ordinary marching takes 2112 paces.

It was taught at school that the Romans covered a mile in a thousand paces. Their mile was a little shorter than ours. It contained 5000 Roman feet, equal to 4854 English feet. Now the Roman did not measure his step by the distance from heel to heel. His "passus," five Roman feet, was the distance between the point where the heel is lifted up and the point where the same heel is set down again; it was practically a double English pace.

Ketchup.

"W. B. W." spoke recently about mushroom ketchup which he recommended as a "soul stirring aid and appetizer" when it is "dashed lightly" on cold chicken, cold pigs' feet, beef or mutton. We do not approve his taste. Sauces and ketchups are to us an abomination, fit only for a jaded palate. Corned beef calls for mustard, which may go well with cold roast beef. But sauces ruin a beefsteak, as any sauce spoils raw oysters. In the matter of gravy young Mr. Smallweed was adamant. No cook or serving Polly could deceive him. But even the best gravy is superfluous. In boyhood, playing hookey, we sat without a special invitation at the table of a schoolmate, who was thought dull by teacher and scholars, yet in after years he rose majestically in local street car service and became the superintendent of the road. This boy at dinner complained of the picked-up codfish, which with potatoes is a dish fit for the gods. When his mother asked him what he would have preferred, he bawled out, "Taters and sour-flowered gravy." "Sour-flowered gravy!" The phrase has haunted us.

"Ketchup" is not a word that pleases the ear. Some spell the thing "catsup"; others "catchup." Dean Swift wrote:

She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soops ad fricassees;
And, for our home bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup and caveer.

But "catchup" was used as early as 1690. "Ketchup" is the true spelling. The word is apparently an adaptation of the Chinese "Koe-chiap" or "Ketsiap," the brine of pickled fish or shellfish.

We read some time ago of a dissipated man in Philadelphia who drinks ketchup in huge quantities. There were several topers of this sort in Albany, N. Y., in the Seventies. It was not uncommon to see at Keeler's oyster house, the old one in the southern part of the town—was it in Green street?—a canaller or a longshoreman come in, order a stew, and for a whet, drink half a bottle of tomato ketchup. Sometimes he would doze with his head in a plate of raw cabbage while one hand grasped the bottle; sometimes he would be in fighting mood. Mr. George R. Sims once told in the Referee of a woman—as any honest Englishman, he spoke of her as a "lady"—who drank in a restaurant the Worcestershire sauce, the anchovy sauce and the tomato ketchup. When the truth of his statement was questioned, he answered that there are women and men who drink furniture polish and blacking. Any one that has lived in a New England village that is "strictly temperate" knows that many villagers eagerly drink

Jamaica ginger, flavoring extracts, bay rum, any patent medicine in which there is a trace of alcohol, diluted alcohol, even wood alcohol.

In Exile.

As the World Wags:

I cannot express my deeper emotions in prose:

There must be gloom in Boston—
If there ain't there ought to be;
I don't know just how dark it is,
Not being there to see.

But when I get to town next month
I'll ramble through the streets,
And visit my dear dairy lunch
And revel in the eats.

I'll get a 10-cent plate of beans
And a piece of apple pie,
And bless myself and curse myself
And wipe my streaming eye.

And then I'll steer for Fenway Park
To see the Red Sox play,
But whether I'll enjoy the game
I'm not prepared to say.

For when I gaze out where the flag
Flaps gally in the air,
I'll see a silent centre field—
There'll be no Speaker there.

Cidra, P. R. HAZELTON SPENCER.

Semper Paratae.

As the World Wags:

One of the daily papers announces that a hand of nurses from a local hospital is going to march in the coming preparedness parade. Considering the nature of their calling, isn't this just a little too suggestive? CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston, May 22.

SOPRANO AND PIANIST PLEASE THEIR AUDIENCE

Miss Dorothy McDonough Sings Prettily and Miss Claire Forbes Displays Unusual Talent.

Miss Dorothy McDonough, soprano, assisted by Miss Claire Forbes, pianist, gave a concert at Steinert Hall last evening. Miss McDonough sang these songs: Mozart, "Silently Blending," from "The Marriage of Figaro"; Bohm, "Calm as the Night"; Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"; Ronald, "April's Here"; Kahn, "Ave Marie"; Quilter, "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal"; Cadman, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water"; Wilson, "Carmena." Miss Forbes played these pieces: Rachmaninoff, Humoreske, op. 10, No. 5; Barcarolle, op. 10, No. 3; Melodie, E major; Polichinelle, op. 3, No. 4, Chopin, Ballade, A flat, op. 42; Liszt, Liebestraum, No. 3, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10. Mrs. Harriet Wescott Gruber was the accompanist.

Miss McDonough's voice is very light. Like many young singers, pianists, violinists, eager to leave the school room and rush upon the stage, the quality of her work does not yet invite serious discussion. She often sang prettily, and her performance pleased a friendly audience.

Miss Forbes, an accomplished pianist, played here earlier in the season. She is unusually gifted. Her tone is remarkable for its depth and sonority. She uses a substantial technic for emotional expression. Her playing has imagination, warmth, brilliance. Interesting in the pieces by Rachmaninoff, the pianist's originality awakened the desire to hear her in the more familiar numbers by Chopin and Liszt, and in these her playing rewarded expectations.

May 27 1916

Will "E. P. G.," who contributed an article about Shaker Apple Sauce please send his address to this office? There is a letter for him which then will be forwarded.

Shaker Apple Sauce.

Another has written on this delicious dish. Byron used to say that the epithet "delicious" should be applied only to eatables, but the world of writers is against him, from Chaucer to Emerson, from Milton to Ruskin and Farrar. The dictionary informs us that in modern use "delicious" is less dignified than "delightful" and expresses an intenser degree but lower quality of pleasure. Lord Peterborough said of Fenelon: he was such a delicious creature that he was forced to get away from him, else he would have made him pious. Leigh Hunt, who said the adjective is a quintessence and a compound, thought that there is "something in the word which may be said to comprise a reference to every species of pleasant taste." But to the letter.

As the World Wags:

Re "Shaker Apple Sauce," I suspect it has become so nearly extinct as a table condiment for the same reason that dried apples on the string are now a curiosity, viz.: the introduction and general use of canned goods. I am not so old as I might be—am still in the 50's—but I can remember when commercial canned goods were practically unknown. In those days flourished boiled cider apple sauce, both on country and city tables. I prefer this description because it was the more general designation, and also because it was really no more "Shaker" than "Quaker" or "Baptist." Nobody or class invented it. It was an inevitable farm product. The farmer had the apples and he had the cider. He was bound to combine them and produce that most palatable sauce and relish, as appetizing when eaten with meat as with doughnuts or bread. The name clearly disclosed its ingredients—boiled cider and apples—nothing else, very little spice, if any. It needed no statement on its container to conform to any pure food law, if there had been such a law then.

The sauce is still made in New Hampshire by the farmers or some of them. About eight years ago I saw a notice that a certain farmer there had been making and selling it. I wrote to him and he sent me three gallons with a bill for $1.25! A year or two later I repeated the order and got the goods with a letter saying that he "would have to charge 25 cents more this year as apples is skurce." Still later I tried again and learned that he had "gone out of the business"! Not surprising, considering the price. However, I recently got three gallons from another Granite State source.

By the way, does anybody but me remember "fried pies" made by alternating three layers each of doughnut dough fried flat like a pie crust and of cider apple sauce, the whole flavored with nutmeg and extra sugar? At home when I was a boy we had this dish as often as once a week for supper.

Boston. G. F. B.

This "fried pie" is the "Tunbridge Tart" about which we have recently written, although in our little village nutmeg and extra sugar were not regarded essential. "G. F. B." speaks of cider apple sauce as a "condiment." We never see this word without thinking of the story about "Tom" Corwin. He was supping at the house of a woman who was overcome by the honor of having the distinguished man at her table. "Mr. Corwin, will you have condiments in your tea?" Mr. Corwin answered gravely: "Pepper and salt, if you please, madam; no mustard.—Ed.

A Statesman's Meal.

"The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," drags its slow length along. The fourth volume has just been published and at the end only the year 1868 is reached. A passage may here be quoted while table pleasure is the subject; it is Speaker Denison's account of Palmerston at dinner. "Dined with the Prime Minister, who was upwards of 80 years of age. He ate for dinner two plates of turtle soup; he was then served very amply to a plate of cod and oyster sauce; he then took a pate; afterwards he was helped to two very greasy-looking entrees; he then dispatched a plate of roast mutton; there then appeared before him the largest, and to my mind the hardest slice of ham that ever figured on the table of a nobleman, yet, it disappeared, just in time to answer the inquiry of his butler, 'Snipe, my lord, or pheasant?' He instantly replied 'Pheasant,' thus completing his ninth dish of meat at that meal. I need not tell you what is the state of his health."

A Noble Lord.

As the World Wags:

Why do you encourage the idea that Sir Roger Casement, Kt., is a noble lord of high degree? It would appear that he is merely a knight bachelor, so created in 1911: as he had been made a companion of "The Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George" in 1905, and did not receive his second step in that order in 1911 (that of knight commander "K. C. M. G."), the second distinction would seem almost invidious.

Please give the correct form of the description of a baronet "who was not a lord, but had ceased to be a gentleman." Also, author. H. M. B.

Boston.

Whenever we read of a Sir Richard or Sir James we at once think of Lord Bateman, "a noble lord of high degree." **Will any reader answer "H. M. B.'s" question?**

CRITICAL OF MR. DOLE.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. Dole's letter in this morning's Herald is most sympathetic, and his views appeal to every right-minded man—or would if there were any besides Mr. Dole and myself.

The broad general formula that whatever is is wrong, under which he describes a particular case, viz., that the fact that anybody does anything is prima facie evidence that they do not want to, but do it only because they are forced to, is one which I have been preaching for years to everybody, but I cannot make the idiots see it. So that I now hail Mr. Dole's advent on the horizon as a drowning man hails the advent of a straw.

I hope he will follow up this letter, which tells so fully what he does not like, with another telling what he would like if he could get it.

Conceding, as I joyfully do, that everything is for the worst in the worst of possible worlds, I should be keenly interested to hear what improvements he would suggest. Let him begin with a clean slate and construct. Given the present state of the world, the flesh, the devil, etc., and supposing that wishes were horses, where would Mr. Dole ride? Let him pin a rose in his hair and go as far as he likes. I shall watch him with a telescope if necessary.

Boston, May 26. W. S. BIGELOW.

May 28 1916

PIPES FOR WOMEN.

In a case that has attracted attention outside of the state in which it is tried a woman was asked on cross-examination whether she were in the habit of smoking cigarettes.

Women have smoked tobacco for many years in many countries. It may be thought significant that the first to do it in England, Mistress Mary Frith, was known as "The Roaring Girl," but in the 17th century women and children joined man in smoking at home. Mothers filled pipes for the children to take with them to school. The use of tobacco went in and out of fashion. There was a time when venerable ladies in New England smoked a pipe. Only a few days ago a correspondent of the New York Sun plumed himself upon one of his great grandparents, one Mehitable, whose indulgence in the pernicious weed—she preferred a clay pipe and took her tobacco strong—cut her off prematurely in her 97th year.

Would a cross-examiner, would a jury be inclined to question the character of a woman on the stand if she should confess to the enjoyment of a pipe? It is not necessary to bring up the shocking example of George Sand, who smoked cigars and pipes, or of the Princess Sayne-Wittgenstein, whose cigars were black and long; but take the case of any normal woman of today. A few weeks ago a fashionably dressed woman in Paris was seen smoking a pipe in a box of a music hall. A prominent critic wrote a note expressing his indignation in his journal, but "Zette," a woman and a prominent writer, defend her, saying: "The adoption of the pipe would represent the supreme triumph of woman over man, and therefore appeal to many women of progressive tendencies."

The London Daily Telegraph asks, "What is wrong—musically—with the 'Hub of the universe'? Boston," it says, "which is very proud of itself as a 'patron of all the arts,' does not appear to have rallied over-enthusiastically to the support of one art—the operatic—in connection with the season lately opened there by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Even on the opening night, with 'Boris Godounov' (never previously heard in Boston) as the attraction, several boxes and about half the loges are said to have been unoccupied, and only 'Aida,' with an extraordinary cast, drew a really full house in the first week of the campaign."

The Daily Telegraph evidently gained its information from New York. Curious articles were published in a few of the journals of that city and in at least one musical weekly to the effect that the public of Boston was indifferent and neglectful and the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company was discouraged if not disgusted.

At the end of the three weeks the management was more than satisfied with the pecuniary result. The receipts answered expectation. If it had not been for the sudden indisposition of Mme. Farrar they would have been somewhat greater.

There was a large audience for "Boris Godounov" the opening night. The operas that were not well attended were "The Taming of the Shrew" and "La Sonnambula." There was no interest in the former, and Mme. Barrientos alone was not sufficient to draw many to Bellini's opera.

The announcement of the plans made by the Metropolitan Opera Company for next season should naturally interest Bostonians. There are rumors about opera in this city; about visiting companies; it is more than probable, it is said, that the Metropolitan company will again appear at the Boston Opera House.

The new operas announced for the repertoire are Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," De Koven's "Canterbury Pilgrims," in which Mr. Otto Kahn has taken a lively interest, and Bizet's "Pecheurs de Perles."

Gluck's opera will be sung in German. Why? It was written for the Paris Opera and produced there in 1779. The original libretto was in French. The singers were French. Not until 1781 was there a performance in German—at Vienna. Mr. Henry Russell talked of bringing out Zandonai's opera in Boston, of producing it for the first time on any stage. Bizet's "Pecheurs de Perles" has already been performed at the Metropolitan, Jan. 12, 1896, when Mme. Calve was the heroine. The first performance in this country was in English at Philadelphia on Aug. 23, 1893, when Mme. Natali was the leading woman.

Then there are to be revivals: "Thais" in which Mme. Farrar, it is said, will have ample opportunity to outstrip Miss Garden; "Lakme," "Le Nozze di Figaro"—but not, alas, with Mmes. Sembrich and Eames—and "L'Elisir d'Amore." Among the singers added to the company are Mme. Marie Sundelius of this city and Miss Kathleen Howard, who was heard here as a member of Adelina Patti's concert company in November, 1903.

Mmes. Ida Cajatti, Maria Duchene and Mr. Damacco, who were heard here in April, have not been re-engaged. With Mme. Cajatti departs Mr. Bavagnoli, the conductor. Miss Julia Heinrich and Mr. Witherspoon are no longer members of the company.

The Daily Telegraph has something to say about Frederick Jameson and John F. Runciman, who have joined the majority. The former was an enthusiastic Wagnerian whose translation of "The Ring" is valued by good judges. An architect by profession, he had been to Bayreuth every year for more than a quarter of a century. It was said of him that "he not only knew every bar of Wagner's operas, but coupled with that a thorough knowledge of the stage direction and the production of special effects." In 1911 his book, "Art's Enigma," was published.

Scant justice is given to Mr. Runciman, "one of the most outspoken of musical critics in this country." There is mention of his little book about Purcell and his life of Wagner in which he attacked "Parsifal," saying that the plot "would disgrace Wagner's memory if we did not know it to be the work of his tired-out old age"; but there is not one word about his volume of admirable essays, entitled "Old Scores and New Readings," a book to be put on the shelf that holds Vernon Blackburn's "Fringe of an Art" and books by Mr. Newman and Mr. William Wallace. The Daily Telegraph says: "For many years a regular contributor to the Saturday Review his articles attracted a good deal of attention by reason of his uncompromising attitude toward the works and the musicians about whom he wrote, and his peculiarly trenchant mode of utterance. Probably no critic ever made more enemies, and there were certainly occasions, particularly where native composers of what he called the 'academic school' were concerned, when his opinions were strongly calculated to arouse hostility. The views he held in this connection became with him a kind of 'King Charles's head,' and nearly related to his attitude toward certain British composers was his deep-rooted antagonism to Brahms, in whom he refused to recognize anything better than mediocre talent." Mr. Runciman deserved heartier words. He not only shook the self-complacent academicians; he was generous in encouragement of the younger composers who dared to stray from the narrow and beaten path. Often unfortunate in the violence of his indignation, often unnecessarily personal with detriment to the cause he was maintaining, he did much to drag the English Muse from the slough of mediocrity.

"The Science of Musical Sounds" by Mr. Dayton Clarence Miller, professor of physics in the Case School of Applied Science, is published by the Macmillan Company, New York: a volume of 286 pages, with nearly 200 illustrations. It is a pity that paper and binding make it unreasonably heavy in the hand.

The volume is substantially a series of lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute early in 1914 under the general title of "Sound Analysis." There are slight additions. Much explanatory detail concerning experiments and illustrations has been omitted. There is an appendix with an annotated list of references, also an index.

When the writer wanders from that which is purely scientific he writes as any amateur with stock phrases. There is mention, for example, of Wagner's Centennial March. "Under the base influence of mere gold, which he needed to pay debts, he wrote a very ordinary piece of music, quite unworthy of himself, and of which he was ashamed." Moved by the death of a mythical hero, he wrote the death music in "Dusk of the Gods," which, says the learned professor, is "perhaps the greatest and most sublime piece of instrumental music ever heard by man." This is to prove that "creation of fancy and musical inspiration" cannot be made upon command. Yet Verdi wrote "Aida" on command, as Beethoven wrote chamber music of the highest quality and Mozart wrote his Requiem. There are quotations from Prof. Dickinson, R. Heber Newton, Sidney Lanier and Du Maurier.

There is a mass of information about sound waves, characteristics of tones, methods of recording and photographing sound waves, analysis and synthesis of harmonic curves, influence of horn and diaphragm on sound waves, tone qualities of musical instruments, physical characteristics of the vowels, and synthetic vowels and words. Perhaps two subjects are of special interest to the general reader who might be frightened by diagrams and formulas.

One is an inquiry into the effects of material on sound waves. Prof. Miller makes this statement: "Both the tones generated by a musical instrument and those reproduced, as well as those absorbed or damped depend in a considerable degree upon the material of which the various parts of the instrument are constructed." He admits that this theory is disputed; he quotes in affirmation experiments made by Schafhaeutl in 1852 with organ pipes; he believes that different metals influence flute tone. Silver adds mellowness, the tone from the gold flute is still mellower and richer. Strange to say, he says nothing about Mahillon's theory, which is entertained and approved by many in Europe. This theory is to be found in the third chapter of "Elements d'Acoustique Musicale et Instrumentale" by V. Mahillon, the celebrated manufacturer of musical instruments. Mahillon begins by saying that a clarinetist will tell you boxwood is the best material for his instrument, while flute players are divided: one believes that a wooden flute gives a cottony tone and a silver one a purer tone, the other says that silver flutes are shrill and wooden flutes sweeter and much more mellow. (It may be remembered that Mr. Gericke while he was here was strongly in favor of wooden flutes). Experiments were conducted by M. C. Mahillon to show that the material had little influence on tone. He constructed an instrument of wood having the exact proportions of a cavalry trumpet. It gave out the same brilliant tone. No one could distinguish the one instrument from the other. And Mahillon gave these as the sole reasons for the difference in timbre among wind instruments:

1—The proportion of the tubes, consequently the form of the vibrating body, which is nothing but air.

2—The manner in which the air in the tube is put in motion. So it matters not whether an organ pipe be constructed of wood, composite metal, silver or gold. The other subject is one connected with the question whether grand opera originally written in a foreign language should be sung in English. "No doubt every composer sets words to music with some regard for effective rendition, in doing which he conforms, perhaps unconsciously, to the natural requirements. Suppose that in the original the composer set the vowel 'raw,' having a characteristic pitch of about 732 to the melody note F sharp (4) of the same pitch, the vowel can then be sung and enunciated with ease. If, in the translation, some other vowel, as 'no,' the characteristic pitch of which is 461, falls upon this note, its proper pronunciation will be difficult or impossible, since it must be sung at the pitch 732. The vocalist in attempting to sing the vowel will find the result vocally deficient and the effort perhaps physically painful, and will be emphatically of the opinion that translated opera is impracticable. Furthermore, the auditors will hardly understand the English words with the forced and imperfect vowels any better than they understood the foreign language. If the translator arranges the vowels upon the same notes as were used in the original, or upon others equally suitable, the translated opera, so far as this element goes, will be just as satisfactory to both the vocalist and the auditor as was the original. The effectiveness of vocal music is not dependent upon the nationality of its words, but upon the suitability of melody to vowels, a condition which the composer fulfils through his artistic instinct. The translator of an opera must secure this adaptation by his skill, he needs to be not only a linguist and a poet, but also a musician and even somewhat of a physicist, since he must constantly be guided by the facts represented in the curves of vowel characteristics. Such a combination of artist and scientist is very rare." The reason that some soprano singers are opposed to translation, while many baritones favor it, is that the pitch of the soprano often rises in singing above that of the characteristics of certain vowels, which then become difficult; but the bass voice when highest is still below the lowest vowel characteristic and is thus able to intone any vowel on any note which it can sing.

The remarks about the phonograph, gramophone, player-piano will interest many. As regards the piano-player, Prof. Miller believes that since the establishment of the equally tempered scale by Bach, nothing else will have contributed so much to the aesthetic development of musical art. "The mechanical precision of such instruments reacts critically upon the artist, performer and composer, resulting in greater artistic perfection. The unlimited technical possibilities of the machine is an incentive to the composer to write music with greater freedom."

The volume is valuable to one that wishes to acquaint himself with the science of sounds, mellifluous or disagreeable.

Mr. Shaw's "Showing-up of Blanco Posnet" was performed by the Irish Player at the Repertory Theatre, Liverpool, April 10. The Daily Post and Mercury of that city said it was the first performance of the play in England, an erroneous statement for the Stage Society produced the play at the Aldwych Theatre, London, Dec. 5, 1909. The Daily Post and Mercury found the play "intensely dramatic, but it is also unnecessarily and therefore vulgarly blasphemous. . . . To be witty at the expense of Sunday school dogma is a feat within the range of accomplishment of any third-rate intellect too weak to be fundamental, and it is the immoral shallowness of Mr. Shaw's play, the unnecessary bravado of his blasphemy which offends. The dramatist has not shown the consistency of the devil he applauds. . . . It is an insulting attempt to overthrow the moral balance of intelligent persons by goading them with satire into the insanity of unbounded derision." The Liverpool Courier took a more cheerful and far saner view. It found that the sermon at the core of the play had some affinity with Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." "In a melodrama tinged with blasphemy he (Shaw) sounds the message that man might be brutalized and woman degraded, but for each, somehow somewhere, sometime, flaming as he sounds the message that man might be made clear, the great game be revealed distinctly from the other one, and for each the right choice would mean a 'bully' feeling which nothing else in life could give. . . . Some may resent the coarseness and the candor, but of the magnificent force of the play, its tense interest, there can be no question, and many will gratefully accept as a thing of moral value the sermon which Mr. Shaw set himself to preach, and will acknowledge the truth of many of the trenchant, biting, stinging ideas so vigorously expressed." Our old friends Messrs. O'Donovan, Sinclair, Morgan, O'Rourke, Kerrigan were in the cast. The Woman was played by Kathleen Drago.

The plot of "Half-Past Eight," a new revue with music by Paul Rubens, produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, is thus described by the Pall Mall Gazette: "It should be enough to know that we get somehow from a stage door to a Turkish bath; then to a garden in Salonica; then to a tube train; then to a Furniture Shop in the Tottenham Court road; then to a Mine Sweeper's Dream of Home; and so to a Chintz Room, where we conclude. . . . There was not much to be said for the Turkish bath scene. One does not mind costumes being occasionally scanty—'four yards of chiffon,' we hear, 'make a revue'—if the result is really pretty; but to make persistent fuss about the scantiness grows tedious."

An American journal recently stated that it proposed to publish an article on the gentle art of "Ushing," a treatise a la Izaak Walton on "The Compleat Usher." There is something to be said for the idea since ushers in our concert rooms are not all that they might be sometimes. But why restriet the book to mere Ushers? Appendices at least might be devoted to Gushers, to Pushers and Hushers, and (if I may be permitted the word) to Slushers, i. e., purveyors of music which no one wants to hear or write about. I make a present of the idea to whom it may concern. It is pregnant with celestial fire.—London Daily Telegraph.

Among the singers engaged for the Colon opera house in Buenos Ayres are Mme Barrientos, Mr. Martinelli, Mr. Crabbe, Mr. Journet—all known here in opera; also Edoardo de Giovanni, who as Edward Johnson has sung here in concerts. There is talk of hard times in Buenos Ayres, but there is money enough to secure Titta Ruffo. It is announced that Messrs. Messager, Leroux and Saint-Saens will come over to conduct their operas. Messager's "Beatrice," Leroux's "Cadeaux de Noel" and "Huemac," by P. de Rogatis, an Argentine composer, are in the repertoire. For this information we are indebted to the Musical Courier.

Sophie Brandt, who sang in operetta in this country, has made her debut in Naples as Carmen with success.

This music was performed at the Shakespeare tercentenary commemoration in Drury Lane, May 2. Sullivan, overture to "Macbeth," introduction to act 4 of "The Tempest," music for "The Merchant of Venice," dance from "Henry VIII."; Norman O'Neill, overture to "Hamlet"; Frederick Corder, tone poem, "Prospero"; Raymond Roze, incidental music to "Julius Caeser," written for the occasion; Edward German, music to "Henry VIII.," "Richard III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," "Coriolanus"; Roger Quilter, music to "The Winter's Tale"; Coleridge-Taylor's "Othello" suite; Elgar, music to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Twelfth Night"; songs and sonnets by Eric Coates and Mackenzie.

The Daily Telegraph waxed enthusiastic over Miss Adela Verne, a pianist. "She is not merely in the front rank, but one of the leaders of that rank. It is no exaggeration to say that there is not a pianist of her sex, not excluding the great Carreno, who could have surpassed the grandeur, the power, both mental and physical, the clarity and the dignity of her performance of Busoni's transcription of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in D." Miss Verne was heard here in Jordan Hall, Oct. 24, 1908, and then made a very favorable impression. Miss Verne's real name is Wurm. She is of a Bavarian family, but she was born in England. Her sister Marie was known as a pianist and a composer, and Mathilde, another sister and a pianist, a pupil of Clara Schumann, taught Adela, who began to play in London in 1899.

Charles M. Schwab has given to the Bethlehems in Pennsylvania $100,000 for a concert hall which will be large enough for the Bach festivals. But has not one feature of these festivals been that Bach's music has been sung in a church?

Joseph Holbrooke invited wounded soldiers to his 15th season of chamber concerts, which began in London, May 5. He engaged Topliss Green to sing well known airs, among them "Hearts of Oak" and "The Death of Nelson." Mr. Holbrooke said to the hearers that he did not wish to bore them, and if they did not like the concert he hoped they would be as brave as they had been in the face of the enemy. The Times wickedly said in its review: "The real trial came when his own string quartet, 'Pickwick,' was played, and it was mercifully arranged that the soldiers or the greater number of them, should be taken out to tea during the first part. Even those of us who are most inured to the hardships of the concert room found the whole work (more than twice as long as the part which Mr. de Lara lately gave) a severe test of endurance. Part II. does not make matters any better; the composer goes on spinning his web of mazed unmeaning sounds, occasionally bursting out into a tortured version of a tune such as 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning,' or 'Tipperary' (what can 'Tipperary' have to do with Mr. Pickwick?) and the only selection which seemed to have any relevance was that labelled 'The Effect of a Madman's Manuscript.' But in this effort to make music for wounded men Mr. Holbrooke has got the chance of his life. If he and other 'modern' composers like him would only ask themselves what in their music is straight enough and clean enough to be worth placing before such an audience, they might begin to find out where they really stand as artists."

The Daily Telegraph said of R. H. Walthew, whose Lyric Fantasy for piano was produced in London May 5: "He is one of those composers whom the passing years seem to affect but little. Others may plunge into experiments in harmonies and progressions, but he still placidly pursues the even tenor of his way. Mr. Walthew has remained stationary during a general advance; but, as the spot that he has chosen is thoroughly agreeable, who will blame him?"

"My Lonely Soldier," at the Coliseum, London, May 8, illustrates the "possibilities of the misuse of the English language by one whose only method of learning it has apparently come in the form of letters from lonely soldiers. Certainly nothing more incongruous could be imagined than the slang of the trenches as spoken in broken English by a French girl in the drawing room."

The daily Chronicle said of Elgar's music for two poems by Lawrence Binyon, "To Women," and "For the Fallen," performed in London, May 8, that the poems have a fine literary quality, also an emotional power, which is faithfully reflected in the music. "The first, which is very short, expresses the sacrifice of the women most poignantly, the composers building up the vocal writing over one or two simple but striking phrases beautifully treated in the orchestra." "For the Fallen" is a proud lament over the heroic dead. The miniature overture has an elegaic feeling. The chorus enters with a quiet theme of resignation. The middle section is built on a mystical march theme. The Times says it is one of those "sinuous quick march tunes of the type which occur in the 'Cockaigne' overture and whenever Elgar wishes to call up a picture of marching regiments. It is characteristic of Elgar that he makes his picture entirely in his own way with an idea which has nothing to do with anything that any soldier ever sang or marched to, but which expresses his own feeling about it." In the two poems the orchestra is the chief speaker. The words are chanted as an accompaniment to the orchestral music. "Since the war began, Elgar, more than ever before, has been regarded by the British people as their musical laureate." The Daily Telegraph finds that in "To the Fallen" he has attained to a height of personal expression hitherto unreached. It observed that in the performance of "The Dream of Gerontius," on the same afternoon the Demon's Chorus was magnificently sung by the Leeds choir. "The male singers rapping out their hideous 'ha! ha's!' without a trace of the low comedy effect that at one time was conventional."

Mme. Clara Butt, before the series of festival performances in honor of Elgar gave her reason for providing the series. "I cannot tell you how I feel the need for something in the nature of a protest or a challenge. We are a nation in mourning. Life as it existed two years ago has ceased. And in the midst of this tremendous upheaval, when youth is dying for us, I want the people to come to the Queen's Hall, and with the help of Cardinal Newman's wonderful poem, Elgar's music and the 250 fine voices from Leeds, to help them to realize some spiritual truths, and to give them a week of beautiful thoughts."

The daily performance of "The Dream of Gerontius" at the Queen's Hall in aid of the Red Cross fund, may recall that, if the author's own judgment had prevailed, one of the most beautiful and original poems of the 19th century might never have found its way to print. So little did Newman think of the poem—written just after the famous controversy with Kingsley—that he is said to have condemned it to destruction, but fortunately a friend successfully intervened, and preserved to the world "one of the happiest efforts to present the unseen world since the days of Dante." Unlike Newman, Sir Edward Elgar had no misgivings about his setting of "Gerontius," and the correctness of his judgment was placed beyond doubt by the enthusiasm of the Birmingham audience who assisted at its first performance at the festival of 1900. It was only then that London became aware of the composer's existence, for although he had been persona grata in the Midlands and the North for years, no one in London could be induced to give him a hearing until the phenomenal reception of "The Dream of Gerontius" settled the matter once and for all. But popular as Sir Edward is, the fees he receives for the performing rights of his works are insignificant, and he stated a little while ago that his average yearly income from performances of "Gerontius" was £25!—London Daily Chronicle.

The city of Chemnitz, though the municipal theatre ran last year at a loss of £2500, has just voted a like sum for the maintenance of its actors and actresses during summer unemployment.

Shakespeare's tercentenary was celebrated in Vienna and Budapest. The Fremdenblatt, a semi-official journal of Vienna, said: "We are proud that in these days of bloody warfare we can still recognize and bow before a great personage, even though he be in enemy attire and of a hostile land. Hostile land? And is Shakespeare to us chiefly an Englishman? Have we not, through ceaseless work for generations, made him ours? It would be especially unbecoming to us Germans to repudiate now those intellectual heroes whom we have appropriated in spirit since the days of Herder and Goethe, and thus to prove that our worship was timid and superficial. No. In spite of Asquith and Kitchener, we honor and love the genius of Shakespeare, and the large crowds attending the festival evening of the Concordia afford abundant testimony of this." In Vienna the celebration was arranged by the Journalists' Association, the Concordia. Leading actors from the Hofburg Theatre and singers from the Imperial Opera participated in the performance. In Budapest the celebration was held in the National Theatre, when addresses were delivered by the two greatest Hungarian authorities on Shakespeare—Berzeviczy and Prof. Alexander.

Of Martin Harvey's Hamlet (His Majesty's Theatre, London, May 8), the Daily Telegraph said: "It is a setting of simplicity and beauty which Mr. Harvey provides with his curtains and his new lights and shadows. By it he gains also the power of playing the tragedy almost continuously. We had two intervals, but they were concessions to the weakness of the flesh rather than necessary to the demands of the stage. And certainly in some such way as this 'Hamlet' should be played. It needs no scenery, and the more we can think of its poetry the better. Mr. Harvey's Hamlet has grown mellow with time. It seems more kindly, less moody than of old. But still it is a romantic Hamlet, always picturesque, a lovable man, a friend to his friends, one who seems born and made for some gayer fortune. We feel the charm of the man rather than the throes of thought or spirit. So, in the great speeches, it was rather the beauty of phrase and verse than the grave significance on which Mr. Harvey's voice seemed to dwell. But of that beauty he made much. It is altogether a Hamlet with an air and a charm, if not quite a hero in the grand style."

Nine plays appeared on the program of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, May 5: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Henry IV. Part II.," "The Winter's Tale," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Henry VIII.," "Twelfth Night" and "Coriolanus." "It is not to be denied that an afternoon spent in watching a succession of isolated scenes differing vastly in spirit, theme, manner and merit leaves you with impressions a trifle chaotic. If you take down two or three volumes of Shakespeare, read a page here and a page there, you may be less satisfied than by reading one play. So it is with this performance. But, after all, unity of effect was not the purpose of the day, and it would be banality to complain of the performance for not doing what it did not try to do. We must judge it as a tribute to the power of Shakespeare on the stage of today, and a display of what our actors have done to interpret him for us. And so judged, there was no doubt of its complete success. Much of the interest, much of our pleasure, came from memory." Among those who took part were Irene Vanbrugh, Lillah McCarthy, Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry, Lily Brayton, Genevieve Ward, Lady Benson, Messrs. Alexander, Ainley, H. B. Irving, Asche, Benson, George

Notes on Shakespeare from the Daily Chronicle

Of the millions who keep Shakespeare's memory green today how many have even heard of Heminge and Condell? Yet, to the faithful labors of these two poor players we owe the first attempt to give the world a complete edition of Shakespeare's plays. No collected edition of the poet's work was issued in his lifetime, nor did many of the plays even find their way to print, until John Heminge and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's intimate friends and fellow actors, took the task of publication in hand, disclaiming "ambition either of selfe-profit or fame in undertaking the design," and being moved solely by desire "to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare."

It is remarkable that the leading authority on Shakespeare in England and the chief figure connected with the Shakespeage tercentenary celebrations should both belong to the Jewish race. Sir Sidney Lee, whose authoritative books on Shakespeare have enriched English literature and added so greatly to the knowledge of the poet, besides his many contributions to literature, is the chairman of the Shakespeare trustees of Stratford-on-Avon and the editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. Sir Sidney Lee's early works were published under the name of Mr. Solomon Lazarus.

Prof. Israel Gollonez, who has been taking a leading part in organizing the Shakespeare celebrations, is professor of English literature at King's College, and honorary secretary of the Shakespeare memorial committee. He is also the author of several works of importance. He is the son and brother of a Rabbi. His brother, Prof. Hermann Gollonez, is professor of Hebrew at University College and a man of great authority in the Jewish world.

John Wesley does not at first appear to have had much in common with Shakespeare, but the Shakespeare celebrations recall one of the greatest of literary tragedies. Among his papers John Wesley left a fully annotated copy of Shakespeare's works. His executors, however, regarded it as an immoral work, and consigned it to the flames. It would have been a book of surpassing interest, and had it been preserved the whole Nonconformist tradition of the relation between church and state might well have been transformed.

Shakespeare now has a host of admirers in France, but his works were absolutely unknown in that country until nearly a century after his death. The first mention of Shakespeare in a French book occurs in a translation of Sir William Temple's essays, published 1693, and his plays were not translated until 1776. Bacon, on the other hand, was widely read in France during his lifetime. His essays were translated into French almost as soon as they appeared here, and three editions of the translation were rapidly exhausted.

Heresy as to the authorship of "Shakespeare" is not greatly strengthened perhaps by the authority of Lord Palmerston; but the latter's curious saying would find a place in the book that might be written upon British prime ministers on their literary side. It is recorded in Grant Duff's diary: "Augustus Craven mentioned having given to Palmerston a book or pamphlet, handed to him by Lord Ellesmere, which tried to disprove that Shakespeare wrote the plays which go by his name. Houghton added: 'Palmerston used to say he rejoiced to have lived to see three things—the redintegration of Italy, the unveiling of the mystery of China and Japan, and the explosion of the Shakespearean illusion!' "

Other Shakespeare celebrations besides the tercentenary might be kept this week. The poet's baptism (and probably birth), his death and burial; the baptism of his sister Joan (the second of that name); the death and burial of his sister Margaret, and the burial of his sister Anne, took place in the month of April, old style. Many other interesting items connected with his career are on record and dated in April (O. S.). One of these, on April 26, the poet's death date, is the "bill of complaints by Shakespeare and others to recover the title deeds of the Blackfriars property, London, left in the hands of its vendor, Anne Bacon, and wrongfully withheld by Matthew, her heir." We know a great deal about Shakespeare—much more than we know about many of his contemporaries. Why not keep these memories whole?

The Lokal Anzeiger, having heard that the authorities at Stratford-on-Avon had decided to take precautions against Zeppelin raids, and that the mayor had stated that the possession by the town of treasured historical monuments would be an inducement to the Germans to visit it on a mission of destruction, writes as follows:

"If the councillors of Stratford believe in the efficacy of the curse which their great townsman laid on those who would disturb his bones they ought to long for the appearance of the airships in order to see the curse fulfilled. But those men of little faith prefer to order lights to be lowered in the quiet town, to which no people have turned with such piety as Germans. They believe that the nation which understands Shakespeare and appreciates him better than they do, have no greater longing than to destroy his birthplace and his grave. Were it not a matter of absolute indifference what these gentlemen in Stratford decide, men who probably have left unread the majority of Shakespeare's dramas, we might present them with our theatre programs for January, from which they would learn that 'Julius Caesar' has been played in our Royal Playhouse, 'The Tempest' in the Deutsches Theater, and that in other houses we have had 'A Winter's Tale,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'Hamlet.' We doubt whether the London programs are able to show anything approaching this honor done to the memory of Shakespeare."

Not the least of the many controversies regarding Shakespeare has centred around the spelling of the poet's name. The name of the poet's father is entered 66 times in the council books of Stratford, and spelt in 16 different ways, the commonest being "Shaxpeare." Nor did Shakespeare himself strive after finality in the matter, for in the few autographs preserved he signs himself "Shakspere" in one and "Shakespeare" in another, and he spelt the name both ways in signing his will. "Shakespeare," however, is the form that has come to be generally adopted.

The "Vic" company, who wound up their Shakespearean celebration with two successful performances of "As You Like It," follow the old stage custom of pronouncing Jaques as if spelt Jakes. It is probable that Shakespeare, too, pronounced it in this way, for the very line which seems to present an argument against this assumption really offers a convincing one in its favor. No doubt Jaques is scanned as two syllables in "The melancholy Jaques grieved at that," but then words ending with a similar sound were often treated by Shakespeare as dissyllabic, as when Prospero, threatening Caliban, says, "I rack thee with old cramps, fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar."

The two greatest men who appear in "Julius Caesar," namely, Caesar himself and Cicero, are allotted but minor parts in Shakespeare's play, and to each with daring originality the dramatist has attributed a physical defect, for the existence of which history supplied him with no evidence. Caesar, for instance, confesses to deafness, bidding Antony—

"Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,"

while Brutus speaks of Cicero's "ferret and fiery eyes," as if no one could fail to note them. Respect for these two immortals was no doubt thus diminished, but by showing them as not above human weaknesses Shakespeare made them more easily realized.

Shakespeare as Musician: a People's Art

The quantity of music in Shakespeare's drama and the number of allusions to music, many of them puns on technical musical terms, have so often been remarked that to point to them again is needless. But their very recognition has been apt to produce a wrong estimate of Shakespeare's musicianship.

These things have met with the same surprise which a modern poet or novelist who can write of music with tolerable accuracy arouses. George Eliot, Browning, and Meredith showed themselves unlike the majority of their contemporaries in their power to touch on music without blundering, and the first two of them at any rate often seem to take a quiet pleasure in making use of knowledge on the subject which would not be self-evident to the ordinary reader.

Musicians of today have sometimes made the mistake of supposing that Shakespeare did the same. But if Shakespeare had had any superior knowledge the last thing he would have desired would be to use it over the heads of his audience so to speak, for in his theatre every stroke of wit, every image and allusion, had to hit its mark, whether it was one of politics, sport, or art. It is because he always deals with the common material of his audiences' life that his music is so interesting, and his drama recreates the musical life along with every other phase of the life of the time. The student who reads "Silas Marner" 300 years hence may imagine either that the folksong of England flourished abundantly in 1861 or that its academic revival was in full swing in the middle of the 19th century; in either case he will he wrong. The reader of "Twelfth Night" today, however, finds exactly what songs were on everybody's lips in the year 1600, what instruments were played, and to what rhythms the people danced.

That remarkable sing-song with which Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the Clown regaled themselves and called down the wrath of Malvolio contains just the heterogeneous assortment of things new and old which three men, two of them drunk, might discover in memory after midnight. The Clown, the best man amongst them, begins with "O Mistress Mine," the tune of which was just published in Thomas Morley's "First Book of Consort Lessons made by Divers Exquisite Authors for Six Instruments" (1599). If the tune was not new it would have received a new currency by its inclusion in this collection of instrumental chamber music, which was then music's most modern development. The catch which follows is typical of a commoner standard. Catches did not receive the dignity of publication until 1609, when Thomas Ravenscroft produced "Pammelia: Music's Miscellany," following it with a second collection, "Deuteromelia," in which this particular specimen, "Hold thy peace, thou knave," was included. But publication was then the consequence of popularity rather than the means of attaining it, and catches were the accompaniment of every occupation. Hence Sir Toby's proposal to "rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver."

The handful of songs of which Sir Toby sings snatches were all the popular ballads of the day, and very good tunes they are. But the most remarkable feature of this impromptu is the parody which Sir Toby and the Clown together make of "Farewell, dear love." This beautiful four-part song with lute accompaniment was just published in Robert Jones's "First Book of Ayres," when "Twelfth Night" was performed in the Middle Temple Hall. Nobody parodies an unknown work in public, so that clearly either the book had an instant popularity of a widespread kind, or, what is more likely, its contents were very well known before it was published. In either case it shows how the most advanced music of the composers of the day took its place naturally beside the songs of the tavern and the catches of the workshop. It was not clogged by the snobbish distinctions which divide modern musical tastes. Music of all kinds was put to use, not placed on a pedestal for the detached admiration of connoisseurs. And the skill to use it was no less common. Autolycus hawking his ballads declares:

Aut.: This is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mopsa: We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dorcas: We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut.: I can bear my part: you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

So "scarce a maid westward" but was well used to singing from memory in parts and it was a pedlar's "occupation" to bear his part. It was, as we know from other sources, part of a gentleman's education to sing part music at sight. Shakespeare's people set the whole of life to music and yet we talk as though the symphonic poem were a new thing.—London Times, April 22.

PLAY "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN" PEGGY" AT COPLEY THEATRE

"All of a Sudden Peggy," a comedy in three acts by Ernest Denny, was given yesterday morning at the Copley Theatre by Miss Mildred Southwick and an efficient cast of associate players.

The performance gave much pleasure to a friendly audience and gave gratifying evidence of the histrionic attainments of the young men and women in the cast. The piece is breezy in character, concerned with the adventures of the impetuous Peggy O'Mara and her mother among the titled but impoverished Crackenthorpes. Miss Southwick, in the title role, played with unflagging spontaneity and pleasing lack of self-consciousness. Her elocution and that of her associates showed fine training, while attention had evidently been paid to the voice of every member of the cast. As a whole the play was acted smoothly and with spirit.

May 29 1916

A ROLL OF HONOR

A sad yet glorious little volume has made its way to this country, "Les Artistes morts pour la Patrie." It is a list of painters, engravers, sculptors, workers in metals, actors, singers, composers, players of musical instruments, architects, workmen at Sevres, makers of tapestry, pupils of the National School of Decorative Arts, who died in defence of France from August, 1914, to December, 1915. Each section is prefaced by one that speaks with a certain authority, Leon Bonnat for the painters, Widor for the musicians, Mme. Bartet for the actors and opera singers, Pascal of the Institute for the architects. There is a short biographical sketch of each man that gave up his life for France.

M. Dalimier of the Beaux Arts in the general preface rightly describes this little book as profoundly moving by reason of its simplicity, its "implacable rigor." Each page, he says, evokes broken hopes, futile dreams, brave efforts suddenly interrupted, an unfinished task—a life of an artist prematurely extinguished.

The book bears witness to the patriotism and devotion of artists, who, dead, are now heard praying that France "after the victory they have prepared," may be still greater, more beautiful, more radiant. They impose a task on their comrades who will survive them; they hand the torch to them, who in turn must pass it to the following generation. True reverence for the valiant dead will be to carry on their work in art for the glory of France. The final word is not one of lamentation; it is of inspiration: "Let us work!"

Widor in his tribute to the slain musicians cites certain cases, as that of the young organist Ribollet, who, having lost a leg, asked if it were not an affectation for him to wear the Cross of War and the military medal. There is Amadee de Vallombreuse, the musician, who with six splinters of shell in his body, barely recovering from typhoid fever, is serving in the office of the staff, burning with desire to go again under fire. No, says M. Widor, France has not degenerated; her sons today are worthy of their great ancestors.

Through this little volume there is no note of complaint, no empty raving against the enemy; there is the expression of stern resolve, of unconquerable trust in the result. Those who have been pleased to speak knowingly of the degeneracy of France as shown in her art and literature now know that whims and caprices are not necessarily symptoms of decay in art and life; that the experimenters, the radicals, even the poseurs, in the hour of trial have shown themselves physical and moral heroes.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Hedderwick believes that "there is no more healthy place in this world than an English prison." The London Daily Chronicle agrees with him. "Incorrigible jail birds usually make their periodical reappearances in society in the pink of condition. Early hours, scientific diet, and moderation in all things reap their reward even 'in quod.' One famous ex-convict, in telling the secrets of the prison house, has left it on record that there is nothing to beat prison diet as a cure for dyspepsia." It would, therefore, appear that Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" is flagrantly unjust. His smug jail physician is a superfluous official. An English jail should be numbered among leading European health resorts, after this war is over.

The Point of View.

As the World Wags:

This is the way a former inmate of the Illinois state reformatory at Pontiac thought about it all, according to the year book of the Central Howard Association.

O, yes, I'm guilty right enough,
It ain't no use to throw a bluff.
An' yet I guess society
Kin share the guilt along o' me.
I ain't the kind to weep and whine—
But say, wot chance, wot chance, was mine?

Born in a dirty, reeking slum,
Where decent sunlight never come.
An' starved for food an' starved for air,
Through all my years of boyhood there.
While evil things, an' low an' mean
Was nearly all the life I seen.
Of course I growed to be a tough,
A hoodlum and a bad young rough.

But even then I might have been
Reformed to be some use to men,
If every time I left the trail
They didn't slam me into jail,
Where thieves and all that rotten crew
Would teach me worse than all I knew.

O, yes, I'm guilty, that is clear.
But every guy who's listening here,
And all you swells an' goody folks
Who sniffs at me, an' such like blokes,
Is guilty, too, along o' me,
An' will be till the world is free
Of stinking slums an' rotten holes
That poison peoples' hearts and souls,
An' cheats 'em from their very birth
From any decent chance on earth.
I ain't the kind to weep and whine—
But say, wot chance, wot chance, was mine?

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

Condorcet, Suffragist.

Are the advocates of female suffrage acquainted with the views of Condorcet published as far back as 1787? They are to be found in the "Letters of a citizen of New Haven to a citizen of Virginia on the inutility of portioning legislative power among several bodies." These letters in French are in the Boston Public Library, but we quote from the contemporaneous review published in the literary correspondence of Grimm and Diderot. They allude to the "curious diatribe" against the injustice universally shown towards women who are not allowed the rights of a citizen under any liberal constitution. Condorcet first made the point that reason forbids this exclusion. He then argued in favor of

women [illegible] Admitting that by nature [illegible] fitted for warfare and a certain [illegible] for hard manual labor, he found no difference between the capacity of men and women in other directions except that depending on education. If it were admitted that after an education framed especially for them there would be an inequality of bodily or mental force, the result would be only this: That women of the first rank would be the equals of men of the second and superior to those of the third, and so on. Voltaire is quoted, "one of the men that have been the most just towards women and have known them best." He granted them every talent except that of invention. Nor if only men capable of invention should be admitted into high places, there would be many vacancies even in academies. There are many offices that should not occupy the time of a genius. Grimm or Diderot, commenting, asked if Condorcet was sure that no woman had shown genius. He did not go back to Sappho, but asked if Mme. de Sevigne had not the genius of style; he called attention to pages in the romances of Mme. de Lafayette. "Let us add only two names, Elizabeth and Catherine II., the one received an excellent education; that of the other is her own work, and this is not the only mark of superiority over the former that Europe recognizes today."

SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR.

A London journalist objects to the words "alien enemy," for he says a hostile man of the English nation is a traitor, not an enemy. "'Enemy alien' would be right enough, for there are neutral aliens; but no one says or writes it. This is a matter of our frequent confusions of nouns and adjectives. Both 'enemy' and 'alien' are nouns and adjectives as we use them; and the common English way of putting the adjectives first makes 'enemy alien' both correct and intelligible at a glance.

AGE AND WAR.

Napoleon said of himself, when 35, "One has but a certain time for war. I shall be good for it but six years more; then even I shall stop." At the age of 40 his downward career began. Alexander's active military career began at 18 and ended at 33. Hannibal's lasted from 13 to 47, Caesar's from 40 to 55; Gustavus's from 16 to 38; Frederick's from 28 to 51 and Napoleon's from 27 to 46. In the American civil war of 1861 every prominent general, with the exception of Gen. Lee (who was 54), was under 45.—Daily Chronicle (London).

Let it be granted that these figures are accurate. What is to be said of the generalship shown by French, German, Austrian, Russian, generals over 60 in the present war?

"ELIJAH" IN OPEN NEXT SUNDAY, RAIN OR SHINE

Damrosch Has Device for Sheltering Audience If Necessary.

Rain or shine, the performance of "Elijah" postponed because of the bad weather yesterday will positively be given at Braves Field at 3 o'clock next Sunday afternoon. The original cast will sing the oratorio and there will be no change in the immense chorus and orchestra.

Walter Damrosch, who came over from New York to conduct the oratorio yesterday, has devised an ingenious scheme by which, in the event of rain next Sunday, orchestra, chorus and principals—as well as the entire audience—can be kept under cover. The performance will therefore be given next Sunday, no matter what the weather may be.

Chorus, orchestra and principals gathered at Braves Field yesterday morning in the dreary drizzle, and, protected by the roof of the grandstand, went through a complete rehearsal under the direction of Mr. Damrosch. As it was impossible to use Mr. Damrosch's device in so short a time the performance scheduled for yesterday afternoon was postponed for one week.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The newspapers recorded duly the death of Mme. Jane Dieulafoy, explorer, author, soldier, who was allowed by the French government to wear male dress. They have related at some length the story of her adventures and honorable career, but there has been no mention of her "Parysatis," for which Saint-Saens wrote music. This play in three acts was brought out in 1902 at Bezieres in the open air theatre. Parysatis should be an interesting heroine on the stage. Did Mme. Dieulafoy remember that this queen mother could play passing well at all games of dice? The story of the manner in which she poisoned Queen Statira always pleased us. Let us read it again in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. "In Persia there is a little bird of the which all the parts of it is excellent good to eat, and is full of fat within, so that it is thought it liveth by air and dew, and in the Persian tongue they call it Ryntaces. Parysatis, as Ctesias saith, took one of these birds, and cut it in the midst with a little knife, the which was poisoned only on one of the sides, and gave that half which was poisoned unto Statira. Yet Dinon writeth that it was not Parysatis herself that gave it her, but her carver Melantas that carved her meat, and still gave Queen Statira of that meat which the side of his poisoned knife had touched. So Queen Statira presently fell sick of the disease whereof she died, with grievous pangs and gripings in her bowels, and found plainly that she was poisoned by Parysatis's means whereupon she told the king as much, who was of the same opinion." If this scene were introduced in Mme. Dieulafoy's play there was opportunity for Saint-Saens to write torture music that should equal Puccini's in "Tosca."

"Said to Be."

The glory of this world passeth away, thousands of excellent persons never heard of Mme. Dieulafoy and cared not whether she wore a skirt or trousers. Thousands never heard of Parysatis and her trick knife. The newspapers last Saturday noted the death of Pauline Ulrich, but see how cautiously: "Said to be one of the most widely known of German actresses"; as if the newspapers even in an obituary notice of five lines guarded themselves against a libel suit.

Pauline Ulrich, born at Berlin in 1835, played in several leading theatres of Germany. For over 40 years she was a glory of the Dresden Court Theatre, conspicuous in tragedy and comedy, famous as Iphigenia, Sappho, Elizabeth, Lady Macbeth and as heroines of Sardou and Ibsen.

The "T. D." Forever.

Smokers of brierwood pipes should not read the last number of the Lancet; or, reading of Dr. Gilbert Brooke's investigation at Singapore, should resolve never to visit the tropics. Jones may boast of his brier (or briar) purchased at least twenty-five years ago on the island of Jersey—"and it is as sweet as ever"; Robinson may spout his favorite poem, Charles Dawson Shanley's "Brier Wood Pipe," the reverie of a New York zouave in the first year of the war; but Dr. Brooke takes a fiendish pleasure in assuring them and Brown that a brier is not the thing in hot countries. He used an apparatus to test the heat of the smoke from a small brier and a calabash. These are his conclusions: "Moist tobacco gives hotter smoke than dry tobacco. Fine tobacco gives markedly hotter smoke than does coarse cut tobacco. Smoke from a brier is always hotter than the breath temperature, although with a coarse tobacco on a cold winter's day, the difference of temperature would be hardly noticeable. Variations in air temperature or in the type of tobacco used have comparatively slight effect on the temperature of the calabash smoke—the latter being always cooler than the temperature of the breath. According to the tobacco used a calabash gives smoke which is 14 to 24 degrees cooler than a brier. A coarse cut tobacco, dry, and smoked in a calabash pipe would seem to be the acme of "cool pipe smoking."

Having read this thoughtfully, we shall stick to the "T. D.," the pipe dear to the bone and sinew of this great and gallorious Repuhlic.

Harmonious to the Ear.

A writer in the Spectator thinks "Cupola" is the most beautiful word in architecture—yet "belvedere" has a stately sound. He knows the meaning of "ashlar," but is puzzled by the words "larmier" and "distal" applied to a house. "Cordwainer" and "category" are to him mysterious words under "c." We saw some years ago the good old word "cordwainer" on a sign in the North End. Perhaps it is there now. "Licensed Victualler" is not wholly absolute in Boston.

"Distal" is an anatomical term, meaning terminal. Is not this use of the word forced, unnecessary: "The drainage pipes are very imperfectly connected at proximal or house termination, although they must . . . be well connected at their distal or main drain termination." "Larmier" in plan English is "drip"—"corona" is a synonym—a projecting member of a cornice from which the rain water drips, or an over lapping piece of lead work.

The writer, speaking of beautiful words, says: "I like Inarime, the island in the bay of Naples." "Mesapotamia" soothed the old woman in church and filled her with holy joy. No doubt some of the apparently jaw-breaking names of places made known to us by the war are mellifluous when spoken by the natives. There are words of the "red aborigines" surviving in this country: "Natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds, calls of birds and animals in the woods, syllabled to us for names." What a pity that in some instances they have been changed for the glorification of some local magnate or for something vulgar ending in "ville."

Cordwainer takes one back to the days when the shoemaker was a power. Many marching in business streets last Saturday tried to trace a connection between "cobbler" and "cobble-stones."

"Honest Injun!"

Mr. Archibald Sparke, in Notes and Queries of May 13 asks the origin of the expression "Honest Injun!" "It seems to be much used both in speech and in articles of modern date." Oh, ingenuous Mr. Sparke, we heard and used the phrase way back in the days of the little red schoolhouse. "Hope to die! Criss-cross! Honest Injun!" and a finger was drawn across the throat—all to show that the boy would surely do something or keep a secret religiously. "Honest Injun" is in the great slang dictionary of Farmer and Henley, but the earliest quotation is from "Huckleberry Finn." Where did the phrase originate and how?

Amiable Borrowers.

What one of us in school years did not write in his arithmetic, geography, or speaker

Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For here you read the owner's name.

Some antiquarian makes the statement that Jean d'Orleans, Comte d'Angouleme, was the first to write a verse threatening any book thief, i. e., borrower, with terrible punishment. He wrote this, captured in the Hundred Years' War and a prisoner in England for 33 years. The book was Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The common stanza among English school boys is:

Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For in it is the owner's name.
And when you die the Lord will say,
Where is that book you stole away?

But your confirmed borrower of books has no fear of punishment in this world or the next.

CRAIG PLAYERS PRESENT "THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

William Lawrence Pleases as Josh Whitcomb.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Old Homestead." Comedy in four acts by Denman Thompson.

Joshua Whitcomb.....William Lawrence
Happy Jack.....Theodore Friebus
Henry Hopkins.....Frederick Ormonde
Frank Hopkins.....Bert Young
Eb Ganzey.....Robert Capron
Cy Prime.....George Ernst
Seth Perkins.....Al Roberts
Judge Patterson.....Joseph Skinner
Reuben Whitcomb.....Frederick Cairns
Rickety Ann.....Doris Olsson
Mrs. Henry Hopkins.....Betty Barnicoat
Aunt Matilda Whitcomb.....Augusta Gill
Miss Annie Hopkins.....Justine Adams
Miss Nellie Patterson.....Dorothy Dickinson
Mrs. Murdock.....Marion Royston

As Josh Whitcomb, William Lawrence proves himself a capable successor to Denman Thompson. All the traditions of the play and the character are his. He makes Uncle Josh a sweet and gentle countryman, humorous where humor is required, and pathetic when the few touches of pathos are called for.

Josh Whitcomb's companions in the play, as acted by the Craig Players, were welcomed with a cordiality equal to that extended to Mr. Lawrence. The part of Happy Jack gave Mr. Friebus opportunity to do a capable bit of character acting, the Cy Prime of Mr. Ernst was true to life, as was also the Aunt Matilda Whitcomb of Miss Gill. And the city people in the play were no less life-like, including Mr. Ormonde as Henry Hopkins, Mr. Young as Frank Hopkins, Miss Barnicoat as Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Olsson as Rickety Ann, and Miss Adams as Annie Hopkins. Scenically, the play was perfection itself, with its yoke of oxen, its glimpse of the Whitcomb hay fields, while the singing by the Old Homstead Quartet was warmly applauded. The play will be acted for two weeks.

AUSTRALIAN ENTERTAINER RETURNS TO B. F. KEITH'S

Albert Whelan, the Australian entertainer, made his reappearance at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday after an absence of seven years. He sang a group of songs with the art of the well schooled comedian and there was a delightful facial play.

One of the funniest acts seen on this stage was that of Jack Wilson in an impromptu revue. The comedian was assisted by Frank Hurst, a pleasing singer, and Lillian Boardman, who also scored with her voice. Mr. Wilson brings into his own act conspicuous parts of the preceding numbers on the bill. But the allusions are not forced, and they take their place as if this was the sketch the actor had been playing all the season.

George McKay and Ottie Ardine in a breezy sketch, "On Broadway," introduce a new line of talk and Miss Ardine was seen in a dancing act. Mr. McKay's style and appearance is often suggestive of George Cohan.

Others on the bill were Adelaide Herrmann, widow of Herrmann the Great, in her latest illusions, assisted by Miss Julia and company; Paul Dulzell and company, in a clever story of the race track, "The Little Stranger;" Harry Clarke, in a singing and dancing specialty; Emmet Devoy and company, in "His Wife's Mother," a sketch of domestic bickerings; Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich in popular and operatic melodies, and Alderman Francis P. Bent, recently acting mayor of New York, in an instructive lecture on Mexico.

May 31 1916

WHITMAN'S BIRTHDAY

The 31st of May is a day celebrated by Whitmanites in fellowship, the birthday of the Good Gray Poet. This celebration is sincere, heartfelt, if it is no longer an occasion merely for extravagant eulogy. The band of Whitmanites is growing with the years, although many are not formally enrolled and ticketed. The poet's influence is also spreading, though not among the plain people whom he loved. Whitman ended the preface to the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" with this line: "The proof of a poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it." In view of the attitude taken by the people at large, or rather the indifference shown toward Whitman by the mill hand the driver, the stevedore, the butcher boy, this line is pathetically ironical.

The faithful readers of "Leaves of Grass," the warmest admirers of Whitman, the poet, are found in that class for which he did not deliberately write. In his conversation as reported, certainly in print, he expressed himself as one careless, even defiant, with regard to the praise or blame of the literati and the critics of poetry as poetry. He wished to reach his brother sitting on the doorstep after the day's work and the supper. Very few of these brothers in mighty Manhattan know any Whitman except the present Governor; few in the factories or on the farms over the land knew Whitman's book by name. If they read poetry at all, Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" is nearer to them than Whitman's "Carol of Occupations" could be.

The popular vote, however, does not establish the true rank of a poet in art or as a determiner of conduct in life. Whitman has influenced poetic expression as well as poetic thought in Europe as in his own country, and this influence, more marked than ever, is steadily waxing, as are his readers in number. Biographers and chroniclers, admirers and foes of low and high degree, have done their worst. The man with his work remains, a noble, inspired figure. The poet of the "barbaric yawp" is now exciting good-natured smiles rather than flippant contempt or bigoted indignation; the poet of "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd" and "Out of the Cradle endlessly rocking," with other pages of subtle beauty, sunlit splendor, and profound thought, has already his place, fixed and abiding, among the immortals.

The bellicose speeches of certain shouters for an immense army and a huge navy and their attitude towards mild-eyed flabby preachers of peace at any price remind us of an incident in the life of Artemus Ward.

"A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum objeck."

"Dead at His Home."

As the World Wags:

I notice that nowadays the obituary notices in newspapers not infrequently begin in some such idiotic way as this. "John Smith is dead at his home," etc., the date of his death not being given. Why is the date of the death omitted? It seems to me that in every obituary notice the date of the death should be given—unless it is not known.

OLD MORTALITY.

Boston, May 27.

A Program Note.

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke published the following note in the program of his concerts May 5th and 16th in London. (The program also contained his picture): "Having recovered in some degree from my visit to America, with its wild motorists (who succeeded in breaking my left arm), also having recovered in some degree from the American method of 'boosting' (their favorite

term") their so-called 'artists' for cash received (!) I beg to announce my 15th year of concerts in London."

Burned for Witchcraft.

As the World Wags:

It is often denied that there has ever been in New England a case of the burning to death of a person for witchcraft. I can, however, adduce specific evidence that there has been at least one such case in New England, the person who was thus burned to death being the Rev. George Burroughs. Here is the evidence to which I refer, it being a quotation from page 70 of a book entitled "The Story of Old Falmouth," a book which has no date on its title-page, but which was copyrighted in 1901, and published by the New York firm of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: "The good minister was burned at the stake, but, fortunately, he was among the last of those who suffered a shameful death for the so-called crime of witchcraft." The name given on the tittle-page of "The Story of Old Falmouth" as that of the author is "James Otis," but I understand that it is a pseudonym for James Otis Kaler. I think that Mr. Kaler died some four years ago. As specific evidence is thus given in Mr. Kaler's book that the Rev George Burroughs was burned to death in New England for witchcraft, it is to be hoped that there will be no more denials that there has ever been such a case in New England. WITCH HAZEL.

Brookline, May 28.

Does "Witch-Hazel" seriously maintain that the Rev. George Burroughs was burned and not hanged? Letters in reply should be short and to the point.—Ed.

Tolman Sweets.

As the World Wags:

None of your correspondents have said anything of the kind of apples used in making cider apple sauce. My wife always used sweet apples—Tolman sweets from our own tree—and tells me that it is always made with sweet apples. She quarters them and dries them before proceeding further. What her complete recipe is I do not know, but cider apple sauce is a mighty fine dish, especially when frozen and hacked out in chunks, as spoken of by one of your correspondents. W. E. K.

Boston, May 28.

Mushrooms and Things.

As the World Wags:

"W. B. W." of Brookline expresses agreement with the learned editor of this department as to appetite needing no condiment such as mushroom or other ketchup. Yet ketchups are at times highly palatable, be the appetite never so fickle. Note what all the pundits say on mushrooms and the various culinary treatments thereof. But "W. B. W." concedes his lack of knowledge of more than one, the commonest kind, the pink, umbrella-shaped field mushroom of Upper Canada and the Maine and Massachusetts sheep pastures. The late James E. Maynadier, an eminent Boston lawyer, versed in the patent specialty, once called the writer's attention to a big fungus growth up 20 feet or more on an elm tree on the Common. "That would make a fine breakfast," he said. A shudder was my sole reply. But he had gone deeply into mycology, as was his wont with all subjects; and I listened with edification and delight. So we live and learn. Then there's the local Mycological Club, which publishes a guide to the true and the false, and gives an annual exhibition in Horticultural Hall.

"W. B. W." expresses dissent from the editor's apparent scoffing at the early rising idea and clings fondly to the old time couplet, despite the ultramontanes, pseudo-scientists, or cranks. Who wouldn't rise these glorious mornings and wander over the Brookline hills? The mind of man is such a queer, inexplicable hodge-podge of hopes and fears. Years ago a person in England published an argument to show that man's normal state was sleeping, and his waking hours a wasteful delusion and source of snares! John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor feared that all possible combinations of musical notes would soon be exhausted and compositions thereafter would be mere dull, stale repetitions. Wasn't that crossing Fox river with a vengeance? "The Lost Chord," Rubinstein's melody in F, "Home, Sweet Home" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" will never lose their heavenly melody to human ears I fancy, no matter what they sang in the days of Confuscius, Zoroaster, Cyrus, or the Arabian or Babylonian roysterers.

Aspinwall Hill, May 28. W. B. W.

The French use a simple antidote against the poisonous mushroom. Swallow every 10 minutes a tablespoonful of animal charcoal, crushed as finely as possible in pure water. A saucer of charcoal might take the place of the ketchup bottle on the table. No bottle of sauce is a pleasing object to the eye. It takes us back to the days when the hostess said to her guest: "Won't you have something from the castor?" By the way what has become of all those revolving or stationary articles of table equipage?—Ed.

Mar 2, 19

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Geraldine Farrar says that she is now on her honeymoon. It apparently is a continuous performance. Only yesterday we received the following Limerick from a valued contributor on the North Shore:

The daughter of honest Sid Farrar,
(Of imperial honors the wearer),
When she calls it Far-rar
Gives old Melrose a jar,
For they know that the old way is squarer.

All up for Johnson.

As the World Wags:

What piffle, what cant, what drivel is the talk of more than half the world! Elihu Root the ablest living American? Not while Mr. Herkimer Johnson treads this earth. "Herk," as we who have not seen his face, believing where we cannot prove, affectionately and even reverently call him (though we should never dare so to address him in the flesh), walks not unguessed at, to be sure, but alas! perforce self-honored. Is it better so?

Yet, whatever comes, and though we should never see him, we shall never forget him, and we shall always picture him as the Australian poet found him. I give the concluding and perhaps most affecting lines of that beautiful tribute:

He stands upon the margent of the sea,
And o'er the flats of Clamport casts his eyes:
He does not hear the jolly digger's glee,
But dreams of oysters and of Paradise.

I note that in the results of the New York Tribune's presidential preferential poll the name of Johnson holds equal rank with those of Borah, Hadley, Lodge and Whitman—all names to conjure with.

The tide is rising. I see the favorite sons of Massachusetts throwing ambition to the winds and cementing a solid New England delegation for Mr. Herkimer Johnson. I see the great Empire state, as already indicated, falling into line. I see a mighty wave of popular enthusiasm rolling from the Hudson to the Columbia, and on its towering crest I see our hero riding on, serenely and contemplatively, to overwhelming victory.

I see him in the White House, restoring to that imperial and Tumultyous abode, the ancient simplicity of the Jeffersonian regime. I see the Colossal Work brought out at last by the National Geographic Society and copious extracts written into every issue of the Congressional Record. I see its author, in proud disdain of smug conventionality, shattering precedents at every stride, bearing the arid skelcton of the social Mumbo-Jumbo of Washington, D. C., to a deserved and applauded end in the watery precincts of the Potomac.

I see—but to you I again appeal. The Editor of the Herald often neglects to print what I have to say on political subjects. You are more generous. Eternal shame be ours and the commonwealth's if we grant the illiterate Gothamites this new opportunity to flap their wings. No, let the Herald come out for Mr. Herkimer Johnson, uncompromisingly; let the nominating speech be made by Senator Lodge or Gov. McCall, and let Mr. Johnson himself, who has thus far by his reticence out-Hughesed the justice, come forth, stand among us and receive the crown.

HAZLETON SPENCER.

Citra, P. R., May 22.

Alas, Mr. Herkimer Johnson has no whiskers.—Ed.

The Apostrophe.

There is a lively discussion in the columns of the Pall Mall Gazette concerning the use of the apostrophe. Take, for example, the name of the excellent Justice Hughes. Should we say "Hughes'" or "Hughes's"? Should we say "Berlioz'" or "Berlioz's"? The conservatives point to the rule in English grammars: an "s" should generally follow the apostrophe unless the word is plural, e. g., boys', nations,' lasses'. "When a noun ends in a sibilant sound the possessive singular is sometimes formed by the addition of an apostrophe, as, for goodness' sake, for conscience' sake. But the full form is generally used, as St. James's Gazette." On the other hand, Mr. Piers Dutton was distressed by a headline in the Times: "Mr. Hughes's Engagements." He asked: "Is not the possessive of Hughes 'Hughes'"? At any rate, I was taught so, and 'Hughes's' looks hideous to me."

"Inquirer" objects to the phrase "to win the war" and asks "Was it current prior to the present war"? "A. M. C." answers: "You win a prize, a victory, a wife, i. e., something desirable; but war is not desirable, therefore we cannot 'win' it, unless we are to change the whole hidden meaning of the verb to win."

True Benefits.

The Daily Chronicle says: "The inventor of a patent collar stud or boot protector will make more money than the inventor of something that really benefits the human race." Is not a good collar stud of benefit to humanity? One that will put an end forever to the comic pictures of Jones chasing a stud over the floor, under the bureau and bed when he is dressing in a hurry. The Daily Chronicle complained that some indifferent composer has made more out of a song or waltz than Sir Edward Elgar has made out of his "Dream of Gerontius." For daily use we insist that a practical collar stud, one that will not break or roll, is more to be desired than Elgar's oratorio.

"Old Top."

Mr. Philip Gibbs, studying the lighter aspects of the war, has observed that the Australian addresses the Frenchman as "old son," and the Frenchman the Australian as "mon vieux." Why is "old" regarded as a term of endearment in many languages, irrespective of the age of the man addressed? Old chap, old fellow, old boy, old hoss, old man, old girl, old top—there's a long list. This use of "old" goes back in English to the 16th century. "Old" as a term of disparagement goes back as far.

Artemus Ward resented the use of "old," used familiarly by his partner Billson, when they were managers of a company playing "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved" with a real drunkard.

"Says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind."

Mar 28, 4, 6

Hollis Street Theatre Closes

With the performances of "Our Mrs. McChesney," by Ethel Barrymore and her company yesterday afternoon and evening the regular season at the Hollis Street Theatre came to a close. The year has been a remarkable one for the number of long engagements, and the receipts from the visits of favorite stars have broken records. The house will remain dark until early in September, but Manager Charles J. Rich has already made his bookings for next fall, and he will bring back to Boston popular players in new productions, as well as many New York successes of the season just closed. The year 1916-1917 promises to be one of the brightest in the history of this theatre. The summary of the season just closed last night follows:

Sept. 13—"She's in Again," by Thomas J. Gray, first time in Boston, one week.

Oct. 4—"Nobody Home," Cyril Harcourt, four weeks.

Nov. 1—Elsie Ferguson in "Outcast," by Henry Davis, first time in Boston, three weeks.

Nov. 22—Marie Tempest in "The Duke of Killicrankie," by Robert Marshall, and "Rosalind," by J. M. Barrie, first time in Boston, two weeks.

Dec. 6—William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes" and "Secret Service," three weeks.

Dec. 27—John Drew in "The Chief," by Horace Annesley Vachell and Michael Morton, first time in Boston, two weeks.

Jan. 10—James K. Hackett and Viola Allen in "Macbeth," two weeks.

Jan. 24—"Oklahoma," by George Scarborough, first time in Boston, two weeks.

Feb. 7—Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in "Daddy Long Legs," by John Webster, five weeks.

March 9—Special matinee, Actor's fund benefit, "Frederick LeMaitre," with Henry Miller and other features.

March 27—Cyril Maude in "Grumpy," two weeks.

April 10—George Arliss in "Paganini," by Edward Knoblauch, first time in Boston, two weeks.

April 24—Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," by James M. Barrie, 16 performances; "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie, four performances.

May 8—Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney," by George V. Hobart, from the stories by Edna Ferber, first time in Boston, three weeks.

June 3 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A prominent English actor was recently asked when he was in Boston, why the slang term "bloody" was so obnoxious to British ears. He seemed shocked by the question. He shuddered at the sound of the word. "It's so low; it's used only by the lowest classes; in short, it's a perfectly rotten word." To which a Bostonian, by no means a sensitive plant, answered: "But I don't like to hear a woman describe whether, a show, a symphony, or a stroke in golf or tennis as rotten. Still, I hear it everywhere." The Englishman said: "O, 'rotten' is all right. We all use it in England." A visitor from Mars, or any intelligent foreigner, not versed in the delicate nuances of our language, might wonder at this discrimination between "bloody" and "rotten."

"Not Arf."

A correspondent of the London Chronicle complains about the obscurity of slang; for example "Not arf." In a novel by William Caine, published in 1911, is this passage: "Why don't you stir Billy (a goat) up a bit? Make 'im bleat proper. He ain't arf bleating." In 1911 this meant that Billy was bleating little. In 1916 it would mean that he was bleating much.

We are not prepared to dispute this; but we know that in the eighties "not arf bad" was an expression of warm praise in the mouths of English students in Germany, France and at home. Robinson was "not a half bad fellow"; Munich beer was "not arf bad"; a symphony by Brahms was "not arf bad" and so on through art, cookery, nature and life.

"Swinging the Leg."

What would Uncle Amos say to this? "You've been swinging the leg, young man. I guess you want to go to Blighty before your time." We are gravely informed that to "swing the leg" is the soldiers' term for malingering. The sentence quoted is "the joking remark with which the soldiers in the base hospitals greet any of their companions who are fortunate enough to have their bedboards marked with a 'B,' the sign that they are to be sent to England as soon as it is convenient to move them."

It is thought by some that the phrase "swinging the leg" came from New Zealand. One Cullen, of the New Zealand engineer tunnelling company, has written a song, "You're in clover through swinging the leg," which tells of the pleasure of a soldier in drawing the long bow with reference to his heroic deeds. But others say that the phrase is a corruption of "swinging the lead," a term "well known in the British army and navy." It is not in "Slang and Its Analogues" (Vol. vii., 1904), but even the latest dictionary of slang is quickly old, chiefly of historical interest. Wise men tell us that to "swing the lead" in the canteen is to "mump" or obtain beer from your comrades without buying it in your turn. To "swing the lead" in the barrack room is to dodge your share of the cleaning up. To "swing the lead" on guard is to try to get out of your fair share of sentry duty. Now, to "mump," meaning "to beg," is a very old term, well recognized, used from Massinger to Lamb, from Cotton to Henley, from Davenant to Macaulay.

"For the origin of the phrase we must go to the navy, where it has long been in use as a term for shirking, or malingering, or getting the better of a mate. At night, when the wind is fresh and the water icy cold, the leadsman in the chains, instead of making his soundings with the lead, keeps his weather eye on the officer of the watch and just swings the lead backwards and forwards, as if about to heave it. Thus he pretends to do what he is not doing. In the navy if one man gets the better of another in a deal the aggrieved party would say, 'he swung the lead' on me. Or if a man goes hiding away where there is a job on hand, he 'swings the lead' on his top mates."

Why "Bones"?

A letter from "J. McG." to the New York Sun, published a week ago, was headed, "The Voice of the People: Extracts from the Polite Conversation of the Rising Generation." The writer heard a young chap in a shop say to a fellow-clerk: "Say, Jack, lay bones for me will yeh? I want to get a puff." It turned out that "lay bones" is an old expression for "watch out." The writer, thus informed, asked a Brooklyn lad if he knew the meaning. He did not. When it was explained to him he said "Ah! you mean 'lay chickee.' That's what us fellers say." A policeman came to the rescue of the writer: "Oh, me boy," said he, "ye don't hear much of 'lay bones' these days. Many the time I did it and I tell you we must be right on the job, so that if the main squeeze blows along you can tip off the bloke in the shack to lay low till the boss beats it."

We have had a fair acquaintance with slang for many years, but we never heard the expression "lay bones" in New England or in New York state. "Lay" has long been a word in thieves' slang, but why "bones," and later "chickee" added?

Poetry of the War.

A song, "Call to Arms," has been heard in London concert halls. Here is a verse:

Other tasks, now, other labors,
Be there no flinching,
No turning aside, no deserting.
No thirst-quenching.

June 4 1916

HEIGHT AND PRICE

The old song declared, there's nothing like leather. So the leather dealers maintain. It has been announced that the price of shoes must be raised again, on account of the scarcity of the customary material. There are ingenious attempts to discover the reason. Some, ungallant men, point to the high boots now in fashion among women, ignoring the fact that many women young and old, are seen in the streets with silk hose and low shoes that might easily be mistaken for dancing slippers.

Now, leather has not always been used as material for shoes, nor is it used exclusively throughout the world today. Baudoin, who years ago wrote a learned treatise on the shoes of the ancients, argues that God did not leave man to go barefoot, but when

He gave him the skins of beasts to clothe himself with; the feet were a part of the beast for which that provision was made, and he admits that after raw skins, rushes, broom, paper, flax, silk, wood, iron, silver and gold were used. Shoes of cloth were once common in New England. In the sixties corduroy boots for boys were sold to parents, who thus thought they would lessen the inevitable wear and tear. Cork shoes and sandals have pleased some. It is now generally admitted that Cinderella's slippers were not of glass; there was a mistranslation of Perrault's word. Nor are women wearing high boots for the first time. The button boots of English women in common life during the reign of the second Edward reached to the calf of the leg. The carpenter's wife in Chaucer wore shoes "laced on her legges high."

If the opinion prevails that the caprice of women has led to scarcity of leather and high prices, no sumptuary law would compel these women to reform. In 1629 a petition was made to the English Parliament that the making of great boots should be restricted. "One pair of boots eats up the leather of six reasonable pair of men's shoes," wrote the petitioner. Nothing was said about women. Their shoes in New England were for two centuries thin-soled and light. Little knowledge of the height of the shoe is to be gained from letters or newspaper advertisements. There were mourning shoes, fine silk shoes, flowered russet shoes, white calimanco shoes—that is, shoes of a glossy Flemish woollen stuff, worked with a satin twill—"black shammy shoes," shoes of black velvet, white damask, red morocco; damask worsted shoes in red, blue, green, pink color and white. Heels were now high; now absent. And then, as now, thin silk hose and low slippers were often worn in winter when the pavement, as one writer expressed it, "sent almost a death chill to my heart." There is nothing about the height of the sensible boot. Will the price of all boots come down with lessening of the now fashionable height? Only professional optimists will answer, Yes. But the fashions have not always insisted on leather.

FOOLISH PROTESTS

The protest of a few graduates of Yale University against the appearance of Mme. Johanna Gadski in the performance of "Die Walkuere" in the Bowl is already ancient history. Her husband, Tauscher, has been indicted, but he has not yet been convicted. Even if he should be found guilty, his wife's fitness for the allotted part in the music drama is not dependent on the verdict. She may or may not have made indiscreet remarks when her husband was arrested. Fond of her husband, and having "the artistic temperament," she probably was imprudent. But the protest seemed foolish even to those who could not sympathize with her political and destructive views.

Still more foolish, wholly without excuse, is the protest of "the students' patriotic committee" in the University of Pennsylvania against the appearance of Mme. Rappold and Mme Matzenauer in an open-air performance of "Aida." Mme. Rappold was born and brought up in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has never made herself obnoxious publicly by violent attacks against the country of her birth or against the allies. Mr. Ferrari-Fontana, tenor and husband of Mme. Matzenauer, is now serving his country Italy. What possible objection can there be against these two women? The letter of the students' committee characterizes them as "representing a race which, by its inhuman conduct in war, has forfeited all claim to the respect and good will of thinking American people."

There are foolish persons even in universities. Sometimes they are violently pro-German; sometimes they are as violently unreasonable in their condemnation of everything German. In art there should be no boundaries, parochial or national, yet in Paris and London the wild-eyed have tolerated Beethoven's music only because he was a "Fleming" by birth, and Bach's music because he has been dead for many years. It should be remembered that certain Germans claim Dante as a fellow countryman and deny the right of Englishmen to boast of Shakespeare.

Greater common sense is expected in a university of a neutral country. However deeply one may sympathize with the cause of the allies, Lessing, Goethe, Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, were not necessarily barbarians, nor is a singer, thinking chiefly of herself, tone-production and her audience, to be put under the ban because she is German by birth or descent

---

There are many superstitions connected with the theatre. We were reminded of them by Mr. Robin H. Legge's paragraph in the London Daily Telegraph.

"Do we all know the reason why it is supposed to be unlucky to whistle in a theatre? I confess that until I had a letter the other day from Mr. Frederick Corder my mind was blank as to the origin of the superstition. Mr. Corder tells me, apropos of the eternal neglect today of Lock's music to 'Macbeth,' that up to about 1870 that music was traditional in the theatrical world, and was always used at revivals of the tragedy. Now, says Mr. Corder, 'there are two or three very haunting phrases in this music, the opening of the overture and "Let's have a dance upon the heath," for instance. Performances of "Macbeth" in Phelps's and Ryder's time were fairly frequent, and so stage hands get the habit of whistling these while at their work. Then some irritable tragedian tried to stop them, and imposed fines. This spread the craze, and the natural reaction, when it came, gave rise to the superstition that it was unlucky to whistle these tunes. These, therefore, gradually got forgotten, like all popular tunes, and no actor now would recognize them if he heard them. But the superstition that you must never whistle in a theatre remains.'"

Mr. Corder may or may not be right; the fact remains that whistling in a theatre is thought to bring bad luck. A yellow clarinet and the opening of an umbrella also foretell the failure of a play, while the appearance of a black cat, especially a stray one, is hailed with joy. The tag at the end of a play should never be spoken at rehearsal. Some managers will not produce a new play on Friday. Sarah Bernhardt postponed the reading of "La Tosca" because it was set for a Friday, and the production was delayed several weeks because she would not act with Volny, for whom Sardou had written a part: "He has the evil eye!" Offenbach was said to have it, and there is a story that Novelli is popularly supposed thus to bring misfortune. The wearing of green silk on the stage is sure to bring bad luck. Yet there is the greenroom, the green cloth, and there is plenty of green in Irish dramas. When Miss Amelie Rives allowed a setting with peacock feathers in her play at the Wilbur last season she flew in the face of tradition. No theatre should be named after a bird. Boots must never be put on a table, nor should an umbrella be placed there in rehearsal or during a performance. The names Jonah and Job should not be in a cast. Cobwebs and spiders are considered lucky. There used to be an objection to the use of the word "magic" in the title of a play. No actor or actress should ever quote a line from "Macbeth." To put on a garment wrong side out or to wear odd boots by accident is the height of good fortune. When "L'Autre France" was brought out at the Ambigu in Paris, late in 1900, a rival but friendly manager was shocked at seeing falcons carried by supers in an Algerian scene.

There was an old superstition that the man who put his name over a theatre would eventually come to grief. The case of A. M. Palmer is cited. He took Wallack's Theatre and changed the name to Palmer's. In a short time he was in financial straits. He gave up the theatre, which resumed its old name and at once prospered. That is the story; but was not Wallack's named after Wallack? We believe no theatre was named after Charles or Daniel Frohman, or after Klaw and Erlanger. The initials of John E. Owens were once written oer the proscenium arch of the Broadway Theatre. Jim Fiske, Jr., had his initials over the Grand Opera House. Helen Dauvray, taking the old Lyceum in New York, put her initials on the curtain. When Richard Mansfield took the Garrick he put "R. M." all over the house. Edwin Booth never made any money at his theatre, simply because it bore his name. Josh Hart had no luck at the theatre named after him. It was burned. Other persons who made the grievous mistake of using their names were Haverly, Brougham, Laura Keene, Kelly and Leon, Lena Edwin.

So runs the tradition. But how about Tony Pastor, B. F. Keith, David Belasco? And others could be named.

Miss Viola Tree brought out three plays at His Majesty's May 19th in aid of a London charity. One play was "Lithuania," by Rupert Brooke. It has not been published. Miss Tree said to a reporter. "Before he left for the Dardanelles Rupert Brooke told me how much he would like to see his one play produced. I said, 'Wait till you come back, and we will do it for you.' He was never to come back. I should describe the play as almost a Grand Guignol thrill. It is not in verse, but in prose. There are two old peasants living in a bleak country of endless forests and great rivers. The roughest poverty and the poorest existence is all they know. But a son goes into the great world and makes a fortune. When he comes back one day the father has only one idea: How can he kill his son and get his money. But even he lacks courage for the deed. He goes out and gets drunk. The mother and the daughter see a stranger, without realizing that it is one of themselves. So for his gold they kill him." The other plays were "Lear's Wife" and W. W. Gibson's dialogue "Hoops" in which crooked Gentleman John discusses life in the circus tent with Merry Andrew in terms of the paper hoops of the ring.

Mr. H. B. Irving hits the nail on the head when he says we are killing Shakespeare by teaching his works in the schools. Of course we are. Many a serious-minded adult finds it impossible to divorce his associations of Shakespeare from the dull class readings, the footnotes, the blots and impositions of his boyhood. It takes a child of rare imagination to extract anything of surpassing interest from pages of dull print when the language is slightly archaic and abounding in difficulties. But send the Shakespeare class to see a play acted, and at any rate something of the spirit of the thing will be comprehended.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Arthur Waugh has written a letter about Quiller-Couch's play, "The Mayor of Troy." "The dramatic critic of the Outlook remarks in this week's issue that it is doubtful whether 'the British public deserves' a play like 'The Mayor of Troy,' since the experience of contemporary successes goes to prove that what he very justly describes as 'finished, delicate work' is no longer appreciated by audiences who flock, even in war time, to witness the silly and tasteless musical 'revues' to which most of the theatrical managers are now reduced in order to keep their houses open. This wise judge (solitary in a crowd of his colleagues) might perhaps have inquired a little further and wondered whether the British dramatic critics deserved so good a play, any more than those audiences to which too many of them are content to 'play down.' It is surely very little to the credit of modern dramatic criticism that so refined and human a play, so tenderly conceived and so sensitively interpreted, should have been dismissed by the majority of the press as negligible and uninteresting. Every lover of literature and good acting who has seen 'Q's' play must have realized that he was enjoying an uncommon privilege; and I for one have no hesitation in saying that we rarely get such a treat as is afforded at the Haymarket by Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. Hendrie, Mr. Groves, Mr. Quartermaine, Miss Bruce-Potter, Miss Greet and Miss Peggy Rush. But, indeed, the whole cast gives a perfect interpretation of a perfectly delightful play, and dramatic criticism must be in a parlous state in this country if delicate art of this kind is to go disregarded in the future." But audiences are not to be driven into a theatre even by Mr. Waugh. The critics had their little say. If they are wise they will simply say that although Mr. Waugh may wince, their withers are unwrung.

Many Bostonians have seen "The Boomerang" in New York. They may be interested in the London Times' review of the play produced at the Queen's Theatre, May 11.

"There is an air of innocence about 'The Boomerang' which ought to commend it to parents and guardians. It handles what Pascal called les passions de l'amour in a style which would be approved by Mr. Barlow and merit a prize at Miss Pinkerton's Academy. Love, you gather, is a kind of measles, incidental to the youth of both sexes, of which the main symptom is jealousy and the crisis is a kiss. When the jealousy becomes acute you consult the nearest physician, who, though he prides himself on his modernity, can prescribe nothing more novel than the time-honored remedy of indifference. Love, explains this most modern of doctors, is a game, and the way to vanquish your antagonist is to get yourself suspected of flirting with a pretty nurse. Then there will be tears and kisses and the game will be won. But, in directing the moves of the game, the doctor finds himself caught up in them; he himself becomes the victim of the jealousy he had set out out to cure. But in the end the pretty nurse awards him the critical kiss, and so you are to accept him as another winner in the game.

"The audience seemed to be delighted with this harmless recreation, and even indicated a desire to see the authors, who, unfortunately, were in America. The players, too, evidently shared the general enjoyment in the simple fun. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, as the patient whom jealousy had brought to the verge of nervous breakdown, cleverly illustrated the effects of love—love as postulated by the American authors—upon the half-witted, and Mr. Stanley Logan was pleasant as the doctor who himself furnished a 'case.' Miss Fay Compton was as pretty and cheery a nurse as patient could wish for, and Miss Nina Boucicault the most dainty of mammas." The Pall Mall Gazette was not so snippy. "Such a pretty play! Nothing pretentious about it—just 'silly sooth that dallies with the innocence of love'—but full of bright lines and happy comedy-notions, altogether a most wholesome and charming little affair."

"The Happy Day," a musical play by Seymour Hicks, music by Sydney Jones and Paul A. Rubens, was produced at Daly's, London, May 14. It is the good old tale of "young royal folk who kick at having to marry each other and then fall in love." "It is all very splendid," says the Times, "a good deal of the music, especially that by Mr. Jones, has operatic ambition; but the poor little story gets lost amid all this gorgeousness; and we cannot help suspecting that some of the huge feast will have to go."

From a concert program this week: "Born of French parents in Moscow, Catoire's music seems at once reminiscent of the delightful qualities of the French ecole and to blend them with the lofty idealism so characteristic of the modern Russian composer." The writer omitted, however, to inform us who Catoire's music's parents were.—Daily Telegraph.

Mascagni's "Isabeau" was performed some weeks ago in Florence. A critic wrote: "Unrequested and undesired, a second performance brought out a new protagonist. The total receipts, according to the assurance of some one worthy of absolute credit, reached the conspicuous sum of 197 lire (about $39). The artistic result was proportionate to the financial one."

At the conference of the English Association at Bedford College Mr. J. G. Wilson said the Shakespeare tercentenary had scarcely had the slightest effect on the sale of the poet's works. A book buyer who was shown an edition of Shakespeare bearing a portrait on its cover, expressed pleasure with the edition, but said he would have liked one with a photograph which was not quite so like Hall Caine.

Mr. Charles Cooper, writing to the Pall Mall Gazette, objected to the spelling "Cinema." He would have it "Sinema." Mr. Piers Dutton wrote in reply:

"Surely no scholar can have any doubt as to the spelling and pronunciation of the word. It is the rule that all English words derived from Greek are Latinised in the first instance. The Greek k becomes c (which in Latin is pronounced like s before e, i, or y), and the 'e' retains its quantity, though written simply e. Thus the word is properly spelt cinema, and should be pronounced sineema. A good illustration of the above rule has just occurred to me—the name of Alexander's horse Bucephalus in Greek. Here we have three examples in four syllables; the ou becomes u, the k becomes c, and the os changes to us. In France, where the spelling and pronunciation of every new word are most carefully considered before it is officially admitted to the language, there is no difficulty about cinema. K becomes c, and the value of the 'e' is indicated by placing an accent over it."

There are some notes about music in Charles Z. Lincoln's work on "The Civil Law and the Church." The plaintiff in the old action of Soltau vs. De Held showed that objectionable bells were rung five times a day on week days, six times on Saturday and innumerable times on Sunday beginning at 5 A. M. He obtained a permanent injunction against the local beadle. In an opinion rendered denying the right of country choirs to remuneration, the court remarked: "The choir is made up of amateurs, often but little instructed in the science of melody; and this part of the church service is, in such places, rather the observance of religious duty than the exercise of professional art and cultivated taste." In Texas the court of appeals declared the unmusical intonation of a member of the congregation in singing hymns or the cracking and eating of nuts a criminal disturbance of divine service. A jail sentence was imposed on a worshipper that groaned aloud, also on one who whispered confidentially to a friend that if the preacher "fooled with him, he would shoot him."

Mr. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph is disgusted at the conduct of musical comedy managers who do not take the trouble to find a native work or a work by a native composer, but go in turn to Vienna, Budapest, or, as at present, to the United States. "The foreigner was admitted aforetime through the barbed-wire fencing and warmly welcomed," when he went to the Austrian or Hungarian city to hear a new operetta. "Here the wretched composer who manages to get the tip of his nose over the fence has to play his music on, usually, any sort of piano, to a listless listener. There, he sees a kind of gala performance upon the stage, everybody concerned being

strung to fever heat for the occasion. Now that Vienna and Budapest and Berlin are lost cities, so far as we are concerned, in music, where do these same managers go for their wares? To those musicians aforesaid? To that wholly admirable musician Mr. Herman Finck, who is at least as good a musician and master of rhythm and melody as any imported in the past from the continent as his works do testify, though they do not exhaust his great ability? To Mr. Edward German, the inventor of more beautiful melodies than one could count? To any other composers here? Not a bit of it! Off they go for their ragtime to America. It is a very serious matter, this, and I purposely omit any comment upon the subject of the sending to America at a time like this of large sums of money for a commodity as the latest thing in ragtime or its present equivalent. It is serious, for it means that after the war the many composers in our midst are likely to be just precisely as much neglected as before. On all other sides there appears to be a sign of an interest in native music that was not as clearly visible before, but this sign is visible only in the realms of serious music, and serious music will always remain more or less caviare to the general here, for reasons specified at the beginning of this article. We are temperamentally not a serious nation in our arts. Is it not, then, a deplorable state of affairs that while most practical musicians are doing all that in them lies to help on the cause of native music, to give it a better chance of a hearing than was the case before, only those are refraining from the helping hand and from turning their eyes inwardly, as it were, who can really exercise a great power and influence for the good of native musicians? But do not run away with the idea that one wants their charity, that one asks them to glance round among native composers merely because they are native composers. The whole point of the complaint, which is far more rife than you would probably suppose, is that we undoubtedly have in our midst many more composers than those I have mentioned, who are without any doubt as well equipped by study, by experience and by natural gifts as any that can be imported." But we read that the music for "The Happy Day," noticed elsewhere on this page, was written by Sydney Jones and Paul A. Rubens.

With Puccini's name rumor is constantly busy in musical circles, and every few months brings us "news" to the effect that at last he has discovered a congenial theme upon which to set to work in his accustomed sphere. The latest report from Italy conveys the assurance that of the three operas—short works, it has been said—which have engaged his attention for a long time past two are now completed. According to this statement, one of them, "Il Taboro," will probably see the light in Italy next autumn, while the other, "Rondine," was destined before the war for production in Vienna. Meanwhile, in the way of an operatic novelty, a march has been stolen on the composer of "Madama Butterfly" by his more prolific compatriot, Leoncavallo, who has brought forth a work on patriotic lines of which the hero is Goffredo Maneli. The opera, recently produced in Genoa, consists of two episodes, the first dealing with the historic events at Milan in November, 1848, and the second showing the last desperate resistance of the Garibaldian legion at Rome and the wounded protagonist having a prophetic vision of an Italy redeemed. The new work—which has not, apparently, met with any signal success—does not represent Leoncavallo's first effort in the direction of "national" opera. Many years ago he planned a trilogy on Italian history, of which the first section, "Medici," though favorably received in Germany, was not welcomed with any particular enthusiasm in his own country. It was to have been followed in due course by "Savonarola" and "Caesar Borgia," each dealing with an important episode of the Italian Renaissance. But neither of these works has yet been brought to completion. With none of his recent, or comparatively recent, operas has the composer come anywhere near the success he achieved with "Pagliacci." At the time of its production at Rome, early in 1910, his "Malbruk" was said to have scored something like a triumph. But very little has been heard about that opera since. And his "Maia," which saw the light at the Costanzi about the same time, was reckoned hardly more than a succes d'estime. A few years ago Leoncavallo's name appeared as the composer of a kind of musical comedy produced in London, but it was difficult to discover in it any music that the most attentive ear could have recognized as having come from the pen that wrote "Pagliacci."—London Daily Telegraph.

Some Stories from Stage and Real Life

There are many stories about the theatrical world in "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life," by H. G. Hibbert. He knew Barrie as a young writer of leaders in Nottingham. "He was the most shy, the most painfully sensitive creature, with an exquisite delicacy in regard to women. He drank nothing. And he used to assure me that after a most conscientious trial he found smoking detestable. Walking was a joy to him." From his books, it is fair to say that he bravely overcame his prejudice against tobacco. Henry Neville, once a favorite in Boston, was sensitive about his age. "As we turned away from Pettitt's grave together, he remarked, of the inscription on the coffin: 'The truth at last! In the same hour you shall know it of me, dear friend, but not before.'" Mr. Hibbert does not name the actress who sported a priceless set of silver sable. "She was asked by her companions how she had spent the day. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'those furs the Duke gave me were full of gray hair, and I've been picking them out.'"

There's a story about a lord who in the earlier days of the Gaiety was a privileged visitor. He was put on the list for "diplomatic repression." When George Edwardes became manager the door leading to the stage was locked and Edwardes swore that he did not have the key. His lordship, noted for his stinginess, came back one day. "Flinging a brace of freshly shot rabbits on the ledge of the box office he cried: 'There, my lad! Now what about that key?'" Here is a sketch of Dan Leno at home: "I was ushered into a wonderful drawing room, all yellow and green plush and bronze figures and marble vases and flower-pots on bamboo tripods; so dimly lighted that I fell headlong across the skull of a tiger still attached to the skin, forming the hearth rug. Dan came from his hiding place behind a screen, wreathed in smiles. 'They mostly does that,' he said." Mr. Hibbert tells a story of Edward Terry, economical in small matters on the stage: "During the run of 'The Times' there was a bitter feud between Fanny Brough and another actress, whom Miss Brough charged with habitually spilling the milk during their afternoon tea scene, and so endangering a gown, bought, of course, at her own expense. Miss Brough at length took her grievance to Terry. 'God bless my soul,' he cried; 'you don't mean to tell me that Brickwell is giving you real milk?'" A deadhead applied for a seat at a certain theatre in London. The play was not doing well. The manager asked the applicant if he were a journalist, if he had a friend in the company; in short, was there any plausible reason for filling a seat with so presentable a person. "Dear old chap," was the unsteady reply, "look at the rain." "Hardly less impudent was the gentleman in evening dress, accompanied by a lady, who handed a card to a West end acting-manager with the remark that he had been given to understand that it would procure him two seats. 'I'm afraid you've been fooled,' was the reply. 'I don't know the gentleman.' 'But I've brought this lady out. I—I—well, it isn't convenient for me to pay.' 'Sorry I can't help you,' said the manager. 'Well, you look a sportsman, w—won't you give me your card to some other Johnny?' said the unabashed bounder."

Max Reger as Viewed in England

The death of the Bavarian composer, Max Reger, which is announced, according to a telegram from Amsterdam, by the Leipziger Tageblatt, will not cause any very widespread sense of loss among musical people in this country.

Before the war his music had aroused only a mild academic interest, and since the war it has been banished; people have been saying that they always knew he was not a great composer, and have pointed to his massive developments of fugue and variation forms as evidence of the German delight in elaborate organization displaying itself in modern music.

The fact is that Reger's music was something of a puzzle, and the puzzle was not in the least solved by easy and prejudiced generalizations such as these. Nor was it solved by the German method, so much favored ever since the Brahms versus Wagner controversy, of setting him up as the leader of neo-classicism in opposition to the modernism of Richard Strauss.

Born in 1873, he began his musical training as an organist very young. He wrote an immense quantity of works for the organ and the piano, songs with piano accompaniment, and church pieces and cantatas with organ accompaniment; he took early to concerted chamber music (his Opus 1 is a sonata for violin and piano), and he wrote profusely for various combinations of instruments. He had little to do with the orchestra in his early years, but among later works his violin concerto, his dramatic cantata for chorus and orchestra, "The Nuns" (Op. 112), the "Lustspiel Ouverture" (Op. 120), and the concerto for orchestra in the old style (Op. 123) may be mentioned as representaive of his efforts in this direction. The last two were played by Sir Henry Wood's orchestra at Queen's Hall a few years ago.

The opus numbers show the quantity of work he produced before reaching the age of 40; many of them contain several works, for example, Opus 54 comprises three string quartets, and Opus 59 12 pieces for the organ, and to this vast collection must be added a great number of works with no Opus number at all. The quality varies in an extraordinary degree. Many of his larger chamber works show simply a capacity for immense intellectual labor; others, like the Serenade for flute, violin and viola (Op. 77a) have a delicate charm which is unique. The songs similarly vary from "Schlichte Weisen," simple melodies of the most delicate grace, to things of overwhelming complexity like the songs of Opus 70. Nor can we dispose of him by saying that the simple moments are the only ones that matter, for the power of some of his more elaborate work, notably the variations for piano on a theme by Bach, is indisputable.

In 1909, Reger paid a visit to England, and on that occasion, almost precisely seven years ago today (May 15), his work was discussed at some length in the Times. The article dwelt on the distinctions to be drawn between what is the result of artistic impulse in his music and what is due to his theories of composition. When he had nothing particular to say his theories still enabled him to go on writing, and that is why his work is a mass of fine impulse occasionally rising to inspiration on the one hand, and of dreary twaddle on the other.

During the last seven years he added much to his output, but more to the debit than to the credit side of the account. His "Psalm C" for choir and orchestra, given at Queen's Hall in 1911, was the triumph of mind over spirit, a tremendous display of contrapuntal ingenuity without musical beauty. In such ebullitions one sees the type of energy cultivated by his training as an organist breaking loose from practical control. In his organ works the same kind of contrapuntal and harmonic exuberance was present and had some splendid results; when he took the chorus and the orchestra as his medium he regarded each voice and each instrument as a stop on some gigantic organ played by a hundred hands. The result was chaos.

It is hardly surprising that the present tendency should be to underrate Reger's powers, since he so manifestly overrated them. But nevertheless when his work has been sifted and the rubbish has found its appropriate destination, there will be enough left to keep his name alive.—London Times, May 13.

Mr. Legge on the Spirit of Nationalism

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph discussed May 13 an article by our friend and colleague, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, on the subject of the spirit of nationalism in music. Mr. Krehbiel wrote: "Never before in the history of our opera houses and concert-rooms was there such a stirring of the spirit of nationalism as has manifested itself in the season now waning to its close. . . . For nearly a century composers have felt impelled more and more to give utterance in their music to the spirit of the peoples to whom they belonged. In doing this they were not always cognizant of a patriotic motive. They were impelled by the desire to find new means of utterance, more direct roads to popular appreciation, new material with which to work. The impelling feeling was largely subconscious, and yet it was one with that burning desire which is largely responsible for the world war that is now preparing the people for a revaluation of the principles of morals in art as well as in manners and conduct."

The Slavic impulse of expansion which is held in such dread by the Teuton had found expression in music long before the war. Russian music, like Russian painting and Russian literature has long before accepted, and, says Mr. Krehbiel, it is not alone the Slavic spirit expressed through Russia that has steadily grown in assertiveness. That spirit has been stirring among the Poles and Czechs, whence have come Chopin, Moniuszko, Dvorak, Paderewski, Fibich, Smetana and so on. "France, which created a national art long ago and maintained it brilliantly, is striking for a new emancipation and a return to more pronounced ideals. Great Britain is bestirring itself, and America is seeking for a characteristic idiom. In every case the appeal is making to folk-song as the real repository of those racial and national feelings for which music can provide utterance. What a marvellous fruition there will be when the fields have been cleared and the fructified soil shall bear its new harvest!"

To this Mr. Legge replied as follows: I wonder! At least it is cheering to find in that doyen of critics so strong a spirit of optimism. Yet on paper who shall deny that there is a vast amount of truth in what he suggests? True, in America was recently produced a Spanish opera, "Goyescas," by the deplorably ill-fated composer, Granados, who was a victim of the Sussex crime; and of "Goyescas" we know no more here than the pianoforte pieces upon which it is largely based, the which Ernest Schelling played a few years ago. But we do know our "Boris Godounov," our "Prince Igor," or Tchaikovsky, whether in "Pikovaya Dama," "Eugen Oniegin," the symphonies or the quartets. We know also Paderewski's "Polish Fantasy" and Elgar's "Polonia" (wherein lies a distinction and a great difference, as I soe the matter); I don't think we know Stravinsky's "Three Pieces for String Quartet" or his ballet, "Le Soleil de Nuit," both of which I am assured are "filled with the Russian idiom." We know well indeed the many Hungarian Rhapsodies of Liszt and his Hungarian Fantasie, and I seem to recall, however vaguely, Enesco's Rumanian Fantasy, while everyone knows Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," which, it has become universally acknowledged, is decidedly a failure as a "national expression" or as the expression of a national feeling. It is to be feared that the life that is in that beautiful music is due to Dvorak's inspiration, and he was very much a Czech, and not to the "American" melodies upon which it is founded, a point of interest, since a very large number of so-called Negro melodies, among them the most popular, were composed by whites (Forster, for example), while many others are mere developments from European tunes imported into the United States in the days of the importation of slaves. However, let that pass. But if the symphony is to be accepted as a national American expression, what of Delius's "Appalachia," which is based upon the melody sung nightly by his Negro servant on his plantation in Florida, after his day's work?

The fact seems to remain fairly obvious that, while a really good case can be argued in favor of the folk-song as the foundation of what is called a "national idiom," quite as good a case can be adduced against the theory. At this moment we in England have come to regard as essentially Russian such music as the folk-songs which Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and so on, have utilized in their operas. But if that be so, and the use of the folk idiom be deemed to be essential to the expression of a national spirit, what becomes of Stravinsky or Skryabin at their ripest and truest? Where shall the common denominator be found between them and their predecessors? True, both these giants in music at first came somewhat, perhaps a good deal, under the folk-song influence; but we have seen for ourselves that that of their music which has gone out into the greater world, that which they composed when they had arrived at man's estate, had almost nothing whatever in common with the folk-song, but is strongly and specifically individual. And so it would appear to be the case with the chief musicians of most countries. As soon as their feet have found the firm position for which they have worked consciously or unconsciously—as soon, that is, as they have found themselves and their own method of expression—they one and all break away from any earlier influence that may have exercised power over them, and become part, not of a mere nation or even race, but of a Kosmos.

Is not this certainly the case in respect of the composers called universally great? What is the common denominator of Bach and Brahms, Beethoven and Mozart, Stravinsky and Glazounov, Saint-Saens and Debussy? No doubt there are many points in common between any two of these composers, but are these not points of the expression of a "spirit of nationalism" at all but merely details, in however exalted a degree, of a technique that is in reality the common stock-pot? If Mr. Krehbiel and those who think, apparently, with him are correct Paderewski (a pure Pole) should give expression to a far deeper Polish feeling than Chopin, who was half French and lived the greater part of his life away from his original surroundings. Yet has he done so? Once more, if two Irishmen of today were to depict in terms of music that ordeal through which Ireland has so recently passed, the one a Sinn Feiner, the other the direct opposite, which (other things in the way of the composition being equal) would be the expression of "the spirit of nationalism"?

In my humble thinking, there must always be instead of a spirit of nationalism in music or in any other of the arts a spirit of antagonism against "nationalism." Art and politics, however large the capital letter with which you begin the latter word, are like the East and the West—never the twain shall meet!

A Country Opera Art Without Parade

When, a year or so before the war broke out, we heard of a scheme to found in Glastonbury a theatre for the performance of musical dramas based on the Arthurian legends, most of those who know anything of the conditions of music, and especially of dramatic music, in England were frankly sceptical. When the phrase "an English Bayreuth" was used, those who know anything of the Bavarian Bayreuth doubted not only the possibility but the desirability of founding an English one.

The success of Bayreuth rested on the simple fact that there were certain works by a great master waiting to be performed; its failure was due to the fact that, having performed them, the rulers refused either to perform anything else or improve their method of presenting the founder's works. But the proposed "English Bayreuth" gave no guarantee either that there were masterpieces to perform or artists to

perform them. The proposal seemed little more than a repetition of D'Oyly Carte's English Opera House, the difference being that the place chosen was an inaccessible village in Somerset instead of Shaftesbury avenue.

Yet that apparently most fatal circumstance has been the very thing which has saved the scheme from destruction and enabled me in the past week to make a pilgrimage to the west of England to hear, not, it is true, an Arthurian music drama, but the latest and greatest of Gluck's masterpieces, "Iphigenia in Tauris."

It was given in a very simple manner and with piano accompaniment (beautifully played by Mr. Clarence Raybould), but with genuine musical and dramatic perception, by a company consisting largely of villagers, many of whom have never seen an operatic production of the conventional type. Among the few professional singers were some who had never been on the stage before, and who scarcely knew what they were expected to do when they were invited to take a part in "Iphigenia." They confessed to having learned much from this informal musical meeting.

The few who had taken the trouble to go and hear it learned much, too; chiefly the fact that, given the will and the energy, a strong directing hand and a spirit of enthusiastic co-operation, it is possible to get at the heart of a work of art and extract its meaning without the parade of material, the lavish expense, and the fuss which makes opera so often unpractical and therefore inartistic.

What would be impossible in London is possible in the small industrial village of Street, which lies a stone's throw away from the quiet town of Glastonbury. There seems only one reason to prevent its practicability in a hundred other village communities, and that is their lack of the directing hand which Glastonbury and Street possess in Mr. Rutland Boughton. We gave some account of the deliciously spontaneous way in which the Glastonbury children danced Mr. Boughton's ballet of "Snow White." They are not, it may be supposed, exceptionally talented, but in them normal talents are being called into action.

Nor are the elder singers of Gluck's choruses exceptionally talented, yet in the last two or three years they have given works ranging from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" to Mr. Boughton's own choral opera "The Immortal Hour" with the same success which they reached this week. Indeed, with greater success, for present circumstances naturally tend to deplete the company. Every holiday season brings some new production; at Christmas it was a mystery play, "Bethlehem," with music by Mr. Boughton; for next Whitsuntide and August other and more ambitious plans are already in contemplation.

Certainly this is a very different thing from the proposed "English Bayreuth"; should it develop into the permanent home of music drama which is the ideal of the Glastonbury enthusiasts, it should be a more permanent because a more catholic and deeply-rooted institution. But if it is so to develop it must widen its circle of supporters. To ask for money for the bricks and mortar of a permanent home would be ridiculous just now; to expect every one within walking distance to spend a shilling on hearing a great work of art like Gluck's "Iphigenia" seems only common sense. Yet the treasurer of the festival school stood at the door wondering whether the paltry sum needed to cover expenses, a sum probably less than the daily takings of the local cinema theatre, would be obtainable. The forces of habit and prejudice are the hardest to overcome, but seeing the faith of the workers for the Glastonbury drama we believe they will be overcome.

When we saw "The Immortal Hour" at Bournemouth, we hoped, and the remark seemed cruel, that Mr. Boughton would not find a wealthy patron, but would make more and more helpful musical friends. We would rather find the little hall at Street packed with people who had paid their half-crowns and shillings than hear that the festival had been financed from without. The first thing is to make people realize that here is something unique, the healthy growth of a genuine art which will flourish or die according as they determine to foster or neglect it.—London Times.

June 5, 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Let us now listen to valued correspondents, men and women who furnish information, contradict statements that have been made in good faith, offer suggestions, propound dark questions.

Toothy Driptine.

As the World Wags:

A short time since I noted in your column the statement that Driptine, daughter of Mithridates by Laodice his queen, had a double row of teeth. If I am not mistaken the same statement appeared in your column on an earlier occasion, and was duly noted by me among the memoranda of curious facts.

I am so far interested in the matter that I have endeavored to run this statement down to an author, but so far all information that I have been able to accumulate is that Mithridates, among his numerous progeny, had a daughter Drypetine, who was put to death by the eunuch Menophilus. Doubtless the two ladies are the same, but will you can you satisfy my curiosity by informing me where I can find more bibliographical details about this doubtless estimable princess and her curious dentition. F. R. P.

Boston, May 31.

Yes, we have alluded more than once to Driptine. We like to think of her in these days when many are having all their teeth pulled out as a remedy against rheumatism, diabetes, jaundice and other diseases. "F. R. P." will find something about the daughter of Mithridates in the work of Valerius Maximus (book I, chapter 8). It is said that Louis XIII of France had a double row in one of his jaws, "which was some hindrance to him in the readiness of his speech." Melanchton tells of a noble virgin in his time at the court of Ernestus, duke of Lunenburg, who had in her upper jaw one continued bone instead of teeth, and the duke said she was of great gravity and virtue (see "Observationum medicarum, rararum, admirabilium, et monstrosarum volumen" by Jean Schenck de Graffenberg, 1644 folio). Pliny the Elder mentions one Timarchus, the son of Nicocles the Paphlon, who had a double course of teeth in each jaw ("Natural History," book XI.). You will find much valuable information about strange disposition of teeth in Francois de la Mothe le Vayer's 122d letter, "Des Dents" (edition of 1758, Tome VII., part 1, pp. 339-372).

Hanged for Witchcraft.

As the World Wags:

As to the Rev. George Burroughs.

"He moved many to tears by his last words at his execution." Century Dictionary. (Cyclopedia of Names.)

"He was condemned and executed." The Americana.

In 1692, in this country at any rate, burning at the stake was not a common method of execution; and if such had been the fate of Mr. Burroughs, it seems unlikely that these well-known books of reference would have failed to mention it. H. J. L.

Boston, May 31.

As the World Wags:

A statement made in 1901, by an author who is merely repeating the popular error, is of course worthless. George Burroughs was hanged on Aug. 19, 1692, at the same time with John Proctor, John Willard, George Jacobs and Martha Carrier. In a letter dated Oct. 8, 1692, Thomas Brattle wrote: "They protested their innocency as in the presence of the great God, . . . With great affection they intreated Mr. C. M. (Cotton Mather) to pray with them: . . . and seemed to be very sincere, upright, and sensible of their circumstances on all accounts; especially Proctor and Willard, whose whole management of themselves, from the gaol to the gallows, and whilst at the gallows, was very affecting and melting to the hearts of some considerable spectatours." Brattle may have been an eye-witness of the execution, as perhaps was also Robert Calef, who in 1700 wrote: "Mr. Burroughs was carried in a cart with the others, through the streets of Salem to execution; when he was upon the ladder, he made a speech for the clearing of his innocency, . . . as soon as he was turned off, Mr. Cotton Mather, being mounted upon a horse, addressed himself to the people, . . . when he (Burroughs) was cut down, he was dragged by the halter to a hole, or grave, between the rocks, about two foot deep, his shirt and breeches being pulled off, and an old pair of trousers of one executed put on his lower parts, he was so put in." (See Prof. G. L. Burr's "Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, 1648-1706," 1914, pp. 177, 360-361.)

Boston, May 31. A. M.

Mr. Spencer's Case.

As the World Wags:

Judging from the letter in this morning's Herald from Mr. Hazleton Spencer, that gentleman is "seeing things."

This Mr. Spencer really is
A very cautious man.
Like Dr. Holmes he dares not be
As funny as he can!

Boston, June 1. H. J. L.

June 6, 1916

"Elijah" Was Given

A year ago, "Siegfried" was given its first open air performance in America, at the Stadium in Cambridge. Mr. S. Kronberg, a brave man, again putting his trust in a capricious climate, presented "Elijah" yesterday afternoon at Braves Field.

Open air performances are now in fashion. Yesterday at the same hour, New Yorkers were afforded an opportunity of tasting a similar pleasure, when Verdi's "Requiem" was sung at the Polo Grounds. This evening, Wagner's "Die Walküre" will be given in the Yale Bowl. The ancients, too, had their open air performances, dramatic and musical. The Fraternity of Gonfalone was in the habit of giving the Passion Play in the Colisium, until in 1549 Pope Paul III. forbade presentations of the sacred drama upon the very spot where Nero and exultant paganism had flourished. In the 14th century, this play was given on the road in France by the Confraternity of the Passion. The accessories were elaborate and music was plentifully interspersed.

"Elijah" has been given as an opera in this country and in England, but in that form it does not seem to be dramatic. Mendelssohn had no talent for opera. The fragments of one he left behind him and his criticisms of operas by others are sufficient proof. Unable to stand the acid test of operatic presentation "Elijah" differs from Saint-Saens "Samson and Delilah" which has been successfully performed both as oratorio and opera.

As an oratorio, however, "Elijah" gives pleasure. The great choruses are spontaneous and throughout the pages of the work there is freshness, vitality and a wealth of melodic beauty. The characters are picturesque, and effectively contrasted. There is the widow, the angel, Obadiah, and the prophet himself. Elijah is not always solemn or pontifical in his utterances. He has a sense of humor and shows magnificent scorn in his derisive remarks to the priests of Baal, calling in vain upon their deity. The scene upon Mount Carmel is vividly depicted. The Baalmites cry aloud in a chorus of barbaric beauty.

The performance yesterday was to have taken place a week ago but the weather did not at first look auspiciously upon Mr. Kronberg's effort to make an elaborate open air performance of a great musical work an annual feature of the spring season. The postponement, however, was rewarded by ideal conditions.

Probably the first American performance of this oratorio in the open air, everything had been done to make the occasion memorable. The great chorus of 1200 had been carefully selected and thoroughly trained. An orchestra of 165 was well acquainted with the music. A distinguished quartet, Mme. Hempel, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mr. Whitehill, Mr. Sembach, singers of undisputed prestige and of first rank, had been engaged. A seasoned conductor, Mr. Walter Damrosch, was in control.

The results were generally excellent. The chorus, impressing in number, sang sturdily, with decisive attack, precision and enthusiasm. The quality of tone in calmer passages was noticeably beautiful. The orchestra provided sympathetic accompaniment. The voices of the leading singers were heard distinctly and with satisfaction. An occasional passing train, which for the moment handicapped orchestra and singers, was the only disturbing element.

Of necessity the greater burden of the performance rested upon Mr. Whitehill's shoulders. In excellent voice, he sang superbly, and delivered the opening verse with much impressiveness. His broad, resonant voice, thrilling in timbre, was well suited to the character of the prophet, while his enunciation was a constant source of pleasure. Mr. Sembach, struggling bravely with the snares and pitfalls of the English language, sang with his customary and artistic sincerity. The singing of "Hear Ye, Israel" by Mme. Hempel, beautiful in simplicity and true expression of sentiment was a feature of the afternoon. Mme. Schumann-Heink was vocally well disposed and gave much pleasure by her singing of "Woe Unto Them" and "O Rest in the Lord." Mme. Sundelius, clear voiced and melodious, sang the music of the youth with the utmost purity and admirable diction. Another minor part, that of the queen, was capably sung by Miss Leveroni.

Mr. Damrosch, whose fanfare, written especially for the occasion began the afternoon, conducted in a spirited manner. There was a large and interested audience.

June 6, 1916

SEA-FIGHTS AND POETS

Will the great fight in the North sea have its poet? Salamis has Aeschylus, who was in the battle. Campbell sang of the British victory at Copenhagen. Brownell is the poet of "The Bay Fight" in our civil war; Forcythe Willson celebrated a conflict on the Mississippi and several, among them Longfellow, recounted in verse the deeds of the Merrimac. Still more fortunate have been Sir Richard Grenville and John Paul Jones. The former is immortalized by Tennyson; the latter by the lines of Walt Whitman and the prose of Herman Melville in that singular book "Israel Potter," too little known by the younger generation. But where is the poet of two great English victories, Trafalgar and the battle of the Nile?

The older poets had an advantage over their followers: there was a greater opportunity for thrilling description when ship fought ship at short range, when boarders charged with cutlasses, when sails were the motive power instead of steam. There was little question then of "visibility." There were no aerial eyes; there was no wireless information. The vessels met as in a prize ring. The blows were as those of fists. Granted armaments of equal strength, the personal equation entered into the result. "Hearts of oak" had genuine significance.

On land there are still bayonet charges, hand-to-hand encounters, individual bravery. On the sea there is seldom the same opportunity. The sinking of an immense battleship by a sly torpedo does not fire the spirit or the imagination of the Muse, who reflects on the irony of the name that declared the vessel to be unconquerable. Aeschylus himself might not be in a heroic mood on an iron-clad firing at long range, a prey to a mine. The lines of Whitman, however, are still applicable:

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall—battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.
I beat and pound for the dead;
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.
Vivas to those who have fall'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!

Col. Roosevelt shouted that certain words spoken by Mr. Wilson, the President of the United States, are "weasel words." A passionate student of natural and unnatural history, he added that a weasel sucks eggs. "If you put an egg and a weasel together, the meat is sucked out of the egg." In this statement he is corroborated by Shakespeare and certain farmers. Mr. Edward Topsel discusses this point in his magnificent article on the weasel in "The History of Four-Footed Beasts and Serpents" (Folio, London, 1658). "The harm they do is to Hens, Chickens and Egs, and yet some say they Eat the Egs and let the Hens alone. They are likewise enemies to Geese and devour their Egs; and Aelianus writeth, that if they come unto dead men, they will pull out their eyes in such manner as they do Egs, and therefore such Carkases are to be watched against them."

After recounting extraordinary stories about the generation of the weasel, stories that were once universally believed, Mr. Topsel describes the weasel as a ravening and destroying beast; but his sense of justice compels him to add, "Yet is the wit and understanding of it very great."

"I do marvail how it came to passe that a Weasel was called an unhappy, unfortunate and unlucky beast among Hunters, for they held opinion here in England that if they meet with a Weasel in the morning they shall not speed well that day." Aeliatus insinuated that it is not good to have a weasel run upon one's left hand. But if the brain of a weasel be mingled with a rennet in cheeses, it keepeth them from being touched with mice or corrupted with age.

The Medicinal Weasel.

There should be at least one weasel in the house. We also recommend a jar of dried, powdered, preserved weasel flesh for chronic diseases or a sudden attack. The remedy against gout might be troublesome: "Take a little young whelp alive, well fatted, and a living Weasel in nine pints of Oyl, and unto the same two or three pounds of butter and boyl them together until the beasts be made lank or lither, and then put your hands or feet a whole day in hot Oyl well strained." It would be easier to put weasel powder in wine; this would also be efficacious in epilepsy, the headache and in case you were bitten by a scorpion; also for palsy or shaking of the joints: "very effectual for the expelling or taking away of the pin and web in the eyes"; it helps all sores and impostumes. Some recommend the brains of a camel mingled with those of a weasel. If an ox or horse is stung or bitten, stroke the wounded place with a weasel skin. If you are bitten by a weasel, apply onions and garlic externally or in sweet wine.

Two remedies should here be given in full. The powder of a weasel being mingled with the blood of a young swallow doth heal the quinsie or squinzie. "The same is also very effectual for the expelling of wens or bunches in the body. The same diseases are both healed by this medicine, to burn a living weasel altogether in an earthern

pot, and to mingle with the powder thereof Honey, Turpentine and Butter of each a sufficient quantity, and in the manner of an Oyntment to apply it unto the bodies of the grieved parties."

"There is a speedy remedy for the driving away of rheum in the head, and the Catarrh swelling by rheum in the jawes which is this: To take a Weasel upon a Thursday in the old Moon, and put him alive in an unburned pot, that in the Boyling he may be torn, and dryed into powder, which powder being gathered together and well tempered with Honey, to give it to the diseased person every day in a spoon fasting, to the quantity of three drams, and it will in short space wonderfully ease him."

These remedies were prescribed by the wisest ancients. They were soberly advised in 1658. What will men and women of 2158 say to the treatments and prescriptions of 1916?

"Steal Not."

As the World Wags:

The lines given under "Amiable Borrowers" vary somewhat from those in vogue during my school days, i. e., 1835-40, which were as enclosed. Probably they were patterned on those you give (?)

Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear of coming to some bad end;
The Lord will say on Judgment Day,
"Where is that book you stole away?"
And you will say, "I do not know,"
And He will say, "Go down below."

Reverting to the "connection between cobbler and cobble stone," I beg to say that the cobblers of my boyhood always had a cobble stone on which they used to pound the soles after having soaked them in water to make them harder and presumably to increase their wearing quality. This is, I imagine, where they derive the name. R. U. WISE.

Providence, R. I.

The verb "cobble" and the substantive "cobbler" evidently go together etymologically; but the latter, though in its form a derivative of the verb, has as yet been found much earlier. Of the derivation nothing certain is known." Did the cobblers for Mr. R. U. Wise call the stone a cobble stone? Did they not call it a lap-stone?—Ed.

As the World Wags:

"Amiable Borrowers" carried me back to my boyhood days in a district schoolhouse in the town of Thompson, Ct. The building was used occasionally evenings for singing schools and other social affairs, and sometimes after one of these occasions, books that were left in the scholars' desks (that had no locks on them) would be missing. To preserve mine, I wrote in them:

Steal not this book, for if you do,
T. O. Edmands will be after you.

Hingham. T. O. E.

MINIATURE MUSICAL COMEDY AT B. F. KEITH'S

Audience Welcomes "The Red Heads" Back—Other Good Items.

"The Red Heads," with James B. Carson in the role of Jacob Kaufmann of the Kaufmann Cloak & Suit Company was the leading attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday. The miniature musical comedy is well known and was warmly welcomed. A plausible story of a runaway heiress and an enterprising shopman permits the introduction of songs, dances and feminine finery. Mr. Carson, voluble and exuberant, is constantly amusing, while the red-headed models are comely and animated.

L. W.

In "The Mysterious Masquerader," another feature of the bill, George Hermann performed feats of contortionism with remarkable skill. Hermina Stone and company, in "The Last of the Quakers," presented Quaker ideals of behavior in striking contrast with the slang and agility in dancing of present-day young people.

Music was provided by Ralph Smalley, 'cellist; the Big City Four, and the Misses Campbell, in southern songs.

Then there was Miss Mary Melville, an old friend, fertile in the invention of comic dialogue and who shed new jokes with familiar aplomb and unflagging good nature. Hubert Dyer and Peter Alvin amused with ingeniously contrived exhibitions of clumsiness in the manipulation of tables and chairs.

Miss Henrietta Crosman will head next week's bill.

June 7 1916

The Herald of June 6 in an editorial article, "Sea-Fights and Poets," referred to the Zeppelins in a naval battle as "aerial eyes." The linotype preferred "serial eyes," which may have perplexed others besides the visiting and intelligent foreigner.

Then and Now.

"W. S. B." of Boston, seeing the picture of a woman in an ultra-modern evening dress of white tulle with bodice of sequin trimming published in a page of fashions last Sunday, remembered lines by Orpheus C. Kerr written in 1861:

Now lovely woman scants her dress
With bandages the sick to bless,
And stoops so far to war's alarms
Her very frock is under arms.

"History," adds "W. S. B.," "repeats itself—or rather herself."

A Summer Drink.

A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette recommends as a hot weather drink and thirst quencher oatmeal and water slightly sweetened and flavored with lemon. "It is inexpensive, easily made and within the reach of everyone."

We are still faithful to bimbo, the summer and temperance drink recommended by John Phoenix: three parts of root beer and two of water gruel, thickened with a little soft squash, and strained through a cane-bottomed chair. We publish this recipe early in June every year.

Do They?

As the World Wags:

Why is it that a considerable number of persons in New England pronounce the name Hughes as though it were spelled Hewjes? W. E. K.

Boston.

"James Otis."

As the World Wags:

The letter in yesterday's Herald by "Witch Hazel" attracted me. He cites James Otis as authority for the account of the "burning" of Rev. George Burroughs "at Falmouth." I knew "James Otis" well. Every one in Boston in 1880 knew Jimmy Kaler on the Boston Globe. I worked side by side with him. He was essentially a fictionist for a boy's delight, and not a historian. W. B. W.

Aspinwall Hill, June 1.

We have received other letters concerning the "burning" of the Rev. George Burroughs. Mr. Edward M. Hartwell of the statistics department quotes from Calef's "More Wonders of the Invisible World" (edition of 1700, p. 103) the following in relation to the execution at Salem, on Aug. 19, 1692, of persons condemned for witchcraft:

"Mr. Burroughs was carried in a cart with the others, through the Streets of Salem to Execution; when he was on the Ladder, he made a speech for the clearing of his Innocence, with such Solemn and Serious Expressions, as were to the Admiration of all present; his Prayer (which he concluded by repeating the Lord's Prayer) was so well worded and uttered with such composedness, and such (at least seeming) fervency of Spirit as was very affecting and drew Tears from many (so that it seemed to some that the Spectators would hinder the Execution) the accusers said the Black Man stood and dictated to him; as soon as he was turned off, Mr. Cotton Mather, being mounted upon a Horse, addressed himself to the People, partly to declare that he was no ordained Minister, and partly to possess the People of his guilt; saying, That the Devil has often been transformed into an Angel of Light; and this did somewhat appease the People and the Execution went on: When he was cut down he was dragged by the Halter to a Hole, or Grave, between the Rocks, about two Foot deep, his Shirt and Breeches being pulled off, and an old pair of Trousers of one Executed, put on his lower parts, he was so put in, together with Willard and Carryer, one of his Hands and Chin, and a Foot of one of them being left uncovered."

"M. J. C." quotes from Calef, and refers to Upham's "Salem Witchcraft." "There were only two persons burned in Massachusetts," says "M. J. C.," "both women for petit treason in accordance with English law, one in the 17th and one in the 18th century. Indians and negroes were burned in New York and New Jersey." Now that "Witch Hazel" has drawn on himself the fire he expected, let us correct "W. B. W." in the matter of the Mushroom Society. He stated that the Mycological Club gives an annual exhibition in Horticultural Hall.

The Mycological Club.

Mr. Hollis Webster of Cambridge writes that this club has weekly exhibitions from July till October on Mondays from 12 to 3. "Moreover, the club collections can be inspected, by arrangement, at other times." A postal card of the Boston Mycological Club signed by Jennie F. Conant, recording secretary, states that on Monday afternoons from 1 to 3 o'clock this month the clubroom at Horticultural Hall will be open "for the convenience of those who wish information in regard to the fungi to be found at this season of the year." The collection of books and the Herbarium may be then consulted.

Accuracy, accuracy, as Mr. Joseph Pulitzer used to remark to his young lions of the press. "A member of the Club" writes that the exhibitions will be from July to November. That in June the club rooms will be open on Mondays from 12 to 2. The members informing "W. B. W." should agree in the matter of months and hours. "H. W." writes, "Where, by the way, did you get hold of that remedy for the wrong mushroom, powdered charcoal, used by the French? It is not familiar to those of us who for 20 years have been delving in the lore of toadstools." This powdered charcoal is an excellent remedy. It should be added to those on exhibition in the club rooms. We take it for granted that remedies are already there, within reach of the enthusiastic but inexperienced, or of some curious visitor, in time of need.—Ed.

"Dead at His Home."

A few days ago "Old Mortality" was disturbed because newspapers published the fact that a man was "dead at his home," but neglected to name the date of death.

As the World Wags:

If "Old Mortality" will hearken unto me I will tell him why certain newspapers sometimes begin obituary notices in this manner: "John Jones is dead at his home," etc., leaving the reader to wonder if the lamented John died a week or only an hour previously. Certain jog-along newspapers in Boston do not always measure up to the Charles A. Dana standard of efficient news gathering. Frequently one or more of them will chronicle a death, news of which has been recounted in the Herald at least 24 hours before. Naturally there is no disposition on their part to admit laxity in news gathering, so they do not state when the death took place. Indeed, I have noted that one of these newspapers, rather than confess failure in keeping pace with enterprising contemporaries, thinks nothing of advancing a full 24 hours the actual time of a person's death.

MAGILLICUDDY REEKS.

Back Bay.

A Taxing Problem.

Connected with the new amusement tax there are still a few minor problems to be settled. "The dancer pays no tax; the spectator does." At our popular dancing halls there are usually "wallflowers," unable but willing to dance, whose numbers will increase with the dearth of young men. If girls who "hope" to catch partners must do so before paying their entrance fees one may look for some interesting developments. Then what will constitute a "dancer" within the meaning of the act? Will once up the floor with either sex in the course of the evening satisfy Mr. McKenna? And the elderly chaperon, whose "spectatorship" is not always appreciated—is she to be taxed?—London Daily Chronicle.

The Pacifist Pledge.

As the World Wags:

During a discussion of principles with a friend of strong pacifist convictions, I tried to find the exact meaning of the belief. But as my friend said that the enclosed statement was not a fair test, I beg to submit the decision to your judgment. If the pacifist does not believe this agreement to be a just course of action for him to follow, what would be the logical result of his belief? Here is the pacifist's pledge:

"I hereby pledge my word of honor to surrender my house and all possessions, not portable, into the hands of any attacking force sent by foreign invasion. I also agree to remove all members of my household and family who are unwilling to defend their country, lives and property, to a neutral country. I absolve all others from defending my family and property, and agree to pay my share of any indemnity exacted by the conquering force."

MABEL JENKS SIMPKINS.

Boston, May 31.

June 8 1916

IN THE OPEN

Now that plays of Euripides and the opera "Siegfried" have been performed in the Stadium and "Elijah" on the Braves Field, there is talk of annual performances similar in nature. The universities of Yale and Pennsylvania thus encourage opera; Verdi's requiem mass has been performed on the Polo Grounds in New York; there are to be performances of "As You Like It" in St. Louis, and in that city there are plans for a permanent out-of-door theatre. The idea is not a new one even in this country; California has had this sort of a theatre under the auspices of a university for several years. In France there have been performances of plays and operas in the old Roman theatres of Orange and Bezieres; "Aida" has been produced near the Pyramids; "Carmen" in the amphitheatre of Verona; "Siegfried" in a German forest.

There seems to be a peculiar fitness in open-air performances of "As You Like It," and "Siegfried." "Carmen" may well be performed in an arena, as far as the last act is concerned. Radames, Amneris, Aida and the Priests should surely feel at home on Egyptian sands. But is Boston or Cambridge the place for dramatic musical festivals under the sky?

One objection, and it is a serious one, may be urged against any performances of operas and oratorios in the open air. The orchestra is ineffective. Stringed instruments are not heard unless they are rasped and even then the sound is like unto the chirping of cicadas and crickets. Nor are wood-wind instruments of the necessary importance in delicate passages. Composers of music for out door pageants, recognizing these facts, write for a military band. If open air operatic performances become fashionable and are expected from year to year, the whole scheme of the orchestra may be changed in planning new lyrically dramatic works.

There is the local objection: The climate, the uncertainty of weather, affecting audiences and all that take part. On the day of "Elijah" the weather was fair; yet the wind evidently incommoded singers dressed in every-day costume. If the performance had been one of "Thais" with Miss Garden or Mme. Farrar as the toast of Alexandria, the impersonator might have suffered for weeks following. It matters not whether the performance of play or opera be set for June, July or August; the east wind cometh and bloweth where and when it listeth.

There is still another reason why some prefer performances in a theatre. They then can see and hear, and with some degree of comfort.

Newspapers of New York predict that prices of meat will soar by July 1. Various reasons are given for high prices now and higher to come: Shortage of cattle, large quantities of meat that have been shipped overseas, difficulties of transportation on account of the great volume of freight caused by "war business," etc. For many years the price of meat has been higher in Boston than in New York and other large cities. We know a Bostonian, a generous liver with a large family, who bought for a long time beef and mutton in Eastport, Me., and saved money even when the cost of the express was included.

The price of many foods is absurdly high in this city. Some would gladly go without meat in summer, but the tyrants in the kitchen would rebel. More than one mistress buys joints chiefly for her servants—for "the help," a phrase that once had meaning, and is now too often ironical. There is the same trouble in England. We read not long ago of a London mistress, who, through patriotic motives and wishing to be economical, tried to induce her servants to go without meat or at least to cut down the daily amount. They at once rebelled. One said: "She didn't work to eat mullocky fare." There are too many here that consider all food not meat as mullock, rubbish, refuse matter.

A Riddle of Claret.

As the World Wags:

In olden times a riddle of claret consisted of 13 bottles, a magnum and 12 quarts. It was so called because in golf matches the magistrates who were invited to the celebration dinner presented to the club a riddle of claret, sending it on a riddle or coarse sieve. A study of some of the cards turned in for recent matches suggests that the riddle arrived before the game. J. D. K.

Boston, June 6.

Riddle and Key.

Was any one in New England, even in days of witchcraft, accused of "the horrid sin of the hellish art of riddle-turning?" This divination by sieve and shears is very old. It was known to the Greeks as coscinomancy. Butler mentions in "Hudibras," the oracle of sieve and shears. It was employed to detect a thief or name the successful lover. In the former case the operation is as follows: "The riddle is set on its side, the points of a pair of large scissors being so fixed in it (separate from each other) that the riddle may be suspended by the hold taken of it by the scissors. One handle of the scissors is placed on the finger of one person and the other on that of another. Some words to the same purpose with the following, are repeated: 'By St. Paul and St. Peter did A. B. steal my yarn?' or whatever is lost. If the person mentioned be innocent the riddle remains motionless; if guilty, it immediately turns round." What became of Violet Brown accused of this "witchcraft and devilry against God's word?"

Years ago in the grammar school at Northampton in stormy weather the boys and girls took luncheons to eat during recess. The older girls would make experiments with a Bible and a key. The key was put between leaves of "The Song of Solomon" so that it would be opposite the verse "Turn my beloved." The boy or girl held the key with the Bible suspended, the verse was recited and then names were called. The

...ney w... the book ... of the ... knowledged or unsuspected. This ... of divination was also ... to thief-catching. Thus in Pope and ...'s "Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of This Parish," the clerk relates ... he discovered a thief with a Bible and key and experimented verses of the Psalms that had cured ...

"Laying Your Bones."

As the World Wags:

In Brooklyn in the early Seventies, when ... urged another fellow to climb a fence to ... a pear or to invade an areaway to ... a barrel for an election night fire, ... said to him: "I'll lay your bones." The customary interpretation was that you would watch out that the owner of the pear tree or of the ash-barrel did not surprise the plunderer before he had made a safe retreat with his booty. The origin of the expression is veiled in mystery but it was certainly common in Brooklyn forty years ago.

Boston, June 3. W. E. K.

Hanged for Witchcraft.

As the World Wags:

I do not suppose that your correspondent "Witch Hazel" expects to be taken seriously—except by the readers who would take his letter in that way—in his questions concerning New England witchcraft.

New England history as written in New York has always an uncanny touch: such literary creations always issue through the ivory gate. A few years ago a rather pretentious book concerning the shipping interests of New England, a book written by a New York editor, gravely declared that a codfish is the symbol which crowns the apex of the gilded dome of the Massachusetts State House.

A public that can view with approval such a travesty of history as the film-play "The Birth of a Nation," ought to find ground for edification in any book that purports to describe the "burning of witches" in New England.

May 31. SHAWSHIN.

Friars

The Friars' Frolic at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon and last evening drew large and enthusiastic audiences. Mirth and variety prevailed. Abbot George M. Cohan, ingenious and irrepressible, arranged and staged the entertainment with his usual skill and there was amusement to suit every taste.

The program began with a minstrel show, in which Doyle and Dixon, Andrew Mack, Frank Tinney, James J. Corbett, Hap Ward, George Primrose, Jerry J. Cohan, William Collier, William Collier, Jr., Irving Berlin, Louis Mann and George M. Cohan figured in turn as bones, interlocutors and tambos.

And There Were Songs.

There were songs by Andrew Mack, Felix Adler, Frank Coombs, Vaughn Comfort, George Primrose, Irving Berlin and Messrs. Cohan and Collier, while Messrs. Doyle and Dixon, danced.

Messrs. R. L. Goldberg and Bud Fisher and Bert Levy, master cartoonists, next gave an illustration of their skill.

The monarchs of ragtime, Irving Berlin, Bert Grant, George Botsford, George W. Meyer, Ernest Ball and Jean Schwartz, sang songs which have made them famous and later joined in an impressive ensemble at individual pianos when "Ragging the Scale" and "I Love a Piano" were played and sung with true spirit and enthusiasm.

Mr. Albert Spalding, violinist, with his trusty accompanist, Mr. Andre Benoit, played several pieces with melting tone and fine technic.

Will Rogers worked wonders with his inseparable rope and amused with running comments on topics of the day—political and otherwise.

A feature was "The Guest of Honor," a musical ensemble and travesty on the Friars' dinners, participated in by all the members of the club and in which Frank Tinney was conspicuously humorous.

Nonchalant George.

Mr. Cohan, the moving spirit of the entertainment, sang, danced and capered with his accustomed nonchalance and gayety. In a song and dialogue with Mr. Collier both comedians made fun of themselves and each other with evident relish and good humor.

There was hearty and well-deserved applause for every feature and appreciation for the individual merits of the participants.

All in all, it was a long day for the Friars. They came to town shortly before noon, in their special train. They would have been here sooner, as it were, but the train was late. At any rate, once arrived, they were received by Mayor Curley and various uniformed members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Veteran Fusilier Association, and last, but not least in numbers, the local reception committee.

Flag Cohan.

Then followed a parade through the streets leading from the South station to the B. A. A. clubrooms on Exeter street, with a stop in front of the Park Square Theatre for the presentation to George M. Cohan by Miss Eleanor Fetherston, aged 11 years, the daughter of Vincent Fetherston, manager of the Hollis Street Theatre, of an American flag made of silk, and authentic in every detail. Mr. Cohan, between whom and George Washington lies the claim for the discovery of said emblem, insisted on the details.

After luncheon at the Boston Athletic Association's rooms, where the Friars were guests of President A. Paul Keith, the theatrical men, cartoonists, piano players, composers and real actors took auto buses to the Boston Opera House for the afternoon performance.

June 7 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Cashier Bailey of the Stoneham National Bank is reported as saying that the stealing by Mr. Jones, the assistant cashier, was "entirely unnecessary." Is stealing by an officer of a bank ever wholly or partly "necessary"?

Singing to the Cows.

It was reported last month in newspapers of New York that Mr. Stephen Francisco, owner of a dairy near Montclair, N. J., has discovered that music induces cows to yield more milk. He whistled "The Star Spangled Banner," then "Hail Columbia," and after other tunes "Dixie." This last air, to quote the New York Sun, marked "the culmination of the cows' productivity."

It may be remembered by some that when Tess in Thomas Hardy's novel was at Talbothay's dairy, dairyman Crick complained of the cows keeping back their milk. "Folks, we must lift up a stave or two—that's the only cure for't." Mr. Hardy comments: "Songs were often resorted to in dairies hereabout as an enticement to the cows when they showed signs of withholding their usual yield; and the band of milkers at this request burst into melody—in purely business like tones, it is true, and not with great spontaneity; the result, according to their own belief, being a decided improvement during the song's continuance." The singers did not choose national airs; the song was a long-winded ballad about a murderer who was afraid to go to bed in the dark because he saw brimstone flames around him. Then the dairyman told a story to prove that bulls are more moved than cows by a tune.

Nicotiana.

It is gravely stated that the tobacco habit adds to the privations of a siege in its last days. The statement is made with reference to Kut, but some recall Lucknow, where the leaves of the trees were all smoked away, and even bark was consumed; also Ladysmith, where the men smoked dried sunflower leaves and tea leaves. In Ladysmith three weeks before the end a box of poor cigars cost £6 10s.; a half-pound cake of black tobacco 45 shillings; a package of 10 Virginia cigarettes 25 shillings.

The North American Indian did not object to leaves or bark. He invented Kinnikinik. The hunters and settlers in the Fifties and before applied this word to a mixture of half and half, or two-thirds tobacco and one of red willow bark; some to a mixture of tobacco, sumach leaves and willow rind; and others to the cortex of the willow only. The Indian also smoked rose-bark, the lobelia, the larb. Are sweet fern and rattan still smoked by schoolboys in the country? We have not tried ground and pulverized mescal buttons. "A few whiffs of mescal smoke, and the smoker becomes completely insane."

Is Florida water still sold? In the Sixties some families preferred it to cologne. The men would drench their handkerchiefs with it before they solemnly set out for the church. We remember a boy who smoked his first cigar one morning. The tobacco, though it was vile, did not make him sick. His experience was thus contrary to those related in Sunday school books and the tracts of Father Trask. He feared detection and punishment, however, for the dinner hour was near and he was hungry. His clothes his hair, his mouth stank of tobacco. Thinking to remedy the matter he went to his mother's bedroom, threw Florida water over his coat, rubbed it on his face and hair and took a swallow or two. Thus he digged his own pit. The purification led at once to searching inquiries, confession and parental use of a riding whip.

Eswicanza.

Mr. John McEwan wrote this letter to the London Daily Chronicle:

Many people are asking for a common name by which the citizens of the British empire and its chief dominions may be called comprehensively. The name "Anzac," made from initial letters, although not very pretty, has evidently come to stay. I suggest following the precedent and adopting

ESWICANZA

and terming the citizens "Eswicanzans." The word is made up as follows:

E. England.
S. Scotland.
W. Wales.
I. Ireland.
C. Canada.
A. Australia.
N. Z. New Zealand.
A. Africa.

India is intentionally omitted as being a dependency rather than a dominion.

In a Dipper.

As the World Wags:

In your column this morning I find a recipe for a summer drink. It reads good to me; but you neglect to say what mode you use in imbibing. Do you use a special glass, or just guzzle from the tub? Thoughtfully yours,

CHARLES W. RUGG.

Somerville, June 7.

Not the Same.

While we are talking about words and phrases, let us call attention to the translation of a familiar French phrase into "the spirit of the staircase." "The wit of the stairs" might do. Some speaking English use this phrase indifferently with "the back repartee," i. e., the jest that one should have cracked in reply as he was leaving but thought of it only on going down the stairs or entering a carriage. "Esprit," however, is not "spirit," any more than "tapis" is "carpet" in another familiar phrase.

"Rough House."

As the World Wags:

In vol. iii., 1857, of Barnard's American Journal of Education is an article on "John Henry Wichern and the Rough House at Horn, near Hamburg, Germany."

The article says that Wichern's name "will ever be associated with one of the most interesting reformatory educational movements of the age as founder and superintendent of the Rough House (Rauhe Haus), a small property consisting of small thatched cottages, a sort of institute of rescue for wayward boys, established about 1833."

The picture of Wichern which accompanies the article shows a most benevolent and placid looking old gentleman, with no signs of having been connected with anything like our modern rough house.

What relation, if any, is there between the Wichern Rauhe Haus and our present rough house? F. J. W.

Boston, June 5.

This is an interesting question. Baedeker mentions the Rauhe Haus at Horn three miles to the east of Hamburg on the road to Bergedorf, as a place to be visited by those interested in missionary establishments. (It was at Horn on a common that the annual Hamburg horse races were held.)

"Das rauhe Haus" comes from the Plattdeutsch "Dat ruge Hus." The German-English dictionary of Muret-Sanders says that this name came from "the owner of the house in Hamburg whose name was 'Ruge.'" If this is so, there is surely no connection between the German and the American phrases.

For "rough house" is given in the Oxford Dictionary as an Americanism. The quotation is from Harper's Magazine, March, 1895: "They might be goin' to hev considerable rough-house—a fuss, I mean, sir." We have heard the phrase used as a verb, "to rough-house it."

"Altes Haus," by the way, in German student slang—"old house"—means "old fellow" and in colloquial speech, "jolly fellow, blade or dog."—Ed.

June 10 1916

An English "naval officer of high rank" probably a first cousin of the familiar and omniscient "gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned"—has much to say about the recent sea fight. But why does he use the word "strafing," which is neither English nor German? Would not thrashing, beating, licking, bashing, lambasting, hiding, thumping, walloping, any one of them, serve his purpose? Furthermore, the verb "strafen" is rather to punish, penalize, sentence to death, chasten (in a theological sense), than to beat, wallop, etc.

Favorite Sons.

Let us quote from Bryce's "American Commonwealth". "A Favorite Son is a politician respected or admired in his own state, but little regarded beyond it."

Also from Charles Ledyard Norton's "Political Americanisms":

"Favorite Son. This term became so common, used in reference to local or state politicians, about 1866, that the Nation at last made it the text for an editorial article so severely satirical that 'favorite sons' have not been so numerous since its publication. It occurs in the Nation as early as July 9, 1868."

Who was the first "Favorite Son" and what was his state or commonwealth?

Economy in Food.

There is much talk in England at present about economy in the kitchen. Present prices and the threat of higher prices in the future should teach economy in Boston. Some housekeepers, however, with the best intentions in the world, have vague ideas of thrift. They remind one of a certain bill of fare arranged by the Carlton Club in London: "The committee taking into consideration that a General Fast has been ordained, has directed that the coffee room dinner shall be strictly confined to: Two soups, fish, plain joints, spring tarts, omelettes and cheese." Turtle soup, it seems, is not regarded as a luxury in London, because as Sir Henry Thompson, lecturing on fish as food, stated the conger eel is the source of turtle soup. Rook pie is recommended. "The only parts used of the bird—which feeds on much the same fare as a wood pigeon—are the breasts and other tit-bits of the 'branchers,' or rooklets, which are steeped in milk overnight by the careful cook. Yet our British working classes will not eat this 'war food,' probably suspecting some connection between the rook and the carrion crow. A farm laborer, who was given some rook pie, devoured the steak and other 'extras,' but set aside the chief ingredient with the comment: 'I can eat crow, but I doan't hanker arter it.'" Another objection is made; rook pie requires expensive "fixings." Steak is absolutely necessary, kidneys improve it, and there should be hard-boiled eggs galore. Mature rooks have glossy coats, underneath which they are unclean. We are informed that the Devonshire rook or squab pie contains no rooks, but is made of lean pork chops, slices of apple, onion and potato, all in a thick rich crust. It is to be eaten hot, and is the same thing as Cornish pasty.

Then there is the insect world. Cockchafers are now used for fodder in Hungary. Why not follow the advice of Sir Francis Galton? "Most kinds of creeping things are eatable." He thought highly of grasshoppers roasted with a little grease in an iron dish. "All untanned hides and skins are good for food and great improvers of soup." Books urging the use of insects for food were published some years ago in France and England. The Frenchman gave many recipes: one for a delicious bisque of cockroaches. The Englishman in "Why Not Eat Insects?" reminded the reader that spiders, grasshoppers, white ants and grubs are eaten by bushmen; that the Romans enjoyed caterpillars; that ants have been bred for the kitchen by the Panches. He might have cited the case of de Lalande, the astronomer, who ate spiders raw; of Anton Filtz, the 'cellist at Manheim, who was passionately fond of them and found they tasted like strawberries; of the maid mentioned by Albertus Magnus, who searched the walls, hunting for spiders, "which she would not only eat, but delighted in that feeding, and yet continued in good habit of body." Michelet believed in adding insects to our bill of fare. The English author stated that caterpillars taste like almonds, spiders like nuts. As for ants, they should be eaten with a little butter and sugar.

In Holland, where there is a shortage of American wheat, a baker in Breda grinds up tulip bulbs and puts two parts of wheat flour to one of bulb powder. This bread is said to be palatable, nutritious and cheap. The Dutch bakers recommend it officially, and the minister of war has advised it for the army.

June 1? 1916

CLEAN KITCHENS

Thackeray once described the lot of those who stopped at hotels on the European Continent for the purpose of ranking them in order of merit for Murray's Guide Books. Lucky was the man who was ordered to the best inns; wretched the fate of him who was obliged to pass restless nights and eat miserable food so that travellers might be warned in time.

The intrepid who are now at work in New York examining hotels, restaurants, eating clubs of high and low degree are perhaps more fortunate. In their examination of kitchens, store rooms and dining rooms they may fare sumptuously one day, and on another, shocked by sight and smell, be unable to sit at table. It is not stated that there is any favoritism in the assignment of duty. Nor does the expensive hotel necessarily have a cleaner kitchen or show greater care in the storing

of food than a humbler inn or unpretending eating house. In private houses, in "palatial residences," the kitchen is not always a pleasing, reassuring sight. There is no better cooking than that of a "mammy" on a Southern plantation, yet a Northerner might be unable to eat if he should visit the quarters while the meal is preparing. More than one kitchen in high-toned districts of Boston is unappetizing, although the mistress of the house may condescend to make a daily visit. Nor does the old saw that every one must eat a peck of dirt in life console the not unduly fastidious, who do not wish to eat the dirt in large quantities even when it is not animated.

That there should be "score cards" for restaurants in any city is an excellent idea. Any provider of food should welcome examination, for a certificated score in his favor will enlarge his custom. The brave man and the philosopher—the two words are not necessarily synonymous—may eat gaily at table, and say: "No sane person ever wishes to see a kitchen"; but in his heart he hopes that it is clean: that the food, of good quality, has been kept decently, protected from insects, and at a proper temperature. "Equipment" and "method" are now inspected in Boston. Matters of fact are easily regulated, but when it comes to cooking, that is a matter of taste. Good bread, for instance, is not always to be had in the houses of the well-to-do; but the inmates are apparently contented with what is served to them. The average omelette at home or in a restaurant is leathery, uneatable, although the eggs may have been irreproachable. If cleanliness becomes the rule in the kitchen, little by little the taste of those eating may be improved, but not by inspectors. A committee of gourmets might not be unanimous in passing an opinion.

JOHN G. SAXE.

John G. Saxe, whose centenary will soon be celebrated at Middlebury College, Vt., was a famous wit and satirist in his day. His verses and sayings were familiar, quoted in speech and in the press. Yet the anthologies edited by Charles A. Dana ("The Household Book of Poetry") and Emerson ("Parnassus") do not mention his name, while they contain humorous poems that were at the time less known and of an inferior rank. Perhaps a few today may recall Saxe's merry jingle about riding on the rail, the satirical poems "Progress," published in pamphlet form, and "The Proud Miss McBride." Six years ago, Mr. Leonard, the compiler of "A Book of Light Verse," published by the Oxford University Press, remembered Saxe, whose "Mourner a la Mode" is included in that pleasing collection.

Humorists are easily forgotten. One drives out another. Yet Saxe had native wit. His verse sparkled. He rhymed easily and gracefully. Nor was his humor too contemporaneous. He should stand, though in a lower row, with Hood, Praed, Peacock, Holmes, Locker, Bunner; but how many young students of American literature know him even by name. First of all a humorist even in satire, as a poet he has shared the fate of many American humorists in prose. "John Phoenix" (Capt. George H. Derby) is not known so much as he should be, even in Boston, where he was born. "Orpheus C. Kerr" was amusing in the first years of the civil war, when there was sad need of humor and satire. Some of his writings, as his parody of "Jane Eyre," are good reading today. Webb, who wrote as "John Paul," had true wit. His burlesque of "Griffith Gaunt" was as good as any one of Bret Harte's condensed novels; there is no higher praise. "Petroleum V. Nasby," whose political satire was biting, exerted a great influence in his day, but his books are now as ignored as Richard Grant White's "New Gospel of Peace." Even the later "Josh Billings" and "Bill Nye" are seldom quoted. A few may recall George Arnold as a poet, but how many are acquainted with his war letters to Vanity Fair? Of all the earlier group only Artemus Ward today is living; "Artemus, the Delicious," as Charles Reade called him; Artemus, whose bodily death was mourned in Swinburnian rhythm by that sober English weekly, the Spectator.

The celebration of Saxe's birthday should awaken interest in his verse. American literature is not too rich in light, graceful, humorous poems. The interest should pass the confines of Vermont, which, by the way, once boasted of another poet, Charles G. Eastman, whose "Snowstorm" may be classed with the lines of Emerson and Whittier's masterpiece.

The Danish Authors' Society purposes to give a performance of "Hamlet" early in July at the Castle of Elsinore. Thus the Shakespeare tercentenary will be celebrated. The Kronborg Castle is many centuries later than the time of Hamlet, but it has been argued "with some plausibility that Shakespeare may have had Kronborg Castle in his mind when he wrote the play, for it had certainly been visited by some of his fellow-actors, and possibly by himself; moreover, the manners portrayed in the play belong rather to the early days of Kronborg than to any period to which the 'Amlethus' of Saxo Grammaticus can possibly be assigned. An address is to be delivered, on the occasion of the performance, by some Danish scholar, Dr. George Brandes, to whom the task would naturally be allotted, is unfortunately not available. A piece of old Danish music, which has been discovered in the British Museum, will also be performed. No one in Denmark would dream of the glaring anachronism of introducing into 'Hamlet' the Danish national song of today, Ewald's King Christian, as English and German managers have been known to do. It is about as appropriate as it would be to make 'Scots wha hae' the overture to 'Macbeth.'"

It has been remarked that for some inscrutable reason poets have represented Elsinore to be a towering precipice. Campbell wrote "By Thy Wild and Stormy Steep, Elsinore," and Franklin Lushington, describing the fleet sailing for the Crimean war, exclaimed:

Our armies sally forth, to the east and to the north—
By the lion of Gibraltar and the steep of Elsinore.

To which Grant Duff replied: "The fact of the matter is that the sand at Elsinore is fringed by as flat a coast as one could wish to see." But Horatio on the platform before the castle, dissauding Hamlet from following the Ghost says:

What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea.

Does not Mrs. Memans describe the Pilgrim Fathers landing on a "stern and rockbound coast."

The castle of Kronborg, the Crown castle was built in the reign of Frederick II. It was completed in 1585. In that year a troupe of strolling English actors played at Elsinore. Reference is made to them in the town records. There is an entry of the expenditure of four skilling "for the repair of the board fence between the house of Lauritz, town clerk, the town hall and yard, which the people broke down the time the English played in the yard." The troupe came back later and stayed a while. Some have thought that Shakespeare was one of the company.

A contributor to the New York Dramatic Mirror in 1903 described the castle as a very large, gray stone building enclosing an open court, and standing "on a low bluff washed by the waves of the sea." This bluff is said to be not over 150 feet at the highest point.

Saxo Grammaticus wrote towards the end of the 12th century, but his work was first published in 1514. Richard Grant White, referring to the saying in the first chapter of "The Hystorie of Hamblet" that the events therein recorded took place "long time before the kingdom of Denmark received the faith of Jesus Christ," said that in the eye of Shakespeare's imagination his characters lived in later times; "and perhaps the 10th century may be accepted as the period which he had in mind. . . . As far as concerns the effect which Shakespeare intended to produce, the action may be supposed to take place at any time previous to the Wars of the Roses."

In Paris an adaption of "The Taming of the Shrew" has been playing at the Comedie Francaise. "While it may be sufficient to say that M. Grand is not Coquelin, Mlle. Cecile Sorel chiefly suggests how difficult is the mere conception of the Shrew to the good French woman." But if our allies have not yet touched the depths of Shakespeare, they have given us abundant cause for pride and profound gratitude. "There has been a collection of literary and other relics and curiosities and today the joint celebration of Shakespeare and Cervantes has been brought to a triumphant conclusion with a mixed performance at the first national theatre."

The Shakespeare anniversary was celebrated in Paris on April 30 by a meeting of the Souvenir Litteraire Society before the monument of the poet in the boulevard Haussmann. Besides a number of distinguished French litterateurs, there were present a representative number of members of the British colony. "The president of the society, M. Camille le Senne, eloquently characterized the sense and import of the demonstration. 'The glorification of Shakespeare,' he said, 'is a new link between the two peoples who are reunited forever by a sublime fraternity in arms in a world-wide war. It comes at the proper hour, it rallies unanimous support. If at a certain moment in our history this unanimity tarried, it was because the diverse influences alienated among us many people from what seemed to intense a manifestation of energy. Times are greatly changed, and on both sides of the channel the lesson which detaches itself from Shakespeare's intellectual force is appreciated at its proper value.'"

Listen to this extract from the article by Rudolph Fuerst published in the Vossische Zeitung (Berlin):

"But who can say whether the young giant would have attained to the superhuman stature of world supremacy if endlessly solicitous alien hands had not liberated Shakespeare from his cold parental home? That is what Germania, the foster-mother, who is today so gratefully besmirched, did for him in her boundless unselfishness. And later she did so much for her adopted son that there was nothing more for her to do. What preferential place near her fireside, even better than that allotted her own dearest and greatest children, has she not assigned him! How has she not battled, as if for her own flesh and blood, against those who have even combated his very existence? To preserve his work in all its purity, Germania has mobilized an army of her greatest thinkers! From the soul of his Hamlet and of his Shylock Germans have extracted the deepest meaning—heritages which his homeland could never divine! Had the Ghurkas, in realization of the wishes of the maddest English lords, succeeded in breaking into the parks of Potsdam, they would have needed only the culture of a few hundred years to enjoy Shakespeare in at least one Berlin theatre every evening of the week or at this moment of the tercentenary to attend the entire cycle of his works. Shakespeare's festival days were always ours. In Weimar his statue stands next to those of our greatest—Goethe and Schiller."

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette (May 19) writes that "war has at least had the advantage of obliging theatrical revue authors to brush up their wit. Hitherto anyone could stage a revue providing he found a sufficiency of pretty women and could induce them to display themselves without undue qualms of modesty. Public opinion will not tolerate the old-time kind of 'show' during the war. Without being puritans, theatregoers think a certain measure should be kept and this puts authors in a quandary. One of them who finds it difficult to conform with the new taste complains that the war will ruin his profession. The public is not going to pay just to look at well known stars in ordinary every-day costumes—and the others are barred. Half the ordinary topical subjects being taboo also, the unfortunate author is at his wit's end to get a book that will 'take.' A few succeed, but only a very few.'

The London Times published an amusing review of Martin Harvey's revival of "Richard III." at His Majesty's Theatre, May 22. "It is to be feared that Shakespeare's 'Richard III.' has seen his best days. We no longer tremble and quake over him, as our forefathers undoubtedly did: we find it difficult not to take him as a joke, though the joke be a grim one. There is reason in killing near relatives, as in roasting eggs. Murder one or two and you will be terrible, but murder half a dozen, and we only smile. We smile because we cannot quite believe. For one thing we hardly know the victims; they only appear to be slaughtered, and when their ghosts come in a band to haunt Richard's dreams we can hardly tell which is which. And then Richard is so blandly vicarious a murderer! If he would but do some of the killing for himself! * * * There is but one step from the macabre to the ridiculous, and Richard takes it. If you smile at him as murderer, you positively laugh at him as a hypocrite. His business with the prayerbook and the priest before the good, gullible citizens of London would not in reality deceive a baby. Thus the only thing to do with Richard nowadays is to enter into the fun of the thing and make him a kind of ghastly Punchinello. Sir Henry Irving did that, and so does Mr. Martin Harvey. Yet Mr. Harvey contrives to give you a good many shivers, and there is throughout his performance a certain elegance of style, as of a virtuoso in villainy who enjoys every fioritura and grace-note of his art. He is, perhaps, on Bosworth field an unconscionable time a-dying, but that is of course, among the venerable traditions of the part. On the whole, he makes an excellent Richard, picturesque, full of humor, and romantically monstrous. He has the valuable help of Miss Genevieve Ward as the cursing Queen Margaret. Curses, perhaps—like Bob Acres's damns—have had their day. One cannot afford them more than an archaeological interest. But Miss Ward rolls out her lines magnificently, and such elocution as hers is always impressive. We still remember joyfully the scowling Barry Sullivan as Richard.

Congreve's comedy, "The Double Dealer," was revived by the Stage Society in London, May 15. The Daily Telegraph found that the plot is tiresome and absurd. Much of the dialogue is hardly saved by its style from flatness and tedium. "We sat under a procession of duologues, some entertaining, some simply dull." The Pall Mall Gazette, on the other hand, found that the richness of satire and the music of its dialogue are still pungent and pleasing, but it admitted that "the highly respectable company freely inferred and actually said things that would be quite unrepeatable at a dinner table." The Daily Chronicle said that "here the English comedy reaches its higthest perfection, a perfection from which even the genius of Sheridan and Goldsmith is a decline. Of course, it is hopeless to deny that, according to modern standards, all the ladies are lax and all the gentlemen loose. If you take them as human beings they are incorrigible blackguards all. But actually Congreves suffers neither virtue nor vice upon the stage. His characters move in a pungently astringent and quite a moral atmosphere of their own. Everyone is quite heartless; so where's the harm? Congreve's wit is all headwork. There is never a heart-beat in all his comic theatre. So why quarrel with the morals of his marionettes? As well censure the changes of the inconstant moon! In point of fact, Congreve's people are quite nice, compared with the creatures of some modern musical comedies. For they are never in earnest about their wickedness, and the others are * * * The setting was so entirely apropos to the period that a waxen candle dropped tallow on the spinnet." There was music by Purcell for the harpsichord. The curtain was up between the acts. Few changes were made in the text. Did any actress have the courage to speak the prologue? When the comedy was first played in 1694, it was unsuccessful. The audience was shocked by the characters of Maskwell and Lady Touchwood.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Mr. Martin Harvey in "The Taming of the Shrew" (His Majesty's Theatre, May 15). "His gallant, good-humored, and, in its own way, chivalrous Petruchio, takes away all the unpleasant sense of brutality that had grown more or less traditional with the character. With Mr. Harvey the horsewhip rarely flourished and never cracked. Miss De Silva remains practically the only daughing Katharina we have had."

"Ye Gods!" a farce by Stephen Robert and Eric Hudson, was produced at the Kingsway Theatre, London, May 20. The protagonist was disrespectful toward some African idols, who, in revenge, cast on him a spell which turns his sweetheart's love into hate and the indifference of every other woman to passion. "Thus you are invited," says the Times, "to contemplate the troubles of a Don Juan malgre lui, a Don Giovanni who is wooed by Donna Elvira, and Donna Anna and Zerlina, to his own embarrassment, his sweetheart's indignation, and threats of personal violence from the amorous ladies' husbands. To make the threats more terrible, one husband happens to be a pugilist, another a fire-eating colonel, and so forth—farce, you remember, is under no obligation to be supersubtle. When the spell has worked crescendo until all the women on the stage have become a set of erotomaniac furies, it is suddenly dissolved."

The Daily Chronicle said of the last scene: "Primitive frenzy can scarcely be defined as funny."

The London Times (May 20) did not care for Mme. Pavlowa in the film play, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," at Philharmonic Hall, chiefly because it is "a spectacular photo-play. Mme. Pavlowa in the scenes of court pageantry and village life, prison cruelty and street riots "is doing no more than any ordinary film actor might do and not doing it noticeably better than hundreds of them do. And throughout the musician has little more chance than the pianist of the ordinary cinema, whose only business is to add a general sense of enlivenment to what is going on. . . . Taken as a whole the performance shows in a striking way how realism shuts the door to musical expression. The producers seem to have begun at the wrong end, that is to say with the story instead of with the idea. What we should like to see would be a film which set out to interpret Mme. Pavlowa's art and called in music to reenforce its rhythm." The Times, referring to Charlie Chaplin, says that he and his producer achieve an impression of rhythmic absurdity which ought to be irresistible. "How is it that no composer has yet given us a Charlie Chaplin Scherzo?" It may here be said that Mme. Pavlowa as Fenella in Auber's

great [illegible] warmest admiration. [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] stage [illegible] expression.

Possibly the new tax on amusements would be more effective if a proclamation issued by Queen Anne against theatrical audiences were still in force. [illegible] that "no persons [illegible] playhouse without [illegible] established for [illegible]. It was further laid down [illegible] person of what quality [illegible] behind the scenes [illegible] on the stage, either before [illegible] of any play. [illegible] whatsoever shall [illegible] known pleasure and [illegible] shall proceed against them [illegible] of our royal authority [illegible] of the publick peace."—[illegible]

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette states that "the most Parisienne of [illegible] the idol of the [illegible] public and easily the first [illegible] of the footlights, has decided to [illegible] from the stage. He does not name her. Is she Rejane? Her reasons for [illegible] are as follows: "I prefer to [illegible] rather than to be overthrown. The day of such as I am is past. After the war the public will have [illegible]. Dramatic authors are like everyone else and must play to the fancy of the day. That fancy will, for a very long time to come, have no patience with the very common and garden kind of boulevard play. I am not simple enough to think that the war is going to make us models of virtue from one day to the other, but I do say it is going to change our mode of life from A to Z. The France of tomorrow will have to settle down to hard work; frivolity and all that comes from it will have to take a back place. In fact, for years to come it will be a thing unknown. What we used to condone with a tolerant smile in the past will be ruled out altogether in the early future. The Dame aux Camelias will be eclipsed by the simple stay-at-home housewife. Women have had too easy a time for at least the past two decades. Men were at their feet and they could do what they pleased with them. Women ruled the world and the daughters of Aphrodite reigned supreme. Now that three-parts of our men have been taken from us never to return woman will have to change her tactics. Man will be a prize worth winning, and there will not be enough prizes to go round. By one of those curious turns of the wheel of life, the domesticated, loving, cherishing, clinging to the husband kind of woman is going to come into her own again. Women who have nursed the wounded, worked hard at war charities, sewing, knitting, and what not, will have learned that all is not dress and glitter in this world, and that woman was made to be something more than a gilded plaything. Unlike the late girl of the period, they will no longer despise the old-fashioned, humdrum joys of the home, of motherhood and of domesticity. This is the atmosphere we are drifting into indeed the country cannot be rebuilt again without it. Boulevard plays can find no room in such a picture. The Parisienne as we knew her has got to go, if she has not already gone. I see it coming, and rather than become an overthrown idol, I prefer to blow out my lamp and steal out of the temple on the tip of my toes before it all comes clattering down about my head."

It is interesting to hear that Mr. Granville Barker is writing a play round Stevenson's and Lloyd Osbourne's "The Wrong Box." But why are not those admirable Stevenson and Henley plays, "Beau Austin" and "Admiral Guinea," revived? It is probable that they were not commercial successes, but they were certainly artistic successes, and the judgment of today might quite conceivably turn them into money-makers. Mr. Sydney Valentine's personification of the blind [illegible] Pew, in 'Admiral Guinea' lives in the memory of those who saw [illegible] the most telling piece of work [illegible] and actor ever did. And the whole play [illegible] intensely dramatic.—Daily [illegible]

Mme. [illegible] Bernhardt was readmitted [illegible] on May 16. She [illegible] marrying the late M. [illegible] in 1882. This marriage took place [illegible] London. The pair separated in 1883.

Anna Schramm, whose death is announced, was a favorite soubrette in theatres of Berlin from 1861 until 1876 when married, she retired. Circumstances forced her to return to the stage. She played the comic mother from 1885 till 1892. Then entering the Royal Play House, she acted in classic drama as well as in comedy.

Notes About Music and Musicians

In J. B. McEwen's new and short quartet (London, May 13), the Scottish tune, "The Flowers of the Forest," is quoted in the last movement. 'Perhaps the use of this tune, which has so great a national significance, is a little tentative, and it leaves the impression of a tender reverie rather than of intense emotion.' The whole quartet is elegaic.

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius": "The Catholic sentiment of both poem and music, which might have been an obstacle to their use before the war, is less so now, when English people have made the discovery that their national religion is much further removed from the crude Lutheran beliefs of north Germany than it is from the generous revival of faith in the Latin countries."

Compositions by Joseph Speaight were performed in London May 18. "Mr. Speaight is a moderately prolific writer of very agreeable musical miniatures, whose only fault is that their realism too often concerns itself with obvious, external aspects of the subjects he selects for illustration. If he could be persuaded to have just a little more confidence in the imagination of his audience, it is probable that his style would gain in distinction. Failing that, such works as the 'Ariel' Fantasy for string quartet inevitably approach to the type of the toy picture book, though here again there are degrees of quality, and that of Mr. Speaight is not to be despised. When he turns to more ambitious work, as in his new piano quintet, he loses the advantage of dainty illustration, and is not over well provided with greater things to take its place. Then he recedes from the special position attained by his miniatures and takes his place in the army of writers of sincere, acceptable chamber music."

Miss Ada Davis recently sang in London. "For an encore she selected Delibes's song about the pretty girls of Cadiz, which she pronounced to rhyme with sticks." She might have answered: "And the critic puts an acute accent over the first 'e in Delibes."

This Mr. Speaight, by the way, has written little string quartet pieces portraying Shakespearean characters, Queen Mab, Titania, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard Seed among them.

"Dr. Vaughan Williams's cycle of songs, for tenor voice, string quartet and piano, from 'A Shropshire Lad,' has at last struck roots in the sluggish imagination of the London public."

Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony was revived in London may 22. The Daily Chronicle wished that nearly all the vocal part had been cut out. "The dullness and crudity of which is in such contrast to the wonderful brilliance and subtlety of the orchestral part of the symphony." The Daily Telegraph expressed the same wish.

The Pall Mall Gazette found Miss Adela Verne's performance of Schumann's "Carnaval" (May 15) unduly heavy. "Her figures in medley had very Teutonic feet—more Teutonic than Schumann himself ever gave them, for his imagination was immeasurably less pedestrian than that of his countryman."

Ysaye and De Pachmann gave a concert together in Albert Hall, London, May 21.

Offenbach's "Madame Favart" was revived in London May 22 by the Sterling MacKinlay Operatic Society. "'I am an artless thing,' sings Mme. Favart, but Mme. Favart was not so 'artless' as Farnie's adaptation of Chivot and Duru's book, with its labored jokes and feeble puns."

At the second of Joseph Holbrooke's "smoking concerts (May 16) a Trio by Amberg, a Dane, and Juon's Divertimento—"both attractive works of easily accessible style"—were performed. "There were, as before, a number of wounded soldiers, whose musical appetites were not strained as violently as on the former occasion, when one of the critics deemed it necessary to put in a word in their defence—a word which Mr. Holbrooke resented and 'pilloried' in yesterday's program." This little notice exasperated Mr. Holbrooke, who promptly wrote to the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette as follows: "I ask your kind space for an explanation. Your critic says I 'pilloried' one of the notices on my concert last Tuesday because the critic 'put in a word for the wounded soldiers' whom I invited to the concerts. I suggest the notice was mischievous, unfair, and not meant to defend the soldiers against the music, but it was meant to do the concerts no good! Unfortunately, I have had many such notices on my concerts. They are not critical notices. As I have given these concerts for 15 years with much opposition, and the cause is British music, I do think this sort of notice is entirely useless if the concerts are to prosper. We have given good and new native works at these concerts, and artists like Sir Henry Wood, Lady Wood, M. de Sequel, H. Zimmerman, Miss Perceval Allen, Miss E. Evans, L. Tertis, J. Saunders, F. Austin, Radford, Mullings, Sammons, Warwick Evans, Landon Ronald, Sir Thomas Beecham, Richard Waltherw, etc., have helped this work on. It is time we had a friend indeed, and a friend in need, for we always have the 'carper.'"

The London critics were lost in wonder, love and praise of Sir Hubert Parry's five new motets, "Songs of Farewell," performed by the Bach Choir May 22. The Times said: "One at least, the setting for a seven-voiced choir of Donne's beautiful words, 'At the round earth's imagined corners blow,' is one of the most impressive short choral works which have been written in recent years. It is in many ways unlike other works by Parry. It speaks a richer and more varied language, it breathes an inspiration which ranks it with the greatest things in choral music whether produced in this country or in any other." The Daily Telegraph seemed to prefer a setting of Lockhart's "There is an old belief." It spoke of Parry as "the sturdy champion, in an age of kaleidoscopic change, of the formal music of a day that has, for most others, long since gone by. And it is out of no spirit of pedantry that he clings to the old methods, but because the more exacting and the more elaborate the form, with the greater truth and the greater freedom does he express himself."

The Daily Telegraph on May 22 found that Ravel's string quartet not only grows upon one each time it is heard, "and it contains not only this element of true greatness in music, but also the other that it attains a great climax in the wonderful slow movement, and of how many modern quartets may that justifiably be said? The slow movement, as a fact, is the rock on which the majority of composers strike. Not so Ravel."

The gross receipts of the Elgar "Dream of Gerontius" festival, including the two preliminary performances at Leeds and Bradford, amounted to not less than $22,500. The audiences at the eight concerts numbered all told nearly 20,000.

Young Rimsky-Korsakoff is editing a new magazine, Contemporary Music, published at Petrograd.

Mrs. Milligan Fox, founder and honorable secretary of the Irish Folksong Society, has died. Her "Annals of the Irish Harpers" was published in 1911. She also published performing editions of Irish folksongs. She visited this city some years ago.

Miss Lucy Gates recently organized performances of "Faust" in Salt Lake City, and took the part of Marguerite. We are informed that "many of the hearers spoke afterward of the depressing and terrifying effect of the opera upon their minds, which, of course, was the best of tributes to the artistic triumph of the star-producer." In the same article Miss Gates is characterized as "the Maude Adams of grand opera." Mr. B. Cecil Gates conducted. "His reading of the score supplemented in artistic fashion the elusive note of spiritual tragedy which made of this presentation an exposition of all life rather than the sensual description of a German savant's personal debauchery."

Three Georgian Plays at His Majesty's Theatre

Since the days of the Restoration, when Johnson and Dryden both wrote for the stage, poetry has been divorced from the British theatre. Tennyson wrote poetic dramas, it is true. But they are unactable. Only the genius of Irving brought "Becket" to the popular ear. Browning's "Sordello" was literature—but not actable drama. And a good many others of the great Victorians tripped and fell in the endeavor to write poetic drama that would act. "Paolo and Francesca" was a flash in the pan, and Mr. Masefield's dramas are in prose.

During the last few years, however, there has arisen a school of younger men who are not afraid of the theatre. These young writers have taken the trouble to study something at least of its technique. And the result is that they are producing poetic drama that is as native to the theatre as Shakespeare's verse.

Being social scribes, given to tea parties, they know the theatre from the inside. They realize that it is no longer a case of Mahomet going to the mountain. For during the last few years a miracle has been wrought behind the curtain. The mountain has come at least half way to Mahomet. The poets can bring their delicate conceits to life on a stage swept free from the maddening glare of limelight; on a stage absolutely clear of rococo architecture and flamboyant furniture; on a stage fit for fairies to trip or tragedy to stalk. Modern methods of production make it very much easier for the poet to have his say in dramatic form.

These Georgians, be it admitted, use the broad brush. They put on the color with a lavish hand. Their style is rather that of Mr. Masefield in his highly-colored narrative poems like "The Widow of the By-Street," than that of Mr. Masefield in "Nan" or "Pompey the Great."

Although they are out of sympathy with what they deem an ugly and mechanical age, they are no writers of fanciful idylls. Rather they turn to the passions that trouble the quiet life of countrymen or the quicker life of cities. Wilfrid Gibson has written over a score of plays on peasant and collier life. Lascelles Abercrombie has written at least one remarkable play of peasant passions, and Mr. Gordon Bottomley has achieved a stark realism in his historical drama, "Lear's Wife."

Hitherto, the repertory theatres in the provinces have been alone in their recognition of the able work done by men like Wilfrid Gibson, Lascelles Abercrombie and Gordon Bottomley. This afternoon, however, London is to make some amends at His Majesty's for her flagrant apathy, not shared by America toward the drama of the Georgians.

Miss Viola Tree will produce one of Wilfrid Gibson's plays, "Hoops." This is not so much typical of his drama as of his poetry. For it is rather a dialogue than a drama. In the circus tent, between the performances, tired Merry Andrew, all white and vermilion from the ring, talks with the camels' lackey, Gentleman John. For the first time in 30 years the old clown has missed a hoop. If he miss more, his children may come to starve.

Hunchback has his answer—children make all the difference.

> Man, you've missed a hoop
> And they'll take every hoop like blooded colts;
> And 'twill be you in them that leap through life.
> And in their children, and their children's children.
> God! doesn't it make you hold your breath to think
> There'll always be an Andrew in the ring,
> The very spit and image of you stripped,
> While life's old circus lasts!

Here, as in most of Gibson's work, quick sympathy with the unlucky serves the purpose of a social sense. Although his one theme is the praise of beauty, this sympathy saves Gibson from being merely a minor poet. His work is tinged with a profound hatred and distrust of the life mechanical. Gentleman John himself is a servant of camels, because their beauty pleased him compared with the ugliness abroad.

> In this machine-ridden land of grimy, glum,
> Round-shouldered, coughing mechanics. Once I lived
> In London, in a slum called Paradise,
> Sickened to see the greasy pavements crawling
> With puny, flabby babies, thick as maggots.
> Poor brats! I'd soon go mad if I'd to live
> In London, with its stunted men and women
> But little better to look on than myself.

Gibson may be out of sympathy with the driving forces of his day. But at least he understands the human heart.

Gordon Bottomley understands it, too, after his own fashion. His play, "Lear's Wife" (also to be produced this afternoon) is a relentless piece of realism. His verse, like Gibson's, is intensely dramatic. There is a brooding horror over his "Lear's Wife" that seems to be the very prelude to Shakespeare's searing tragedy.

Lear is still middle-aged and vigorous. But his "unwanted Queen," a poor, feckless creature like Hermiston's lady, lies dying. While her long illness drags to the expected close, Lear is bewitched by the charms of a serving wench.

The summit of the tragedy is reached when the dying woman hears the lovers at their play without her chamber. Her sick mind muses—

> Does he remember love-ways used with me?
> Shall I never know? Is it too near?
> I'll watch him at his wooing once again,
> Though I peer up at him across my grave sill.

She totters to the curtain and falls. A few minutes later she dies in the arms of the icy Goneril. At that moment Lear enters with his paramour, the Queens' crown set awry on her pretty head. There is a terrible scene between Lear and his satirical daughter. At the last Goneril kills the serving maid who presumed to love a king.

If Gordon Bottomley carries realism to the verge of horror, there is this to be said for him: Most poets who attempt the dramatic form stultify their attempts at drama by too much pretty phrasing. These Georgian poets weave their plays out of the rough stuff o' life. And their work is dramatic in a sense that that of the great Victorians never could be.—Cecil Chisholm in the London Daily Chronicle, May 19.

Birth and Parentage of Adelaide Neilson

Notes and Queries of May 6 published an interesting article by Mr. Willoughby Maycock about Lilian Adelaide Neilson. It begins: "Such mystery as enshrouds the birth and parentage of this beautiful and gifted actress, who died, after a few hours' illness, in Paris on Aug. 14, 1880, is due to the conflicting statements which her many biographers have placed on record, both before and after her death, and which may be briefly summarized." As many in Boston, remembering her, believe that Juliet, Rosalind and Viola disappeared from the stage when she died, this article might be called one of contemporaneous interest. We knew a celebrated dramatic critic—he had more than a local reputation—who made it a rule never to meet a hero or a siren of the stage, lest his judgment might be warped; yet for many years he carried a little photograph of Miss Neilson in his pocketbook, and when there was talk about her, he would take it out, look at it, and sigh.

In the Theatre of April, 1879, portrait No. 17, which dealt at some length with her theatrical career, commenced as follows:

"It was in the ancient city of Saragossa—interesting alike from its historical associations, the architectural beauty of many of its buildings, and the wealth of olive groves and vineyards which surround it—that Lilian Adelaide Neilson first saw the light. Her father was a Spanish artist, her mother an Englishwoman of gentle birth. The scenes amidst which her early life was passed were directly calculated to stir her im-

ination During the greater part of at period her parents resided in Italy, e picturesque haunt of art, song and romance."

Truth, in its issue of Aug. 19, 1880, just fter her death, stated that "she was orn in the neighborhood of Leeds, of n English father and a gypsy mother." The Cyclopaedia of Names (Fisher nwin), which forms the final and supplementary volume of the Century Dicionary, states as follows:

"Born at Leeds, Yorkshire, March 3, 48; died at Paris, France, Aug. 14, 80. A noted English actress. Her real ame was Elizabeth Ann Brown, and er mother having subsequently married Mr. Bland, she was known as Lizzie land."

The nearest approach to the true facts probably contained in the Theatre of ctober, 1880. The editorship of that ow defunct publication had by this me passed into the hands of the late lement Scott, who was probably as miliar as any one living with the oor girl's past, and this is what he en wrote:

"The brief memoirs that have already ppeared of the life and career of the eautiful but unfortunate Lilian Adelide Neilson teem with inaccuracies and isstatements. According to one, this fted lady 'first saw the light,' etc. (see upra). Betises! There is not a word of uth in the story; she was neither Saraossa born nor gypsy bred. Nor did she isit Italy with her parents. . . . All his is pure invention. Little of romance as connected with the early life of this range girl. To tell the truth, she was he illegitimate daughter of a very andsome Spaniard and an Englishwomn, and was born in the year 1849, at a ttle village some few miles out of Braddrd in Yorkshire. From the father she btained her beauty; from her mother he north country accent that never deerted her, and occasionally marred the urity of her diction and elocution. A rribly hard life was in store for the oor child, who came into the world as she was a burden. Now as a nurse irl, now as a 'filler' at a woolen facory, the actress of the future found fe hard enough, until one day when, at e age of 16, she discovered the secret f her birth, and fearing any longer to e an incumbrance on those between hom she was an object of anxiety, she an away from home heart-broken and ound some kind of refuge in the world f London. Here her sorrows seemed ddenly to end. She was educated by generous and kindly disposed gentleman well known to fame, who gave her e first start in life, and in the year 61 she married Mr. Philip Henry Lee, e eldest son of a Northamptonshire arson squire, who, with his good wife, cre devotedly attached to their son's ife. Here, down at the quiet vicarage f Stoke Bruern, Adelaide Neilson assed the happiest days of her life, olized by the villagers, taking a part t the Sunday school, and forgetting in er new home the cares and troubles of er Yorkshire life. The marriage did ot, however, turn out happily, for in he year 1876 Miss Neilson obtained a diorce from her husband in the supreme ourt of New York, the husband and ife being both naturalized American itizens, and held property here. Being nder an engagement to Mr. Max Strasch, Miss Neilson was unable to conrm the divorce in this country, but she lly intended to do so had she been pared."

I have quoted the above textually, but t would seem that Clement Scott must ave got a little mixed with his dates, or if, as he states, Adelaide Neilson was orn in 1849, she would have been only 5 at the time he fixes as that of her marriage, whereas in the previous passage he puts her age at 16 when she an away from her Yorkshire home to London.

In a further long article on Adelaide Neilson's dramatic career, which appeared in the Theatre of the following month (Nov., 1880), the writer says:

"Through the misstatements with regard to her origin—which, with a parponable desire to stand well with the ublic, she allowed to be put forth—the uth asserted itself, and the claim to ave been born at Saragossa—assumed, t first, half in banter—is a matter of ttle moment."

Speaking of her first advent to London, Mr. George R. Sims, who knows ost things about many people, in a ecent instalment of his interesting life n the Evening News, wrote that Adelaide Neilson "passed her first night in he great city on the benches in the ark." A writer in the weekly contemporary, however, took exception to his, and described how an officer in the arabineers found her lying on a bench n St. James Park, took compassion on her, accommodated her with a bed in his chambers, and subsequently had her trained for the stage. The officer in question was, I believe, the late Capt. Percy Hewitt.

On her stage career it is unnecessary to dwell in detail. It is fully and faithfully recorded in many publications. One biographer says she first played Juliet with a strolling company in a Yorkshire village; another, that at the age of 15 she first appeared as Julia in "The Hunchback" at the Theatre Royal, Margate. Her debut in London was certainly as Juliet at the Royalty in July, 1865, and though she attracted but little attention on that occasion the character was one in which her chief laurels were subsequently earned.

She died a wealthy woman. Truth of Aug. 26, 1880, put her fortune at £30,000, half of which was made during her visit to America, whence she had returned just before her death. She left her mother the interest of £3000 during her life, and at her death the capital was to be divided among other relatives. To Mr. Joseph Knight, her old friend, she left £1000, and a similar sum to Mr. Compton, who had been acting with her in America, and the remainder to an old friend as residuary legatee, the "old friend" being, I believe, Mr. Clement Scott. But in a foot note to E. L. Blanchard's "Reminiscences," edited by Clement Scott and published in 1891, the writer says:

"It would be unjust to her memory not to mention that the fortune of several thousand pounds which she left behind her was to be devoted to succoring the unfortunate and afflicted in the profession which she loved so well. The trust fund has since been administered by three trustees: Henry Irving, J. L. Toole and C. S."

Her body was brought to England and buried in Brompton cemetery.

This is Mr. Maycock's story. But Mr. Archibald Sparke says that she died in Paris, Aug. 15, not Aug. 14. "Who's Who in the Theatre" gives Aug. 15, as the date. It was reported that she died soon after drinking a glass of cold milk. There were even hints at poisoning. There were many stories about her early life; one, generally accepted in this country at least, that she was a barmaid shortly before she went on the stage.

June 12, 1910

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Middlebury College at its 116th commencement will celebrate the birth of John G. Saxe, who was graduated at that college in 1839. The humorist and satirist may still be remembered by a few on account of his verses about a railway trip and the lament of the briefless barrister. There was a time when nearly everyone quoted lines from the poem about the riding on the rail. Strange to say these verses are not included in the "Household Book of Poetry," the anthology that is a monument to the literary taste of Charles A. Dana. Nor does the name of Saxe appear in the volume, although it was published in 1888. In the section, "Poems of Comedy," is a little poem "The Rail," which begins:

I met him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.

The conductor touched his arm,
And awoke him from a nap;
When he gave the feeding files
An admonitory slap,
And his ticket to the man
In the yellow-lettered cap.

Who wrote it? Dana attributed it to that most versatile and fecund author, Mr. Anonymous.

Sociological Documents.

That delightful book, "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith, was published in 1865. In it the author tells of reading on a windy, rainy day odd volumes of the old Monthly Review, "dingy literary catacombs," dated at the end of the 18th century. The advertisement sheets had been bound up with the magazines proper. "And just as the tobacco-less man whom we met at the entrance to Glen Sligachan smoked the paper in which his roll of pigtail had been wrapped, so when I had finished the criticisms, I attacked the advertisements, and found them much the more amusing reading. Might not the magazine-buyer of today follow the example of the unknown islesman? Depend upon it, to the reader of the next century the advertising sheets will be more interesting than the poetry, or the essays, or the stories." This was written when the pages of advertisements in magazines were not any where so numerous, nor were they so fully illustrated, if they were illustrated at all. Was it not Mr. Kipling who in this country threw away the pages of "literary matter" and eagerly read the advertisements? The student of sociology a hundred years from now, yes; 50 years from now, will study the advertisements in magazines as important documents. He will throw away the pages of puffs by publishers of books, but he will study carefully the advertisements of plumbers, motorcar makers, tailors, makers of hosiery and collars and of others that supplied wants, real or fancied, in the life of men and women.

Shifted Responsibility.

As the World Wags:

The following little couplet came to my notice several years ago while rummaging among the shelves of a bookseller. It is unique in that responsibility is made to fall on the book itself rather than the "amiable borrower."

If this little book should chance to roam,
Box its ears and send it home.

Mt. Hermon, June 8. A. M. K.

The Names of the Planets.

As the World Wags:

The project—which I see spoken of in the newspapers—of naming a planet by an intercollegiate voting contest calls to mind an anecdote which was once told me of Artemus Ward, but which I have never seen in print, and as to the authenticity of which I have no knowledge. This is the anecdote: Artemus called upon a distinguished astronomer for the purpose of having a chat with him upon astronomy. Artemus told him that astronomy had always had a great fascination for him and that he had given the subject much study. He was able, he said, to understand the processes by which it is determined how far distant the planets are from the earth, what their dimensions are, and even how much they weigh, but one thing about the planets he said he never understood and he would like to have the astronomer explain the matter to him, viz., how it was found out what the names of the planets are. OBSERVER.

Brookline, June 8.

John Phoenix in his "Lectures on Astronomy," prepared for the Lowell Institute of Boston, but laid aside "owing to the unexpected circumstance of the author's receiving no invitation to lecture before that institution," states that the solar system is so called, not because we believe it to be the sole system of the kind in existence, but from its principal body the sun; the Latin name of which is sol (thus we read of Sol Smith, literally meaning the son of Old Smith). The Latins called the earth Tellus, and the learned lecturer adds that from it originated the expression, "Do tell us." The beautiful constellation Orion "takes its name from the founder of the celebrated Irish family of O'Ryan." These lectures, by the way, although they were prepared in 1854 are still admirably adapted to classes in young ladies' seminaries or in the lower public schools.—Ed.

For Breakfast.

It is said that bacon, on account of the increased prices is no longer common on English breakfast tables. At Rogers's famous breakfast parties in the Thirties the guests, so Macauley tells us, sat down to "very good coffee, very good tea, and very good eggs, butter left in the midst of ice and hot rolls." When did breakfast bacon become an English institution? Venner, a contemporary of Shakespeare recommended for breakfast: "A couple of poached eggs seasoned with a little salt and a few corns of pepper, also with a drop of vinegar if the stomach be weak, and supped off warme, eating therewith a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of pure claret wine."

Her Own Cobbler.

Women are complaining about the high price of shoes, whether the shoes themselves be high or low. Do they know that at the beginning of the 19th century amateur shoe-making was a passion with English ladies of rank and breeding, noble dames, the upper class and the upper middle class. (Delightful distinctions!) "There was hardly a parlor in the kingdom which was not turned into a sutrina, now a lady's worktable that was not covered with hypodermatical instruments, vulgo, shoemaker's tools, and uncommon indeed was the sight of the fair foot that was not booted or shod by an amateur hand." The Hon. Mrs. Charles Calvert wrote in her journal May 4, 1898: "I began a new science today—shoe-making. It is all the fashion. I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes. It amuses and occupies me, which at present is useful to me." On the next day was the entry: "I have just finished a shoe by myself." Mr. S. Waters of Cranbrook, Kent, wrote a poem in 1811 "On Ladies Making Their Own Shoes." The third verse runs as follows:

Poor Crispin, I fear they will now ruin thee
By taking thy business away;
Yet pluck up thy spirits, some reason I see,
That it's only—the Whim of the Day.

Sweet is the butter by our own hands churned, exclaimed Thomas Tusser. Why should not woman delight in shoes the work of her hands? Possibly in the end they would be dearer than those in the shop.

June 13, 1976

AN OCCUPATION GONE

Many remember a picture by the Russian painter, Vereshchagin, representing Gen. Skobeleff, in a white uniform and on a white horse, galloping along a long line of soldiers and thus exciting enthusiasm. The volumes of Harper's Weekly during the Civil War contain many pictures of a like nature. There are few European galleries, if any, in which a general is not depicted in a heroic attitude, cheering his men, or, mounted but quiet, exposed to bullets. Those of Napoleon alone would constitute a gallery. Has not even Col. Roosevelt thus been honored?

At the beginning of the present war too many English officers followed the old tradition. The appalling death roll is a witness to bravery that in the eyes of some was as useless as it was foolhardy. It is doubtful whether any historical painter will be able to portray a general of this war in the traditionally glorious attitude. Individual gallant deeds of soldiers may fire the artist's fancy, but a general with a telephone, however great his responsibility or his strategic ability, is prosaic to the eye. Nor does war itself as it is now conducted appeal to the painter of the old school. There may yet arise some one to paint a battle in the sky, but pictures of life and death in the trenches must be chiefly photographic, of no greater artistic value than many canvases of Vernet.

It is a pity that Mr. Loeffler's new symphonic work, "Hora Mystica," could not have been performed here for the first time; that Bostonians who wished to hear it were obliged to go to Norfolk, Ct., and there could hear it only through the generous invitation of Mr. Carl Stoeckel. The performance of any new work of Mr. Loeffler's invention and imagination is an important event in our musical world. Boston should have had the honor and the pleasure. There are other composers of this city who in the course of the last year and a half have gone outside the commonwealth for the production of serious orchestral works. Nor was this the case of the traditional prophet, for these composers had already been honored in their own country.

A Purist Weeps.

"M. D." in a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette is annoyed because he has seen in that journal and in the London Times "to conscript" and "conscripted" used. "With the kindred word subscribe in constant use such a slip is remarkable and inexcusable."

The verb "conscript" is thought to have come into the language during our civil war. The first quotation given in the Oxford Dictionary is from Walt Whitman's notebook of 1865: "He was first conscripted for two years." On the same page ("Specimen Days, page 62) is this sentence: "I find the old, unquestionable proofs, as all along the past four years, of the unscrupulous tyranny exercised by the secession government in conscripting the common people by absolute force everywhere, and paying no attention whatever to the men's time being up—keeping them in military service just the same." The use of this verb by writers for the Pall Mall Gazette, also the Spectator, which prided themselves upon their English, goes back to the eighties. It is not one of the horrors of this war. What does "M. D." mean by saying that the verb "subscribe" is of kin to "conscribe"?

It appears that the noun "conscription" was introduced in connection with a law of the French Republic (1798), "which provided that the recruits required for service should be compulsorily obtained from the young men between the ages of 20 and 25, whom it declared to be legally liable to serve in the army . . . technically, as distinguished from universal military service, it implies the enrolment by lot of a fixed number of those liable to service, with the option given of procuring a substitute"; so Lord Brougham declared that conscription is to one man personal service; to another the payment of a tax; but the word has become a general term for methods of compulsory enlistment. Englishmen of undoubted patriotism wrote vigorously against conscription long before the present war, prefacing their remarks, "If conscription should ever be suggested."

"M. D." reproaches journalists for their misuse of "gospel" and "holocaust." "The 'gospel of force,' the 'gospel of frightfulness' and the 'gospel of hate' are surely a contradiction of terms." But Milton spoke of "hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw"; Burke of a "political gospel"; Carlyle of the "gospel of economy." It is true that holocaust means first of all a sacrifice wholly consumed by fire; but the meaning "a complete destruction of a large number of persons," without any thought of fire, is recognized by the dictionaries, as is the loose use of the verb "to decimate."

German Humor.

A dispatch from Zurich quotes examples of "bon mots" uttered by German soldiers during the war. The collection of "peppered pills," just published, is said to have a "tremendous sale." Here are some of these jests, delicately humorous, which at present are keeping up the spirits of the German nation:

For Germany: Each day, a battle; every hour, good news; every combat, a victory.

For [illegible] a boast that passed Peace of Paris.

For [illegible] the end of "English spoken here," [illegible] the spits [illegible] England. [illegible] England will be entirely burnt and destroyed.

For Russia: [illegible] a Russian only shoot with one hand. Because the other is always occupied in scratching his head.

For Serbia: All the Serbs will be hacked into sausage meat. "But," exclaims a witty German soldier, "a sausage that I shall never eat."

That Lethal Tune.

As the World Wags:

The note under the head of "Singing to the Cows," suggests the query whether a yokel, endeavoring thus to increase a flow of milk, gave vent to "The tune the old cow died of." The name of the tune has been as effectively concealed as the name of the man who struck Billy Patterson and of the youth who fired the Ephesian Dome. Does anyone know what tune it was the old cow died of (or on?) Possibly the same emotion of poignant anguish that causes tears to gush from human eyes causes milk to gush from bovine udders, and one can easily imagine a cow swooning or even dying after listening to some singers when, having gone dry, she could no longer relieve her feelings in a flow of milk. W. E. K., Boston.

The name and character of the tune that killed the old cow have often been discussed but without result. There have been letters on this important subject in Notes and Queries during the last two years.

MISS CROSMAN

Henrietta Crosman heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week in the playlet, "Cousin Eleanor," by Frances Nordstrom.

The piece is a clever sketch and quite capable of standing on its own merits. While lacking in action, the situations are ingeniously contrived, the dialogue is smart and contains much of the colloquial speech of the hour.

Miss Crosman not only has a good medium for her style, but she plays as the comedienne secure in her art. She does not make the mistake of surrounding herself with mediocre talent. Each member of the cast has his or her place, and fills it with credit. Assisting Miss Crosman the Grace Goodall, Ollie Cooper, William Bonelli and E. E. Hines.

Al Lydell and Bob Higgins are seen in a rural sketch, "A Friend of Father's," which is somewhat different from the usual run of such acts. Mr Lydell's Wilbur Hutchinson is a character one sees on the steps of the village barber shop.

Others on the bill are Jack E. Gardner, in an interesting monologue of songs and chatter; Long Tack Sam and his troupe of Chinese wonder workers, in a series of illusions and juggling; Julia Curtiss, in songs and imitations; Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, in a satire on domestic life; Sam H. White and Lou Clayton, eccentric dancers; the Five Antwerp Girls, in a musical act, and the El Rey Sisters, expert skaters.

June 14 1916

IN PRIVATE

The Paris Temps is inclined to think well of Justice Hughes as a presidential candidate because he is acquainted with French literature and is especially fond of novels by Balzac and the elder Dumas. Whether this information concerning Justice Hughes's literary taste went to Paris by cable or wireless telegraphy, or whether it were already pigeonholed for possible use is not stated. It may be said in passing that the choice of favorite books is reassuring, for it shows a broad man. Not every one that as a student of human nature reads and rereads Balzac revels in the romances of the prodigious Dumas. Some who are better acquainted with Porthos, Athos, d'Artagnan and the Count of Monte Cristo than with the neighbors in the apartment house find Balzac's stories of Paris and the provinces hard reading, if not dull.

That the Temps should mention the literary taste of a candidate for high office in another country shows the universal desire to know the private life of a public man: his amusements, his habit of dress, his food and his drink, the hours of sleep, whether he uses the pen or a typewriting machine. This desire is not merely prying curiosity, an unpardonable invasion of the home. Great men are often judged by little things as far as the crowd is concerned. If one is often seen and heard at baseball games, enthusiastic, shouting, this endears him to thousands. "He is a human being; he is one of us." If it is noised abroad that this senator or that Governor is a hearty eater or singularly abstemious, that he demands eight or nine hours of sleep or that he needs only four or five, there is the more interest in his public deeds. Some of the old biographers knew this and are therefore read today. Suetonius may have been a gossip, but by his chatter about their personal habits, turbulent and savage Roman emperors are now as alive as if they were seen in Tremont street caged in a parade. Anthony Wood did the same service for men at Oxford. John Aubrey was another, who took for his motto a saying of Gen. Lambert's: "The best of men are but men at the best," and from Aubrey we know that Francis Bacon would not allow a servant to approach him without Spanish leather boots, "for he would smell the neates leather, which offended him." So in turn all revelations concerning Justice Hughes, whom some have been pleased to call Sphinx-like, are grateful to voters, and will undoubtedly be advantageous to him.

A few days ago we asked who was the first "Favorite Son" in the political history of this country. Mr. Albert Matthews has shown that he was no less a person that Gen. George Washington. In papers contributed to the Colonial Society, Mr. Matthews ran down various phrases applied to Washington: the American Fabius, the Father of his Country, the Virginia Cincinnatus. The paper on "The Favorite Son" is to be found in the Publication of the Colonial Society, Feb. 1910, vol. XIII., pp. 96-109.

The day after Washington's inauguration the New York Daily Gazette called him "the favorite son of liberty." In Daniel George's "Ode for Independence, July 4, 1789," Washington is "Columbia's favorite son." When he arrived in Boston Oct. 24, 1789, a triumphal arch bore on one side the inscription: "To Columbia's favorite son," and an ode, "To Columbia's Favorite Son," was sung in his honor. In Portsmouth, N. H., that month and in New York on July 4, 1794, Washington was again Columbia's favorite son. Mr. Matthews, in his interesting article, notes that Washington was always the favorite son of Columbia, not America.

Personal Notes.

Mr. H. R. Gawen Gogay, in a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette, says that he is a descendant of King Arthur of England.

A farmer in Dorset told the military representative that water cress was a national necessity. The military man said it was a luxury. The local tribunal thereupon exempted from service three out of four of the farmer's men.

The Cafe Wilson in Louvain was closed some time ago by the German Kommandatur. Will it be renamed the Cafe Hughes

Alfred Krupp went to Birmingham, Eng., about 1840. He offered to a firm of electroplaters a machine of his invention for rolling the metal blanks from which spoons and forks are made, and finaly sold it to the firm for £10,000. Then he went to Essen. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, a two-ton ingot of cast steel, exhibited by Krupp, brought so many orders that the works at Essen had to be enlarged. It was said at the time that Frederick William IV. did not look with favor on this exhibition, "fearing that contact with English institutions might breed dangerous opinions among such of his subjects as were induced to visit it."

At a meeting of the Lincolnshire Chamber of Agriculture when the shortage of labor was discussed, Lord Heneage said he did not see why all women should not work. One of his daughters, an invalid, acted as under-gardener; one was busy at the war office all day; a third packed parcels for the front; the youngest was nursing in France. The Chamber of Agriculture might then have sung, "Everybody works but father."

We read the other day of Harry Connelly, a 14-year-old, who is growing fast near Moultrie, Ga. A slender boy of normal size he was until about eight months ago when he began to shoot up in the air, outgrowing a suit of clothes every week. When he attained the height of 6 feet 5 a special bed was made. Will he equal Walter Parsons of Staffordshire, who, apprenticed to a smith, grew so tall that a hole was made for him in the ground, "to stand therein up to his knees, so as to make him equal with his fellow workmen; he afterwards was porter to King James; because gates being generally higher than the rest of the building, it was proper that the porter should be taller than other persons." (Observe the use of the word "adequate.") Jean Wier, in the 16th century, saw a maid who for her gigantic proportions was carried from one city to another as a monstrous representation of the human figure. Her parents were of low stature, as was she in the 12th year of her age, when she was seized with a quartan ague. This left her after some months. Then she grew to wonderful greatness. At five and twenty she was in good health, "not handsome, her complexion somewhat swarthy; stupid and dull, and slow as to her whole body." Is the prize founded by Count de Pierrecourt, who died in 1901, still awarded at Rouen? He left to his native city an annual prize of £.100,000 to form a settlement for the tallest man and woman who would agree to marry each other. His object, as stated in his will, was to regenerate the species. But let us mark the words of a learned amateur of giants "and such as have exceeded the common proportion in stature and height." "As the tallest ears of corn are the lightest in the head, and houses built many stories high have their uppermost rooms the worst furnished; so those human fabricks which Nature hath raised to a giant-like height are observed not to have so happy a composition of the brain as other men; likewise the Pyramids of Egypt, they are rather for ostentation than use, and are remembered in history not for any accomplishment of mind, but only for the magnitude of their bodies," or as Thomas Fuller put it: "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high." Let us hope that young Mr. Connelly will prove the famous exception.

June 15 1916

Several readers have asked us the origin of the name "Bucentaur." The Italian word itself, "bucentoro," is of uncertain origin. "It is commonly supposed that the name was taken from the figurehead of the vessel, representing a creature half man, half ox, which may have been designated by the Greek name 'Boukentauros.' * * * The word is unknown to ancient mythology." The term was applied in the 17th century to any large ship or gaily decorated barge.

Mr. James Howell saw the Bucentoro in Venice in 1621. He was told that the vessel was then over 300 years old. This set him a-thinking. "I fell, I say, to consider whether our Bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro; which, though it be reputed still the same Vessel, yet I believe there's not a Foot of that Timber remaining which it had upon the first Dock, having been, as they tell me, so often Plank'd and Ribb'd, Caulk'd and Piec'd; in like manner our Bodies may be said to be Daily Repair'd by new Sustenance which begets new Blood, and consequently new Spirits, new Humours, and I may say new Flesh, the old by constant Deperdition and insensible Transpirations evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh. * * * I make a doubt Whether I had the same Identical Individually Numerical Body, when I carried a Calf-Leather sachel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a Lamb-Skin Hood in Oxford: or whether I have the same Mass of Bloud in my Veins, and the same Flesh now in Venice, which I carried about me three Years since, up and down London streets, having in lieu of Beer and Ale, drank Wine all the While and fed upon different Viands."

An Early Boy.

As the World Wags:

What is this I hear about setting the clock forward and beginning the labor of the day at sunrise? I do not believe in this progression, for I never had any ambition to brush the dew upon the upland lawn even with rubbers. I mind me of a time when my father had a craze for early rising, which resulted in his being chased by a bull in Milton, when that town was way up in the country and was reached by stage coach from Boston. No electrics then. His adventure was celebrated in verse in one of the daily papers and gave rise to no little merriment in this municipality long before it was mistakenly called the Hub, and its citizens welcomed any little excitement that relieved the prosaic plodding of daily existence.

My own experience in precociously stirring began shortly after I left school and joined the tribe of hobbledehoys who were learning a business at $50 a year. I was not fond of getting up and therefore could not be called the spoon that poor Tom Hood derided. Oh, the misery of turning out of bed with the querulous crows and going breakfastless to an employer's door to obtain the keys to open the store for the waiting porters who usually reproached me for my tardiness! I think the villians must have sat up often all night at a wake. I can see myself now plodding along the long reaches of High street to Pearl street, where just around the corner of the former thoroughfare stood the Athenaeum building which had succeeded the Boston Athenaeum, that a comparatively short time before had removed to Beacon street. "Harris's Folly," which stood almost diagonally opposite, seemed to smile mockingly at me as I unlocked the ponderous doors, and say, "You are a bigger fool than my builder who lost everything in my erection."

I have forgotten who Harris was, but perhaps some of the old readers of the Herald can recall him. He was not living in the huge mansion at the time of which I write. The part which faced on High street was temporarily occupied by the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum before it sought larger quarters on Purchase street, some time previous to its removal to Camden street at the South end. On the Pearl street side of Harris's Folly was once the home of the Inches family. In my early boyhood Pearl street was being devoured by "ruthless commerce" and "insatiate trade." The Perkins homestead, which its owner had generously given for an institution for the blind, still lingered before it went to South Boston, which now knows it no more, and the Pearl Street House stood on the westerly corner of Milk street. The St. Vincent Church, remodelled by the Catholics from a once celebrated Protestant place of worship, was at the corner of Purchase and Pearl streets, and I remember seeing Fr. Mathew there giving the pledge to a group of children during his visit to Boston between 60 and 70 years ago. Like the man in the play, I am ill at these numbers.

I have a dim memory of an infant school on Pearl street to which I was sent for a brief period before going to Miss Wilder's school at the corner of Franklin street and Theatre alley when W. D. Ticknor, the publisher, was a school committeeman. At the top of High street was Fort Hill, which I climbed for a short time to the Boylston grammar school. It was on the mall in the centre of the elevation that I met with my first fistic defeat. A warrior of 7, my own age, challenged me to warlike combat, and completely winded me by unprofessionally hitting me below the belt. I never had much stomach for a close fight after that memorable occasion, though I could throw an icy snowball with the best of my belligerent associates.

I have strayed from early rising to early fighting, and I come back to say that in the Twenties of the last century, according to my grandmother, mechanics went to work at sunrise and labored until sunset. They certainly got enough of the fresh breath of the morning. I do not believe they cared much about it, and they probably evened things up a bit by lingering long over their "eleven o'clock" and their "four o'clock," when they smelled to heaven, but not with the fragrance of the flowers.

Why should the creature of a day make himself miserable by prematurely turning out of a comfortable bed to have a few idle hours to himself in the late afternoon? What can he do with them? They are too late for matinees, and too early for dinner. Those who do not play golf or tennis and cannot run an automobile would find time hanging heavily on their hands. They would be bored like Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up." "Ah," says Portia with feminine readiness, "there are the teas." True, I had forgotten the cup that cheers and lures one on to a game of reformatory conversation.

Dorchester, June 13. BAIZE.

June 16. 1916.

The New York Tribune on Flag day in an editorial article quoted from Walt Whitman's "Song of the Banner at Daybreak," a poem, which the Tribune said "might be written of today, as the emotions of a nation amazed and doubting begin to stir and seek utterance on the lips of a leader." There is a still nobler apostrophe to the flag in Whitman's "After all, not to create only," recited by him at the opening of the 40th annual exhibition of the American Institute in New York in 1871.

"And thou, thy Emblem, waving over all!
Delicate beauty! a word to thee (it may be salutary).
Remember, thou hast not always been, as here today, so comfortably ensovereign'd:
In other scenes than these have I observ'd thee, flag;
Not quite so trim and whole, and freshly blooming, in folds of stainless silk.
But I have seen thee, bunting, to tatters torn upon thy splinter'd staff,
Or clutch'd to some young color-bearer's breast, with desperate hands.
Savagely struggled for, for life or death—fought over long.
'Mid cannon's thunder crash, and many a curse, and groan and yell—and rifle volleys cracking sharp,
And moving masses, as wild demons surging—and lives as nothing risk'd.
For thy mere remnant grimed with dirt and smoke and sopp'd in blood.
For sake of that, my beauty—and that thou might'st dally, as now, secure up there.
Many a good man have I seen go under."

"Sample Rooms."

Dispatches from St. Louis speak of men sleeping on "cots in hallways and sample rooms." We had thought that the hideous phrase "sample rooms" had disappeared. For the benefit of the younger generation we quote the remarks of Richard Grant White made over forty-five years ago

"Sample room. This confluent eruption has appeared on signboards all over New York during the last few years. Thus used it means, not a room in which samples are displayed, but simply a place at which spirits and beer may be drunk at a bar, and is the fruit of a nauseous attempt to sweeten 'barroom,' 'ale house' and 'tavern.' Its history is a very disgusting one. It first appeared in small, shamefaced letters over the doors of partitions put up

·ross the back part of certain so-called holesale wine and liquor stores; and told of men sponging up liquor by imples until it became necessary to y that if they 'sampled' they must ay; and then of the self-styled whole-le wine merchant, who was above eeping a bar, finding that it was profit-le as well as gentlemanly to ask quaintances to 'sample' his liquors; d of this sham's being kept up until became necessary to hide the multi-idinous 'samplers' and the multifari-s 'sampling' from the public and the blice by a screen or partition; and, nally, of the spread of this 'gentleman-' way of keeping a tippling house; so hat the very sight of the word is ough to make one's gorge rise. Very orthy and well behaved, and even in-lligent, men do keep bars and taverns; t if they do, let them say so. When see sample room over a door I feel a spect for a bar-room, and as if I uld take to my heart a man who owns at he keeps a grog shop."

Yet White said in the preface to Words and Uses": "The gentlemanly rkeeper of the period will call his rog shop a sample room, notwithstand-g all that I have said, and all that der men and better scholars than I n may say, to the contrary."

Good Old Boston.

In an 18th century advertisement pub-hed here, we read of a strayed "Mo-s boat." A boat thus called was ed in the West Indies. It was broad nd very flat, and it was used to take gsheads of sugar to vessels. Was this e boat known in Massachusetts and med, as some say, after Moses Low-l, a boat builder of Salisbury? The bats advertised in the Boston news-apers were from 13 to 16 feet long.

Looking over advertisements in the assachusetts Gazette for January and ebruary, 1771, we found that "an ac-ve, sprightly Negro lad about 18 years age, that can speak French," was to sold; also "a quantity of choice rum, x months old, prepared for the Guinea arket mostly, in iron-bound casks."

Borrowing Trouble.

Already some are seeing sad times in ashington if ex-Justice Hughes is ected. It is said that he frowns on w-necked dresses. Courage, comrades! s yet he has not come out sternly in vor of grape juice as the one and only ble drink, the inspirer of high and atriotic thoughts, though foreign diplo-atists may sneer.

The Vermont Idea.

Instead of pie crust, at best obstinate nd rebellious subject of assimilation, ubstitute biscuit, large, flat and light s the whipped syllabub of sentiment, ot, flaky, and radiating glory and eace. Add to these your dabs of Ver-ont dairy butter, your halved berries—his is an important detail—and your ream — personally we prefer it un-hipped—and you have a confection, a ulinary creation, a gastronomic delight hat has the southern pie crust article eaten by blocks, whipped to a stand-till, frazzled to a fare-you-well! This ay seem like hyperbole, but ask a ermonter; he knows.—Rutland Herald.

June 17, 1916

LETTERS OF REFERENCE

Not long ago a housewife, asked bout the capability of a servant eeking a place, described her in riting as "a very 'muddly' girl." he added that as the girl was ignor-nt when she came to her, she sent er to a cooking school; that she as sulky at times, also noisy in he kitchen and untidy in her per-onal appearance. The cook brought ction for libel against the writer. he judge said that the occasion of he letter was clearly a privileged ne. Counsel for the defendant rgued that it would be for the jury o say whether the letter were mal-ious or not.

Here is a case in which the mis-ress of a house, doing as she thought er duty, got into trouble. The oman that made the inquiry hould not have shown the letter. here should be honor even among ousewives. Is it from fear of con-equences that many give vague or isleading letters of reference, as nany men are willing to give a let-er of introduction when they know ittle about the person asking it and re not intimate with the one to om it is addressed?

The servant problem grows more nd more serious. The general ousework girl is fast disappearing. oung American women prefer the actory or the shop, the girls from he Provinces are following their xample. If a girl is willing to re-ain in service, she wishes, like a oung physician, to be a specialist, or she argues that she can thus ob-ain an easier position and higher wages. The incompetent are found in every intelligence office. The mistress is tired of instructing the green but willing. Comparatively few servants are now crossing the Atlantic.

It is therefore the more important that mistresses should deal honestly and frankly one with another in the matter of recommendation. If Mrs. Jones found that Ellen was dull and slow, an indifferent cook or a slatternly chamber maid, impertinent, or with confused ideas about right and wroug, she should answer Mrs. Robinson's questions as though her own interests were at stake. The ideas of Mrs. Jones aud Mrs. Robinson may differ concerning good housekeeping; the one may be easy going; the other may be fussy; but there can be little difference of opinion concerning elemental and essential traits of character. Mrs. Robinson may not insist on a fine pastry cook, but she should be told whether Ellen is a good plain cook, neat, industrious, honest. At present the timidity or the indifference of a housekeeper incouveniences others and often causes household distress and dissension.

Our valued contributor, Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly, said yesterday that he had been seeking butternuts in vain. They were not to be found in the large groceries. The clerks sniffed. They had no call for these nuts in the shell or as "meats." He was told to visit certain shops near Faneuil Hall and certain markets. Nowhere could he obtain a butternut. "No, we don't carry them. No one seems to care for them here. You might find them in Philadelphia."

No butternuts? As a boy we ate them gayly in little towns along the Connecticut river from Northampton, Mass., to Windsor, Vt., and above. Our fingers were green with handling the shells; we ate the meats with a fearful joy, for they had been denounced as especially unwholesome. Some parents condemned all nuts. There was a story that a boy had died in agony after eating immoderately of English walnuts. When his body was opened an undigested mass of nuts was found in his stomach. Salt was sprinkled on the nuts and they at once underwent a beneficial chemical change. The moral was that if nuts were eaten at all, they should be eaten in a small quantity and with plenty of salt. Brazil nuts were considered dangerous, and even chestnuts, unless they were boiled or roasted. In those days we were told by the neighbors that the eating of tomatoes brought on cancer; that pineapple and bananas were to be avoided; sweetbreads were mere offal.

It is a long time since we have seen a butternut. Have the trees suffered from a blight? Have they been cut down? Or are the nuts quickly consumed by the villagers? Meanwhile, Mr. Bolivar is unable to renew a pleasure of boyhood.

Prelude.

We have received an interesting letter from Mr. A. E. Hill of Boston.

"I foresaw a time when people would desire to celebrate in Boston and New England, and I began to make ready for this time in 1890. Since then I have been on this work as its chief promoter, architect and engineer. What if the people did not pay me with money, nor did they hire me to do this work for them? I had been educated by the wise people of the world; both the living and the dead taught me knowledge and wisdom of human beings on earth. 1894—I was the best educated person in the world, living a material and mortal life on earth.

"Pilgrims' 300th celebration, 1920.
"Boston's 300th celebration, 1930.
"Christianity's 1900th celebration, 1933.
"Thus on we go. Now is a time to do something for yourselves, your country and your ancestors."

Mr. Hill inclosed with this letter an essay on

THE PLANETS.

As the World Wags:

As you look at the planets, stars, moon and sun, use your own common sense and reason. The planets, stars, moon and sun are vertical all the time to some parts of the earth and ocean. The sun is a common object to be seen. The vertical rays of the sun are only 32 sea miles in diameter north to south along the path of the sun over the earth east to west. Now is it reasonable that the sun is 108 or 110 times in diameter larger than the earth? The planets are small objects compared to the sun and the earth. Now, let us use our common sense and reason and know true geography and true astronomy. We have had fiction geography and fiction astronomy long enough.

A. F. HILL.

And here is another essay.

GRAVITATION.

Weight of water per cubic foot, 62.355 lbs.
Weight of sand per cubic foot, 90 to 106.
Weight of granite per cubic foot, 170.
Weight of mercury per cubic foot, 849.
Weight of lead per cubic foot, 709.6.
Weight of gold per cubic foot, 1206.
Weight of silver per cubic foot, 655.
Weight of olive oil per cubic foot, 57.5

Thus if all these were liquid, oil would take its place above water; water above sand; sand above granite; granite above silver; silver above lead; lead above mercury; mercury above gold. Thus granite, silver and lead float in mercury.' This is gravitation upward.

A. F. H.

June 18, 1916

FILMED CLINICS

A New York surgeon at the 67th annual meeting of the American medical convention in Detroit stated that the use of films in teaching the practical part of surgery is still in an experimental stage. "The difficulty in clinics is that the student is at too great a distance from the operation to see well. On the screen every move of the surgeon can be followed and his operations thrown on a large scale on the canvas. Another advantage of the films is that the work of great surgeons can now be recorded and studied for all time."

Film pictures of capital operations would no doubt be advantageous to students and interesting to surgeons, but how about the feelings of the patients? It may be said that only patients in free hospitals, penniless, friendless patients would thus be exposed to curious eyes for years to come. Have they no rights? Is their modesty a wholly negligible quantity? The roughest man about to go on the table has an instinctive shrinking from the enforced publicity. Henley in his poems of the hospital described the daily scene:

Surging along.
Louts, duffers, exquisites, students and prigs—
Whiskers and foreheads, scarf-pins and spectacles—
Hustles the Class! And they ring themselves
Round the first bed, where the Chief (His dressers and clerks at attention),
Bends in inspection already.
So shows the ring
Seen from behind round a conjurer
Doing his pitch in the street.

Nor are the rich and fashionable sure of freedom from the knife. They, too, serve experimental purposes; they, too, undergo surprising, incredible operations. The greater reason for the film-camera.

Who knows but that in our steadily advancing civilization there may be surgical plays for the moving picture shows, with a daring operation as the thrilling climax?

Allusions were made last season to the careless, if not rude, behavior of audiences in Boston. At a recital late comers went to their seats between the songs of a group or between the movements of a sonata, and sometimes while the singer was singing or the pianist playing. They were similarly thoughtless of others in their going out. As many of these disturbers had accepted free tickets their conduct was the more reprehensible. This, however, may be said: That talking and whispering during a performance are not so common as they were 20 years ago.

Mr. Albert Matthews, indefatigable in research and curious concerning all that pertains to early life in Boston, once spoke on an article written against disturbers of concerts in 1771. At this late day, thanking him for the suggestion, we reprint the article.

The Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Weekly Newsletter of Jan. 31, 1771, contained an address to the subscribers of Mr. Hartley's concerts. This address was prefaced by a note to the printers:

"As I take you to be a public spirited man and a well wisher to the innocent Amusements of your Neighbors, I flatter myself that you will give room in your paper to the annext Address. The Writer of it has been careful to censure Things only, and not Persons; therefore he hopes it will give no just Offence. Sure I am, that many of your readers here will receive it with Approbation."

The address is as follows:

Gentlemen and Ladies'

The following queries are with all due respect offered to your consideration, viz:

1—Whether the original intention of your Society was not to procure for yourselves and friends, by a private subscription, a rational and well regulated entertainment of Musick?

2—Whether a perpetual talking among some of the audience is consistent with our usual ideas of such an entertainment as every foregn sound is utterly destructive of all the purposes of harmony? ?

3—Whether it is consistent with the respect which every gentleman owes to himself, as well as the company, to interrupt the pleasure of members by an unseasonable attention to any private business or pleasure of his own?

4—Whether a lady would not with greater propriety defer the usual animadversions on fiddlers, manteau makers, milliners, high friz'd heads and sword knots till she retires home to supper with her friends?

5—Whether, when under an irresistible Impulse to converse, the two sexes should not content themselves (only during the performance of each piece) with the usual eloquence of the eye, assisted by certain languishing attitudes of body and half a dozen heart-melting sighs?

6—Or, if this is insufficient, whether they may not without censure, on such emergencies, withdraw into the card-room and give vent to their thoughts?

7—At a concert all sounds are or should be Musick. Therefore should not all volunteer vocal performers mount the orchestra to exhibit themselves, as the band do not think themselves obliged to accompany any recitative unless deliver'd at the side of the harpsichord?

8—If a subscriber introduces a friend, or friends, should he not be accountable for the conduct of such friends during their continuance in the room? No ingenuous mind could take offence at a hint given in favor of a rule which ought to be invariable.

9—But if intruders present themselves there, without any regular introduction, and deviate into a wrong course of behavior, should they not immediately be put into the right way—by the porter?

10—Are you real lovers of the art, which you would seem to promote by your subscription? If you are, do not suffer the professors of it to be disturbed in their endeavors to gratify you. What can be expected from a dispirited and disgusted band? Some of them are no hirelings, but pay their own money for the opportunity of giving you as well as themselves pleasure.

11—If this gentle reproof attract the notice of any inadvertent offenders only, should they not receive it with patience? Inadvertence is never construed into wilful insolence. The querist forms to himself greater hopes from their candor than fears from their resentment.

Lastly—Do you not foresee that your concert must sink under the continuance of such discouragements? But this is an unnecessary question, as the querist is already authorized to answer it in the affirmative.

I am your obedient humble servant.

A SUBSCRIBER.

This Thomas Hartley was associated with subscription concerts here during the winter of 1770-71, but there is little known about the character of the programs. For example, there is no reference to the concerts, not even in the advertising columns of the Massachusetts Gazette of January and February, 1771. John Rowe, however, noted in his diary of Jan. 3: "Spent the evening at Concert Hall, where there was a concert performed by Hartley, Morgan and others; after the concert a dance. The commodore and all the captains of the navy here was (sic) there and Col. Dalrymple and fifty or sixty gentlemen and the same number of ladies present." W. S. Morgan was a violinist. The Massachusetts Gazette speaks of a concert for his benefit early in 1771. In 1775 he announced an entertainment, "when will be performed a concert of vocal and instrumental music; between the parts of which will be delivered (gratis) several comic lectures on various subjects." Tickets at three shillings sterling each were sold at the British Coffee House and at Mr. Morgan's chamber near the mill bridge. The Concert Hall, which stood in Queen street and existed in 1754, if not earlier, finally passed into the hands of the Amory family. It was torn down in 1869 to make way for the widening of Hanover street.

We know that when Hartley had his benefit concert in 1767 the program, according to the Boston Evening Post, consisted "of select pieces by the most eminent masters." Hartley went to Charleston, S. C., for at a concert there in 1773, the first violin at a concert was played by "Mr. Hartley, lately arrived."

From "A subscriber's" letter it would appear that gentlemen amateurs took part in Hartley's concerts. Mr. O. G. Sonneck in his valuable and interesting "Early Concert-Life in America," pointing out the fact that public concerts were given in Boston at an early date, certainly as early as 1731, is inclined to believe "that at the very least from 1761 on, without any, or with temporary interruptions only, a sort of musical society existed at Boston until 1775 and that independently a few prominent musicians managed subscription concerts. At any rate, semi-public subscription concerts flourished and it is a pity that we know so very little of the repertory, studied and played by the gentlemen-performers with the assistance and under the guidance of the best available professional musicians, such as Dipier, Hartley, Turner, Propert and Morgan."

Last S[illegible] we spoke of the legends about Adelaide Nelson's birthday and early [illegible] Mr. Horace Bleackley in Notes and Queries of June 3 adds to Sir Willoughby Maycock's article, which we [illegible]

"Many persons who read the interesting communication of Sir Willoughby Maycock will agree with him that the beautiful [illegible] has not been fortunate in her biographers. The best account that I have seen is the late Joseph Knight's monograph in the 'D. N. B.,' but even he does not reveal many things that one would like to know. Without [illegible] it, one may seek for information concerning the 'very handsome Spaniard' who was her father, and desire further particulars about Philip Henry Lee, her husband. According to Mr. Knight, it was an 'unhappy marriage,' and it appears to have spoilt her life just at the period when, according to the late Clement Scott, 'her sorrows seemed suddenly to end.' The time, perhaps, has not yet come when a biography of Adelaide Neilson can be written, and discreet reticence may have to be observed when the task is undertaken, but after making allowance for the cruel experiences of her early career, with the knowledge that any error of her later life was due to her matrimonial misfortune—enough of romance will remain to make her story one of the most fascinating in the history of the stage.

"Is Clement Scott wholly fair in stating that it was from her mother that she obtained her 'North-Country accent'? Would it not be more true to say that it was from her youthful environment? Joseph Knight says that she was 'the daughter of a somewhat obscure actress named Brown,' but he does not inform us that the mother was a Yorkshire woman. Perhaps Adelaide Neilson's histrionic gifts were inherited. The account in the 'D. N. B.' tells so much that the obituary notices do not speak of that I will quote a portion of it:

"'She was born at 35 St. Peter's square, Leeds, on March 3, 1848, lived as a child at Skipton, and subsequently worked as a mill hand at Guiseley. Her father's name is unrevealed. Before she was 12 years of age she used to recite passages from her mother's play books. At the parish school of Guiseley she showed herself a quick child and an ardent reader. She then became a nurse girl, and on learning the particulars of her birth grew restless and ultimately, under the name of Lizzie Ann Bland, made her way secretly to London. Her early experiences were cruel and remain unedifying. During a portion of the time she was behind the bar of a public house near the Haymarket, where she had a reputation as a Shakespearian declaimer. She was first seen on the stage in 1865 at Margate as Juliet. Lizzie Ann Bland then blossomed into Lillian Adelaide Neilson, a name she maintained after a marriage contracted about this time with Mr. Philip Henry Lee, the son of the rector of Stoke Bruerne, near Towcaster, from whom she was divorced in 1877. Her first appearance in London was made as Juliet at the Royalty Theatre in Dean street in July, 1865, her performance being witnessed by a scanty audience, including two or three theatrical reporters or critics, whom it profoundly impressed. . . . As a tragedian she has had no English rival during the last half of this century. Her Juliet was perfect, and her Isabella had marvellous earnestness and beauty. In Julia also she has not been surpassed.'

"When a small boy I saw her in London as Lady Teazle in 'The School of Scandal' in the summer of 1878. Joseph Knight says: 'In comedy she was self-conscious, and spoilt her effects by over-acting,' and, naturally, I am not competent to criticize her performance, but its memory remains with me to this day. In the famous scene where she is discovered in Joseph Surface's room owing to the fall of the screen, no more haunting picture of innocent shame and contrite sorrow was ever revealed by a woman's face."

The Herald mentioned last Sunday Mr. Martin Harvey's revival of "Richard the Third." The Pall Mall Gazette deplored the fact that he returned to the formal pageantry in front of painted canvas. "All the trouble began again—interminable waits between the acts, patience exasperated while scene shifters scrimmage over bits of panorama that do not matter in the faintest degree, speeches made painful to the actor and inaudible to the audience by creaking and scuffling behind the scene, and a 'show' which should have been run through prosperously within decent hours for home-going folk in war time, dragging its weary and cumbrous length before a gradually dwindling house till just upon the stroke of midnight. And what advantage did it all win? None at all! There was a pretty view of the Tower and some vistas of Old London, but it really did not affect the play in the slightest." And so this production was to the critic a justification of the curtain-scene method.

Even in Iceland, the ancient home of the Sagas and Eddas, the Shakespeare tercentenary has not passed unobserved. The most noteworthy contribution is a poem in Old Icelandic metre by the veteran poet, Matthias Jochumsson, who is recognized throughout Scandinavia as the noblest representative of the old traditional northern literature. In spite of illness and old age Mr. Jochumsson, whose translation of Hamlet into Icelandic is a classic, composed for "The Book of Homage" a poem of some 200 lines, in praise of Shakespeare and England. By reason of the great disturbances of mail routes and navigation the packet has only just reached England, but the poem will shortly be published, with a translation by Prof. Gollancz who, in his work on "Hamlet in Iceland," paid a special tribute to the poet. Accompanying the poem is a letter expressing Iceland's congratulations to England on the occasion of the Shakespeare tercentenary, with the fervent hope "God bless Old England!" —London Times, May 24.

Apropos of the performance in London of Berlioz', "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, the Pall Mall Gazette said (May 23): "Music has masterpieces that can never be heard too often. It has others which are best heard on rare and special occasions. To these belong the extensive canvases that Berlioz loved to cover with orchestral paint. It was good, rich color, much too good to be hidden away in libraries. But the lavishness of canvas has an effect similar to that of the class of painting that is seen only in town halls." Of Debussy's "La Mer" it said that the sub-title "Three Symphonic Sketches" has importance. "They are sketches in the sense in which painters use the word, and, therefore, independent of the planning that goes to a tone picture; but just as a sketch will seize some point of light that has no place in a formal picture, these pieces are full of flashes of graphic beauty, some of them so evanescent that they have passed almost before the ear has caught them."

Mr. St. John Horne gave a concert of his works in London May 23. "When a new composer elects to make his bow to the public, with a program consisting chiefly of his own works, he is staking all on a gambler's throw. If he is a genius, his reputation may be made in a day, but if he is anything short of that the penalty is far worse than is incurred when one work is discreetly introduced into a general program. Mr. Horne is several inches short of the stature required to present such a program. He has a fatal fluency of a very trite, facile kind, but practically no resources save that of repetition."

Miss Doris Manuelle sang in London on May 24 a "wordless Pastoral" by Stravinsky. The Pall Mall Gazette said of her singing—the program was a long one—"Her diction suffers a little from being placed where the vowels come, whereby the consonants suffer. The forward method favored by the French leads, as a rule, to a much clearer enunciation of the words. However, the defect is so common that if one chose to be hypercritical one would write of nothing else."

Leopold Stern, conductor and teacher of the violin, died at Brighton, Eng., last month at the age of 87. He was the father of Leo Stern, the 'cellist, who died in 1904, having first visited this country in 1897. The 'cellist's first wife was the violinist Nettie Carpenter, who was born in New York. His second wife was Suzanne Adams of Cambridge, the opera singer. With her he gave a concert in Boston early in 1900.

Lucien Oudin, a son of Eugene Oudin, the baritone, has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery in the field. He is a lieutenant in the 7th battalion, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

Many remember the tenor Constantin Stroesco who took small parts and made much of them in the first two years of the Boston Opera House. He gave a recital in London May 26 and was warmly praised. The Daily Telegraph spoke of his unusual temperament and culture: "Not only is he thoroughly musical, but he has excellent control over his voice, which he can make expressive of many different emotions by the variation of its tone color, and he has a great talent for identifying himself completely with the song that he is singing." The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of his command of minute nuances: "In the quasi intimate surrounding the singer was enabled to extract every ounce of effect, including an insinuating pianissimo that many singers of love songs—and perhaps lovers too—must envy him."

E. N. von Reznicek wrote incidental music of an elaborate nature for Strindberg's "Traumspiel," produced in Berlin in April. Paul Held, a young Russian, has composed a symphonic poem, "Joshua." Some of his works have been performed this year in New York and Chicago. Eduard Levy's Friedenssymphonie has been performed in Berlin. Written in 1915, the music depicts the horrors of war in contrast with the happiness of the peaceful mind. Our peace at any price brethren should persuade the conductors of orchestras to produce the symphony next season.

The Paris Opera, which began matinee performances on Dec. 9, 1915, after it had been closed for 16 months, has given performances of excerpts from Chausson's "Roi Arthus." Vincent d'Indy conducted. At the same matinee the second act of "The Girl of the Golden West" was performed.

A man got up as "Charlie Chaplin,' with the characteristic bowler hat, baggy trousers and voluminous morning coat, was causing some amusement by his antics in a street at Ashford, Kent, today. A constable recognized in him a deserter from the army, and took him to the police station, where he was subsequently sent under escort to his regiment.—Pall Mall Gazette, May 26.

The Church League for Women's Suffrage announced processions in London for June 17 and July 8. In Hyde Park Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was on the program, but with music by Martin Shaw. "Musicus" of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "This I hold to be something of an error in judgment, though I confess that I know not Mr. Shaw's setting. But Mrs. Howe's poem is so universally associated with its original tune, known to us as 'John Brown's Body,' that it wrenches the heart strings of those who have any affection for such life-long association to have the poem and its musical garment separated."

Rutland Boughton's new music drama "The Round Table," which was announced for performance at Glastonbury at Whitsuntide, has been postponed to the August festival on account of the cost of production and the uncertainty of securing adequate male singers and chorus.

In an influential American paper I read the astounding piece of (purely imaginary) news of a proposal having been made in musical circles here to compel public performers to pay a tax whenever they play or sing German compositions, and also to force them to put tax stamps on all such music which they purchase. Really, is that so? Curious that I can hear nothing of this intended move. But I can quite understand the additional statement of the immensely "superior" people who find it "difficult to gauge the feelings that give rise to such a suggestion which causes Americans to smile even while it saddens them." Cheer up, Uncle Sam. Things are not really quite so bad as that. Really, you are nearly as amusing as German wireless if you believe this kind of thing!—London Daily Telegraph.

"The Eternal Snows," a three-act play by Michael Orme (Mrs. J. T. Grein) was produced by the Pioneer Players in London May 28 at the Criterion Theatre. "Once upon a time from a tent on the Antarctic ice a man stumbled out into the blizzard to die that his comrades might have some chance of life. What Capt. Oats did is complicated with a love story. The mixture does not succeed. Theatricality inherent in the love plot pervades all the action. The characters are the current coin of the stage. The dialogue seldom sounds like the spoken word. In this matter the women, indeed, came off better than the men, for they were sometimes simple, direct, and even humorous. Sir Geoffrey Branksin, R. N., Antarctic explorer, had sworn off adventures when he married Jessica. But when he discovered that she didn't like him to kiss her because she was in love with Trevor Curtis he went out on the trail again. You next behold Trevor and him in a tent on the ice. Fuel has given out. Rations are almost out. Brandon is crippled. There is a chance of struggling through, but hardly a chance for two. So Brandon, having thoroughly debated Trevor's affection for Jessica, goes out to die. Trevor came home safe, and Jessica and he were about to marry and live happily ever after when another explorer brought home Brandon's diary. From this Jessica learnt that he had tried to set her free for Trevor Curtis, and was smitten with remorse. But in a little while she discovered that they could marry all the same. They didn't succeed in engaging our sympathies."

To the Editor of the Herald:

Amateur Dramatic Clubs in Boston

There are so many amateur dramatic performances nowadays in Boston, that one wonders at the comparatively few that were given before the civil war, say between 1850 and 1860. I cannot go back to the time when Edwin L. Davenport was a member of a histrionic club before he became a professional actor, but I remember well the Aurora Dramatic Club of which Robert Y. McClannin, so long the "Old Man" in the Boston Museum Company, W. J. Le Moyne, a sterling actor of character and other parts and George M. Baker, the writer of many plays for private theatricals, were members. A rival to this association was the Histrionic Club, of which a young man named Joseph Torrey aspired to be one of the principal lights. He had a vaulting ambition which overleaped itself and was not popular with the young amateurs of his day, which was a time of practical joking. On one occasion, when he tried to play De Mauprat, in "Richelieu," a bouquet was thrown to him, and when he essayed to pick it up it took to itself, metaphorically speaking, wings and flew toward the footlights, beyond his grasp. He did not see that his enemies had got him on the string. Torrey subsequently became a rajah in the far east, where he was evidently treated with more consideration than he was at home. Several of these amateur performances were given at the Howard Athenaeum on Saturday nights, when professional theatrical performances were not allowed on account of an old Puritan edict which made the Sabbath begin after sundown on the last day of the week. The amateurs appeared in the plays of the standard drama, usually, in which the regular players were after seen on other evenings of the week. It was the custom then for the clubmen to appear under assumed names, and I remember that "Billy" McGill, whose father was one of the landlords of the Exchange Coffee House on Devonshire street, masqueraded at one performance as E. C. House, an atrocious pun, to be sure, but we were given to playing on words in those days when John Brougham's burlesques were to the fore. Then there was the Forrest Club, which had a little theatre of its own on Hanover street. The Barry Club gave at least one performance at the old National Theatre with Mathew Jack, a lithographer, as Mathew Elmore in "Love's Sacrifice." He played surprisingly well for an amateur, and I always had a suspicion that he had some experience in a real theatrical company in his native land of brown heath and shaggy wood.

The performance of "Macbeth" by the Avon Club at the Boston Theatre, with James Bogle, another Scotchman, in the title part, I have already alluded to in the Herald.

The old members of the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association used to give, without costumes or scenery, extracts from plays at their rooms in the little court off Tremont street near the corner of Beacon street. It was here Edwin Adams first plumed his wings for dramatic flight, while he was learning a trade which he did not elect to pursue. He was then a sober-minded lad, with dreams of a great career which were only partially realized.

At the Mercantile Library Association, when it had rooms at the corner of Province and Bromfield streets, E. W. Danforth and H. L. Bascom were prominent in the early fifties as aspiring amateurs. They were both afterward in the Boston Museum company, and later Bascom was at Selwyn's Theatre. Danforth died young, and did not attain the distinction on the stage that was expected. Neither did James Dickson Wyman, who was famous as a prize declaimer at the English high school. He essayed many parts at the "Mercantile," and played them with a great deal of fire and feeling, but he never reached the starry heights after he faced the footlights professionally. He began his stage career in Mobile, and acted mostly in the South and West. When Lon Morris of Negro minstrel fame, remodelled the old Apollo Garden for a legitimate theatre, which he called the Continental, Wyman was his leading man, under the name of Dickson. He was the son of Oliver C. Wyman, whose disastrous proprietorship of the Federal Street Theatre is well known, and he was related, on his mother's side, to the Powells, who were among the earliest real English players in Boston.

George F. Ketchum, afterward well known in Boston and other cities as a comedian, was also among the "Mercantile" amateurs, and, of course, there were many others who never genuinely donned the sock and buskin. After the association sought new quarters at the corner of Summer and Hawley streets, near old Trinity Church, Henry Clay Barnabee, then in mercantile business, became a leader among the amateurs, appearing in both serious and comic business. He was the first one to introduce musical selections in the performances, but he used to sing the "Cork Leg" then with as much vim and humor as he did afterward in a larger field of action, when his reputation had become nation-wide. Later came George W. Wilson, who was afterward so well known at both the Boston Theatre and the Boston Museum for his careful, amusing and unobtrusive efforts.

The Sheridan Club had among its members many talented young men who afterward enlivened the exercises at the Mercantile, but all save two have passed away. One of them, who is still happily to the fore, would have made an excellent comedian, for he had an intuitive perception of the ridiculous, but he preferred a commercial career and he is now enjoying the fruits of his labors in honorable and happy retirement.

William E. Sheridan was also one of the old "Mercantile" amateurs, and his success as an actor justified his choice of that calling. He had a fine voice and an impressive manner, and though he lacked something in pliancy, he was always solidly sensible in his interpretations. I saw him play Iago once at the Boston Museum in a manner that gave the rough, soldierly manner of the character its due importance. He did not make its villany too transparent. George B. Ford, who attained much local celebrity as a public dramatic reader, although he never forsook business pursuits entirely, was known, too, as a performer in the exercises at the Mercantile. He was the father of Mrs. George B. Hibbard, who seems to have inherited much of her father's dramatic talent.

There are many more afterward distinguished in the ministry, the law and in business who might be named among the amateurs I have known, but I have only intended to give a passing glance at those who found their life work on the mimic scene, and among them no one gained a wider reputation than Richard Mansfield, the son of Mme. Rudersdorf.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, June 12.

od Word for omas Bowdler, Expurgator

The New York Evening Post of June 3 published an editorial arti- hich might be called a quasi-apol- or Thomas Bowdler, who gave his to a verb used, as a rule, in re- h for pruriency. Bowdler's version hagespeare, by the way, was pub- d in 1818, but the first quotation r the verb "bowdlerize" in the Ox- Dictionary is dated 1836. The Even- Post under the heading "The Man Purified Shakespeare" says as ws:

s was Thomas Bowdler, physician, eler, philanthropist and man of rs, who in the year 1818 published Family Shakespeare,' and with- short time had given a new word e language. As public taste moves wards broader standards of literary riety, the verb 'to bowdlerize' suf- l corresponding degradation. Bowd- n was at first officious meddling a text, then it was exaggerated anishness, then it became a sign tual pruriency in the mind of the r. Needless to say, our own lib- age has little mercy for what it t call the fine flower of Mid-Victo- sm were it not that Bowdler's work done twenty years before Victoria to the throne. Present-day opin- s probably well represented by Rich- Whiteing, who speaks of him in Manchester Guardian as one en- ed with 'a sense of smell for impro- y never perhaps equalled in the ain of letters.' This is flagrant ex- ration even as an estimate of Bowd- actual treatment of Shakespeare's not to speak of the specific pur- which the editor had in mind. It is likely that very many of those take it for granted that Bowdler a man with an unhealthy imagina- who played havoc with Shake- re's text, have ever looked to see how bad his changes were. More that, the impression is possibly spread that Bowdler rewrote Shake- re. Mr. Whiteing speaks of the nar- escape we have had from the ous attempt to rewrite every mas- iece of literature. And yet he quotes Bowdler's title page: ' "The Family kespeare" ' in which nothing is added he original text, but those words expressions are omitted which can with propriety be read in a family.' The Family Shakespeare' was an ion for the use of conscientious nts. 'I can hardly imagine a more sing occupation for a winter's even- in the country,' writes the editor, h for a father to read one of Shake- re's plays to his family circle. My ct is to enable him to do so without rring the danger of falling unawares ng words and expressions which are uch a nature as to raise a blush on cheeks of modesty or render it nec- ry for the reader to pause and ex- ne the sequel before he proceeds fur- in the entertainment of the even- If today we feel no need of such guards for the blushing cheek of th, the principal reason is probably the habit of reading in the family e is a dead institution, certainly the t of reading Shakespeare aloud. t Bowdler knew something of psy- gy is indicated in the distinction raws in his preface to 'Othello' be- n this very act of reading in com- and reading to one's self. 'Othello' plexed him greatly. He could remove multitude of indecent expressions ch abound in the speeches of the rior characters,' but he could not the Moor himself without 'altering character' and 'destroying the gedy.' He therefore chose to deviate n his original principle rather than terially injure a most invaluable ex- on of the genius of Shakespeare.' if there should be parents who nd the play not sufficiently correct family reading, 'I would advise the nsferring of it from the parlour to cabinet.' It is hardly just to heap ualified obloquy upon an editor who s addressing himself virginibus pue- que.

The popularity of 'The Family kespeare' was immediate and sus- ned. There were four editions he- een 1818 and 1824, and at least five er editions in the next 50 years. Ap- ently, a balance ought to be struck ween the good Bowdler may have e Shakespeare in winning him an dience and the harm he may have e in weakening Shakespeare. On s point, as we have intimated, pos- ity has assumed that Bowdler did worst, without going to the trouble looking into the text. Such an ex- ination would show on the one hand, mlet' deprived perhaps of two doz- lines, and 'Measure for Measure' lib- lly pruned of its extraneous and pid indecency, without apparent rm in the second place to the power- scenes between Isabella and Angelo Isabella and her brother, which alone ve meaning to a modern reader. At y rate, it would be shown that Bow- er's hand fell lightly on those plays Shakespeare which are most widely ad; and perhaps the much-abused itor would be found justified by that ry test of survival. Time has done me bowdlerizing on its own account; d it may be that educators and play oducers have been unconsciously elim- ating in the name of pedagogy or pub- appeal much more than Bowdler minated out of a supposed prurient fancy.

"Naturally, if one wants to get at the mind of Shakespeare—and it is very much the fashion to be getting at the mind of an author—not a word of the text can be spared. It is on record that there are readers whose anxiety to get at the mind of George Moore made it impossible for them to read anything but the unexpurgated edition of the 'Memoirs of My Dead Life,' suppressed in this country with a loss to the interests of literature which we will not stop to appraise. Yet Bowdler has had his apologists. One of them wrote:

"More nauseous and more foolish cant was never chattered than that which would deride the memory or depreciate the merits of Bowdler. No man ever did better service to Shakespeare than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children. It may well be, if we consider how dearly the creator of Mamillius (in "The Winter's Tale") must have loved them, that no man has ever done him such good service.'

"This was not written in 1825 by Macauly, but in the year 1894 by Algernon Charles Swinburne. If the author of 'Laus Veneris' could stand for Shakespeare bowdlerized, there may be something to be said for the much-abused purifier."

Shakespeare Made Tiresome at School

Once again, for a little space of time, Shakespeare is about to be buried. Not buried healthily beneath the sod, where his bones may rest in peace, but the mummy of him covered up behind a dusty curtain till the next Peeping Tom shall draw it aside. For a fortnight or more the exhumers have been busy. Scholars, lecturers, litterateurs, play-producers and actors have flung themselves with ceremonial zeal into the calculated ecstasy of mummy worship. It has been a rare chance, a fine piece of comic relief in the midst of an absorbing war.

"Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Now we have nearly done with the tercentenary. For 300 years the world has waited for this occasion. The dramatists who are interested in modern problem plays have combined with the actor-managers who are interested in comic opera scenery, and have made great plans for Shakespeare's and their own advancement in this year of grace 1916. Already there is the expensive site of an unbuilt theatre lying gloomily waste in the wilds of Bloomsbury—Prof. Gollancz can tell you all there is to know about it. What need to recall the pieces of sculpture which our artists ached to produce in honor of Shakespeare? Of what avail to dwell upon those literary tomes which have never come to exist? For this great occasion the European war waited. It has snuffed out the tercentenary chefs d'oeuvre of the expectant scholars, schoolmasters, actor-managers, and other patrons of genius. And we have only been allowed to hear—dimly, through pauses in the other conflict—what they would have done had the omens been propitious."

It has been a Shakespeare tercentenary—that has been the main point for the celebrants. But a tercentenary of what? Not of a birthday, when a glorious genius was born into the world. Not of the day when Shakespeare conceived or began the writing of "Hamlet." No, they have been celebrating the day when Shakespeare the man ceased to be, the day when all his tragedies and comedies and songs were handed over to the publisher, the annotator, the school-man, the interpreter, the producer, the actor, and the "whining schoolboy." They have been celebrating the day when Shakespeare, by his death, began his career of immortality.

And we know what immortality means in England. It means that all the people who would not have cared a tinker's curse for Shakespeare in his lifetime adopt him as their special property after his death. He was honored, indeed, in that epoch when his star ceased to be in the ascendant. For to love him then was beyond question to love him honorably and well. But to praise him now—it has become a profession. Shakespeare is an institution, like the civil service, affording a career for men of talent. It would be an evil day for extension lecturers if the subject of Shakespeare ceased to be educational. For several professors of literature a career of usefulness would be ended if Shakespeare lost his reputation, or were merely shifted from his pedestal. And the textbooks—the little school textbooks which are always being brought up to date, though Shakespeare is dead 300 years—what would happen to them all if we did not keep the mummy high enshrined, to be unveiled and extolled on state occasions by bishops, ministers of agriculture, lord mayors, and other votaries of our national art—when that art bears the imprematur of immortality?

The text-books and the school teachers, perhaps, have the most to answer for. It is almost always possible to escape from the extension lecturers, the bishops, and the lord mayor (with Prof. Gollancz at his side); but if you are a little boy at school you must learn Shakespeare—and especially the notes—you must repeat "The quality of mercy is not strained," though you may relieve your feelings, perchance, by punching little Smith Minor in the ribs. Just as the Bible has suffered from being read and expounded by too many curates in church, so Shakespeare has suffered from too much textual exposition in the class-room.

That is the misfortune of our greatest dramatist. He has been made tiresome at school, and he has been made respectable in later life. He has been "taken up" as a subject by too many mediocre savants who know all about him just as lawyers know all about the law. Actor-managers drag him out from their repertory like Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, to be worn with a suburban sense of propriety on state occasions—whenever a national theatre is mooted, or when a knighthood is overdue. I am not referreing to the most recent honour that has been conferred on an actor.)

Still, I suppose, we can shut our ears, if we will, on tercentenary occasions. The mummy of Shakespeare will have its crowd of fashionable adorers for many a century to come. Textbooks will still be written; schoolboys will still be plagued; young women in England and America will still frequent lectures and take copious notes, and lord mayors will continue to preside. Shakespeare—not the mummy, but the writer of plays—has resisting power enough to resist even this. Though the general crowd, remembering how Shakespeare has been urged on them and talked at them and impressed on them, may be a little indifferent when the professional eulogists repeat the jargon, and may wish that centenary gossip in the papers were more effectually hidden among the advertisements; nevertheless, the book of Shakespeare, like the Bible, is still available, in quiet places, for those who enjoy literature without a noise.—R. A. Scott-James in the London Daily Chronicle.

June 19 1916

A valued contributor writes to the Herald: "I was walking last Friday in a street of Brookline. My eye rested for a moment on an ash-barrel, for it is the custom in that town, as I am informed by one of the oldest inhabitants, to put the ash barrels or ash cans near the sidewalk, not too far from the front door. And there I saw on the top a scrap of the Boston Herald with my name at the head of an article. Was I pleased? Was I mortified? I thought how fitting is this disposal of opinions, comments, also the name of the individual. No doubt the same issue of the newspaper contained convention speeches, party platforms, predictions concerning the course of the war. And it was commendably cooling to pride that the name of any writer should thus be seen. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes! What escapes the waste basket finds its way at last into the ash barrel, and none too soon."

"Class in Spelling!"

There has been talk recently in New York and London about the proper spelling in English of Russian names. Thus some object to "Rimsky-Korsakoff" and say it should be "Korsakov," for there is a fine distinction, it seems, between "off" and "ov." Others would strike out a superfluous letter in "Tschaikowsky," as the name of that composer is commonly spelled, and change the "w" to "v." A good many years ago an audience in Boston was startled by seeing on a program 'Chaikovsky.' Mrs. Newmarch, who translated the life of the composer by his brother, contents herself with "Tchaikovsky." The program books of the Boston Symphony orchestra retain the old spelling. "Borodine" should be without the final "e," which is added by the French to show that "din" should not be pronounced as if it were a French word. The English of late have been spelling "Siloti," the name of the excellent pianist who once visited us, now chiefly a conductor, "Ziloti." Their spelling of "Scriabin" is usually "Skrjabin." What havoc those insisting on "correct spelling" would make with Southey's poem about Napoleon retreating in Russia! The choir will now sing the following stanzas of Byron:

The Russians now were ready to attack;
But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory!
How shall I spell the name of each Cossacque
Who were immortal, could one tell their story?

Alas! What to their memory can lack?
Achille's self was not more grim and gory
Than thousands of this new and polished nation,
Whose names wanth nothing but—prononciation.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase
Our euphony: there was Strongenoff and Strokenoff,
Meknop, Sergs Low, Arnslew of modern Greece
And Tschitssakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,
And others of twelve consonants apiece.

Also these lines:

Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration
Of Londonderry, drawling against time,
Ending in "isolskin," "ouschkin," "iffskchy," "ouski"
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,
Schetsmatoff and Chrematoff, Koklophti,
Koclobski, Kourakin and Mouskin Pouskin,
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoff'd high
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin.

And these were contrasted with

"Several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson and 19 named Smith."

A Russian Hooligan.

As the World Wags:

Some time ago Miss Henrietta Skinner criticised in these columns my rendering into Russian of "hooligan." My long delay in answering is due to accident.

Miss Skinner objected to "chooligan" on the ground that I therein used "a combination of letters which presuppose in them a knowledge of German." She thought it preferable to transliterate the first syllable—which in Russian is composed of the letters "x" (like German "ch") and "y" (the English "oo")—back into the original "hoo." The reason given for her objection were, first, that the "non-German reader" would not know what the German "ch" was, and, second, that if "ch" were used to denote the Russian "x," "we should have to go farther and adopt the German 'tsch' for the sound of 'ch' in choose or chair."

But if I had transliterated the "x" by "hoo," explaining that the "h" was aspirated, should I have made myself clearer, or even as clear? Besides, could I not assume in the great majority of As the World Wags readers such a slight knowledge of German? And as to the second reason, surely Miss Skinner must know that the Russian * * * letter like an inverted "h" which she mentions does not have "the sound of 'ch' in choose or chair," but should be transliterated by the German "tsch." There is one sound, however—the letter looks like a "b" and is called the "soft sign"—which approaches the English "ch"; but universal phonetic practice denotes it otherwise. I might add that the same practice has always required the use of the German "ch" to illustrate the similar sound or sounds in Spanish and other languages as well as in Russian.

It may not be amiss, in closing, to point out one or two inconsistencies or errors in Miss Skinner's letter. Why, in attempting to give the Russian letters for "hoo," does she combine a Russian letter ("x") with an English one ("u," by which was meant the vowel which looks like an English "y")? Secondly, the statement that "Russian spelling is strictly phonetic" cannot be called accurate in view of the fact that the so-called "hard signs" are always silent; that the vowel "o," when unaccented, is slurred until it sounds like the "a" in the German "was"; that the letter corresponding to the English hard "g" is in certain cases pronounced like "v"; and so on. BERNARD SNYDER.

Roxbury.

English Humor.

"Two ladies were exchanging observations on human nature within the ambit of their own experience. "How marriage changes a man," said one, in a reverie. "Doesn't it?" acquiesced her friend. "Take my husband—he used to offer me a penny for my thoughts, and now he often offers me a sovereign to shut up." —London Daily Chronicle.

June 20 1916

'THE SCAPEGOAT'

By PHILIP HALE.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "The Scapegoat: a Romance of Money," in four acts, by Carlyle Moore.

Daniel Halifax.....Edmund Breese
John R. Drury.....Theodore Friebus
Marbury Hilton.....Frederic Ormonde
Robert Telfor.....J. Morrill Morrison
Peter Kine.....George Ernst
William Olliphant.....Hubert Pierce
James G. Benz.....Bert Young
Jonathan Stillwell.....Al Roberts
Jones.....Robert Capron
Mr. Smith.....William George
Bank Messenger.....Albert LeRoi
Dorothy Halifax.....Dorothy Dickinson
Mme. Rollet.....Betty Barnicoat
Mrs. Peter Kine.....Marion Royston

Mr Halifax was chosen president of the Coin Exchange. He had been cashier and should have been happy, especially as he had a pretty daughter, and, according to the testimony of the bank directors, an unusually capable butler. But there was a fly in his ointment. Mr. Kine, a hard headed, cross-grained man, was not to hand over the office of president till the next day and Halifax had reason to suspect that Kine suspected him of irregular conduct. There was cause for this suspicion Halifax was engaged in a fraudulent transaction. Having speculated and lost, he had raised money on bonds that he had taken from the bank vault. Drury and Hilton were his accomplices. It was agreed that young Telfor should be accused of the theft.

Now Telfor was in love with Dorothy. He came to the house and practically told Halifat that he knew who had stolen the bonds. With great presence of mind Halifax consented at once to the engagement.

All this is clearly presented by the dramatist, but his account of Halifax's domestic relations is confused, and in need of a "Who's Who." As far as we could make out Halifax had been married to a woman who left him because he had not been willing to save her father from disgrace and prison by being the scapegoat. The father, a banker, thereupon killed himself. The wife swore revenge. Her first step was to become an opera singer. Incidentally she had a son by Halifax. In the play he turned out to be young Tel-

for. Not belonging to the Incas, not being an Athenian, who was allowed at one time to marry his half-sister, Tesfor despaired of wedding Dorothy. The old Greek dramatist came to his rescue. It seems that Dorothy was only an adopted daughter.

After the first act the play is concerned with the struggle in Halifax's breast. Now he listened to his confederates, now to the voice of conscience. Dorothy, having overheard a conversation and misinterpreted it, led the directors to believe that in accusing himself, Halifax was trying to shield his son. Drury and Hilton lied consistently and inconsistently. The wife appeared at the directors' meeting. When the curtain fell there was the promise of a reconciliation, but did Halifax go to prison?

The play evidently interested a large audience. There was curiosity as to what actually happened in the first of the bank cases and this curiosity was not wholly satisfied. There was also curiosity at the end of each act as to what was coming next. There were two "curtains" of the 'Great God'" variety that inevitably excities applause. The scene in which Kine and the directors examined Halifax and his confederates is the most effective in the play

Mr Breese played the part of Halifax with the reassuring confidence of the actor experienced in routine work. Mr. Erns' gave decided character to the disagreeable and suspicious Kine. Mr. Ormonde as a vulgar, rascally broker aroused laughter. Miss Dickinson was pretty as the ingenue and girlishly ineffective in the emotional scenes. The dramatist had afflicted her with endless repetitions of "Daddy!" The performance was a smooth and creditable one in view of the short time given to rehearsal. Mr. Breese made a long speech before the curtain, and Mr. Moore made a short one.

Mr. Samuel G. Blythe informs the public that in framing the Democratic platform at St. Louis there was a fierce dispute over the question whether "proved" or "proven" should be used. That no one might be offended, the verb "demonstrated" was substituted.

Richard Grant White admitted in the late Sixties that "proven" was then frequently used by lawyers and journalists, but he preferred to rank it among words that are not words. "Those who use it seem to think that it means something more, or other, than the word for which it is a mere Lowland Scotch and North of England provincialism. 'Proved' is the past participle of the verb 'to prove,' and should be used by all who wish to speak English."

It is true that "prove" is a regular verb and should follow the prevailing system of conjugation; but "proven" has been used by Landor, Gladstone and Tennyson. Defenders of "proven" say that it is a case of following the example of the strong verbs, as cleave, cloven, weave, woven. Nevertheless, "proved" is in far better standing than "proven."

White, by the way, objected violently to the adjective "presedential." "This adjective, which is used among us now more frequently than any other not vituperative, laudatory or boastful, is not a legitimate word. * * * The proper form is presidential." He argued at length, but in vain. By the way, has the word "presidentess" been used in this country with reference to the wife of the President? It is not a mellifluous or a sonorous word, but is it not preferable to that snobbish phrase, a shabby-genteel phrase, "the first lady of the land"?

Paint-pots vs. Architecture.

As the World Wags:

When an architect uses in his design material which demands for its preservation recourse to the paint-pot, he is giving hostages to fortune. He may determine the right color, but later the janitor, or his equivalent, settles that question, or leaves it to the man with the paint-pot.

Wheelwright's fine bridge was designed before the general use of re-enforced concrete, so, as the cost of masonry arches was prohibitive, the spans between the great piers are filled with iron. Probably no one remembers what color was selected by Wheelwright, but one may be quite sure he did not select what one sees now. The trusses one color, the balustrade another, and neither having any relation to the color of the granite.

Certainly in all our public work the fine arts commission ought to be given full control over this important matter of color. R. CLIPSTON STURGIS.

Boston, June 18.

A "Villa Knell."

As the World Wags:

Usually at this time of year our hamlet is as free from the suspicion of water as was the state of Kentucky in the good old days of the Bourbon. But now, owing to the heavy rains of the early spring and to the present generally submerged state of the atmosphere, we are fairly inundated, and completely cut off from communication with the outside world. No trains have arrived or departed on schedule or any other time for the past two months. I might add, parenthetically, for that matter they never have; the nearest railroad station being, as the crow or any other bird flies, some 10 miles distant.

These weather conditions have had a most depressing effect upon us all, but perhaps no single individual has felt it more keenly than our local poet, Mr. Phineas Pennywhistle. This overdose of humility, together with the Mexican situation has, if I am not much mistaken, superinduced an attack of water on the brain. Leastwise, judge for yourself, as I am sending you his latest effusion.

EXTERMINATION.

Let Villa and his vicious horde
Exterminated be by sword,
Or, if the bullet be preferred,
See to it that no man has erred
In sighting as he takes his aim,
But be cock-sure he pots his game.
Serve them as we, of yore, served Loi
Till this be done there can be no
Such thing as peace in Mexico,
For Villa, then, the passing bell,
His requiem—a Villa knell.

Before the ink on this sheet is fairly dry word has reached me that they have taken the poor poet to an asylum. May this be a horrible warning to those of similar proclivities!

FRANKLIN HEATER.

Boghollow, June 16.

Back to Solomon.

"W. F. W." writes: "Cardinal O'Connell, at the commencement exercises of Boston College, quoted from an address of Senator Lodge, who in turn had quoted a saying of Rabelais that 'science without conscience is the loss of the soul.' Where is this sentence to be found in the works of Rabelais?"

In the noble letter written by Gargantua to his son Pantagruel, then studying hard in Paris. The complete sentence as translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart runs as follows: "But because, as the wise man Solomon saith, wisdom entereth not into a malicious mind, and that knowledge without conscience is but the ruin of the soul; it behoveth thee to serve, to love, to fear God and on him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and by faith formed in charity, to cleave unto him so that thou mayst never be separated from him by thy sins."

An Oversight.

We have as yet not seen the quotation from Tom Corwin's speech about welcoming Americans with bloody hands to hospitable graves.

What a Falling off!

As the World Wags:

The briefest study of the genealogy of the "native" New England stock emphasizes forcibly what we all know in a general way, that its survival demands abandonment of "birth control" and an immediate obedience to the natural and divine law, "Increase and multiply." A house research among the records lately brought to light a Boston family of seven, born in the earlier years of the last century, who are succeeded in the third rising generation by five children! Another family group of eight in the latter part of the 18th century has in the fourth generation but four descendants! Within similar periods the normal fecundity of other races might have given 15 persons a thousand representatives. THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

DAINTY MUSICAL ACT HEADS GOOD BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

One of the daintiest musical acts seen in a long time at B. F. Keith's Theatre is that of Anna Wheaton and Harry Carroll, the latter the composer of many popular melodies. Last evening there was a crowded house and the audience was insistent for encores. Miss Wheaton is able to convey the intent of the text and there is appropriate facial play without grimacing. Mr. Carroll plays his own melodies with real enthusiasm.

An unusual act was that of Bee Ho Gray and Ada Summerville, assisted by "Onion," their milk-white horse. The most interesting feature of the act is the skill of Gray with the lariat.

William Gaxton and company have a breezy outlet in the farcical sketch, "A Regular Business Man," which goes with the speed so essential to the development of true farce.

Claire Rochester was heard in a group of songs. Her voice lends itself readily to several registers, and she dresses in bizarre style.

The funniest number on the bill was the automobile act of the Langdons, "Kidding and Skidding." Mr. Langdon's style of comedy in its vacuity and the emptiness of his stare is a cleverly worked out conception. His burlesque of the traffic cop is something to reflect on.

Oklahoma Bob Albright was assisted by "Mary" in a group of songs. The singer's imitation of Eddie Leonard was remarkable in its fidelity to voice and mannerisms.

Others on the bill were Claire Vincent and company in "The Recoil," a sketch of domestic misunderstandings; Mabelle Sherman and Arthur Uttry, in a musical comedy act, and Witt and Winter, in an athletic number.

June 21 1916

STRANGE SURVIVALS

A few days ago a man in Pennsylvania set fire to a tenement house owned by him, purposing thereby to destroy a black cat. This cat, he believes, cast a spell on him and in consequence his barn was burned three years ago and numerous deaths occurred in his family. When the man was arrested for arson, a revolver loaded with a silver bullet was taken from him. He said that lead bullets passed through the cat without harming it. His niece also declared that the cat had bewitched her.

Uncle and niece are not Hungarians or Bohemians who brought with them the superstitions of their villages. They are Americans with common English names. The man is evidently a man of property. Yet he believes in mischief working spells and charms against them. To kill a malignant, demoniacal cat he is willing to burn a house down as lightly as the Chinaman in Charles Lamb's essay burned his house that he might have roast pig; to kill the cat, the Pennsylvanian moulds silver bullets.

Every now and then a story is told in the newspapers showing that belief in witchcraft is by no means extinct. Every day men may be seen going around a ladder on a sidewalk, instead of going under it. One of Chicago's greatest hotels, which numbers its rooms on each letter-named floor, has no thirteen anywhere.

Superstitions die hard. Magic, if learned folk-lorists are to be trusted, preceded religion. Old magic rites found their way into religions. Strange beliefs still survive even among pyrrhonists and agnostics. Inconsistencies prove nothing to them. Why, for instance, should the appearance of a black cat, especially a stray one, be welcomed in a theatre as an omen of good luck, and a black cat near Pottsville, Pa., be regarded as in league with Satan?

The Herald quoted a few days ago from W. E. Henley's series of poems entitled "In Hospital." It is with pleasure that we publish this morning a hospital poem by a physician of high rank in his honorable profession. The poem, entitled "The Plaint of the Hospital Water Bug," is in the modern style; that is to say, "borax powder" does not rhyme with "pipes," "by" or "enough." By a stretch of courtesy, the poem might be included in any collection devoted to vers libre:

This place is so darned clean
There isn't any chance
For bugs of any kind.
We simply have no show—
No cracks nor crevasses
No darksome holes at all
To lie in.

Suppose one of our kind
Gets in as well he may
Along some warm, moist pipe;
Here surely one would think
There might be rest and peace,
A chance to breed and grow.
But is there?

Not so—the wretched sinks
That should give food and drink
Are moved out from the wall.
We simply can't get by.
The pipes are good enough,
But one can not eat pipes
And borax powder.

If desperate we grow
And sally forth at night
Probably unconcern,
We come into the glare
Of awful, searching light.
A nurse approaches, bang!
O what's the use.

Alas, dear brother bugs,
We mean no harm at all,
But simply seek our rights.
How long will cruel man
Wage war with mop and broom
And that new frightfulness—
The vacuum cleaner!

These are unhappy days.
We water buga appeal
For mercy—give us food
And reasonable filth—
We claim our place in the world,
We wish to sit beside
Tho people.

Daylight Saving.

Setting the clock an hour forward has not pleased all Englishmen. "Disgusted," wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette about this "mad scheme" which will cause "confusion, endless inconvenience and loss to thousands with no benefit to any one." Shopkeepers will gain nothing by opening an hour earlier, but will lose much by earlier closing. Railways will suffer heavily on their morning traffic, but farming and horticulture will suffer still more by this "new (German) time." "I say German time advisedly, because the most mysterious part of the government's action has been the fact that until the Germans adopted daylight saving, Asquith and Co. showed no affection for it!"

Mr. Mortimer A. Cobb also objects. He swears he will not alter his clocks at home or at his works, "for though our modern Joshuas may say it is noon at 11 (or is it 1?), my stomach is the best guide." Mr. Cobb is reminded of the village of Vondervotimitis, where all the pigs carried watches on their tales. "The fact of the matter is, our vegetarian government is using the nation's extremity to force their various crank ideas down our throats."

Miss, or Mrs., Louisa E. Mercer has talked with working women who, although they were accustomed to rising at 6 or 6:30 (old time), now find it hard to get up on account of insufficient sleep.

"I suggested going to bed a good hour earlier than usual, but one said she did go by 9 o'clock (present time), but it was so light she could not sleep, so got up to do a bit more cleaning, and then felt more tired than ever next morning."

A Celtic Question.

There is still a dispute over the question, was Kitchener Irish by birth or descent. One writer, discussing the point, digresses agreeably by saying that Parnell, idolized by the Irish, was an Englishman without a drop of Irish blood in his veins. Justin McCarthy mentioning this fact and speaking of his mastery as a "Spell binder" over Irishmen, said he had no art of oratory." Parnell was always cold, calm, self-restrained, with hardly a gleam of passion, unless in moments of rare excitement, without a spark of imagination or a touch of poetic feeling." But Gladstone said of him that he knew no man, "who had so completely the art of saying every word he wanted to say—and no word more."

"Honest Injun."

A correspondent recently asked the origin of the phrase "Honest Injun." Notes and Queries asked the question about the same time. "C. Corner" gives this explanation in Notes and Queries of June 3. "The expression is common in America, especially in the West, where I knew it to be current over 35 years ago. I believe the origin to be as follows: Indians are proverbially treacherous and given to lying; hence one would say in dealing with them, and in reply to a statement of their, 'Honest Indian?' Hence, too, it became a colloquialism among whites when hearing a promise or remark that one might doubt, the meaning being, 'Are you in earnest?' 'Do you really mean it?'"

This explanation is not satisfactory, nor would the premise that Indians are inherently treacherous and given to lying be granted by those that know them best. J. S. Farmer's "Americanisms" is quoted, but Mr. Farmer is often amusingly and wildly wrong. He says that the phrase is "an exclamation of address, employed very much as 'old man' is familiarly used in England when the person addressed is by no means of mature age. Though the reference to Indian honesty was at first a sarcastic allusion to the red man's thievish propensities, now, when used as a form of address, nothing derogatory is implied." Here Mr. Farmer out-farmers Farmer.

June 22. 1916

Their deathless attachment to freedom, their aversion to anything indecorous or soft or mean, the practical acknowledgment of the citizens of one state by the citizens of all other states, the fierceness of their roused resentment . . . their susceptibility to a slight, the air they have of persons who never knew how to stand in the presence of superiors . . . the terrible significance of their elections, the President's taking off his hat to them, not they to him—these, too, are unrhymed poetry.

"Presidential Campaigns."

We have quoted from the preface to "Leaves of Grass," the first edition of 1855, Walt Whitman's characterization of the American people. "The terrible significance of their elections." Let us see what another stanch American, Richard Grant White, said of elections in the late sixties.

"The phrase 'presidential campaign' is a blatant Americanism, and is a good example of what has been well styled 'that inflamed newspaper English which some people describe as being eloquence.' Is it not time that we had done with this nauseous talk about campaigns, and standard-bearers, and glorious victories, and all the bloated army-bumming bombast which is so rife for the six months preceding an election? To read almost any one of our political papers during a canvass is enough to make one sick and sorry. The calling a canvass a campaign is not defensible as a use of metaphor, because, first, no metaphor is called for, and last, this one is entirely out of keeping. We could do our political talking much better in simple English. One of the great needs of the day, in regard to language, is the purging it of the prurient and

recondite metaphors which have broken out all over it, and the getting plain people to say plain things in a plain way. An election has no manner of likeness to a campaign or a battle. It is not even a contest in which the stronger and more dextrous party is the winner: it is a mere comparison, a counting, in which the bare fact that one party is the more numerous puts it in power, if it will only come up and be counted; to insure which, a certain time is spent by each party in belittling and reviling the candidates of its opponents, and in magnifying and lauding its own; and this is the canvass, at the likening of which to a campaign every honest soldier might reasonably take offence. The loss of an election is sure to be attributed to various causes by the losers; but the only and the simple and sufficient cause is that more men chose to vote against them than with them; and as to the why of the why, it is either conviction, or friendship, or interest, with which all the meeting and parading, and bawling and shrieking, of the previous three or four months has nothing whatever to do. It will be well for the political morality and the mental tone of our people when they are brought to see the matter as it is, simply of itself; and one very efficient mode of enabling them to do so would be for journals of character and men of sense to write and speak of it in plain language, calling a spade a spade instead of using 'that inflamed English' which is now its common vehicle."

Maltreated Vegetables.

Adolph von Batocki, the minister of foods in Germany, is reported as saying that some people have suffered greatly, "for very few can put up with a vegetarian diet without serious health results." Children were fed on vegetables, "and we found that for a number of weeks they were none the worse off, but later, of course, they became somewhat pale in the face and their youthful spirits drooped." A few days before this the lord mayor of London, opening a "thrift exhibition" at the National Training School of Cooking, said: "I think I should become a vegetarian provided I could get vegetables cooked to my liking. I find there is a difficulty, particularly if my appetite is not very keen, to get well-cooked vegetables. If you can teach people to cook vegetables properly with plenty of variety, I am quite sure you will be rendering great service to the community." Among the cheap food substitutes on view were carrot top soup, pease pudding, pancakes without eggs, gingerette pudding, and carrot top spinach., An Englishman might say of these dishes that they are not half so nasty as they sound. The phrase "food substitute" is not reassuring. It has long been said that the English know nothing about vegetables, which are served a watery tasteless mess. George Augustus Sala years ago wrote articles about English inns in which he found little true comfort and abominable cooking. He was especially violent in his attack on the vegetables. Perhaps many Englishmen are opposed to even a moderate use of vegetables on acocunt of their ignorant cooks. Samuel Butler, naming the test of faith—"Will you do your duty with all your might at any cost of goods or reputation either in this world or beyond the grave?"—added: "If you will, well the ohances are 100 to 1 that you will become a faddist, a vegetarian, and a teetotaler." In spite of this, Mr. George Bernard Shaw admires Butler greatly.

At It Again.

We regret to see that certain genteel merchants in the Bowery are again striving to have the name of the street changed. They suggest "Cooper Avenue!" There are thoroughfares in London named Crooked Usage, Back-alley, Beer-lane, Shoulder of Mutton alley, Hot Water-court, Pickle Herring Street, Bear Garden-buildings, Tweezer's alley, Gutter lane, Houndsditch; but no one is anxious for a change; indeed, the majority of those carrying on business in Houndsditch have opposed attempts to abolish that name.

Improbable.

Dean Inge, in London at the closing meeting of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, said he knew a woman who was introduced to the Emperor William in Berlin. William said: "You had better take the opportunity while you are here of seeing Shakespeare acted. Of course you never have it at home." "Pardon me, sir," she replied, "Shakespeare is acted every year in London." The Emperor answered: "No, no, you are wrong. Shakespeare is never acted in England."

THE EMPEROR'S DENTIST

Dr. Arthur Newton Davis, dentist by appointment to the Emperor William, is now in this country, his native land. He refused to talk in New York about William or the state of affairs in Berlin. It is not likely that he will talk more freely in Pickway—we had almost written Pickwick—Ohio, his old home. A prudent dentist, even if, he has not taken the oath of Hippocrates, keeps his mouth shut if there is inquiry about the mouths of his patients, nor does he betray the confidences of patients, who are never so confidential as during the breathing spells in the chair.

It should be a source of pride to the profession that the Emperor in spite of the furious German press retains an American dentist. A pamphlet might be written about the glorious deeds of American dentists in Europe. In Paris Dr. Evans assisted the Empress Eugenie in her escape. In Berlin of the Eighties two Americans divided in rule the American colony, and one of them plugged and pulled and crowned the teeth of Bismarck, of the foremost generals living there, and of leaders in the court. At Rome a dentist from Maine had the honor of caring for the teeth of King Humbert and his beautiful wife. In Dresden lived a dentist who not only gave comfort and relief to the Austrian court at Vienna, but to Richard Wagner, and in his home the young Siegfried dreamed of being an architect.

What stories could not these dentists have told! The life of Dr. Evans has already been published, but not all that he saw and did. The fashionable American dentist in Berlin came to a tragic end. Many poor students of those years remember gratefully his kindness, generosity and hospitality. Montaigne gave a grotesque illustration of the fact that kings and queens after all are only mortals. These dentists could have given equally amusing illustrations. The hair-dresser of Marie Antoinette published his memoirs; the valet of Maupassant wrote entertainingly and shrewdly of his master; why should not Dr. Davis at some future day tell of the Emperor William in the chair, with diagrams of the royal teeth from year to year?

June 23, 1916

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes that there were never so many weddings in Paris as nowadays. He asks why so many more dark-haired girls than fair-haired find husbands. Then he answers his question by quoting French officials who declare that men do not marry blondes "because they love them too much." According to these deep-thinking officials, the Frenchman believes that a man should be master in his own house. "When a man is passionately in love he becomes the slave if not the plaything of the woman who is life's all to him. One cannot be a slave and a master at the same time, and as despite his romantic temperament, a Frenchman almost always has a solid foundation of common sense to his character he fights shy of the blonde as the permanent sharer of his joys and sorrows."

But not long ago we read that brunettes keep their youth longer than blondes; that a brunette of 40 is fresher to the eye than a blonde of the same age. This depends somewhat on the particular brunette and the particular blonde. We have also read that the brunette type was fast disappearing among native Englishwomen and Americans.

These are grave questions which should be put to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, as the court of last resort.

Descending Frogs.

As the World Wags:

I was pleased to see that there was one man who believed in frogs coming down in the rain. About 60 years ago I lived on the bank of the St. Lawrence river below Ogdensburg (about 18 miles), founded by my grandfather, Col. Gouverneur Ogden. Over across, toward Canada, there was a narrow place on Ogden's Island, where we could see the steamboats and the cars running, but between us were the rapids, wild, tortured, tossing water, where I had seen once a "water spout," as it was called. It was to this that I attributed the fact that after a great thunder storm I saw the sidewalk scattered with small frogs or toads, a grain of corn being larger in size than they. They were equisitely and perfectly formed, almost transparent, and with brownish spots on the back. I am aware that this is considered a fallacy, but, frogs or toads, or scientists, there they were.

MRS. C. M. H.

Boston, June 20.

A Good Old Speaker.

As the World Wags:

The celebration of the John G. Saxe centenary calls to mind the fact that the 100th anniversary of the birth of another sterling American poet, Epes Sargent, was allowed to pass practically unobserved. Journalist, dramatist, verse and prose writer of note, his "Songs of the Sea" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave" are among the most popular of English verse. Born in Gloucester in 1813 and dying in Boston in 1880, he was a lifelong contemporary of Saxe (1816-1887).

His complete series of five school readers, published in 1855, were in general use in the schools throughout the country, and drew high encomiums from such papers as the Boston Traveler, New York Tribune, London Athenaeum, and many other influential newspapers and magazines at home and abroad. There is a glowing testimonial from the Bunker Hill Aurora. When and where was printed the Bunker Hill Aurora?

I have the Fourth Reader in my possession—an inheritance. It is a good book to live by. The malcontent and grumbler may find all grades of sound philosophy to fit each individual case. The disgruntled baseball fan, for instance, should find comfort in the following selection:

"A merchant was once riding home from the fair with a knapsack full of money behind him. It rained heavily and the good man was wet through and through. He was discontented in consequence and complained bitterly that Providence had sent him such bad weather for his journey.

"His way led him through a thick wood. Here, with horror, he saw a robber, who pointed a gun at him and pulled the trigger. The merchant would have been killed, without a chance of escape, but, owing to the rain, the powder had become damp, and the gun did not go off. He put the spur to his horse and quickly escaped the danger.

"When he was in safety he thus said to himself: 'What a graceless simpleton I was when I abused the bad weather and did not rather take it patiently as a dispensation of God! Had the sky been brighter and the air clear and dry I should now be lying dead in my blood and my children would have waited in vain for my return home. The rain, at which I grumbled, has saved both my property and my life. In future I will not again forget what the proverb says:

"Howe'er concealed from us the kind intent,
The ways of God are all in mercy meant."

W. L. L.

Melrose.

Topics of the Day.

As the World Wags:

I read in a daily newspaper account ths other day of an affair at one of our prominent elubs a statement to the effect that the club was "filled to its capacity." Is this a polite expression for the well known condition of being "loaded," and are the papers in these stirring times really put to chronicling such a commonplace happening?

A party of diners at a German restaurant in Boston, having reached the dessert, asked the waiter for a suggestion, and received the reply that a choice assortment of French pasty could be highly recommended. One of the diners facetiously expressed surprise that such a suggestion should be made in a German restaurant, whereupon the reply came that this special lot came from the occupied part of France. M. E. S.

Roxbury, June 18.

June 24, 1916

It is with great pleasure that we publish today a letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent student of sociology. The report that he has been in a Mexican bandit's camp is unfounded. He assures us in a note that there are enough bandits in seaside villages of New England to answer his purpose as an inquiring sociologist and anthropologist. They have prospered greatly, so that they now drive about with auto trucks laden with meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, whereas in former days they plundered his carts. Indeed, it was said of one that he never went into a cottager's kitchen or cellar without taking out more than he put in. But Mr. Johnson waits.

His Early Loves.

As the World Wags:

I was interested in the report that more brunettes than blondes find husbands in Paris. The natural answer would be that there are more brunettes than blondes, but statistical colleagues in France assure me that this is not so. Personally I have no foolish prejudices. I may say with Sir Thomas Browne that I am naturally amorous of all that is beautiful: landscape, seascape, pictures, music, poetry, statues, women whether they be dark, blonde, mongolian or copper colored. I do not wish to vie with Rousseau or Casanova in personal confessions, yet I may say that the great passions of my life shook my soul before I was 14 years old.

In a private school for children I was exceedingly fond of a girl at least 12 years older than I was. She was the daughter of the village yeastman, who drove through the elm-lined streets, blowing a dismal horn. At recess she used to comb my hair with a fine-toothed comb. Suppress the mocking laugh. I was not in need of this attention as was the Spanish urchin in Murillo's pictures. She thus rewarded my adoration, as one pats a dog's head or strokes a pussy. She was not beautiful, perhaps, to those of maturer judgment. In fact, other girls said she had carroty locks. In the great division she would have been ranked with the blondes

She left the village, married, and, no doubt, is now at rest. A tall, scrawny brunette succeeded her in my affections. Eating dinner at her house one day, I found out that she could not endure even the sight of meat, yet she had a wolfish appetite for beef gravy on thick slices of bread. I liked to sit in the parlor of her house in summer. The matting looked cool. On the mantelpiece were sea shells and there were vases filled with flowers. On a centre table were illustrated books, "The Women of the Bible," "Raphael's Madonnas" and the poems of Lord Byron. Between the windows facing the street was a little table and on it a chess board with carved pieces, knights on horseback, formidable castles, stately kings and queens that an uncle with nankeen suits and florid waistcoats brought from the east. The girl was thin and sallow, disdainful, perhaps peevish. A front tooth projected. Yet she was strangely fascinating. When she died at the age of 50, unmarried, she weighed nearly 200 pounds.

The third was a brunette, fond of Copenhagen. (I never could find out why that pleasing game was so-called.) She was tall, overgrown, foreign-looking. Influenced unconsciously by the law that Schopenhauer has expounded, she singled me out at a party in the open air. I was the favored one for at least a year. Our parents laughed, but we were sublimely indifferent to jests. I have not seen her for over 40 years. Some one told me that a widow twice she is still living. Do I wish to see her? Shall I try to learn of her whereabouts? No, not for the world. I like to think of her as she shone in the late sixties.

I regret to say that there is little excitement here over the Mexican situation, or over the presidential election; but there is much talk about the weather. Capt. Nickerson says it is going to be a cold and rainy summer. Perhaps I shall be able to devote myself exclusively to the question: Why do so many prefer to be uncomfortable in the country when they could be happy in the city? This chapter will be in the 13th volume of my colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, June 22.

Tyrol

We must beware of talking about "the Austrian Tyrol" or "the Italian Tyrol" when we refer to the area of Austro-Italian conflict. Mr. Baillie-Grohman, one of the greatest authorities on "the Land in the Mountains," condemns such errors severely, insisting that there is only one Tyrol. He has denounced also the use of the article, declaring "the Tyrol" to be as wrong as "the Scotland" would be. Mr. Coolidge, however, pointed out to the present writer some years ago that, while Mr. Baillie-Grohman's long residence in the country naturally makes him take an accurate Austrian standpoint, "the Tyrol" is sufficiently established in English usage to justify an English author or tourist in using it. And you may spell the name with a "y" or an "i" according to taste and fancy. —London Daily Chronicle.

ALLEGED PLAGIARISM

The Atlantic Monthly recently admitted in an amiable manner that it had published a story by a contributor who had forgotten to inform the editor that the story had been previously written by Frank Norris. The latter's way of telling it was so effective that the contributor thought it would be shameful to change it. A correspondent of the New York Tribune charges Mr. George Patullo with rewriting Maupassant's "Boule-de-Suif," entitling it "Two Sinners" and selling it to Collier's. Mr. Patullo has written many stories of undoubted originality. It is possible he has never read Maupassant's tale; or perhaps he thought he had the right, exercised by H. C. Bunner, of Americanizing the French stories. No one complained of Bunner's work; on the contrary, his versions were applauded. Why should there be an outcry against Mr. Patullo?

Here is another case. A story by Mr. Conrad in his last volume has the melodramatic motive of "A Terribly Strange Bed," written many years ago by Sheridan Le Fanu. In each instance there is an attempt to murder a man for gain by persuading him to sleep in a bed that by an ingenious mechanical device will smother him when he is asleep. The scenes of the action, the characters, are different. The main idea, the thrilling incident, the invention of the horror—these are identical. It is not easy to recall any other treatment of the motive. Does any one think that Mr. Conrad is so

poor in his invention that he deliberately stole from Le Fanu? Is it not possible that he is unacquainted with the work of Le Fanu, whose very name is unfamiliar to the novel readers of the younger generation?

It might be argued that plots are common property; that the success or failure of a novelist or dramatist depends wholly on the treatment. One might go so far as to say that a plot is a negligible quantity. The Greeks, seeing a new play by Sophocles or Euripides, knew the story by heart before they took their seats. It is not necessary to recall the 'thefts' of Shakespeare, Moliere, Swift, Sterne, Reade. The material at hand was within the reach of others. The case of the contributor to the Atlantic admits of no excuse; he copied the words of another and passed them in as his own. But is the case of Mr. Patullo to be lightly described as similar?

June 25 '10

The recent performance of Shakespeare's "Trollus and Cressida" by Yale students reminds us of a singular perversion of a line put in the mouth of Ulysses.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." This line is daily quoted in support of human brotherhood. But this agreeable application was not in the mind of Ulysses. Here is what Ulysses said:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.

When the play was produced in New Haven, it was said that Shakespeare wrote it as a satire on the Trojan war. "The Trojan heroes appeared more in resemblance to Falstaff than to the heroic figures portrayed by Homer. Helen was represented as a fat, middle-aged matron, the explanation being given that this was the only realistic manner in which to represent her, because the Trojan war had lasted so long that even modern beauty aids would have been insufficient to preserve her face and form. Satire was also employed in the roles of Priam, Paris, Mendaus, Aeneas, Agamemnon, Ajax and Ulysses. Till tonight 'Trollus and Cressida' had never been presented except on a cramped Elizabethan stage."

The last statement is not true.

There was a performance at the Great Queen Street Theatre June 1, 1907. The play was then produced by Charles Fry and Miss Olive Kenneth. The Daily Telegraph said the play "formed an interesting but somewhat gloomy experiment." The drama was characterized as "abortive and illnatured." Again the question was raised, what did Shakespeare mean by it. The stage was draped with curtains. This performance was said to be "the first time of performance since Shakespeare's lifetime." The only revival before this was that of Dryden's version with various elaborations and additions.

There was another revival in London at the King's Hall on Dec. 10, 1912, under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society. "There was no scenery of the usual kind, and the performance took place upon a large stage from which the characters made their entrances and exits by steps. Some of the scenes, however, were confined to a small contained apartment at the back of the stage, lighted from the O. P. side." Mr William Poel, the producer, in some program notes, pointed out that there is nothing in the text of the play that justifies its production as a picture of Greek or Trojan life of the Homeric period. He therefore dressed the Greeks as Elizabethan soldiers, while the Trojans were in "masque costumes of Elizabethan flamboyant design."

This performance was an extraordinary one. Thersites wore motley and was impersonated by a woman, Miss Lisbeth Keith. Aeneas, Alexander, Paris and Helenus, Paris and Troilus were also played by women, "a prank which was neither Elizabethan nor necessary: worst of all, the Cressida (not apparently through the fault of the actress Miss Edith Evans) was conceived as an affected, rusee spinster of about 40, who spoke in a slow, languid voice familiar to all too many modern flats and drawing rooms. As the play takes us all through, she should have been everything that was young and fresh and blooming and passionate and convincing of mantling cheek and panting breast. The whole poignancy of the love story cannot but lie in the fact, which Shakespeare had so obviously himself discovered, that youth and beauty in their very first fragrance can be false."

The same critic, Mr. Littlewood of the Daily Chronicle, objected to the scenic devices. "Instead of the straightforward platform-playing of Shakespeare, quickly and rapidly in front of a [illegible] the whole text roughly [illegible] giving [illegible] clearly spoken and as little else as possible, we had a sort of dark seance with all sorts of lighting experiments against an enormous tread of black and purple draperies, now Rembrandtesque effects of warm glow and shadow, now cold streaks of moonlight, footballs, deafened upon a resounding floor, curtains gliding across the whole thing designed in the modernest of modern ways, to work upon the senses instead of upon the free imagination." Achilles wore a soft Elizabethan hat and feather. Ulysses "in sober habit and beard of formal cut, suggested a purely politic Elizabethan gentleman."

According to the Times the critic was tempted to label the play, however anachronistically decadent informed us that Thersites was apparently a Scotchman: Pandarus talked with a cockney twang, and Cressida had a falsetto and a prancing gait.

Another critic could find no authority in the play for "a Cressida looking like a doll, a Troilus stuffed with affectations, an Achilles and Patroclus who smoke their pipes while they talk, a Paris who laughs so loudly and so long in the company of Helen as almost to drown every one else's conversation." The spectators, "like the spider in Mark Twain's story that dropped on a red-hot griddle, 'first exhibited a wild surprise and then shrivelled up.'"

Mr Poet asserted in his playbill that "Trollus and Cressida" was written "with the object of satirizing Chapman's extravagant claims for the ethical teaching of Homer's Illad," also, "to voice the public disapproval of the withdrawal of the Earl of Essex from the court in that year," and he maintained that "it was the author's original intention that the play should be regarded as of a comic character."

The Daily Telegraph thought that Shakespeare in the throes of some conviction of the shame and shamelessness of humanity sat down to write the drama of disillusion of the negation of faith and hope and love. "He set himself to show the world's heroes fools and brutes, the world's desire cheap beyond all cheapening, the great adventures of life a wrangling about filth, and life itself a vile, abominable frenzy. When he had put into the work some of his deepest thought, some of his most consummate art, he found that its logical conclusion was Thersites." No wonder then that the play was left unfinished. "Not in that black poetry could Shakespeare deliver his soul. He turned away to tragedy. The poet who could imagine the exaltation of the agony of Lear had no time to waste on polishing the pessimism of Troilus.' The spirit of this amorphous play is disillusion, misanthropy and despair. "If Swift had been a poet, he might have given us some such play instead of the ghastly fable of the Yahoos." But the writer could not believe that the play was written for the purpose of satirizing Chapman's Homer or with any other intention so jovial. Something was gained by the insistent Elizabethanism of the performance. It presented the play as what Shakespeare really conceived it, "a picture of the world about him—dull, wrangling, bragging courtiers, hysterical amorists, silly light o' loves, and so forth, the Elizabethan London seen by a man suffering from an attack of Welt-Schmerz.

This production of Mr. Poet's cost about $900.

"Troilus and Cressida" was produced in the French version of Emile Vedel at the Odeon, Paris, March 21, 1912. The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph said that the translation was well done, but suffered from word-spinning. "It seems needless when Troilus cries, 'O Beauty where is thy faith?' to turn tho six words into 'Comment peut-on etre si jolie et tromper si indignement?' which is one exapmle out of a dozen I noted." M. Adolphe Brisson of the Temps wrote an elaborate study of the play, "a monstrous mixture of buffoonery, triviality, heroism, lyricism, preciosity and irony." In Trollus are combined the sadness of Hamlet, the ardor of Romeo, the loquacity in metaphor of Mercutio. He suggested to Musset the Coelio of the "Caprices de Marianne." Trollus hated only Diomede; he pardoned Cressida, and the indulgence for an inconstant woman is a very modern sentiment. Shakespeare is always the forerunner. Cressida, this tender and dolorous flirt, tempers the drama. M. Brisson made a special study of Pandarus and Thersites. To him Pandarus has the appearance of a good London citizen, stuffed with roast beef, drunk on gin. Without taste, he has wit. He is a good fellow, most obliging. He is the ancestor of Shaw's Mrs. Warren. He labors, however, for the satisfaction of obliging others. Then, too, he is patriotic; he loves the pomp and circumstance of war; he shouts for the returning victorious general; his greatest joy is to look at the passing regiment. Among his innumerable descendants are M. Joseph Prudhomme and M. Cardinal. His sentiments and ideas on many subjects are praiseworthy. He is not at all a bad fellow. But Thersites sweats envy and hate. He is the incarnation of systematic denigration and jealousy. The court buffoons Triboulet and Chicot, demagogic insulters, providers for the guillotine spring from his loins. By his extraordinarily truculent and copious vocabulary he is the ancestor of cabmen. M. Brisson in conclusion asked whether the public would appreciate the beauties of a work that included an infinite variety of styles, ranging from the epic of Homer to the opera-bouffe of Offenbach, from the tragi-comedy of Corneille to the drama of Hugo, from the vagabondage of Villon to the moonlight of Musset. Ten years ago the Parisian spectator would have rejected this super-refined and barbarous play. Now he hears it with reverence, even with pleasure.

The news of this production in Paris moved Mr Charles Whibley to write a remarkable article which was published in the Pall Mall Gazette on April 1, 1912. The play has baffled the critics who have all been intent to find excuses for it. "Some have discovered in Ajax and Thersites satirical presentations of Ben Jonson and Marston. Others have detected in the play a fixed purpose to ridicule the august traditions of the Greek epic. They burden Shakespeare with an ingenuity that never was his. He did but make a story, which lay near to his hand, and make it the vehicle of his wisdom and dramatic sense. It should be remembered, at the outset, that Shakespeare owed little or nothing to Homer. When he wrote 'Trollus and Cressida' he had not 'heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.' His play was purely romantic in its origin. It owed much to the old fables of Troy, more to the masterpiece of Chaucer. But Shakespeare was no patient slave of romance. * * He is alreadp half-way to the familiarity which the writers of burlesque showed, when they bade the gods of Olympus smear their faces with the lees of yesterday's debauch and prattle in the jargon of the tavern. In other words Agamemnon and Achilles, Ulysses and Ajax are true Elizabethans. They are the men that Shakespeare knew and saw, and though their names suggest the classical dictionary, their speech bewrayeth them of another time and place. Not for them the skimped garb of the Grecian vase.

"One and all they wear the galligaskins. 'Trollus and Cressida' has been derided because it is not dramatic in form and intent. It wrings the heart by no tragedy. It rises to no poignant climax. It is what it purports to be, a 'history,' which desdains the stern and rigid form of tragic art and thinks that it has fulfilled the law of its being, its loosely knit fable is unfolded with eloquence and humor. At the same time it is impossible to conceal or belittle its inequalities of thought and style. It is an odd mixture of love and politics." Mr. Whibley pointed out the many eloquent and beautiful poetic passages, and concluded as follows: "There is one quality which separates 'Trollus and Cressida' from all the rest of Shakespeare's plays. It is steeped in irony. The poet seems to mock at his own creations with a grimness strange to his genius. Not even in 'Measure for Measure' will you match the three fantastic personages, Pandarus, Ajax and Thersites, who comment upon the action of the play, now with a lively contempt, now with a savage ferocity. They curse their fellows, and speak bombastically. They are Shakespeare's own, having no warrant either in romance or in antiquity. If the humor of Pandarus be human and eternal, the satire of Ajax and Thersites is the satire of savages. They in truth seem to enwrap the play in a cloud of darkness, which not even the rapturous love-making of Trollus can dispel. They are enough, of themselves, to set a curious, authentic stamp upon the play and it is characteristic of Shakespeare's overflowing genius that where he is most liberal of his poetry he is most liberal also of his irony."

But what does Mr. Whibley mean when he says that Shakespeare writing this play had not heard Chapman speak out? Chapman printed his translation of seven books of the Iliad in 1598; in the same year "Achilles' Shield," and in 1609 12 books. In January 1608-09 "Trollus and Cressida" was a new and yet unperformed play. "Brave language are Chapman's Iliad.," said a contemporary. Was the "Book of Troilus and Cressida," acted in 1602-3 by Shakespeare, an earlier version of the play as it now stands, or the play of Dekker and Chettle acted in 1599? It is highly probable, as Verplanck argued, that the Shakespeare of the first three acts of "Troilus and Cressida" was acquainted with Chapman's Iliad.

Notes About the Theatre and Music

"Fishpingle," by H. A. Vachell, was produced at the Haymarket, London, May 31. The play is described as a mellow comedy. "A rare bottle of port is drunk in the first act, and the bouquet thereof endures to the end. The nobility and gracious dignity of port may be the symbol of the action. And so we count this by far the best of Mr. Vachell's lies from mere love of lying, and spins yarns with an artistic joy in his own speed and power, is a fine part for a 'rattle.'"

Late last month the players of the Abbey Theatre struck because they were directed during an engagement in Limerick to attend rehearsals of two plays on the same day. Many of the players made excuse for not attending. The manager, Mr. St. John Ervine, gave them notice of dismissal. He says that a new company will be performed and the theatre re-opened in the fall. The New York Evening Post says that "the quarrel is also a political one, the director being rather anti-Sinn Fein, and the leading man hotly pro. As a consequence, probably two companies of Irish players will shortly be in the field, both of which, it is to be hoped, New Yorkers will in due season have an opportunity to hear."

Sir Frank Benson and his wife are going to Salonica to help in a Serbian army hospital. "So many actors have thrown up everything and gone to the front that we felt we ought to do what we could. After talking Shakespeare play. The most effective theatrically it may not be, but there is in it a reality, a power of character and a depth of feeling which ho has not before brought into tho theatre." Fishpingle is butler to tho Pomfrets and a better man than his master. No wonder, for ho was really the Squire's elder and illegitimate brother. Quietly and in a most gentlemanly manner he ruled tho house and shaped the destinies of the young people. But the atory is little or nothing. "What matters is the way it is told and the characters. The atmosphere is admirably real. All the characters are authentic."

Foote's play "The Liar," was revived in London May 29, so that Mr. Bourchier could play the part of Jack Wilding. The comedy, according to history, was more popular when Charles Mathews played it than on its original production. "Jack Wilding, indeed, who for so many years, I think one ought to 'do Shakespeare' if the chance offers." His company will not make Shakespearean tours until next spring.

The Pall Mall Gazette said it would be utterly futile to apply severe canons of criticism to "Daddy Long Legs" (Duke of York's Theatre, May 29), "a very pretty, very simple, very sweet and tender little play, an ideal play for young hearts of all ages. . . . It would be ridiculous to pretend that there is very much skill in construction—one act is practically an inconclusive love scene and nothing more—or anything particularly original about plot or characters. But it is charming." The wonder is that the writer did not say "very charming." He peppered tho preceding sentences with that overworked word. Miss Renee Kelly is "certainly one of the most delicately appealing young actresses that America has sent us. There are little touches of spirituality that remind one often of Miss Annie Russell."

The Musical Courier of June 15 contained a letter from Paris. There is a new operetta at the Apollo, "La Demoiselle du Printemps," with music by Henri Goublier. Florent Schmitt sent a "Chant of Guerre" from the trenches. It was played at the Opera last month. Henri Heugel, publisher and critic, died on May 12.

The Daily Telegraph of June 1 commented amusingly on Cyril Maude's account of his explorations in "the manners and customs of that little-known country, America." It appears that he discovered some terrifying institutions. "In Minneapolis, and also in Minnesota"—does the Daily Telegraph think they are two cities or two states?—"there are established classes under the auspices of a university which promise to teach all and sundry 'the art and technique of playwriting.' To which you perhaps feel tempted to reply, in the language of the great Captain Hook: 'Brimstone and gall! what cozening is here?' Technique probably can be taught, though there be many who do not seem to have learnt it in long years. But art! Who was ever made an artist by attending classes? The most inspiring of professors must fail here.

"What alarms us in the news is not any prospect of rising generations of dramatists in America who will dominate the English-speaking world. There are, we suspect, natural causes which will always keep the supply of capable dramatists sufficiently small. What is to be dreaded is that sanguine people should come to believe that anybody can be an artist by paying a fee and working hard. The Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, we are assured, will teach 'budding playwrights all about the grammar of acting for the sum of £8 a year.' It seems cheap, though the number of years necessary for the course is not stated. And no doubt it is well that budding playwrights should understand the grammar of acting and the grammar of other things, and certainly it is true that they are not always masters therein. Yet the thought of those, doubtless excellent, classes at Pittsburgh disturbs the imaginative mind. There are so many people in the world who think that they can write plays. And if it is given out that you can learn the business for £8 a year there will be so many mere. And what tiresome people most of them will be, and what devastating plays most of them will write!"

The same journal quotes Sir Herbert Tree on the subject of Shakespeare: "He and I are such old friends! All the money I have made on the stage I have made out of Shakespeare." (How about "The Dancing Girl," Sir Herbert, or "Trilby," or "Captain Swift?") "'Julius Caesar' netted me £11,000 in England, and here 'Henry VIII.' is a tremendous drawing card. Why? Listen. I have three guiding principles about presenting Shakespeare's plays. (1) Do them as I think they should be done. (2) Do them as I think the public thinks they should be done. (3) Do them as I think Shakespeare would think they should be done. To these formulae I add: Every theatre should have electric signs in front, and painted captions in the lobbies, bearing the words, 'Thou shalt not bore.' Make Shakespeare interesting to the public, and the public will be interested in Shakespeare."

Out of a short story by Stephen Leacock, the American humorist, Mr. Michael Morton has fashioned a three-act comedy, specially designed for and duly accepted by Mr Cyril Maude. It is to be produced by the latter shortly after

his return to America, and will reach the Empire Theatre, New York, early in October. London, less fortunate, will have to wait awhile for a glimpse of the piece, but if all goes well it will be seen at a West end theatre, with Mr. Maude in the leading character, next May. What that character is the present title, "The Barber of Mariposa," sufficiently indicates. In the piece Mr. Morton gives a vivid sketch of life in a small Canadian townlet, of which the barber shop is hub and rendezvous of local gossips. Here the proprietor reigns supreme, collecting and disseminating news and occasionally even scandal, vastly to his own satisfaction. Mr. Maude will be supported by an American company which, of course, he will bring with him later to London.—Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Legge and Others About English Singers

We quoted some time ago an article by Mr. Robin H. Legge, published in the Daily Telegraph of London, in which he said the careless English diction of so many English singers was possibly due to their having studied with teachers of foreign nationality. He made other remarks. "Cantor" replied, admitting the fact that the art of singing had gone backward in England during the last half century; that singers had not kept pace with other musicians.

"Anyone who is in the habit of attending their recitals must surely admit that the majority of them suffer from one common disability, and that is that, in a technical sense, they can't sing. Many causes have contributed to this, of which the chief is that they do not take the trouble to learn. In the old days a singer thought nothing of devoting seven years to mastering his art; today he grudges three. Doubtless teachers have to some extent pandered to this, and it is no uncommon thing to come across one who tells his pupils that he has so much of the wisdom of the ages stored within his brain that he can pack into three years the knowledge that it once took seven to impart. As a matter of fact, he can't do anything of the kind, though he may be sincere in his belief. There is no royal road to the art of song.

"The rise of music-drama and the art song were, no doubt, largely responsible for this illusion on the part of singers and their teachers. I am, of course, very far from decrying either, but it is a fact that they have done much harm to singing. In the old times, when trills, shakes and runs were the order of the day, the incompetent vocalist could not appear upon the stage or the platform without making an exhibition of himself. In an art song he can generally get through without actual disgrace, and any breaks in his voice or other faults of production are attributed to the fervor of his interpretation, and not to their real cause. Moreover, lack of technique is often overlooked in a singer, provided that he delivers his songs with sufficient feeling, though it is rather difficult to understand why a fault should be condoned in him which in a violinist would open the vial of the wrath of every critic in his audience, professional or amateur. We should never forgive a fiddler who scratched and scraped through Beethoven's Concerto, bungling the cadenza and playing out of tune, no matter how full of feeling his interpretation might be. Why, then, should a singer get off almost scot free? Moreover, I have yet to learn that a fine production, which, after all, only means a perfect control over the voice, can do anything but assist an intelligent singer in the interpretation of other musc-drama or art song.

"As to diction, it is very possible, as Mr. Legge suggests, that the incompetence of many singers in this respect is due to the fact that they have been taught by foreigners. In still more cases, however, it is due to sheer laziness. If their bread and butter depended upon their pronouncing words clearly they would very soon learn to do so. Their brethren of the music halls, out of whose books they might well take a few leaves, never seem to complain of the difficulties of the English language, for the simple reason that they know perfectly well that, if they were indistinct, the gallery would emphatically express its disapproval with cat-calls, hoots, and the whistles that are known in music hall parlance as 'the bird.' It is a pity that the same freedom of utterance is not permitted to concert audiences. The method might seem somewhat drastic, but it would work a wonderful change for the better. A music-hall comedian once informed me that, for a certain indistinctness of utterance at one of his earlier appearances, he was rewarded with 'a bird large enough to take on tour,' and he never forgot the lesson. He is earning £200 a week now. A singer has only to listen to Mr. Harry Lauder, in one of his Scottish ditties, or to Mr. George Robey, warbling a love song most charmingly at the Alhambra—to both of whom he may take off his hat as great artists—to realize that there are no difficulties in the English language that cannot be surmounted. And, to go still further, there is nothing whatever in the art of singing that intelligent singers cannot master, if they only take the pains to do so. The trouble is, that they don't."

Mr. Legge received other letters. One correspondent wrote: "Can anything be more unreasonable than to accuse a foreigner of corrupting an Englishman's English? One might as well expect a foreigner to deprive a Scotsman of his brogue (sic)."

"The writer," says Mr. Legge, "is anxious to know 'where the most correct English is spoken. Is our foreign teacher expected to make a tour of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Dorsetshire and London to perfect his pronunciation?' But the part of the correspondent's letter which chiefly interested me was that in which he holds me up to obloquy for having declared in one breath that all Germans are unmistakably German in pronunciation when they speak English, while in the next I describe Stockhausen as the greatest master of diction in my experience. The writer then proceeds to say that he has followed Stockhausen's methods of singing through a long career, and adds that if that master's methods 'were universally adopted, then forcing of tone, bad pronunciation, voice failures would be unknown.' There I entirely disagree. For Stockhausen (whom and whose method I knew intimately), as I indicated, was a past master of the whole art of the singer so far as diction, interpretation and so on is concerned, but he was a downright bad teacher of the beginner. It was in putting on the polish, if I may use the expression, in the interpretation of a song, that he was supreme, not in the teaching of singing.

"Another writer suggests that 'there would be a marked improvement in English singing if singers declined to be taught voice production by those masters who cannot produce their own voices,' an argument which seems to savor a little of the Johnsonian thesis that the driver of fat oxen should himself be fat. Yet there is something to be said for the argument, nevertheless, since so many singers are purely imitative and can learn only by imitation."

Another correspondent has come to the conclusion that "you will rarely get the best from the artist when he is most famous. I have known and keenly followed many artists who have got to the top of the ladder; but I seldom fail to notice that it was in their poor and struggling days that they gave us of their best. I could name some old music halls and theatres which were noted for discovering such people, and I remember well when in later years I saw those self-same artists at larger and more fashionable places, how much short of their early efforts they were." To which Mr. Legge replied: "There is little doubt that the standard of purity of diction is far higher in the music halls of today than in the concert room or on the stage when opera in English is being sung.

"Still another," adds Mr. Legge, "This last correspondent draws attention to 'Cantor's' perfectly justifiable suggestion, or, rather, statement of a truth, that young singers nowadays do not spend sufficient time over their studies, and that they rush out into the wide world long ere they are fit to take their place in the terrible struggle for existence which must continue while so many of the 'unfit' are mixed up in the struggle. Says this writer, 'No one has yet touched upon the economic side of the question. It is rather an expensive business to learn from a good teacher in England. It would be interesting to know what old Lamperti's terms were at the height of his fame in Milan. What is wanted, I feel sure, is that at the big schools more supervision by the master or mistress should be forthcoming of the purely technical side of the training during the first two years or so. The wonder is that results are as good as they are now when the direct teaching by the professor amounts to hardly more than 20 minutes or half an hour twice a week for about nine months in the year. Joseph Maas once told a friend that when he was in Italy studying he used to sing his exercises every day to his teacher. It is quite certain that if a good teacher took a promising pupil on the old apprenticeship principle and had to pay himself by the after results of his work, he would have the pupils constantly under his eye for the first year or two.' That is precisely what the pupils of Stockhausen were accustomed to do; in the summer his school was crowded by old pupils, well known singers, who visited him yearly to study a new repertoire and to polish up the old."

A pupil of the old Lamperti in the last half of the Eighties wrote that the price of a lesson then was 10 lira ($2); private lessons from 15 to 20 lira. The average course of study was three years, three lessons per week. The instruction was given in open school; all students could attend, thereby gaining experience of others, whether artists or beginners. Singers who came to prepare roles usually had lessons daily, sometimes twice a day. Old pupils, artists of repute, periodically returned for supervision. Lamperti used to hold his school for more than half the year at Cernobbio, on Lake Como, in order that the pupils could concentrate themselves on their work, away from the attractions of city life. Another pupil wrote, saying that he paid five shillings a morning lesson in class and about 10 shillings for a lesson alone in the afternoon. "These morning lessons were exactly the same as the afternoon ones, except for the fact that one had to sing in the presence of the other pupils."

A BOYS' NOVELIST

Edward S. Ellis, whose death is reported from Cliff Island, Me., taught school, wrote histories of this country and of other nations, arithmetics and many books for boys. He was a voluminous author. His complete works number over one hundred volumes, it is said; but to thousands now long past the roaring and dangerous forties he was the author of "Seth Jones."

This story was published as one of Beadle's Dime Novels, which were devoured by young and old. Schoolboys read them hidden behind their geographies. One was published weekly. The publication was anticipated as eagerly as the next instalment of a serial story by Thackeray or Dickens, Wilkie Collins or Reade. Parents frowned disapproval, confiscated the novels after search in coat pockets, then read them after the offender was in bed. And of all these dime novels "Seth Jones" was the great classic.

The novels in Beadle's series told of good and bad Indians, scouts and their daring deeds, mysteries, and, occasionally, crimes, but on the whole they were wholesome, never licentious; nor was any youthful reader persuaded by them to become a crook, dashing highwayman or ingenious burglar. In this respect the novels differed from the yellow and red paper-covered stories of a larger size that were sold at a somewhat higher price. Beadle's series was also more to be commended for their English than those of a rival series coming afterwards with sensational titles, as "Mad Mike, the Death Shot," "Snaky Snodgrass," and with startling pictures on the cover. The publisher, Beadle, had the honor of seeing his volumes reviewed at length by the stately North American Review, and in the article "Seth Jones" was favorably mentioned.

"Dime novels." Even in Beadle's time the phrase was a reproach, yet good men were in the catalogue of authors. The prejudiced condemned these stories because they were cheap in price, yet greater trash was then sold for a dollar or more. Their influence on boys was not pernicious; it might be argued that they were a corrective of the matter-of-fact Rollo books and Franconia stories, with their lessons of prudence and a thrift akin to selfishness. They undoubtedly quickened the imagination, gave the village boy other ideas than parochial, infused in him a manly spirit. Seth Jones was a closer friend to him than Caesar, Alexander or Napoleon; surely a safer model as a hero.

THE BOWERY

It is to be hoped that New York will not allow the famous Bowery to be called by another name. The word Bowery has historical significance. It is a constant reminder of the old New York. It is associated with a famous theatre, where great actors and great singers delighted former generations. The Bowery B'hoy was one of the most picturesque figures in this country. Thackeray, visiting New York, was eager to see one. Their meeting and conversation has passed into literary anecdotage. And now, forsooth, the genteel wish to have the street called Cooper avenue, or some other unmeaning name.

The history of streets is a fascinating subject. The Lazare brothers wrote an account of Parisian streets up to the fifties. Nor is this book on Boston's streets, published by the city government, dull reading. There is now a question whether Back street does not allow automobiles or other public conveyances to enter, but there have been and are other Back streets in Boston. Study of the names of streets in the old business district would teach ingenuous youth much about the early history of Boston. How many know why cross streets from Arlington to Massachusetts avenue were named in alphabetical order, and why English names were chosen.

Time brings in curious corruptions. London is rich in examples. Gutter Lane was named after its owner, one Guthurun. Hangman's Gains, by the Tower, was originally Hammes and Guynes, where poor tradespeople of the two towns were allotted to live after Calais and those places were taken from the English. Dobbins Place: Dobbin for d'Aubigny. On the other hand, Swine's Lane was changed to Swains Lane.

"Bowery" should remain. Street and name have long been known throughout the land. If there is talk of Peter Cooper for its patron saint, he already has his monument. Even philanthropists are quickly forgotten. A Cooper street might suggest to a visitor twenty years hence a thoroughfare once populated by those associated with hogsheads and bungs. Is it possible that in a few years the song in Hoyt's comedy will require laborious annotation?

June 26. 1916

We advise any young man eager to enlist for military service in Mexico to read the stories told by Robert Tomson, John Chilton and Henry Hawkes of their adventures in that country in the latter half of the 16th century, also the discourse written by one Miles Philips, Englishman. It seems that the mosquito "doth most follow such as are newly come in to the country." The invader should beware of a "monstrous kind of fish, which is marvellous ravening, and a great devourer of men and cattle." Found in many rivers and standing waters, "he is wont to sleep upon the dry land many times, and if there come in the meantime any man or beast and wake and disquiet him, he speedeth well if he get from him. He is like unto a serpent, saving that he doth not fly, neither hath he wings." Let the stranger avoid "a certain kind of wine which they make with honey of Magueiz, and roots, and other things which they use to put into the same. They call the same wine Pulco. They are soon drunk, and given to much beastliness and void of all goodness."

Perhaps some youth from Massachusetts will make a discovery that has long baffled explorers and geographere. "The Spaniards have notice of seven cities which old men of the Indians show them should lie towards the northwest from Mexico. They have used and use daily much diligence in seeking of them, but they cannot find any one of them. They say that the witchcraft of the Indians is such that when they come by these towns they cast a mist upon them, so that they cannot see them. They have understanding of another city which they call Copella; and in like manner they have used much labor and diligence in the seeking of it; they have found the lake on which it should stand, and a canoa, the head whereof was wrought with copper curiously, and could not find nor see any man nor the town which to their understanding should stand on the same water, or very near the same."

Yet some of the Spaniards were not then contented in Mexico. Mr. Hawkes tells of being in company with one Diego Gutieres, who was the first pilot that ever went to the Philippine Islands. "He maketh report of many strange things in that country, as well riches, as other, and saith if there be any Paradise, upon earth, it is in that country; and addeth that sitting under a tree, you shall have such sweet smells, with great content and pleasure that you shall remember nothing, neither wife nor children, nor have any kind of appetite to eat or drink, the odiferous smells will be so sweet."

Thankful Mr. Bolivar.

Some time ago Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly complained that he could not obtain any butternuts in shops or markets of Boston. Within a few days afterwards three or four packages of these nuts were sent to the Herald office. They have been forwarded to Mr. Bolivar, who now thanks the givers through this column. He has answered two by letter, but unfortunately he mislaid the address of a third. He sends Mr. Juglans Cinerea of Athol his greetings.

A Stick in Ours.

We are invited by a circular to purchase patent rocket bombs, stickless rockets, for the Fourth of July. They have names, or "effects," and among them we find "Mme. Du Barry" associated with "Fiery Wagglers" and "Whistling Coon." What is Mme. Du Barry doing in that gallery? "After years of experimenting we have succeeded in producing a rocket without a stick." But we prefer rockets with a stick, if only out of respect for the proverb. Then there is the joyful anticipation of hitting a neighbor's roof, or possibly the neighbor, with the stick.

Early Mexican Skill.

Herrera stated "that one of the cursed customs of the Mexicans was to distort the limbs of children, and break their backs, in order to make court-

monsters of them." Was this statement true? Did the early Mexicans indulge in the ingenious practices of the "Comprachicos described by Victor Hugo in "The Man Who Laughs"? Some have pooh poohed Hugo's description and dubbed it sheer romance.

A Learned Preacher.

The amusing blunder into which he may fall who attempts to translate from one language to another without a thorough mastery of the idioms of both are exemplified by the preacher who, wishing to make a good impression upon a few Englishmen who he knew were among his auditors, startled their ears by his rendering of the familiar text of the Vulgate: Spiritus quidem promptus est, caro autem infirma, as "The ghost indeed is wilful, but the meat is not strong."—London Daily Chronicle.

June 27. 1916

The rainy June, we learn, is the fault of the saints, nor are complaints confined to the states east of the Mississippi. In England the grumblers are reminded that Saint Medard, Saint Gervais and Saint Protais, whose festivals fill in this month, are notorious bringers of rain. The English who name Saint Faustus and quote Belgian folk lore in which Faustus says to Medard "Barnabus and Vitus are my neighbors, and together we will give the folk a good washing till Frederick the Hollander (July 18) comes and closes the doors of heaven." This Saint Medard was out with a large party one hot summer day. There was suddenly a violent down-pour. All were drenched except the saint. An eagle fluttering about his head served as an umbrella until Medard arrived home.

As He Sees It.

As the World Wags:

A bit of gossip from the Goths. Is it true that in Boston one must first die to be born? Formerly only Mayflowers were convincingly born. Now the death columns of certain Boston dailies are adding new pages to the Almanach de Gotha of Massachusetts.

One more sip from the Pierian Spring. Is Boston Common the morgue for the Sunday newspapers? On Sunday evening the grass is positively yellow with derelicts. They seem already to have been sat upon, so I shall not add the weight of my disapproval.

But the trees which contributed their pulp to the making of these outcast rags may well sigh with Hans Andersen's firtree, "Vorbei! Vorbei!"

Boston. G. HAUSHALTER.

The Open Road.

The Herald this morning says that Hughes "is winning in a walk over Wilson." Then Mr. Hughes must be "some" walker. Less than a week ago the Herald noted that President Wilson in the preparedness parade in Washington covered "a mile and a half in 15 minutes." I don't believe that was ever done before, even by a professional pedestrian. To cover a mile in 15 minutes is very good work for a young man in fine fettle. He must make 128 paces a minute of 33 inches to the pace, or a bit over 350 feet a minute.

Let any one try covering 350 feet in a minute, and then try to increase that to 525 feet a minute. I don't know the professional records, but I am ready to make a good bet that it cannot be done without breaking into a trot. Nevertheless I presume some twentieth-century Weems will place this yarn about the President's pedestrian prowess in the record for future generations to gape at. W. E. K.

Boston.

Capt. Barclay's first noteworthy feat was walking six miles in an hour, "fair toe and heel." This was in his 15th year.—Ed.

A Few Inquiries.

As the World Wags:

The following is in volume 1 of "The American Gazetteer" (London 1762): "Bristol, a county and town in New England. The capital is remarkable for the King of Spain's having a palace in it and being killed there, and also for Crown the poet's begging it of Charles II." This same statement is also in the sketch of Bristol given in "The North-American and the West-Indian Gazetteer" (London 1776).

Please explain in what capital (that is, the capital of what) it was that a King of Spain had a palace and was killed, what King of Spain it was; who the poet Crown was; and what it was that he begged of Charles II.

Brookline. INQUIRER.

The Dunderbeck Song.

As the World Wags:

In the days of my youth we used to sing, to the tune "The Ram of Derbytown," as follows:

I.

There was a fat old Dutchy man, his name was Dunderbeck,
He was very fond of sauerkraut and sausage meat and speck;
He kept the finest butcher shop that ever man had seen,
And he took him out a patent on his sausage-meat machine.

Cho.

Oh! Dunderbeck, oh! Dunderbeck, how could you be so mean?
Aren't you sorry you ever invented your wonderful machine?
For long tailed rats and pussy-cats no longer will be seen,
For they'll all be ground to sausage-meat in Dunderbeck's machine.

II.

One day a little boy came walking in the store
To buy a pound of sausage meat and eggs a half a [illegible]
And while he was a-waiting there he whistled up a [illegible]
And the sausages began to hop and dance around the room.

The third stanza was essentially like that given by "Tuneful Tim," but in the chorus following it we changed the third line to

For rats and cats and Dunderbecks no longer will be seen.

I don't know that I ever saw this classic song in print, and hope some one will supply more verses if they exist. WATCHFUL WAITER.

Brookline.

As the World Wags:

My esteemed older brother used to put me to sleep by singing the Dunderbeck song as long as 20 years ago.

Cambridge. IRA C. FROST.

I.

There was a little Deutscher man,
His name was Dunderbeck
And he was fond of sausage,
And sauerkraut and speck.
He kept a great big butcher shop,
The biggest that ever was seen,
And he got out a patent
For making sausages by steam.

CHORUS.

Oh, Dunderbeck, oh, Dunderbeck,
How could you be so mean,
Some day you will be sorry
For inventing that machine,
For pussycats and long tailed rats
No longer will be seen
For you grind them into sausage
In the Dunderbeck machine.

II.

One night the machine got out of whack,
And quite refused to go.
Old Dunderbeck he climbed inside
The reason for to know.
His wife she had the nightmare,
And walking in her sleep,
She gave the crank a hell of a yank,
And Dunderbeck was meat.

CHORUS.

Oh, Dunderbeck! Oh, Dunderbeck!
How could you be so mean,
I told you you'd be sorry
For inventing that machine.
Now pussycats and long tailed rats
Are very often seen,
For Dunderbeck is sausage,
In the Dunderbeck machine.

War Notes.

We invite the attention of Mr. Henry Ford to the case of an English Christian Scientist who has been granted noncombatant service. He declared that he was opposed to violence and said: "Though I have given up fishing as a sport, I am not a vegetarian. Christ prepared fish for his disciples, and partook of it himself. He preached nonresistance and rebuked his disciples for taking the sword." This "pacifist" wrote a book in 1907 in which he set forth, he said, the highest possible idealism. All violence is wrong, and life is purely spiritual and metaphysical.

Also to the case of a young, unmarried Jew who claimed exemption on the ground that he was a minister of religion and physically unfit. He strenuously denied that before he went to be medically examined he put drugs on his head and face to develop skin disease.

The Glasgow Herald tells of the captain of a cruiser which had something to do with the destruction of a Zeppelin. He referred his brother officers who congratulated him on his success to Hymn 224, last verse:

O, happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

NONETTE SINGS AND PLAYS AT B. F. KEITH'S

A striking novelty is the act of Nonette at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large and appreciative audience. The performer is interesting from many viewpoints—whether as fiddler, singer or beautiful woman. As an instrumentalist she excels. Her tone is full and virile. Her execution is sure. Her voice is pleasing and she does not attempt songs beyond her ability.

Craig Campbell, the Scottish tenor, was heard in a group of songs. His program was varied and there were two request numbers. The singer was especially at home in his songs of the heather, and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" was given with spirit. He was no less interesting in Canio's lament from "I Pagliacci." Hector McCarthy, at the piano, added to the pleasure of the performance both as an accompanist and in his solo number.

Other numbers on the bill were Joe Boganny's Lunatic Bakers in the riotous acrobatic act, "Fun in a Bakehouse;" Harry Adler and Anna Arline in a burlesque hypnotic act; Joe Keno and Rosie Green in a dancing and comedy act; Redford and Winchester in one of the best juggling acts seen at this theatre in a long time; Emile Subers in a burnt cork monologue, the [illegible] Norvelles in an acrobatic act, and Billy B. Van and the Beaumont sisters in a listless and unconvincing farce.

June 28. 1916

It might be well to publish poems inspired by the first war with Mexico, beginning with Walt Whitman's description of the massacre at Alamo as a prelude. There is Longfellow's "Victor Galbraith"; there is the poem of Monterey by Charles Fenno Hoffmann. Even an unjust war has stirred the fancy of poets since the world began.

Cervantes' Arm.

The New York Times magazine of June 25 published this paragraph: "Those who personally know Obregon lament his misfortune"—his right arm destroyed by a shell in battle—"as something which has come to destroy the harmony of a strong and virile man, while others consider mainly the honor gained by his loss in the same manner that the Soldier of Lepanto, Cervantes, dismissed with a joke the mourning over the loss of his left arm, sacrificed 'for the greater glory of the right.'"

Did Cervantes lose an arm at the battle of Lepanto? A correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle says that the statement is incorrect. "The common mistake, as Mr. H. E. Watts and other authorities have pointed out, is due to forged portraits and fraudulent statues. The use of his wounded left hand was never fully recovered, as he himself says, 'El movimiento de la mano isquierda'—that is to say, he lost the movement, or use, of the hand. It is, moreover, obvious that he could not have served for four years as an infantry soldier after the total loss of a hand. There is, as a matter of fact, no portrait of Cervantes that can be proved to be contemporary, and only one for which any plausible evidence at all can be produced. So that we must be satisfied with his own description of himself as given in the prologue to the 'Exemplary Novels.'"

In Sunday School.

The Reformed Church Review of Lancaster, Pa., finds fault with the modern church for "sapping its best life blood by a widespread system of secularization." It gives this example, a shocking example in the reviewer's eyes: "A child returning home from Sunday school recently was asked by its mother the subject of the lesson. It was how to keep the streets clean. Another Sunday kindness to dumb animals furnished the subject of the lesson, and this was in a graded Sunday school up to date."

Were not these lessons valuable? Was there a more fitting place in which to teach them? We remember the foolishness taught in the Sunday school of the Old Church in our boyhood: how amiable young women endeavored to amuse restless boys by telling them stories with a namby-pamby moral; how men in the congregation crammed hastily on Sunday morning the notes of the Rev. Albert Barnes on a chapter of a gospel, and repeated them in a confused and inaccurate manner to the older boys. It has been stated that the good Mr. Barnes wrote his notes before breakfast, for he was an early riser. These teachers read them after the Sunday breakfast when they were full of codfish balls, beans and doughnuts; read them, too often, without understanding. What surprising things were told us in that Sunday school! What a wealth of misinformation, geographical, zoological, botanical and ethical, was poured out! Meanwhile we fidgeted, impatient for the distribution of Sunday school books, hoping we would draw "Tim the Scissors Grinder," "Irish Amy," or the thrilling story of the circus girl that died young after her conversion of the profane ringmaster and her calling the Shakespearian clown to repentance.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

Names of towns in New York state, as Troy, Pompey, Ilion, Palmyra, Utica, Syracuse, excite the amusement of the intelligent foreigner passing across the state. It was not merely the ease of a classical schoolmaster abroad. The explanation has often been given. But who named streets in Liverpool and neighboring townships? Homer, Juvenal, Cicero, Virgil, Hood, Keats, Kingsley, Kipling, Addison, Ben Jonson, Burns, Carlyle, Chaucer, Dryden, Tennyson and so on; streets named after Dickens's men and women, Copperfield, Dombey, Dora, Micawber, Nickleby. Scott is not unhonored. As for Shakespeare, there are Hero, Beatrice, Rosalind, Celia, Macbeth, Duncan, Lear, Malcolm, Helena, Miranda, Portia, Orlando, Othello, Romeo streets. What a pity that Mr. Herkimer Johnson did not, or does not, live in Liverpool. An avenue, not a street or lane, would now bear his name. As it is, there is not even a memorial tablet on his birth house; for he was born in a house, a brick house, long before apartment houses were known in this country, and so the identification of the sacred spot would be the easier.

For "W. L. L."

As the World Wags:

I am happy to inform "W. L. L." that the Bunker Hill Aurora was published for many years in Charlestown, and that there is a bound set of volumes, containing, I believe, a full file of the paper, in the Boston Public Library.

Boston. E. S. H.

June 29. 1916

Hope is the greatest of our follies. If this is well understood, any happiness that comes to us is a surprise. In this prison called life, which we leave one after another to go to death, one cannot count on any promenade or any flower. Hence the smallest bouquet, the tiniest leaf delights the eye and the heart. A peaceful despair, without the convulsions of anger, without reproaches to heaven is wisdom itself. And so I thankfully accept all days of pleasure, even any day that does not bring to me grief or misfortune.

Week-End Boredom.

As the World Wags:

As a sociologist I was interested in the account of the sprightly young woman who will be engaged this season to amuse guests at country houses, guests of a week, a fortnight, or visitors for only a week's end. This young woman, I read, will minister knowingly to the wants and whims of each guest. If Jones wishes to spend a day fishing she will see to it that he is thoroughly equipped, from rod, hook and bait to luncheon. She believes that as a rule hostess and host, their children, and the guests themselves suffer indescribably from boredom. It will be her object to "keep things moving." Not that she herself should be as active as the undesirable person known as "the life of the ship," for she then would be a bore beyond endurance. It will be her duty to see that others are busy, each according to his taste. If Robinson prefers to stay in his chamber except at meals and for an hour or two in the evening, she will see that he has his preferred books, detective stories, a French novel, Someone's Memoirs. Nor will she be so indiscreet as to inquire how he likes the book or to hint that he has slept instead of read. Through her vigilance Brown who dislikes automobiling will be allowed to play golf with an inferior player or take a walk alone. There will be no enforced gregariousness. Chatterers will be herded together without their knowing it. Smith, who is fussy about tobacco, will not be obliged through mistaken courtesy to smoke his host's cigars. And this gifted maiden will dance exotic dances either on the lawn or in the drawing room for young Golightly, who is passionately fond of musical comedies and "interpretative" dancing.

Voltaire's Huron would say: "Why do the Ormolus invite persons to visit them if these visits bore them? Why do Jones, Robinson, Brown, Smith and young Golightly, wedded or bachelors, visit the Ormolus if they are so easily bored?" Only a Huron would ask these questions.

It is said that Alfred de Vigny made boredom a point of honor. "It was necessary that he should be bored; it was a sort of superior duty." He wrote in his journal: "I have understood the phrase 'to amuse oneself' as applicable only to some game for children or for beings who do not think." Long before him a noble dame of his country spoke of the ennui felt by every person of high birth and breeding. Even Harun al-Raschid was oppressed by the tedium of the East, so that he summoned tellers of stories in the night watches or sallied forth disguised, seeking adventure, playing the part of Peeping Tom.

Hosts and guests are in need of some one to contrive and direct amusements so that they will not be bored! This is a sad commentary on our social life. As I grow older I wax tolerant. There was a sea captain down here who insisted on telling a long winded yarn which began: "The last time I was at Surinam." I used to avoid him. Before he died I would invite him to spin the yarn. I now understand M. Barres saying that he likes boresome books of a certain quality, and Remy de Gourmont adding that the thing which he needed least in the world was diversion.

This young lady who has danced nimbly in music halls of Paris and elsewhere might institute reforms in certain country houses. Probably one reason why guests are bored is that they are inwardly uneasy, wondering with how small fees to the servants they can leave on Monday with decency. If the host consents to guests feeing his servants and has not the courage to post the scale of fees from butler to boots in the bedchambers, or, say, in the entrance hall near the tall clock or a suit of armor, the young lady should inform each guest, taking into consideration the respective social and pecuniary positions. A hasty glance in Ferguson's valise might induce her to say: "Never mind the servants, Mr. Ferguson; Mr. Ormolu pays them high wages." The last time I visited Ormolu I gave the chauffeur who drove me to the station an order on the printer for the first volume of my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast." He thanked me warmly and said that he had made a specialty of economics in college. I also handed him a cigar, but he called my attention to the fact that the wrapper was cracked.

The New York Evening Post of June 24 published an editorial article entitled "Fifty Years of 'Sociology'." I find many names therein: Sanborn, Small, Sumner, Giddings, Harper, Spencer, Letorneau, Comte, Schaeffle, but I am ignored, although I am a corresponding member of the leading European societies. This does not vex me. As Walter Savage Landor remarked of his own name in literature, I shall dine late, but the dining room will be well lighted and the guests select, though few. Alas! I quote from a memory that is no longer sure. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, June 27.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

There are some who firmly believe that the uncommon fall of rain for the last months has been due to the constant firing of great guns in the war. They possibly remember that in one of the later versions of "1492" a comedian discharged a pistol in the air. Immediately the stage grew dark and there was a smart shower. The idea is an old one. It was expounded in 1738 by John Pointer, M. A., rector of Slapton, in "A Rational Account of the Weather." "Since the Invention and Firing of so much Gunpowder in times of War * * * I cannot but think that the Elements are much alter'd, and that we have had Greater Rains of late years than ever were known in former Ages; and therefore I cannot but attribute these Great Rains to the vast Quantities of Sulphur and Nitre occasion'd by the continual explosions of such prodigious Quantities of Gun-powder in Time of War. For these great Quantities of Sulphur and Nitre arising from the Explosion of Gun-powder (besides the ordinary Quantities of Sulphur and Nitre arising from the Exhalations out of the Pores of the Earth, together with the constant Vapors arising from the Seas and Rivers) do naturally produce great Rains of themselves, or else Thunder and Lightning continually attended with Great Rains, and that not only immediately but for several Days and Weeks after. Which plainly shews there is a natural Disposition in Sulphur and Nitre to produce Rain, and any one knows that Sulphur and Nitre are dissoluble in Water, and when they are embodied in a Watry Cloud; or however, it is a Matter of Fact that Rain is the constant Concomitant of Thunder and Lightning which are caus'd by Sulphur and Nitre. We may call to mind (some of us) that Great Rains were in the Time of the late Civil Wars. We may easily remember the continual Wet Years we had during the late twelve Years Campaign in Flanders, besides those occasion'd by Wars likewise in several other Parts of the World at the same time. We may still more easily remember the Wet Summers during the late Wars in Poland and Italy, &c., when at one single siege there were at least 5000 Bombs fir'd off, many of them 500 lb. Weight, and 10 lb. of Powder generally used in firing off each single Bomb. The great Quantities of Powder exploded in the aforesaid Wars must needs surely alter the Elements and be the Occasion of more than ordinary Rains. For nothing can be the material Cause of Rain but Sulphur and Nitre, and the more the Clouds are supply'd with this Matter, the more the Earth will be supply'd with it, and consequently by a reciprocal Motion of Ascension and Descension we may (I think) reasonably account for the unusual Temperature of the Air and the Unseasonableness of the Weather."

Mr. Carrick's Question.

As the World Wags:

Can the world pause in its wagging to set me right, either through its editor or some of its omniscient staff, as to the proper terminology of a few of the many "phobias," with one at least of which nearly every mortal is afflicted? We have claustrophobia and agoraphobia, the terror of being in an enclosed or an open space, respectively; hydrophobia, the fear of water, confined largely to mad dogs and southern colonels, etc. There are many others—that very common one, for example, the fear of ascending or looking down from a high altitude, fear of the dark, and that singular "phobia" not so often met with, the fear and detestation of cats. What are the correct terms for these and similar folk-fears?

To pass to an entirely different question, what does Bernard Shaw mean when in a serious study of the Irish Revolution he asserts that there are no "Celts" in Ireland, but many Iberians? The Iberians we know, of course; but what of Celt-Iberians, a familiar term? To divorce Celt and Irish is a rude and disturbing act; it will fall with particular hardship upon editors, who (if Shaw is right, and he speaks as an Irishman) can no longer indulge in platitudes upon the "Celtic temperament," etc.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Plymouth, N. H.

The largest dictionaries often disappoint; the smaller are often useless. Under "phobia" all "phobias" should be listed in alphabetical order. Would "G. B. S." say that Debussy's "Iberia" is necessarily Irish music?—Ed.

To Be Heard Standing.

As the World Wags:

I recently listened to a conversation in which it was maintained that American audiences should stand when "America" is played.

My own belief has been that, inasmuch as "The Star Spangled Banner" is officially our national air, for it alone is reserved the homage of rising when its strains are heard. Though there are many of us who prefer "America" to the Key lyric and the somewhat unsingable old air to which its words are set, I had thought that to "America" should be paid that deference and no more than that which we give to our other patriotic songs, to "Hail, Columbia," for example, or the too-little-known "American Hymn."

Many of us are inexcusably ignorant regarding this matter. Will you not set us aright?

WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

As "The Star Spangled Banner" is officially the air of the United States, people should stand when it is played if they think that by so doing they pay respect to their country and show themselves zealous patriots. We doubt if many that stand can recite the first verse correctly, or give the first line of the second verse. The English rise when "God Save the King" is played or sung, but the tune is our "America," the tune of the Saxon national air, also of Danish and Prussian patriotic songs. The tune "America" might be called a hyphenated air. Mr. Denghausen of Boston has composed a new tune for the words, and made slight changes in the text. To our mind the most characteristic tune among our national airs is "Dixie"; yet some have said that Dan Emmett, the composer, made use of an old Irish air. This "old Irish air," however, has never been named by those who would rob Emmett of the glory.—Ed.

War Notes.

A foreign newspaper states that Germans are endeavoring to extract from peanuts a substitute for olive oil. Months ago the Vossische Zeitung of Berlin praised the cherry stone in an article half a column long, saying that as salad oil was not to be had in many parts of Germany the cherry stone was recommended as containing oil of a character that required only slight treatment to furnish an excellent substitute. From what was salad oil made in our student days in Berlin? "Fresh eggs" had evidently crossed the Alps, but the olive oil of those years—never.

Some cheerful soul has proved by statistics that sailors in a sea fight "enjoy comparative immunity even under the awful conditions of modern gunfire, as long as their vessel remains afloat." In the last battle 94 out of 704 were killed and wounded on the Warrior which did not sink until she had been towed some distance from the firing line, while the Black Prince, with a similar crew, went down under fire, with a total loss. The Invincible in the battle of the Falklands was hit 23 times, but not one of the 950 men was killed or wounded. Nevertheless, being of a shrinking, retiring nature, we should prefer to be on land during one of these encounters, planting cabbages or even with some one kicking us, as Panurge put it.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

The patriotism shown by chiropodists of Boston in rushing to the aid of the militiamen at South Framingham has not been sufficiently appreciated. Some one said in the good old days of orthodox warfare that an army marches on its belly. Dr. Staeger and his generous associates realized that this army would march also on its feet.

The chiropodist of today is a very different person from the corn-doctor of long ago, with his rough treatment and strolling habits, a noisy puffer of his skill, a brother of vendors at torch-lighted street corners. Mankind has for centuries been acquainted with corns. The ancients prescribed strange and in some instances violent remedies, which may be found in the curious compilation of Paulus Aegineta. One of the old and famous leeches recommended the insertion of a sort of little funnel in the afflicted toe and then the pouring of a bubbling, burning acid. Nearly all the remedies might be described as heroic. In villages remote from a railway, even in towns with three or four churches and a public library, in the sixties men and women suffered and found little relief in plasters and personally conducted surgery. Nor in those days were dentists so skilled, nor was their profession so honorable as it is today.

Chiropodists now are numbered among public benefactors. Their advice is heard with the respect paid to a diagnosis by a specialist for heart or lungs. They are keenly alive to the most modern practices. Their tools glitter and are sterilized. Safety first, then comfort, might be a motto on the wall of the well-furnished office. And now their patriotism has been shown, not in windy words, not in a hysterical waving of the flag, but in practical deeds.

July 1- 1916

THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

It is a pleasure to know that the Boston Opera House has passed into the hands of an experienced manager, one that knows the Boston public and has a pride in the city and in his profession, Mr. Laurence McCarty. There have been disturbing rumors: That the building would be torn down or at least altered so that it would be unavailable for passing or permanent shows. The demolition of any theatre with which a public has associations is shocking to others besides the sentimentalist. Although the Boston Opera House is very young in comparison with the Howard Athenaeum and the Boston Theatre, young in comparison with other theatres in town, it has the distinction of having been the home for five years of Boston's own grand opera company.

The question naturally arises whether it will again be the dwelling-house of opera. For some months there have been conflicting reports. Some have talked of a sojourn for ten or more weeks of Sir Thomas Beecham's London Company. Some have been interested in Mr. Rabinoff's plans for next season, for Mr. Rabinoff, in spite of the fact that the public at large did not appreciate the worth of his entertainment, including as it did excellent operatic performances and Anna Pavlowa and her ballet, is eager to try his luck again. It has been definitely stated by some who are authorized to speak that the Metropolitan Opera Company will not visit Boston next season. That there is a large public here for opera is indisputable; that this public is willing to pay full Metropolitan prices is not so certain. The problem is not an easy one for a manager to solve; but Mr. McCarty has the experience and the judgment. The building at least has been saved for possible operatic performances, and that is half the battle.

July 2, 1916

Does any one read the "British Essayists" today? We do not refer to Hazlitt, Lamb, Thackeray, Stevenson, Chesterton, Belloc, but to the essays edited by A. Chalmers, F. S. A., in 38 volumes as they were published here in Boston: The Guardian, Rambler, Adventurer, World, Connoisseur, Idler, Mirror and the rest of them, including the Tatler and the Spectator. Theoretically every "well read" man is supposed to be acquainted with the Spectator and to be able to rap out the dictum of Dr. Johnson: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." We have changed all that. Modern writers about style pooh-pooh Addison, point out numberless and glaring solecisms and put Steele far above him. Nor, they say, does a man learn to write by studying, much less copying, any approved author. And can any one by reading what Pater and others have said about style improve his own? Is what Pater said about style clear? Let us all comfort ourselves with the remark made by Remy de Gourmont: "When one thinks of his style one always writes badly. * * * There are, indeed, various kinds of styles, all excellent, but there is none surpassing that which is natural, the style in perfect concord not only with the temperament of the author, but also with the subject treated."

Looking over the Tatler the other day—these essays always seemed to us written in a more sympathetic vein, more human essays than those of the Spectator—we came across some remarks about the "advantages from having but one theatre" that seem pertinent today.

In the historical and biographical preface to the Tatler, the author gives it as his opinion that much good could not have been expected from the theatre in Steele's day. Then he generalizes: "Perhaps in its nature, it is not a direct source of instruction. It reflects, but does not prescribe manners; it represents, but does not invent. Common life and manners are unquestionably the materials upon which a dramatic writer is to exercise his wit; but the stage has never been considered as a master of common life, or as editing the law of manners. It has seldom succeeded even in correcting what is amiss, although by flattering the depraved taste or morals of certain periods, it has often made bad worse."

What a pity that Steele did not live to write an essay on this preface of 1903! What would he have said to this criticism on his own papers about theatrical matters? "The dramatic articles are numerous, and are said to have been serviceable to the theatre." Listen to the solemn, cautious prig. "Cibber acknowledges the force and influence of the Tatler in filling the playhouses; yet Steele had no share in the management of the playhouse in Drury lane for several years after this period. We have seen, however, that he was a dramatic writer, and was always anxious for the improvement of the stage; and that, with Addison and other writers, he wished to hasten the time, all hope of which seems now given up, when the morals of the age should be reformed by what they called 'a well regulated theatre.'"

Here is the portion of the essay, written Nov. 25, 1709, to which we referred:

"I have been this evening recollecting what passages, since I could first think, have left the strongest impressions upon my mind; and, after strict inquiry, I am convinced that the impulses I have received from theatrical representations have had a greater effect than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life! My old friends, Hart and Mohun, the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great skill and art never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behavior, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintances. It is not the business of a good play to make every man a hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit than he had when he entered the theatre.

"This rational pleasure, as I always call it, has for many years been very little tasted; but I am glad to find that the true spirit of it is reviving again among us, by a due regard to what is presented, and by supporting only one playhouse. It has been within the observation of the youngest among us that while there were two houses, they did not outvie each other by such representations as tended to the instruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances and fulsome buffooneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one house the ladder dancer carried the whole town to the other, and, indeed, such an evil as this must be the natural consequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can see than can think. Every one is sensible of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and can see his activity in coming down safe; but very few are judges of the distress of an hero in a play, or of his manner of behavior in those circumstances. Thus, to please the people, two houses must entertain them with what they can understand, and not with things which are designed to improve their understanding; and the readiest way to gain good audiences must be to offer such things as are most relished by the crowd, that is to say, immodest action, empty show, or impertinent activity. In short, two houses cannot hope to subsist but by means which are contradictory to the very institution of a theatre in a well governed kingdom."

"Immodest action, empty show, or impertinent activity." Does not this describe many plays that are welcomed eagerly by the Boston public? By the New York public, the London public, by the public in any city. M. Adolphe Brisson, reviewing the performance of Verhaeren's "Helene de Sparte" at the Chatelet, Paris years ago, described the audience as finding the play endless and obscure. "They were doubtless wrong. But they were not amused, and when one is not amused one ceases to be just."

Some in Boston blame the managers for not producing plays of a higher standard. The managers might reply: "When we produce them the public as a rule does not care to see them." It would not matter whether there were one or thirty theatres in Boston. The taste of the great majority would compel the performance of musical comedies, farces, vaudeville acts and perhaps a melodrama with a genteel villain and at least one detective. If there were an imperative demand for plays by Shakespeare, Ibsen, the younger European realists and romanticists, including the dramatists that write for Manchester and Dublin, the managers would hasten to produce them. Forbes-Robertson, visiting Boston last season, admitted sadly that he was enabled to leave the stage in consequence of the pecuniary success of "Passing of the Third Floor Back," a poor play, and not because he had been able to set aside money as a Shakespearean actor.

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Theatre

Miss Bessie Bingham gave her first recital in London. Note the kindness of a critic: Her "charm is partly derived from her inexperience, for it is only a youthful singer who will conscientiously sing with such constant intensity. Intensity of the same kind, whether in Cesar Franck's 'La Procession' or in Massenet's 'Oeuvre tes Yeux Bleus,' and an infinitesimal lisp—just enough to be interesting—are not merely pardonable but attractive, when one feels that there is a real 'singer in the making' behind it all." This being interpreted means that Miss Bingham shouted.

A mass for eight voices by George Henschel was sung for the first time on June 1 at All Saints, London. The greater part is written to the text of the English liturgy with the addition of the "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei." The "O Salutaris" was sung in Latin. The voices are unaccompanied throughout. "The multiplicity of small syllables in the English versions of 'Credo' and 'Glo-

ria in Ex-isis' makes them very much harder to set to dignified music than are the Latin texts. If one feels that these two the biggest numbers, do not reach quite to the level of simpler moments, such as the 'Sanctus,' one has to realize the extreme difficulty of giving adequate expression to the words without overelaborating them. * * * Some of the harmonic progressions are very intricate and difficult to sing accurately, but there is not a note that is trivial. The whole impresses one as genuinely church-like and devotional in feeling. Great beauty is obtained by varied grouping of the voices."

"Disraeli" reached the 75th performance on June 7, at the Royalty, London. "Of course Mr. Parker has distorted and twisted the Suez canal deal to his own romantic ends. But Mr. Dennis Eadie has not distorted Dizzy. He has got his Semitic shrewdness, his astringent humor, and all the sartorial eccentricities to a nicety. His trousers are beautifully baggy and his monicle rihand equally authentic." The Daily Chronicle concludes: "For Mr. Eadie's 'Dizzy' alone the production is worth seeing. Its astonishing accuracy would have graced a better play."

The London Symphony orchestra will give its symphony concerts next season, Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct the whole series. There will be the usual promenade concerts next fall in Queen's Hall. Lt. Newman, a son of Robert Newman, manager of the Queen's Hall orchestra, was killed in an aeroplane accident.

We spoke of Mr. Vachell's new play, "Fishpingle," last Sunday. The Pall Mall Gazette's notice has come to us. "Suppose Thackeray's Esmond a present-day butler at the Castlewoods, and one has 'Fishpingle.' It is not a great original creation; but at any rate it is a good, clean, well polished country-house comedy. * * * Sometimes, it may be confessed, one sighs for some genuine, prodigal, first-hand country stuff amidst these country-house servants, who hum songs from Cecil Sharp, and the carefully nursed assignment of country-house 'atmosphere.' Though it is supposed to happen in 'Slowshire,' there is an unmistakable savor of Stageshire about it all. As with the William and Mary silver mug of which we hear in the play itself, the plate powder shows a tendency to get into the hall-mark. Still, it is a well turned-out article in its own kind, familiar at every point, but very bright and serviceable."

The Pall Mall Gazette was glad to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Bella Donna" again. "But the real heart of it all is the blend of Egypt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. To think that she, of all people, should never have played Cleopatra! She is still wonderful as ever—a shade plumper, but with all the old lustre, all the old dark-eyed witchery of 'la belle dame sans merci,' all the old command of everything temperamental in woman, from those inimitable little comedy touches of 'cattishness,' to that assumption of mysterious Sphinx-like dignity with which Mrs. Chepstow goes out at the finish into the desert, alone. Of course, it seems very trivial to be fussing about these things in war time, but when we have a great actress like Mrs. Campbell who can do them superbly, is not art like hers worth having, now as ever?" The Times pitched its joy in a lower key, though it began by saying that Mrs. Campbell's power was unimpaired, "and her remarkable personality not even travel-stained."

"Just now insolently wicked women are perhaps a little out of fashion, but, no doubt, when the war is over, they will come in again and be as popular as ever. Meanwhile, here is Mrs. Campbell keeping the flag of feminine wickedness flying, 'lest we forget,' and showing how wives poisoned their husbands' coffee in the brave days of yore. And here is Sir George Alexander showing himself as spry as ever at his old game of playing the accomplished, covetous man of the world, steadfastly purposing to detect and defy feminine wickedness in general—and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's in particular. He has brought out for the occasion his celebrated black wig, which the St. James's public have not seen for quite a long time, and hailed with a perceptible murmur of gratified recognition."

But to Shakespeare we suspect Shylock was not the towering, dominating figure that he appears to some of us. The lady of Belmont probably interested him not less, and the world of sunshine which she brings with her. For the spirit of the renaissance seems quite as important an element in the play as Shylock's tragedy. It is even possible that Shakespeare set a value on that pleasant frivolous comedy of the last act, which in most of our modern performances is cramped into insignificance.—London Daily Telegraph.

A special new limited edition of Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" is issued apropos of the royal performance of the play at the Coliseum, June 9. The three actresses playing the three daughters of the Earl of Loam are pictured in this edition.

Mark Hambourg gave a "Chopin recital" in London, June 3. "There were moments when the minor poet, who lurks in the pianist's hands, seemed to give utterance to real poetry—just as the writer of minor verse will sometimes produce a poem that has the true magic. It is such moments that help one to forget those others when Mr. Hambourg is merely blatant."

Apropos of Miss Harriet Cohen's piano pieces, "Russian Impressions" (London, May 21), "It is difficult to imagine why composers of this country are hastening to write musical impressions of Russia now that they have discovered the richness of the impressions recorded by the Russians themselves. Moussorgsky's power of musical sketching is scarcely likely to be equalled by foreigners." Still, the Times found that Miss Cohen's pieces have a charm and delicacy of their own, and it liked Cyril Scott's "Water Wagtail," a "delightful trifle." Scott's new "Night Song" is also praised.

Louis N. Parker's "Drake" will be played as a pageant in aid of two soldiers' hospitals at York, July 26, 27, 28. There will be a preliminary performance for convalescent soldiers.

"M. Vallier, perhaps, has specialized in Massenet's 'vision fugitive' too much." There is an old saying, "Beware of the man of one book." Beware of the singer of one song. Admirable singers have fallen into this trick: A tenor with "Waft Her Angels," a soprano with the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia." In old times a bass would plume himself on his performance of "The Wolf." We knew an amateur tenor who was famous the country 'round for "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall."

It seems that there was "special interest" in a performance of the Kreutzer Sonata in London because Miss Fanny Davies, the pianist, "adheres rightly enough to the traditions of the school in which she was musician yeducated," while Albert Sammons, the violinist, "regards even the most 'classical' classics, also rightly enough, as suggesting an appeal to independence and individuality of thought." One would naturally suppose that this performance was a case of "Whoa!" "Gee!" but the Daily Telegraph assures us that the players "in spite of their varied outlook restrained their independence of view and merged these views into one." The Times says that the sonata was "thoughtfully" played. That is to say, each performer kept a-thinking. There are too many "thoughtful" performances.

"Fair Play" wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette: "Your article on music suggests to me that professional musicians should have special consideration shown them in the task allotted to them in bringing the war to a successful termination. Can it be denied that, in the matter of wounds, their sacrifice is infinitely greater than that of any other class? I have a young friend in the front rank of 'cellists who is ready and willing to give his life for his country, and who does not fear death, but what he does fear is that the most trifling wound, even the loss of a finger tip, would incapacitate him for life."

A Japanese actress, Mme. Hanako, appeared early last month at the Coliseum, London, in a primitive Japanese play. Okiku, the heroine, is wooed by two men, one her evil, the other her good genius. They meet and show their skill in ju jitsu. The villain is defeated. He learns that Okiku is about to make a gift of ten golden plates to the gods, a thanksgiving offering. He steals one of them. As it is an unpardonable insult to the gods to offer less than the prescribed number, there is nothing left for Okiku to do but to commit hari-kari. "It is a fine piece of emotional acting, this death scene of Mme. Hanako's, and holds the audience to the very close. Her whole performance, indeed, if you can bring yourself to regard it through Japanese spectacles, is wonderfully impressive and realistic."

Some one recently asked what had become of Miss Marie Hall, the violinist. She was playing at the Coliseum a month ago.

Though coincidences occur as frequently in music as in other mundane affairs, they are none the less interesting for that. I remember the late Mr. Gilbert, the father of the famous sculptor, coming to me many years ago to show me, if memory serves, the alto part in a chorus in one of his cantatas, in which were several bars literally of that "elegant" lyric, "Tararaboomdeay," though his cantata had been in print for many a long year before that melody had been imported. Now, a Russian friend of mine has drawn my attention to the extraordinary fact that the first two bars of the bassoon solo in the Adagio of Tchaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony are practically identical with the similar two bars of G. F. Graham's arrangement of "The Flowers of the Forest," which appeared in a book called "The Songs of Scotland," in Edinburgh as long ago as in 1848. There are, of course, many clichés in the musical common stock-pot, but these can hardly be so described, and at any rate the coincidences are noteworthy and interesting.—London Daily Telegraph.

In the circular of L'Edition Musicale Française for June the writer says that publishers of Germany and Austro-Hungary, not having had great composers to bring out since the death of Wagner, have been able to confine themselves to editions of the great classics while the publishers of French music spread through the entire world the works of the modern French school unequalled in brilliancy. Alas, among the names we find that of Fevrier. Does any one remember his "Monna Vanna"?

Sir Thomas Beecham, giving opera in Manchester, Eng., packed the New Queen's Theatre so that he was obliged to add another week to his season. "If these performances have been successful, in the popular sense, for any other reason than their own merits, it is because the way had to a large extent been prepared for them by Sir Thomas Beecham's policy with regard to the Halle concerts last winter. At these concerts not only were novelties by Stravinsky, Ravel, Delius, and other composers, both living and dead, introduced into practically every program, but a number of selections were given from the very operas that have recently been staged. The effect of this somewhat revolutionary policy in such a stronghold of musical classicism as Manchester has been very marked both on the regular public that attended the concerts and on the orchestra. The players who, two years ago, were apt to be rather heavy and monotonous in style (largely, no doubt, because they were seldom taken outside the bounds of a restricted repertory)—soon began to grow accustomed to the varying idioms of modern English, French and Russian music, and gradually acquired an elasticity of mind that enabled them to turn from one school to another without being conscious of the dangers of abrupt transitions. The audience came to take the presence of novelties in the program of a symphony concert more or less for granted, and began to judge works on their merits and not according to their reputations. At the same time, those who heard the operatic scenas had their appetites whetted for more. So that when the season of opera was announced one felt that there was a much better chance than there had ever been before of the music receiving enlightened and sympathetic attention from players and audience alike." The three operas which really set the public talking were "The Magic Flute," "Boris Godounov" and "Otello," especially the last two. Two of the unfamiliar operas were Miss Ethel Smythe's "Boatswain's Mate" and Stanford's "Critic."

The Sociedad Nacional de Musica and other Spanish societies have arranged for festivals in memory of Enrique Granados, who went down on the Sussex.

Surely it is time the magnates of the cinema world paid some attention to English. Mistakes of spelling, grammar and syntax are only too frequently displayed on the screen. The worst sinners in this respect are, of course, the makers of foreign films. The interest in even the finest of these pictures is marred by a constant succession of annoying and childish mistakes in English. "You must bow thy will to his" is typical. Even the characters and places mentioned do not always bear the same name.—London Daily Chronicle.

The best of the new Barrie whimsies at the Coliseum matinee today (June 9) for the Star and Garter Hospital, was the film joke, "How Men Love." It was one of those solemn little mystifications of his wherein, like the nursery folk in "Peter Pan," he plays with the things of the grown-up world as toys. This time he parodies the Wild West cinema shocker, and he had persuaded Mr. Shaw, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. William Archer and Lord Howard de Walden to play the fool for him before the camera. The parts these worthies were to play were quizzingly described before the curtain by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and then to the delight of all we saw Mr. Shaw, not at all disguised in a Broncho Bill costume, emerging from a barrel, followed by his confederates (Mr. Chesterton had insisted on rolling into view, so all arrived in barrels as a compromise). Mr. Shaw was the natural leader of the gang. He got into the boat first, and with dogmatic decision grim Mr. Archer next, and then the meditative bulk of "G. K. C." The party was seen lassoing ponies in a field, Mr. Shaw doing his lassoing with a profusion of platform gestures, and afterwards for no discernible reason the conspirators let themselves over a precipice, leaving Mr. Chesterton on the top to keep the rope from slipping. Mr. Shaw, who, according to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, had insisted on rewriting his part, kept his fellows waiting on the cliff while he made a speech. This was the pick of the scenes in "Irene Vanbrugh's Pantomime," which served the excellent purpose of giving a score of famous actors and actresses the chance of a romp in a good cause. Miss Irene Vanbrugh was to have told us "When the war is to end—official," but she forgot the date in a pretty bit of acting.—Manchester Guardian.

This performance as a whole brought in over $25,000. In "The Admirable Crichton" the leading actors and actresses of London took part. The names of Vesta Tilley, as a page, and Ellen Terry, as an old nurse, were on the bill. Sir George Alexander gave the latter a bouquet of roses, "a little tribute in war times to our dear queen of the stage," and all the company knelt. Miss Terry answered: "This is an unrehearsed effect, indeed. I don't like it very much. But I do like it. They're dears, all of them."

Mr. Harold Owen Discusses "Problems" with a Past

Mr. Harold Owen contributed an article to the London Daily Chronicle, "'Problems' with a Past," under the heading, "Pell Mell Papers," in which he quoted a story about a Parisian actress that has already been published in the Boston Herald. The article is as follows:

A writer on the drama, who happens also to be a restless political "progressive," recently went to the theatre (after a long abstention during the war) and saw the comedy of an English author. And then he wrote an article to record his disappointment. He dolefully contrasted the English author's work with the way with which Ibsen would have dealt with the same theme, and ended on the lament: "And so I have my old quarrel with the English drama. It will not, cannot, be serious. Nothing will make us serious, until, perhaps, the reason for seriousness is so palpably at our doors. * * *" And the rest of the sentence does not matter. And recently I read, in a message from the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, how a certain Paris actress: "the most Parisienne of actresses, and easily the first favorite of the footlights," has decided to retire from the stage for a very curious reason. Her professional milieu is that class of sparkling, mondaine, "naughty" comedy of which the French dramatist has the secret, if not the monopoly, and the actress is convinced that the war has already worked such a revolution in the mœurs and temperament of the French that "after the war the public will have none of us." In the hard scheme of life and of national reconstruction that will follow and yet continue the awful tragedy of the war, the folly and worldly glitter of boulevard plays will, she thinks, be wholly out of place. And so, as she sees the great change coming, she prefers, rather than wait for the inevitable, "to blow out my own lamp and steal out of the temple on the tip of my toes, before it all comes clattering down about my head."

At first sight, there may seem to be even a fundamental sympathy between the English critic, rebuking in war time a comedy which does not take life seriously and Ibsenishly enough for him, and the Parisienne who believes that after the war life will not tolerate the cynical and conscienceless, if mirthful play, la comedie rosse. But the critic and the actress have little in common. The critic is presumably regretting the absence of what used to be called, sometimes a little too indulgently, the "intellectual" drama. But it is as certain as anything can be that if the coming age is not going to be as indulgent as the old toward that art which makes a cynical jest of life, it is not going to be any more tolerant to the art which made life a series of gratuitous, gloomy problems. The misfortune about the intellectual drama was that its practitioners were primarily sociologists and distressful "reformers." They regarded the drama not as an art and an end in itself, but as a medium for propaganda, and their first care was to find not so much a dramatic theme as a grievance capable of being turned into one. And, as many of life's problems—probably its chief and most obdurate—are incapable of dramatic representation at all, or are subject to an intellectual rather than an emotional solution, two consequences followed. The first, that the practitioners were driven to a desperate search for problems capable of being stretched or contracted to fit the dramatic frame, and the second that the treatment, in its effort and necessity to be "intellectual," often failed to be dramatic. But the search for problems, the determination to discover a grievance, was so persistent that at length the intellectuals were driven to invent their problems and manufacture their grievances, which then became trumpery, unreal, factitious, highly specialized, and untypical. They had no roots in the common experience of mankind, but ministered to the restless egotism and the "reforming zeal" of a small coterie which did not quite know when the world was well off and when to leave well alone. Their criticism of life became mainly destructive, and their philosophy was expressed by the special pleading of specially selected incidents designed to constitute a "problem" and an indictment. They chose their case, manufactured their evidence, and created their witnesses, and then said, with a triumphant halvete, "Q. E. D."

And they were stimulated by a spirit of deliberate perversity—part of the perversity that at last made our ante-bellum days a restless fever of "movements" and gave us a fresh revolt at every breakfast. They looked round on a world of fat peace and prosperity and (believing that discontent and mental energy were necessarily the same thing) decided to stir us up; to rebuke the natural disposition of the man to laugh, even at himself, and to make us heavy with the gloom of an artificial despair. They called out to us, as we jostled in Life's Fair, bidding us enter their booths and see for ourselves what a wicked, unjust, hopeless old world this was, and how nothing we believed in would survive examination:

"Hi, there! you who believe in marriage, walk up and see what we have to show you! A most noble, beautiful, high-souled lady married to a most appalling monster in human form. She wishes to be free—the coward will do nothing to oblige her! So she herself is driven to do the drastic thing! 'There!' she says. 'Peccavi!—there's the date and the name of the hotel, so now divorce me and give me back my freedom!' But he only laughs at her! 'Ha, ha! You are now tied to me for life, for I will not divorce you!' And there is no way out for her except . . . But walk up and see 'Bondage' . . ."

"Hi, there! you who believe in justice and the criminal code! Walk up and see what it all means! A most noble-minded young man steals a loaf of bread to feed the villain's starving cast-off mistress, whom he loved! He is sent to penal servitude for life! In his lonely cell you will see him gradually going

said, and the villain coming as it is fitting justice. . . . But walk up and see for yourselves 'Society's Crime'!" . . . Well, there is now no need for the invention of problems. We shall have real problems enough—problems that may or may not be capable of dramatic treatment, but with whicn these specialized "intellects will hardly be the most competent to deal. They will have to wait until fat peace and prosperity come again in the cycle of our affairs—until we are all so reasonably happy again that they will think their time has come to make us unreasonably miserable.

Mr. Axel Gerfalk, the London correspondent to Danish newspapers, wrote a few days later to the London Daily Chronicle in answer to Mr. Gosse's remark, "neutral literature does not interest us," which occurs in his volumes of essays written during the war. The following quotation from Mr. Gerfalk's article is of interest to students of the theatre:

"The splendidly isolated England is practically the only civilized community into which the Scandinavian literature has not penetrated and become part of the daily mental diet. Also in that respect the attitude of England is diametrically the opposite of that of Germany. All Scandinavian authors and dramatists are welcomed by the German publishers and theatres, and for every penny they earn in their own country Germany yields them at least a shilling. This attitude of the German publishers and theatres may or may not be a part of the German political machinery. That I do not know. Anyhow, the fact remains that the welcoming of the northern brain products has proved a great financial success both to the German publishers and to the Scandinavian authors. I honestly think that an earnest attempt from this side would spell prosperity to British theatres and publishers.

"There is certainly one man who has done more than anybody else to keep the virile drama and literature of Scandinavia out of this country. He is Henrik Ibsen! Somehow, no one can speak or write about anything Scandinavian without dragging in Ibsen, especially those who know the least about the works of the literary giant. To the professional dramatic critic Ibsen stands for the mysterious, and most of them manage to drag this red herring of mystery across the columns of their papers and the minds of the public. This mystery making certainly kept the great public away from that interesting Haymarket production of 'The Pretenders' a few years ago, in which the late Laurence Irving lived the greatest Earl Skule ever seen on any stage in any country.

"I do not say that Ibsen is not appreciated in this country. I know he is; but, somehow, his appreciators approach him in a way that makes the great public shy of him. His English worshippers worship him with drawn faces and the forehead carefully wrinkled. They go to an Ibsen performance as other people go to the scaffold. Not even to them is Ibsen the delightful wizard of a dramatist, but a dispenser of an invigorating but extremely bitter medicine, good for a literary digestion ruined by too much dramatic sweetstuff. No dramatist could survive that attitude!

"I shall not attempt to fathom the depth of the critical minds nor those of his worshippers. His plays seem to me to make very plain reading nowadays. In fact, I should not wonder if the Lyceum Theatre one fine day knocked a couple of his plays into popular successes. Today, a play like 'Pillars of Society' is nothing but a popular melodrama, of course a melodrama built on admirable lines and by a 'master-builder,' but still a melodrama, and certainly with no mystery about it."

RESPECTABLE HYPHENS

The words "hyphen" and "hyphenated" have fallen into disrepute in this country within the last two years. An odious meaning is attached to them. Many have insisted that the hyphen should disappear. They meant that it should be dropped out of politics; that it should in no case stand before the word "American."

There are those who regret that the hyphen is already ignored in many printing houses, used only in the obnoxious way, "German-American," "Irish-American" and so on, according to the original nationality of the hyphenated. A few months ago a contributor to Notes and Queries was sorely distressed because he noted that the words "lamp-posts," "fountpens" and other ungainly words were creeping into printed English, even into "staid and elderly newspapers of some distinction." He objected to "boatrace," "mineowners." "There can be no reason why the great demand in modern nomenclature for these useful little bars which soften linked words should diminish the supply required to prevent our printed language from looking ugly and uncouth."

Sticklers for precise punctuation are constantly battling with printing houses which have their own rules. Some of these houses are prejudiced against the colon and substitute gleefully a comma for the author's semi-colon. What would they say if a writer should follow W. E. Henley in his curious use of semi-colons and colons? Many frown on the dash. Imagine a copy of "Tristram Shandy" without dashes! For the neglect of the dash they refer one protesting to certain books on rhetoric. But why this prevailing war against the hyphen, a war that began before August, 1914, and is waged outside of this country as within it? In too many instances the words are not run together as are those quoted by Notes and Queries; they are separated by a space, so that in an American newspaper or novel "lamp post," fountain pen" would be found. Is it possible that the neglect of the hyphen began with the introduction of the linotype? Are those who still prefer the pen to the typewriter more careful in the matter of hyphens?

July 3. 1916

We spoke yesterday of the belief that the firing of great guns brought on rain. Does anyone remember the theory propounded by James P. Espy, described as a simple-hearted man who, before his death in 1860, occupied a governmental position in Washington, D. C.? He framed a law of storms. One of his assertions was that "in a certain condition of the atmosphere, as of a high dew-point in a season of drouth, it was practicable to make it rain by artificial means." All that was necessary was to make an immense fire. "This would produce an upward current, vapor would condense, the upward movement would thereby be increased, currents of air would flow in, with more condensation, until clouds and rain would spread over a great surface of country, so that for a few thousands of dollars a rain would fall worth millions." Mr. Espy explained by the central upward current the occasional raining of frogs, fishes, sand, etc.

An Old Newspaper.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent who asks for information about the Bunker Hill Aurora could not have been a Charlestown boy before and sometime after that section of our city was annexed to Boston. The paper was a popular weekly newspaper printed and published under the shadow of the monument that commemorates our successful defeat by the British June 17, 1775. Mr. Wheildon was its editor and proprietor. His given name escapes me at present, but I have an indistinct memory that they embraced the capitals W. W. He was well known as an antiquary and his historical researches were of permanent literary value. After he retired, he lived in Lexington, where, I believe, he died.

I wrote the theatrical notices in the paper for a while in my green and salad days when free admission to the playhouses helped to husband my not abundant supply of pocket money. I remember that I used to approach the ticket office of the Boston Theatre with fear and trembling to ask for a pass to the show, and the treasurer would shout up the long passage to the doorkeeper, "Bunker Hill Aurora." When I reached that official the loungers, usually clustered in his vicinity, would look at me curiously as a particularly slim ray from the northern lights. I was not fat and scant of breath then as I became somewhat later, though I have since passed into the role of the lean and slipper'd pantaloon. Those were the days when Edwin Forrest was playing at our "loftier academe" and Cubas was dancing on the offtimes of his performances. How many playgoers remember this fascinating Spanish dancer? Not many, probably, although she created quite an excitement among the young men, and one of them was indiscreet enough to write an acrostic about her that would have entitled him to criminal prosecution if his personality had been discovered. It was about this time, too, that Forrest with his usual indiscretion had a note at the head of the play posters attacking the critic of the Boston Daily Courier on account of his reflections on the then temporary management of the theatre in which the tragedian was interested. The unfortunate scribe was called "a creature bearing the name of Parker"; a terrible taunt characteristic of the man who hissed Macready. The Forrest House, however, has redeemed the fame of the blustering star who had no rival as Coriolanus on the American stage.

To come back to my muttons. The Bunker Hill Aurora was rather a flamboyant name for a journal, but not more spread eagle than The Flag of Our Union, The Star Spangled Banner, Gleason's Line of Battleship, The Yankee Blade, The True Flag, and the American Union, periodicals well known when Boston prided itself on being the Athens of America. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Whenever we hear or see the word "aurora" we think of a foolish jest in the first English version of "Giroflé-Girofla," played in this country. The father called to his wife Aurora, "Aurora! Aurora! Aurora! I say, don't you hear me a roaring?" and the thankful audience guffawed. Simple days; but we would gladly see Alice Oates and her company again in the operettas of Offenbach and Lecocq.—Ed.

"Crown, the Poet."

As the World Wags:

I cannot at present answer the questions put by "Inquirer" about Bristol and the King of Spain, but was not "Crown, the Poet," John Crowne, a dramatist of the Restoration? His father was in Nova Scotia and he himself was a student at Harvard College in the class of 1661 or thereabouts, although he did not graduate.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly.

The London Daily Chronicle jests in war time:

JUST MY LUTSK.

"Russians in Luck, then so am I!"
Alas, the papers spelt it Lutsk!
My joke had left me high and dry,
And there my inspiration stutsk.

Two Champions.

"Bombardier" Wells, the English heavyweight champion, was seen to considerable advantage at the Brigadge sports at Kinmel Park. He won the 100 yards, putting the weight and high jump.—Pall Mall Gazete.

Charpentier, the French champion, has also been seen to "considerable advantage"—in the service of his country since Belgium was invaded.

Our Courts.

As the World Wags:

The average critic of the administration of justice makes numerous charges of a general nature which are of necessity largely discounted by exceptions; the reason why justice too often miscarries is due (in many instances) to the lack of good faith and honesty in the litigants appearing before our courts. The courts are too often exploited (unconsciously in many cases) for base, sordid and dishonest motives, and the real cause of discontent is found, not in the administration of justice, but in the outright dishonesty of human nature. The encroachment of the medical profession upon the domain of criminal jurisprudence has led to much confused thought; we see on all sides examples of the numerous pitfalls and erroneous conjectures which are the direct result of intense specialization in medical, biological and psychological studies

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

WAR AND POETRY

It has been said that during a war or in hard times booksellers and theatre managers thrive. The people feel the need of amusement; they require something to divert their minds; they read or go to the playhouse. This statement was apparently confirmed by a publisher speaking at the Conference of the English Association at Bedford College. "I believe there is a larger reading public today than ever before in our history. That is largely due to the men in the trenches and in the hospitals; but at home the darkened streets and difficulties of amusement have driven people back on books." Mr. Walter de la Mare, discussing the question of the effect of the war on the production and reading of literature, remarked that people had turned to poetry for an assurance of comfort.

The English people may now read poetry to a greater extent than before, but the war has not yet inspired English poets to write verses that have the promise of long life. In France the people are too busy to write or to read. In Germany there is the "Song of Hate," also some ribald and popular verses on the sinking of the Lusitania. There is no Koerner of the present war. Verses innumerable from the firing on Fort Sumter to the close of the civil war were written. The curious will find many of them by Northern and Southern poets in the "Rebellion Record." What three poems stand out in bold relief? Whitman's "Burial Hymn of Lincoln," ("When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"), "My Captain," and Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." No one of them sounds the Tyrtaean note. There were stirring poems written during the civil war, appeals, invectives, dirges, poems descriptive of battles on land and sea; they had their effect at the time. Some of them are still remembered by collectors of anthologies. How many now recall the names of H. H. Brownell, Forceythe Willson, Timrod, Hayne? Yet it is safe to say that no English poet has yet written verses to be named with the best by the four men just named. Perhaps the influence of the war on English and French literature will be felt after peace is declared. At present in England the taste of the reading public, seeking something new, seems to be for war-books and novels, as the great public that wishes to be amused frequents the music halls, the cinema shows, and the theatres given over to musical comedies and revues.

July 4. 1916

The 4th of July is always celebrated in America with guns, and processions, and banners, and all those things

You know why we celebrate this day.

The American Revolution, in 1775, was perhaps one of the finest revolutions that was ever seen. But I have not time to give you a full history of the American Revolution. It would consume years to do it, and I might weary you.

The Old Fourth.

As the World Wags:

At Nickerson's store today a little boy came in while we were talking about affairs in Mexico. He asked for torpedoes; for some that were as long as his hand, and he also asked for the biggest firecrackers. He was pale-faced; he wore spectacles; to outward eyes a harmless, gentle boy; yet, think of his neighbors' nerves on the night before the Fourth and all that day. No doubt he will help ring the church bell and blow a horrid horn.

As I observed him, I went back in mind to my own boyhood. For a moment I envied him. I felt like buying the noisiest explosives for my own use. Then I remembered a proposition laid down by Spinoza: "He who recollects a thing which he once enjoyed desires to possess it under the same circumstances as those with which he first enjoyed it." I came to my senses. For me the Fourth must now be only a day of memories, not of active, thunderous enjoyment.

In my boyhood there was only one kind of torpedo. It was about the size of a gum drop. Sometimes standing behind a tree we threw them on the sidewalk, timing carefully the approach of the elderly man or a Willy boy. There were no cannon crackers. We were contented with the small Chinese crackers, wrapped in paper with strings and fascinating characters, with an odor that was sweeter to us than the fragrance of rose or honeysuckle. We were not contented, however, with the number of packages allowed us. There were boys whose fathers bought for them a full box. For us there were comparatively few, perhaps a dozen packages. We were ungrateful, rebellious, pouting, whining, "Other boys have a lot. Why can't we have as many?" In those days, when the minister was an authority in the village and there was a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, with special attention to certain precepts of King Solomon concerning the education of the young, parents were not given to argument with their offspring.

We never had enough firecrackers. And when does man have enough of anything? As we walked up the hill of life, we thought we could never have enough of raw oysters, welsh rabbits, asparagus, ale. (We have seen men who thought they could drink all the ale in town in the course of an afternoon or evening. Self-deceivers, every one of them!) Now that we are running down the other side of the hill—and the pace is swifter every day—do we regret that we did not have enough? Fortunate are they that are content with little, whether it be money, food, drink, knowledge.

We smell again the burnt fire crackers; again we apply the punk to the broken cracker to see it fizz or sputter. Again we laugh as a horse prances and strives to run startled by a bunch which explodes near his front feet while the driver tries to reach us with his whip. O day of noise and danger, day of lemonade, ice cream and belly ache! O day that sometimes ended in a flogging and a dismissal of boy, supperless, to bed!

Then there were the fireworks, which we were permitted to see when we had been reasonably well-behaved. Some of the neighbors were invited to sit on the veranda. The father superintended the display. There were rockets, Roman candles, flower pots, Bengal lights, revolving pin wheels, fiery serpents. In those days, rockets made a tremendous noise as they shot skyward, higher than Mt. Tom or Mt. Holyoke. Their cracking in the air was surely heard across the Connecticut in elm-lined streets of old Hadley. What joy next day to find the sticks in the vegetable garden or in Dr. Barrett's back yard. The father with a gauntleted hand held bravely the Roman candles, a hero for the night, conscious of admiration. The "Oh! oh!" of the ladies made him young again. The wonder was that he did not reassure them with: "There's no danger." When there was a blue or green light, there would be titters on the veranda. Miss Fanny put up

[illegible]

[illegible] JOHNSON.

BIRTH CONTROL FILM THRILLS AND PREACHES

"Where Are My Children?" Shown at Majestic Theatre, Presents Difficult Theme in Vivid Yet Dignified Way—Acted by Tyrone Power and Capable Company.

"Where Are My Children?" the much discussed photoplay dealing with birth control had its first public performance in Boston last evening at the Majestic Theatre. In the afternoon there was a private performance for censors, physicians and clergymen.

There are some who believe that such subjects should be discussed only in the privacy of the home or the doctor's office, while others hold that the theatre is the place where great evils may be brought forcefully to the attention of the public and thus be corrected.

The caring of "Where are My Children?" lies in the theme rather than in the treatment of it, and this theme was no doubt chosen by the writers of the scenario with one eye on the box office.

Presented in a dignified manned, the scenes are realistic, rather than objectionable. There are the elements of popularity commonly found in any successful "thriller," the touches of sentiment, the harrowing incidents, the villains are convincing in their guilt.

Various phrases of the subject are represented. There is the kindly and compassionate doctor who, heartsick from observations of struggling humanity during his visits in the slums, believes that steps should be taken to limit the families of the extreme poor.

The Social Butterfly.

There is the social butterfly, Mrs. Malfit, who submits to illegal operations that she may pursue undisturbed her round of gaieties. There is little Lillian, the housekeeper's daughter, who shielded too long from the knowledge of fundamental facts by a conservative mother, sins through innocence and, terrified, submits to an operation. Her death follows.

There is the evil doctor who is ultimately exposed and sentenced to penal servitude. There is Mrs. Walton, selfish and pampered, who refuses to fulfil the highest function of womanhood, and is a visitor at Dr. Malfit's establishment. Her blighted maternity expresses itself in tender and solicitude for her pets. There is finally the good district attorney Walton, who prosecutes the evil doctor, unwittingly a victim of his malpractice.

When Walton discovers his wife's name on Dr. Malfit's books he reproaches her bitterly. Repentant, she finds herself in the condition of many women who have sought immunity in operations. She is physically unfitted for motherhood, and through her wrongdoing she and her husband are condemned to a childless old age.

The picture is acted by a competent company with Tyrone Power, the dominating figure, as the district attorney. Two performances will be given every afternoon and evening. An orchestra

July 5. 1916

The Herald not long ago [illegible] on the fact that a man had set fire to a house in order to kill a cat, a black cat that had cast a spell on him. That he had also moulded silver bullets, as the ordinary bullets of commerce went through the cat without injuring it. This story led to remarks about the survival of belief in sorcery and sorcerers, how some men, even business men in cities, are superstitious.

We read yesterday in a foreign newspaper that the "King of Diviners" in Paris had been sentenced to hard labor for three months. This ingenious person kept a set of books which showed that since the war he had earned by telling fortunes about $250 a month. It was not necessary for the client to call on him in person. All letters were promptly answered. Some of them found in the office showed amazing credulity. One correspondent wished a talisman for finding a lost reef where there was a Spanish gold mine; another asked for a fluid to make her nephew unfit for military service; a third demanded an ointment that would render his body invisible so that he could be present unseen at the secret sessions of government; while a fourth was willing to pay liberally for something to cause her own hair to grow and to cause the hair of her rival to fall out. Some wrote for an incantation to bring about the death of one hated. Hundreds paid between $25 and $50 apiece for a lucky charm.

With the Army.

Newspaper correspondents are allowed to go with the militia to the border, but at present, it is said, they must not step foot on Mexican soil? Should permission be granted in case of war? There are some newspapers that would not have a fine sense of reticence, when the exercise of that quality would be becoming or necessary. Would they from a feeling of loyalty to the country follow the example of the English press that did not hint at the transportation of the first British army across the channel until the last soldier was safely landed? Would they not chafe at suppressed "journalistic enterprise?" Would the censor be respected? Early in our civil war Vanity Fair published a cartoon of Edwin M. Stanton, "the great Incensor of the Press."

Only a few days ago alleged facts damaging to the nation were published broadcast. There was a lack of necessary equipment; there were not rifles enough; the cartridges did not fit the guns; there were no horses and mules; there was not a sufficient supply of underclothing, and so on, and so on. These statements have been denied by "officers in high authority." In spite of denials they have been repeated. Thousands read the first statement; how many will accept the denial? Suppose the statements were true? Was it prudent, was it patriotic to publish them? Did not the publication encourage hot-heads in Mexico? It certainly caused nations across the ocean to smile. And how did the publication help the condition in any way? Did it convert one of the mild-eyed to the doctrine of preparedness?

Not without reason did Lord Kitchener frown on war correspondents, as being in the way, and as giving information to the enemy. It is hard for them to suppress facts that might be injurious; it is hard for them to send comparatively colorless reports from the front. They would not be content with graphic descriptions of landscapes, flora and fauna, and atmospheric conditions. The zeal of their printing houses hath eaten them up.

There have been instances of war correspondents serving greatly their country by the exposure of rank abuses. Witness the letters of William Howard Russell to the London Times in the Crimean war. Lord Raglan had then to reckon with a man who, knowing nothing of war, criticised his conduct of the campaign, published sketches, explained movements, "put in print all that was said or even whispered by his own subordinates."

There were three great war correspondents years before "Bull Run" Russell. Aeschylus fought in the battle of Salamis. Caesar described his advances, combats and retreats; Xenophon told for schoolboys of today how he led his 10,000 to the sea. The three did not contribute picturesque articles to daily newspapers. Two of them were commanders and their own censors.

Warlike Whiskerage.

Do the English blunder, insisting on their military shaving regulations? Soldiers must allow the mustache to grow, but must keep the chin clean and side whiskers closely trimmed. Until 1869 sailors were allowed to raise only very short side whiskers. "It used to be commonly accepted that any clean-shaved man in the streets, shabbily dressed but unmistakably a gentleman, must be a half-pay naval officer." Since 1869 sailors have been permitted to grow mustaches, heard, and whiskers, but all must be grown or nothing, and all must be closely trimmed. On the other hand the Royal Marines can grow whiskerage as they please. During the Crimean war British soldiers were encouraged to grow beards for protection against the severe cold. It is said that the appearance of so many bearded men in England after the war made beards fashionable in that country for a long time. At [illegible] the soldier's beard is looked on favorably by the military authorities, hence his nickname "pollu."

A VEXING QUESTION

In a discussion in the Duma of the effectiveness of the present regulations concerning the sale of liquor in Russia, one speaker asserted that drunkenness was becoming as prevalent as it was before the war. He also asserted that peasants, not being able to supply themselves with vodka, sought exhilaration and forgetfulness by drinking large quantities of furniture polish, eau de cologne and other substitutes. He did not explain how poor peasants were able to purchase eau de cologne, which, even when it is not of the traditional and famous Farina brand, is seldom within the reach of the humblest.

It is in Russian villages and towns, as it is in villages of this country, where the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors is enforced. Those who have a craving for strong waters will eagerly drink patent medicines in which there is only a trace of alcohol, bay rum, flavoring extracts, Jamaica ginger, anything that stimulates for the moment. It may be said of these unfortunates that their last state is worse than the first. A man in a state of beer may be foolish, an unpleasant object, disagreeable at home, unable to work until he recovers, but his general health is not so seriously affected as it is by the use of what may be called unnatural stimulants. The liquor question has not yet been satisfactorily solved in this country. Some believe that the conditions of village or city life would be vastly improved if good beer and ale were sold under certain restrictions and under the charge of the authorities. Others believe that, while this theory is sound in principle, it could not well be put into practice. There are others who insist there is no "good" ale or beer; that malt liquors, as well as strong waters, are an abomination. Meanwhile prohibition seldom prohibits; license too often leads to abuses; and men and women ruin health and mind by drinking more harmful substitutes for liquor or by contracting the drug habit.

July 6. 1916

London newspapers comment on a "New German Dictionary," consisting of 320 Germanised "enemy words," English and French, which have long been used in the business and every day world, but are now officialy condemned. The London newspapers say "strafed," not condemned, but we object strenuously to the introduction of "strafed" into the English language. In the first place the German verb "strafen" does not mean precisely what the Londoners think it means.

The Berliner Tageblatt of June 11 published a short list of substitutes invented by the Language Committee of the Police Presidency for the foreign words:

"ENEMY WORDS"	NEW GERMAN SUBSTITUTE.
Liqueur.	Feinschnaps.
Parfumerie.	Duftwaren.
Jardiniere.	Pflanzenstilleben.
Confection.	Bekleiderei.
Modiste.	Kleiderin.
Serviteur.	Vorstecker.
Sweater.	Schluepfer.
Smoking (English word used by Germans for dinner or smoking-jacket).	Abendjacke.
Masseur.	Heilkneter.
Confiserie.	Suesskost.
Chignon.	Nackenstueck

But this wish to throw overboard foreign words in German use is not new. A society for this purpose was formed long before the present war, and little dictionaries of words peculiar to the professions and the arts were published. The one for the theatre and music was reviewed some years ago in the Herald.

Weddings and Brides.

As the World Wags:—

Thank Heaven June is over, and we have not got to go to many more weddings. I averaged seven a day last month, and am nearly dead.

What strikes you about them is their utter conventionality. The highest ideal of a wedding seems to be that it shall be exactly like all other weddings. Originality and invention are exhausted in discovering means of repressing and avoiding the slightest divergence from the regular form. There is always a church first and a reception afterward, and the problem of life seems to be to get all the people out of the church and into the house without crowding, which is absurd. The thing cannot be done. Everybody knows it cannot be done, and yet everybody tries it; and I have stood, on a warm day, in close personal contact with four adjacent people, on a staircase for over twenty minutes in the attempt to get from the front door to the back parlor, in a crowd which was moving upwards with the speed of a growing vegetable.

I should like to ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson (author of "Sociology, Domestic and Foreign," "The Sociology of Marriage," and other works) what the objection is to having the two different things on two different days, and having them comfortable. If the bride wants a reception to show her wedding-dress (a most praiseworthy object) let her have it. Let her have a ball, if she likes, and then, a week or so afterward, let her get married peacefully and comfortably in any way she prefers, instead of having two wholly irrelevant and disconnected things crowded together in immediate succession, to the damage and detriment of both.

And, by the way, will you please ask Mr. Johnson another thing. Why is it that brides sometimes smile, but bridesmaids never? Look at the next bunch that you happen to see going up or down the aisle. Their faces are black with gloom. They always are. Neither you, nor I, nor anybody else ever saw a bridesmaid smile in church. They act as if the bride were going to be guillotined, not married, and as if the most appropriate music would be, not the Wedding March, but the March to the Scaffold. The ushers are better. They generally look more or less exhausted from running up and down the aisle, but show a certain hardy cheerfulness. But bridesmaids are always gloomy. There isn't a little snip of a chorus girl on the stage who could not give them cards and spades on smiling when her turn comes to be looked at. Why should not the bridesmaids be trained to smile as well as the chorus girls, as part of their official duty? Granting, for the sake of argument that a wedding is the most depressing thing there is, except a comic opera, why should not the bridesmaids keep their end up as well as the chorus girls? Cannot Mr. Johnson do something about it?

A FIRST NIGHTER.

Boston, July 4.

The "American Hymn."

As the World Wags:

It joyed me to see Warren H. Cudworth's implied praise of a fine national anthem when he spoke of "the too-little-known 'American Hymn.'"

Too-little known it is, indeed, and for no good reason. The music to this "Speed Our Republic" has dignity, beauty of melody, splendid climax—and is thoroughly singable. I never hear it—and we sometimes do hear it played by bands in patriotic medleys—without feeling like taking off my hat to Kelley German though he was, for producing what in my humble, but still legitimate opinion, is the finest of them all on this side the water, and should long ago have been decreed our official national anthem.

J. H. A.

East Boston, July 1.

A Fatal Omission.

The N. Y. Evening Post published a appreciative review of the work done by Mme. Dieulafoy, explorer, archaeologist and writer. It omitted, however to state her crowning glory. The French government gave her permission to wear trousers. Nor was this a lower honor than her election to the Academie des Inscriptions.

Unmitigated Woe.

The Daily Chronicle informs us that the English navy has not yet gone out of mourning for Nelson, while all its officers are wearing a black band on the arm in memory of Lord Kitchener. "Everyone is familiar with the three rows of white tape round the edging of the blue collar, and the black silk scarf knotted in front, which form part of the bluejacket's dress uniform. The former commemorate Nelson's three most famous victories, Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar, while the scarf was first adopted by Nelson's seamen as a mark of mourning for their dead hero, and has been retained ever since."

July 7. 1916

Much has been said about the important part played by women in Berlin; how they have satisfactorily filled positions formerly held by men. It now appears that women conductors of street cars in that city were in revolt a fortnight ago. This report does not come from any "lying" newspaper of "perfidious" England. The Vossische Zeitung is our informant, one of the long-established and leading newspapers of Berlin. This journal informs the world that the women conductors complained of the treatment to which they are subjected by some of the company's officials who are in the habit of addressing them as "damned female trash" or "long-haired cattle." These women put their demands as follows: 1, an increase of pay to 13 cents an hour; 2, reduction of working hours to 10 daily; 3, police protection in the early morning hours and late at night against the constant abuses, assaults and molestations to which they are subjected on the part of the traveling public.

In the eighties, in student years in Berlin, the Berliner, to our personal knowledge, was grossly rude toward women. Officers walking two or three abreast would shove women, residents or strangers, into the gutter. Officers and civilians would stare offensively at women in restaurants, jostle them in concert halls, theatres, the opera house. The Berliner in those days was heartily disliked in other parts of the German empire. His reputation had crossed the frontier. We remember an incident in the Swiss Canton Vaud. High up there was a chalet which served as a resting place for mountain climbers. It was kept by two young women, known throughout the canton. If any German applied for supper and a night's lodging, there was one question: "Are you from Berlin?" When a stranger replied, "Why do you ask that question?" the answer was, "Because of all those that come here, Berliners are the only ones that are fresh with us and offer rudeness."

In those years William the First was King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. He was beloved, as was the son that succeeded him. Even Berliners in restaurants did not hesitate to ridicule the man that is now Emperor. They spoke openly of his withered arm, his unsound constitution and his intrigue with a baker's daughter in Charlottenburg. Yet in these same restaurants no one dared to whisper a word against Bismarck. The waiter, greedy for his fee, careless in making change, might have been a spy.

The Truth at Last.

It is curious how hard it is to get an obvious, elementary truth into people's heads. You hammer away without result, and then, suddenly, when you are almost discouraged, the resistance seems to collapse all at once, the papers take it up, and the truth is proclaimed from the housetops and everybody says: "We knew it all along."

This familiar experience is brought to my mind by finding in Nature of June 15 a simple, but official statement of an obvious fact which I have been stopping people in the street and telling them at the top of my voice ever since I can remember; but, as Donald Brian in the opera sings:

> "They wouldn't believe me,
> Nobody'd ever believe me."

I trust, now that hovering doubt no longer casts its clouding shadow on the facts, that you will reproduce them in their virgin simplicity, and clinch the matter once for all. Nature says, acetylacetoresorcinoldimethylether and di-aphenylacetylacetoresorcinoldimethylether are colorless crystalline substances, while dianisoylacetoresorcinoldimethylether is colored slightly yellow, and dimethoxyisophtaloyldipyruvic, ethylester is colored strongly yellow.

Heavens knows that I do not want to crow over a fellow sociologist when he is down, but you will bear witness to the fact that my eminent confrere, Mr Herkimer Johnson, has never alluded to the matter without insisting that the things were green. He, too, would not believe me. Now he may take it up with Nature, if he likes. I am out of it.

Boston, July 5. CYRO P. DYER.

Shows in Maine.

As the World Wags:

The coming of 101 Ranch to Portland brought to mind the fact that this kind of show still holds its place in the list of popular entertainments. I wonder how many of the older folks can recall the names of the first of these they attended.

I remember that the Rockwell and Stone New York circus was the first one I ever saw. Their principal advertisement was a sort of pamphlet which they distributed from house to house, and in it were the names of the stars and the wonderful feats they could do, told in blank verse. One of the first names mentioned was that of Harry Needham. It was stated that "London pageant gazers sigh that they will see his face no more," indicating that henceforth the United States would have the benefit of his services. The next show I recall was Sands and Lent. My impression is that Dan Rice was a drawing card, but I am not sure that this show was the one he was with. I saw him in some one of them. Next came Jim Myers's "Big Show" and that was a good one. Those that came later seemed to me to be cheap, but perhaps the boy in me had began to fade.

The first caravan—that was before the days of menageries—I recall was Van Amberg's. It exhibited on Munjoy Hill, Portland. I recall that Van Amberg himself rode through a number of cages in a car drawn by a lion. The doors in the ends of the cars were opened just long enough for him to go through, and then they slid and shut with a snap. Then he took a tame leopard—I think it was a leopard—outside of a cage into the adjoining open space and performed with him. This part of the show was not long.

HARLAN P. MURCH.

Westbrook, Me.

THE OTHER SIDE

The life of Mrs. Hetty Green will undoubtedly serve the professional moralist. He will dwell on it as an illustration of the vanity of riches. He may even now be heard quoting familiar saws and instances. What enjoyment did Mrs. Green have in life? She apparently was not busied in anything but making money. She had no recreations, diversions, amusements. She was not interested in art, literature, science, politics, philanthropy. It was her one wish that her son should be the wealthiest man, as she was one of the richest women, if not the richest, in the world. To accomplish this she was amazingly thrifty in her daily routine, so thrifty that she was called mean; indifferent to everything that makes life beautiful or even comfortable. The moralist will quote from Ecclesiastes, Epictetus, Thoreau, choice passages that were intended to console the poor, but have often encouraged the lazy.

The moralist looks on only one side of the shield. Mrs. Green was a shrewd investor. She did not speculate. Her operations in the market did not bring ruin to others. She was not a gambler. She bought when things were cheap and sold when they were dear. The manner of her life was no more simple than that of hundreds in New England for some generations, prudent persons their neighbors called them. Her mind was active, constantly employed. As a girl she had "been in society" when society in New York was not an empty word. She had had her fling and was satisfied. Those who were nearest to her say that she was charitably inclined; that she helped business men in trouble and gave freely to the poor who she knew were deserving. However this may have been, her life was to her thoroughly enjoyable. She might have said: "I, too, am an artist." They do her great wrong who class her with John Elwes, Daniel Dancer and other famous misers. That she died and could not carry her wealth with her is true of the most generous, noblest benefactor of the world.

Let us consult the wisdom of travelers, although there is an old saw that travelers tell strange tales. Mr. Thomas Banister and Master Geofrey Ducket, agents for the Muscovy Company traveled in Russia and Persia from 1568 to 1574. The record of their travels was written by "P. I." from the mouth of Mr. Lionel Plumtree. There is mention of "certaine Russe Cassaks, which are outlawes or banished men." Under color of friendship they boarded the English ship, but immediately took their hatchets and slew divers of the Russians on board. Now note the sturdy English of "P. I.": July 9 '16

"Whereupon Master Ducket, Lionell Plumtree, William Smith, the master, a man of singular valure, and Amos Riall, being under the Spar-decke, did so well behave themselves, that they skowred the hatches and slew 14 of the Cassaks gunners, and hurt and wounded about 30 more, being of them al in number 150 at the least armed with calivers and other weapons fit for so villanous a purpose."

Later an expedition went out against the "Cassacks." "In the same place they found further divers of the Cassacks which the Englishmen had slaine buried in the earth and wrapt some in fortie or fifty yards of Sattin and Taffataes, and some in Turkie carpets cut and spoiled by those villanous Pirats." So it seems that in those days the Cossacks were pirates. In the long account of the Russian army given by Dr. Giles Fletcher, ambassador of England to the Tsar Theodore in 1588, there is no mention of Cossacks, although there is a minute description of the Tsar's 15,000 horsemen. A contributor to the Daily Chronicle of London says that Cossack at the beginning meant an animal separated from the herd; the term was applied to a section of the Kirghizes, and later to the tribes of the Dneister and the Don. This etymological note led us to Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations," from which we have quoted.

Mr. Ephraim Chambers, F. R. S., described Bordeaux in a letter to Thomas Longman, dated July 26, 1739.

"You see by my date y't I am at ye fountain of claret: yet you are not immediately to Conclude I drink nothing but Nectar and Ambrosia, I have no where met worse Wine y'n here: And tho we have chateau-margoo for 8 sous a bottle, & Grave & Pontal Wines for 5 or 6, the liquer chiefly drunk here, at this season, for pleasure, is small bear. A bottle of this costs as much as two of wine; &it would not be dear, were it half so good as y'r common table-beer at London. Here is also some Bristol & Hull beer, but this is too potent for French Noddles, who are forced to Drink it with double ye quantity of Water."

"Small bear" at Bordeaux! Do the inhabitants of Dundee consume vast quantities of marmalade? We doubt it. Sojourning in the Gruyere district, we found it difficult to procure the cheese of the region. We knew of two men that left Dresden, where lobsters were scarce and dear, to spend a month on the Island of Heligoland, then under English rule an island which supplied Hamburg and other northern cities with the "cardinal of the sea." The two found lobsters in the one restaurant of the village on top of the cliff, but they were dearer than they were at Dresden. In those days there was only one cow on the island. The visiting Americans put sheep's milk in their coffee. The natives spoke in a language that was unwritten, a compound of Frislan and Platt-Deutsch, but they also spoke English. They were a simple, kindly folk. House doors were not locked at night. Strangers were welcomed, and at dances in a hall permitted to take partners, young and old, without formal introduction. The pastor of the church was fond of beer and Longfellow's poetry.

Nothing New.

There was recently a successful trial of the hydroski—a water-ski. In 1854 one Filleul crossed the Seine by means of a very similar contrivance, and in 1858 a man skimmed with about the same kind of propellers from Rotterdam to Cologne in six days, 16 hours, against the stream.

Then there's the typewriter. As far back as 1714 an English engineer named Mills, in the employ of the New River Company, obtained a patent for an invention described by him as "an artificial machine for the impressing or transcribing of letters singly or progressively, one after another as in writing, whereby all letters may be engraved on paper or parchment so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print."

Stringed Ambition.

As the World Wags:

As I sat the other day at a seashore resort on the Jersey coast listening to a small string orchestra of six or seven musicians, I wondered why such organizations are always ambitious to soar into the realms of the "bigger" music unsuited to their make-up, and where in the louder passages merely noise and disagreeable confusion result instead of a big body of sound rich in the tonal color of the large orchestra. It is the old, old story of Aesop's "The Frog and the Ox." From its very nature a small string orchestra is limited; it makes a great mistake in essaying music of a big, dramatic nature. There is a large field for it to till in the lesser musical garden, and one suited to its workmen and their tools. In warfare a man with a musket in his hand cannot do the work of a machine gun; in exactly the same way, and for the same reasons, a small string orchestra cannot with success accomplish the results achieved by a large band composed of strings, wood-wind and brass, four or five different wood-wind instruments, four of brass, and strings all duplicated in groups.

Think of the endless library of lighter, melodious chamber music, the scores of light opera, and lesser musical compositions delightful and pleasing to the listener's ear; and yet the small orchestra persists in striving (and strives unsuccessfully) for Wagnerian effects, where variety of instrumental tone color is so vitally essential to the result, but where instead only a thin, noisy effect is achieved, missing most of the essentials. "Let the cobbler stick to his last" is a good, sound maxim, and has a moral in it for the small string orchestra to ponder over and then with wisdom and good judgment follow.

PHIL O. MELODY.

Stockbridge, July 5.

July 9-1916

That there are dramatists who cherish the old conventions is shown by "The Riddle," a play by Anthony Wharton and Morley Roberts, produced at the New Theatre, London, June 17. The heroine is a woman with a past, who was living at a hotel. Her name on the register was Mrs. Lytton. Half the guests were in love with her, although the women were sure that her hair was dyed. She had the amiable habit of borrowing five or 10-pound notes from susceptible youngsters and a sentimental professor. And she had a weakness for young Cecil Orme, probably because he was betrothed to a blameless maiden. Unfortunately for her, James Stronach, K. C., was Cecil's guardian, a suspicious man with a sharp eye and a pretty trick of cross-examination. He at once saw through her, knew that she was really a Mrs. Leadbetter who had been tried for poisoning her husband and was barely acquitted. He also found out that she was being blackmailed by one Riggs. So he set himself to drive her from the hotel. The Daily Telegraph did not sympathize with him in his effort to save Cecil. "That young man inspired in us no desire to save him from anything. Moreover the great Stronach could think of no better dodge than making a speech. During which minutes seemed to become hours."

Stronach told the whole story of the Leadbetter case in the drawing room full of guests. But was her name Leadbetter, as the Pall Mall Gazette and Times have it? The Daily Chronicle prefers "Leadbeater"; the Daily Telegraph "Leadbitter." No matter; the story was as follows: Mrs. Leadbetter, the daughter of an adventurer, married a man for a home when she was half his age. He drank too freely: all customary drinks and ether. He maltreated her. Finally he discovered that she was interested in another man, and he up and died. Mrs. Leadbetter was accused of murder. Poison was found in his body. The other man had given her a bottle, which, as she said in the trial, was for her old dog, who was slowly dying a painful death. The prosecution attempted to prove that she first tried the poison on the dog, then on the husband.

When Stronach had ended his amusing story, Mrs. Lytton bravely defended Mrs. Leadbetter. When they were alone she convinced the lawyer that she was innocent. The poison was really for the dog. Leadbetter drank it, thinking it was ether. The only reason she was fond of Cecil was because he looked so much like her dead lover. "But she would give him up to the good girl, she would go right away and after the play was over call on the great Stronach and see what he could do for her. So Stronach by a neat trick got the letters away from the blackmailer, and it only remained for us to assist at pathetic farewells and the pathetic reunion of the young man and his still sweet fiancee." The Daily Telegraph found plenty of riddle in this "rather torpid" play. "Everybody was odd, and the hotel was odd, and even the horticulture, with its ramblers and chrysanthemums blooming gayly together, was a trifle odd. The air was heavy with the enigmatical. And yet somehow we were not profoundly puzzled or violently thrilled."

The Daily Chronicle said that nothing but Miss Irene Vanbrugh's consummate skill at feint and cut and parry could have saved Mrs. Lytton and the play from banality. "One was left with the old irritation at the stage convention that made the 'nice boy' an insipid ass and the 'sweet young girl' an effeminate doll. In these days young England is neither brainless nor pretty-pretty. The dramatists must wake up to the fact."

The Pall Mall Gazette found that the Maybrick affair was not the only well-known actual precedent recalled. It described the play as "little else than a mildly depressing, respectably, but not strikingly, ingenious murder-talk play of an extremely common order, reminding one of quite a number of better plays of the same kind. The duel behind the eternal K. C. on holiday and mysterious lady with a past, to whose wits of the drawing room he opposes the cold scrutiny of the forum—one had really thought that Sir Charles Wyndham and others had exhausted most treatments of the theme! Indeed, that thoroughly clever play, 'Mrs. Dane's Defence,' was in many ways the last word in what can be done on the stage by setting a practiced cross-examiner up against a temperament. * * * A needlessly sordid and melancholy story in these times! One finds it difficult to understand what was the authors' exact hope in dragging these old, unhappy, far-off things out again just at the present juncture. Still, it is pleasant that a most cordial first night reception can be reported to Mr. Morley Roberts and to Mr. Anthony Wharton, the latter of whom is at present 'lying wounded in a Dublin hospital.'"

The Times began: "Hamlet's little plan for catching the conscience of King Claudius is always catching the fancy of some playwright. As a rule you will find the plan simplified by telling instead of acting the story of the suspected crime in the presence of the suspect, whose indignant rejection of some inaccurate detail confirms the accuracy of the remainder." The Times praised Miss Vanbrugh. "Mr. Dion Boucicault as the wily K. C. seemed to us a little too demonstratively wily, a little too elaborately Machiavellian over trifles like the scrutiny of a Bradshaw or the tilt of a pince-nez."

To the Editor of the Herald:

The recent death of Theodore Hamilton must have recalled to the minds of older Boston theatregoers an event of which much was expected, but which only added one more to the long list of dramatic failures—the first production in English of a stage version of Hawthorne's powerful tale, "The Scarlet Letter." A dramatization had been made in French by Count de Najac, and this was translated into English by Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander, who cherished an ambition to appear as the unfortunate Hester Prynne. Mrs. Lander (1829-1903) was a woman possessing unusual natural gifts and a talented actress in certain lines. She was the original Adrienne Lacouvreur in English, and it happened that as Hester Prynne she retired from the stage, although later appearing a few times at benefits.

The piece was produced at the Boston Theatre on New Year's evening in 1877 with a strong cast. Mr. Hamilton played the erring clergyman, Dimmesdale; that sterling actor, L. R. Shewell was the vengeful Chillingworth, and other parts were taken by such players as C. Leslie Allen, father of Viola Allen; Dan Maguinness, Gus Levick and Mark Price. Much attention was given the setting, a feature of which was a brook with real running water. It was believed that the reputation of the author, together with the local scene of the story, would insure the play much success. Mrs. Lander did all that was possible with Hester, Mr. Hamilton was only moderately successful as Dimmesdale, while Mr. Shewell made a striking figure of the husband. One paper in commenting said: "No piece of

Intensi[illegible] and interest, both in event and text and personage, has been placed before the public this season [illegible] we're no longer so moved to predict that "[illegible] her [illegible] a drama that should attain the highest class of theatre-goers. But the public did not respond and the play was soon withdrawn. Fifteen years later Richard Mansfield produced a version by Joseph Hatton but even his genius could do little with the sombre story and while he played it occasionally he never could win for it much favor.

Hamilton was a native of Baltimore and his stage career was a long and varied one. He supported James W. Wallack, Jr., and Edwin Forrest, and then joined the stock company of the able Baltimore manager, John T. Ford. In 18[illegible] he was leading man at the old Broadway Theatre, New York, and the next year found him at Booth's Theatre, where he appeared as the King in "Hamlet," Enoch Arden, Macduff to Edwin Booth's Macbeth and Prince Hal in "Henry IV.," with the celebrated James H. Hackett as Falstaff. That same year he played the title part at this theatre in a memorable production of "Julius Caesar" with Walter Montgomery, a fine actor of that time, as Marc Antony, E. L. Davenport as Brutus, Lawrence Barrett as Cassius and Mark Smith as Casca and was not overshadowed even by such giants. In the late nineties he played with much success in a road production of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and must have given a portrayal worthy to succeed the lovable character created by that splendid actor, Frank Mayo.

Those who saw Irvin Cobb's "Back Home" at the Plymouth Theatre last season will remember the sunny figure of the old confederate veteran, Gideon Gill. It was a small part, but Mr. Hamilton played it with a finish that made it stand out. It proved to be his last part and, curiously enough, it was taken from life, as he had served in the confederate army during the entire civil war. In a letter written during his stay in Boston he said: "I am advanced in age, having passed my 79th birthday on the third of the current month (November, 1915), but I get through my duties at the theatre without much trouble." J. R. DILLABY.

Boston, July 2.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The following communication from a once popular bandleader of this city brings to mind many who were favorite players in the days that are no more.

Dear Mr. Ryan—Your letter in the Herald of June 18 with memories of members of the old Aurora Dramatic Club, including among others Mr. McClannin, was particularly interesting to me because he was a great friend of mine. You may remember that in my letter to you anent old Theatre alley, etc., I mentioned the firm of Morse & Fletcher, brass founders at 42 Congress street, by whom in the early fifties I was employed as engineer. Mr. McClannin at that time was an apprentice in their shop, learning the brass-finishing trade. As a member of the Aurora club he was cast for the part of Duke Ferrado in James Sheridan Knowles's play "The Wife, or a Tale of Mantua." Morse & Fletcher both lived in Melrose and went home at 5 o'clock. (All shops ran from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. in those days.) After they were gone, "Bob," as we used to call him, would come down to the engine room and recite his part, while I would read the words of the other characters and give him the cues. Thus I learned the whole text, and I can repeat much of it after 65 years.

Was there not a star actor named Jamieson that played an annual engagement at the Boston Museum with Anna Cora Mowatt? He always had the character of Julian St. Pierre in his repertory, and how delightfully Mrs. Mowatt interpreted Marriana!

To return to Mr. McClannin. I was told that the first time he appeared with the Auroras at a Saturday evening performance at the Old Howard his mother, a very devout woman, bitterly opposed to his histrionic ambition, spent the evening in prayer that he might fail and be hissed off the stage, but her petition was not answered, and his talent developed to such an extent that as soon as his apprenticeship was ended he adopted the stage as a profession. Was there not an excellent actor by the name of Wallace, who graduated from the club into the stock company of the Museum?

Very truly yours,

Hingham. T. O. EDMANDS.

George Jamieson was a good leading actor of the old school. His name got mixed up in the Edwin Forrest divorce trial, with others who were at times guests at the home of the man who used to be called the great American tragedian. Forrest was as bitter in his enmities as he was loyal in his friendships, and in the legal separation his wife had the sympathy of the public, though she was not apparently always reserved enough in her social surroundings to satisfy a morbidly jealous husband. Mrs. Forrest, it will be remembered, went on the stage after being coached by the late George Vandershoff, and while she was playing at the first National Theatre of Boston the theatre was burned down.

I do not remember Mrs. Mowatt at the Boston Museum, but I saw her several times at the Howard Athenaeum, once as the heroine in "The Bride of Lammermoor," with E. L. Davenport as Edgar of Ravenswood. Later at the same theatre I saw her as Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger" and Rosalind in "As You Like It." She was, I believe, the first of the society actresses in this country—women who belonged to the so-called aristocracy. John Owens revived her comedy "Fashion" at the Boston Theatre some years ago, but it did not attract the wide attention that it did when it was given to the public in the days when Edgar Allan Poe was living to write a criticism of the play. Mrs. Mowatt was a gentle, lady-like actress, who received the encouragement of the best people on account of her decorous and self-sacrificing life for an infirm husband, but she could not enact successfully Lady Macbeth or any of the other heavy tragic characters of the legitimate drama. She made her first public appearance when, as a dramatic reader she was heard at the old Masonic Temple at the corner of Tremont street and Temple place. Her memoirs were also published in his city before her residence in Florence, Italy, after her retirement from the boards and her subsequent remarriage and return to America.

J. J. Wallace I recall as a member of the Boston Museum company after he became a professional actor, and I saw him enact at the playhouse indicated the part of Mag Merrilies in "Guy Mannering." It was a strange character for a man to assume, but on the whole, it was a creditable effort. It was, to be sure, an imitation of Charlotte Cushman in the same character and no one could approach our eminent Boston actress in the role of the gipsy queen as she conceived it, though it was not the nurse of Henry Bertram that Walter Scott created. I saw Mrs. Judah as Meg some time before at the Museum, and Mary Anderson tried it in her early days when Miss Cushman was her model, but she soon dropped it from her list of impersonations.

I thank Mr. Edmands for recalling to my mind my old friend, Robert McClannin. He was a sensible adviser and true friend. William Warren of pleasant memory and high artistic worth was wont to say: "Bob has a level head and never slops over." There was one word that Mr. McClannin could not endure in dramatic criticism. It was contained in the words: "Say I am good or bad, but do not say I am acceptable." JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Theatre

A Worcestershire vicar and rural dean refused to sanction the playing of the "Dead March" from "Saul" at a memorial service in his church for Lord Kitchener "because Handel, the composer, was a German." The Daily Telegraph thereupon was moved to argue that Handel was, in effect, an Englishman, though born a Saxon. Is not Handel included in the "Dictionary of National Biography"? Is he not buried in Poets' Corner? Was he not a naturalized British subject? Did he not spell his name in England "Handel" without a modification of the vowel "a"? De he not compose a Te Deum for the Peace of Utrecht, a treaty not welcomed in Germany? And so on, and so on. But why take the trouble to argue the question? Even if Handel had lived and died a German, was that a sufficient reason for tabooing the "Dead March"?

Mr. S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald wrote this note last month to the Daily Telegraph, about "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-Ay": "Although this song is said to have had its origin in the Balkans, the West Indies and the southern states of America, where, in a very disagreeable form, it was a great favorite with the Negroes, Mr. Legge is quite right as to its being found in a cantata by the late Alfred Gilbert. In 1886 Alfred Gilbert of the Philharmonic Society had presented by the Merchant Taylors' Choral Society a cantata entitled 'Abdallah, the Last Moorish King.' In the first eight bars of the opening of the Finale will be found the gist of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.' In America the song was introduced into 'Tuxedo' early in 1891. The husband of the late Lottie Collins sent her a copy from the United States, and in an altered form she first sang it in England at the Tivoli Music Hall, Nov 7, 1891."

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Mr. Moiseiwitsch, pianist, "attired, as usual, in a black shirt waist," forced the pace in Schumann's "Carnaval" "at the expense of the inner meaning of the music." It added courteously: "It is a temptation that most frequently assails pianists whose technic is most fluent. In other words, it is the defect of a quality."

The Daily Telegraph (London) speaks of Puccini's "Un Bel di Vedremo" and Verdi's "Ernani, Involami" as "stalking-horses for the highly accomplished in the 'haute ecole' of singing."

Mr. Fernandez Arbos, for a year concert-master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, suffered so from gout while on his annual tour of the Spanish provinces with his Madrid orchestra that he had to abandon the tour half way. This month he will go to San Sebastian for his summer season, after which he will return to London for the winter.

Following a performance of "The Magic Flute" in English at the Aldwych Theatre, June 14, a performance of "Tristan and Isolde" was conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham June 15, also in English. The Pall Mall Gazette began its review in a curious manner: "Let us hope that last night's unmistakable success has at last ended the 'Tristan' discussion, which should never have begun. There are reasons for banning the 'Ring' in which it is possible to see neo-pagan Germany. One may also object to Hans Sachs's harangue against Latin art. But 'Tristan' is unimpeachable. To begin with the legend is Celtic. There may be difficulties of accentuation about Yseult, but there is no reason why the hero should not be Tristram. The music is by a classic who in his lifetime was, to say the least, no friend of the Prussian beaurocracy. The only aggressively German feature in the whole opera is the solemn tediousness of King Mark's exordium to the lovers."

Debussy's 'cello sonata was played again in London June 17 and pronounced "truly uninteresting." The report is again circulated in London that Debussy is suffering from cancer. He has been obliged to relinquish work and his condition causes much anxiety.

Music clearly has charms to soothe the savage beast as well as breast. For a correspondent has sent me the account of how the well-known violinist, Mr. John Dunn, rescued from potential drowning, by means of music, a calf which had strayed into a pond. Every orthodox effort had been resorted to by the owner to induce the animal to return to land, but in vain. The thought then struck Mr. Dunn that the magic of his bow might be utilized a la Orpheus with his lute, only more so. So he fiddled and at once the errant beast turned toward the spot whence came the musical sounds, and landed itself safely and quite unharmed by its long immersion. Of course, it may be that the calf had the intention of "going for" the fiddler, but against this thesis is the undoubted fact that it showed no disposition to return to the water after the music had ceased. So, on the whole, the first sentence may be allowed to stand!—London Daily Telegraph.

The Shakespeare literature of last month shows traces of a habit peculiar to Shakespeare students among students of all great writers, and doubtless in itself an unconscious homage to him alone. This is the habit of discussing his personages as though they were fact, not fiction. It is quite unreasonable, for there is no Hamlet except the Hamlet Shakespeare explicitly and implicitly displays to us. There is no problem of Macbeth, there is only the problem of what Shakespeare intelligibly conceived to be Macbeth, and shows us of his conception. But some profound students do aim at going behind Shakespeare and thinking out their own Macbeth. Assuredly they make him—though they make him from Shakespeare's text—too much their own. We have to take our Shakespeare purely as he intends; and we have to accept his mistakes frankly as mistakes—little carelessnesses, few enough. For example, that queen of ancient women, Juliet's nurse. As a human being, out of the play, she would not have been ancient at all. Lady Capulet tells her daughter that she herself was a mother at about 14 years of age. As there is no brother or sister to Juliet, it was Juliet who was the child of this childish Lady Cauplet. And the nurse, being a "wet-nurse," was of the age of the mother, as is the rule, for medical reasons, wherever foster-mothers are employed. Consequently this great old woman must have been, if a living creature, in all the bloom of 28 summers when she played that wonderful part of old age. None the less is she perfectly and inimitably old, as Shakespeare—having let his arithmetic lapse—intended that she should be.—London Daily Chronicle.

The production of "Tristan and Isolde" in English, June 15, at the Aldwych Theatre, London, "with staging a la Bakst, was an interesting experiment in a miniature style. The scenery and costumes, in impressionist style, are a big break away from Wagnerian tradition. They are undeniably effective, but whether they will please devout Wagnerites is another matter."

Miss—or Dr.—Ethel Smyth is again in trouble. She believes that the critics resent her putting into the mouth of Mrs. Waters, widow and heroine of her opera, "The Boatswain Mate," sarcastic remarks about men. "Therefore to placate 'those guardians of public morality and tradition,' who are 'tenacious of the dignity of their sex,' and 'determined to discourage jokes on certain themes,' she contemplates writing another opera to be called 'The Boatswain's Revenge,' wherein she will allow a male character to make 'sarcastic remarks about women.' 'In that case,' said Miss Smyth in a letter to the Manchester Guardian, 'no appeal to the critics' sense of humor will be necessary; they'll see that joke fast enough.'"

Mme. Clara Butt has been making a concert tour of the South Wales valleys and coal fields. Perhaps she is reviving Tony Pastor's "Down in a Coal Mine."

This paragraph was printed on the program of "a well known and very accomplished" singer in London: "Madame ——'s dress, specially designed by ——, and executed by Maison —— 38, —— W."

Two new pieces by Frank Bridge for string quartet were produced in London June 17. "These were based on the old tunes, 'Sally in Our Ally' and 'Cherry Ripe,' and were agreeable exhibitions of musical skill of the kind that is out of the power of those intuitive musicians—there are many nowadays—who imagine that technic is a gift of the gods. In the first the composer has made a 'fat' harmonic texture by means which are simple in themselves, but not often carried to such lengths. In the second he has amused himself spinning gossamer round a cherry twig. The contrast is so effective that the two pieces should always be played as a pair." Thus the Pall Mall Gazette. The Daily Telegraph praises Mr. Bridge's harmonic treatment of "Sally in Our Alley," "which he has nobly refrained from 'disguising.' To his 'dressing-up' of 'Cherry Ripe' he has brought a greater measure of fancy and ingenuity, but neither the fancy nor the ingenuity represents a perverse attempt to apply modernity to the distortion of a type of melody unable to bear such handling."

A Belgian violoncellist, Miss Valerie Valenson, a pupil of David Popper, played for the first time in London, June 17, and was applauded.

The newspapers of England, Spain and France note from time to time the evil influence of certain film shows. Here is the most recent English case:

"The cinema theatre continues to assert its proud pre-eminence in the corruption of youth. Two boys, of 9 and 7, were charged at Grimsby yesterday with setting fire to a house which they had broken open, after a study in the art of burglary as expounded by 'the pictures.' They had scattered jam and flour in every room, it was added, and converted the place into a veritable pigsty. The cinema type of humor will be recognized without much difficulty in these embellishments. How long are we going to boast of keeping an open door for such importations of moral refuse?"

Older concert goers in Boston remember Mr. Watkin Mills, an Englishman, who sang in oratorio as performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. He has been living in Winnipeg for some time, and he has lately been lecturing on Handel and singing Handel's music. A poet of the town has done him honor:

To hear him sing "Arm, arm, ye brave!"
Would stir the soul in even a knave;
And, if you can a secret keep,
He once was heard, tho' fast asleep,
To sing "O ruddier than the cherry."
But tho' in Handel's stuff he revels,
He'll sometimes drop to lower levels,
Like Elgar, Dvorak, Stainer, Gounod,
And Sullivan, and others you know.

F. A. Keene, organist at Sandringham since 1907, and for 22 years before that date organist at St. Saviour's, Clapham, died in consequence of the war, for he spent nights in the marshes with his company of boy scouts hunting Zeppelins and there contracted the fatal illness.

As stated above Mr. Moiseiwitsch, the pianist, wears a black shirt waist on the stage. Here is a more intimate description: "Time was when long, unkempt hair and a flowing tie were the hall mark of the pianist. That, the gods be thanked, has passed away. Mr. Moiseiwitsch, however, threatens us with a dangerous precedent. He wears a moujik's blouse made of black silk—a polished version of national dress. As the influence of music widens we may logically expect Choctaw pianists with features from the milliner and tomahawks and scalps supplied by a theatrical costumier whose name will appear on the program. The absurdity of the thing is doubled by the circumstance that Mr. Moiseiwitsch happens to have not the slightest need of such aids to notoriety. He is not of the race of Titans, but is justly reckoned with the elite of pianists. To those who really appreciate fine playing the blouse was nothing but a source of irritation."

Miss Doris Gay, a mezzo-soprano in London, has, it seems, only one serious defect: "She sometimes produces the first note of a phase as the Egyptians produced the Pyramids—by means of an inclined plane."

"A minor detail is her pronunciation of the French 'u,' which made her sing Verlaine's famous line as if it ran 'Le ciel est par dessous le toit,' which might have been true of some places, but not of the prison of which he wrote."

An English National Theatre Revue—and After ?

Among those pleasing impromptu wildernesses that are part of London's summer charm, where willow-weed and mallow, burdock and bugle, and purple loosestrife luxuriate over brickbat rockeries, there is one that might well be a place of especial contemplation to playgoers just now. It is in Bloomsbury, at the corner of Keppel street and Gower street. Upon about half of the space is already being built a Y. M. C. A. hut of more or less variegated, or suburbanized, design, with gables here and there, and casement windows of the garden city pattern. Above it is this legend, "The Shakespeare Hut, on site acquired by the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre." There can be no doubt that, even as it is, this Shakespeare Hut is something of a bright spot in a very desolate land. It is delightful at least to know that those of our gallant soldiers who may at some future date find themselves in Bloomsbury in the rain—as I did on the particular recent occasion when I visited the place—will have some refuge from that peculiar sense of all-permeating gloom which the surroundings seem expressly designed to engender. Gazing upon those blackened fronts and blackened backs of dingy old houses emphasized rather than relieved by harsh hoardings and vast barrack-like piles of residential mansions, one could not

forbear asking the question—will it ever happen? Is that National Theatre ever going to be built at all? Is there the remotest reason why (so far as new bricks and mortar are concerned) it should be built?

It is all very well to say that it is of no use to worry about a National Theatre in war time. But there is a little fact that came with curious force to my mind as I sought lonely shelter beneath a poplar tree which rears itself in an unsued half of this melancholy precinct. All the while our real and indisputable National Theatre—whose other name is Drury Lane—has been doing things. There is no solitude and desolation about Drury Lane. After a triumphantly successful Shakespeare celebration, it is not bursting out these very days into the unprecedented enterprise of a monster summer revue? With a capacious versatility all its own, it turns from Shakespeare to "Razzle-Dazzle"; from Julius Caesar to George Formby! In so doing it loses nothing of its dignity, and certainly nothing of its popularity—any more than it does by responding to the spirit of our national carnival at Christmas time.

If there are those—and it appears there are such—who think that a revue is not the type of play to be cultivated in a national theatre, why are the national theatre committee, who have, or should have, ample funds, not giving us a different type of play? Can it be that they are contenting themselves with the utterly illogical reflection that because the war makes it more difficult to meet what is really a more than normal demand for good, invigorating drama, therefore they must sit by and twiddle their thumbs till the weeds run to seed in the Gower street rubbish-heap, and the time comes when nothing matters? Surely this is the hour of all others when the national theatre committee should be active. If the drama means anything to the nation at all, it does so particularly in war time. As a matter of fact, on every hand we have proof that the public is astonishingly keen about the theatre, which has more than ever now a plain duty before it to cheer and inspire. And what are the national theatre committee doing "in the great war"—so far as concerns their special duty of lifting the theatre to the level of the nation's need? Nothing! The committee responsible for the Shakespeare Tercentenary celebrations was, it may be noted, not the national theatre committee—and very carefully distinguished from it in all announcements. While Mr. Martin Harvey, on his own personal initiative and at his own risk, does his big hit at His Majesty's, and the little company at the "Old Vic," despite every sort of difficulty, has been able, so it is said, to make Shakespeare in war time an actually paying proposition, the national theatre committee sits helplessly by in a condition of unwise and unmasterly inanition, cloaking its miserable failure by handing over half of a bit of waste land for another committee to set up an excellent hut wholly untheatrical resort where our brave lads—and good luck to them!—may enjoy their coffee and draughts.

As a matter of fact, I understand that if the national theatre committee had approached Mr. Arthur Collins some time back with an offer to take Drury Lane for a summer season, or series of summer seasons—the ideal beginning for a great Shakespearean tradition—there would have been every possibility. Is the chance absolutely lost now? While one wishes all possible success to "Razzle-Dazzle," it cannot in any case go on forever.. Is not this just the time when, with the splendid record of the Tercentenary celebrations and of Mr. Martin Harvey's and the "Old Vic's" seasons to encourage them, the national theatre committee should give up this dismal futility of waiting for people to subscribe to a prospective mausoleum on a forlorn site in Bloomsbury, and make sure of Drury Lane for, say, next summer or the summer after? No one who visited that grand old playhouse for the Shakespeare Tercentenary performance could have failed to recognize that it is absolutely ready and waiting to be a national theatre, officially as well as actually. Is it not hallowed by every classic memory—of Betterton and Booth, Garrick and Siddons, Bracegirdle and Oldfield, Quin and Macklin, Kean and Macready, and, not least, those farewell performances, fresh in the memory of present-day playgoers, of Sir Henry Irving and Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson. In itself it has, as everybody knows, one of the finest stages in the world. Its auditorium is dignified; its acoustics almost miraculously perfect?

Meanwhile upon that blessed plot in Bloomsbury the weeds are thriving. One sees in a vision, a month or two after the declaration of peace, the national theatre committee gravely meeting to consider the advisability of beginning to think about whipping round for more subscriptions. While the grass grows—the proverb is something musty!—S. R. Littlewood in the Daily Chronicle (London, June 16).

July 10.1916

"D. B." wishes to know the whole of the old song ending:

From a three-story dwelling
They lowered him, yelling,
The man in the sealskin pants.

Some Errors Noted.

As the World Wags:

In an article entitled "The Second-Term 'Bug' and Its Fatal Bite," which filled a page of the Sunday Herald of June 18, it was stated that Silas Wright's declination of the Democratic nomination for Vice-President in 1844 "was the first and only instance of a man's declining a nomination for either of the first two places" (presidency and vice-presidency) "by one of the great political parties."

That statement, however, is far from correct. Besides that declination by Silas Wright of the nomination for Vice-President, there have been two instances in which nominations for that office have been declined by the nominees.

One of those declinations of the nomination for Vice-President by two others than Silas Wright was that of John Langdon of New Hampshire. In May, 1812, a caucus at Washington made up of Republican members of Congress nominated Langdon as the Republican candidate for Vice-President to run on the ticket with James Madison, the Republican candidate for President, but Langdon declined the nomination, and in the following month (June) a second Republican caucus was held and the nomination for Vice-President bestowed upon Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, who at the ensuing election was chosen Vice-President.

The other of those declinations of the nomination for Vice-President by two besides Silas Wright was that of Benjamin Fitzpatrick of Alabama. At the adjourned Democratic national convention held in Baltimore in June, 1860, Fitzpatrick was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Vice-President to run on the ticket with Stephen A. Douglas, the Democratic candidate for President, but he declined the nomination, and the Democratic national committee thereupon substituted Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia in his place. At the ensuing election for President and Vice-President the number of popular votes received by Douglas and Johnson was the next highest below the number received by the successful candidate, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, the candidates of the Republicans.

In an article entitled "How Uncle Sam Fought Mexico in 1847," which filled a page in the Sunday Herald of June 25, it was stated that Franklin Pierce "was a classmate at Bowdoin of Nathaniel Hawthorne, John P. Hale, S. S. Prentiss and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." That statement, however, is incorrect. Pierce was not in the same class at Bowdoin as either Hawthorne, Hale, Prentiss or Longfellow, and the four latter were in three different classes, Pierce being in the class of 1824, Hawthorne and Longfellow in that of 1825, Prentiss in that of 1826, and Hale in that of 1827.

I saw not long since in some Boston paper—the Herald, I think—a statement to the effect that the Mrs. Surratt, who was hanged for complicity in the plot for the taking off of President Lincoln was the wife of John H. Surratt, whose demise was chronicled recently. This is a great mistake. The Mrs. Surratt who was hanged was the mother, not the wife, of John H. Surratt. The son fled to Europe, but was pursued, and was captured in Egypt. He was brought back to this country and placed on trial for participating in the plot for assassinating Lincoln; but it was found to be difficult, if not impossible, to get an impartial jury, and the case was finally dropped.

So much should be said in vindication of historic accuracy. QUOD.

Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

The Bunker Hill Aurora.

As the World Wags:

In the Herald of June 28, "R. S. H." stated that there is a full file of the Bunker Hill Aurora in the Boston Public Library. I lately looked at that file of the Aurora for the year 1853, but found that the issue of the paper for Dec. 31, which I much desired, and still desire, to see, is not in the file. Does "R. S. H." or anybody else know where a copy of that issue of the Aurora can be found? QUERIST.

Brookline.

Crowne, the Poet.

As the World Wags:

Col. William Crowne owned land in Maine with Sir Thomas Temple. His ownership began in 1654. He lived most of the time in Boston. His son, John Crowne, at the time Whalley and Goffe came to Boston (1660) lived with the Rev. John Norton at he Old South parsonage. A line or two shows he was at Harvard. He went to London and became a poet and play writer at the court of Charles II. and about 1678 put in a petition for some of the "Narragansett lands" in Rhode Island. This petition, with some account of Boston in 1660, was presented in 1670, and can be found by looking in the index of the "Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, West Indies and American." Sir Thomas Temple and William Crowne were the proprietors of Acadia, from the Kennebec along the coast including one-half of present Nova Scotia.

Boston. M. J. C.

No one has answered the questions about the association of a king of Spain with Bristol and the poet Crowne. —Ed.

Windy Waters.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton surely encouraged the talk of a tax on mineral waters in England. He has written in verse his opinion of soda water.

As for all the windy waters,
They were rained like tempests down,
When good drink had been dishonoured
By the tipplers of the town;
When red wine had brought red ruin,
And the death dance of our times,
Heaven sent us soda water
As a torment for our crimes.

THEN AND NOW

When the Germans first employed a deadly gas against their foes there was an outcry from all civilized nations. Now the statement that a destroying gas is at times used by the British excites little comment. The world is accustomed to horrors. The slaughter of thousands is no more than the report that thousands have been drowned by a tidal wave in the far east.

In the reign of Louis XV. a French chemist named Dupre invented a fire, so rapid and consuming that it could not be evaded or quenched. Experiments amply proved this. When it was seen that with this fire a man could burn a fleet or destroy a town without successful resistance, Louis forbade that the invention should be made public. He was then at war with England; it was important that England's fleet should be destroyed, but he refused the aid of Dupre's invention and thought for the general interests it should be suppressed. Dupre died, carrying the secret with him. Yet Louis XV. was by, no means an ideal ruler, and he is pilloried for his gross immorality and his heartless indifference towards his suffering people.

The Goncourt brothers kept a curious journal which has been published in nine volumes. Jules died; Edmond continued it. This journal, which will probably survive the novels, biographical and sociological works of the brothers, includes a curiously personal and anecdotical account of the siege of Paris. There is an entry in which an aged noncombatant, longing to serve his country in some manner, expresses his helplessness. "One feels somehow as if one must escape from the human shell and, soaring into unknown places, invent something or other to confound the enemy. One longs for some means of flying, in order to seek out and discover the foe; for some new form of destruction that would kill whole battalions at a time; my imagination runs riot, and I see myself the inventor of some formula for rendering the air unbreathable and stifling the entire Prussian army by its use."

Forty-five years ago a quiet man interested in literature, Japanese wit, the life of the eighteenth century, expressed this wish. It then seemed visionary. The aeroplane is now no more wonderful than the eagle and the vulture. The air has been made unbreathable by German chemists.

July 17.1916

But, surely, if a man should say, "I will go to Redditch to buy needles cheap," and all the way take care to speak no evil of his neighbors, to keep very sober, to be punctual in his accounts, and to say his regular prayers with exactitude, though that would be a good work, yet if he is to be a pilgrim (and the church has a hundred gates), I would rather for the moment that he went off in a gay, tramping spirit, not over-sure of his expenses, nor very careful of all he said or did, but illuminated and increasingly informed by the great object of his voyage, which is here not to buy or sell needles, or what not, but to loose the mind and purge it in the ultimate contemplation of something divine.

Pacifist.

When did the words "pacifist," "pacificist," "pacifism" creep into the English language? Who had the courage first to use them? "Pacifisme," "pacifiste" are in the French dictionaries, even in the pocket Larousse of 1912. Remy de Gourmont about that time spoke of the Abbe de Saint-Pierre as the "inventor of pacifism."

An Aesthete.

As the World Wags:

I called on my old friend Hyacinth Lapham yesterday. As I neared his "cottage"—a mansion, by the way that a King of Persia might have coveted—a pleasant odor invaded my nostrils, a delightful odor. It did not come from any flower bed for there was none in sight. It did not come from the garage. Looking about, I saw smoke curling from a chimney. Entering the house, I was ushered by an Edith Wharton butler into Hyacinth's study. There he sat in front of a snapping fire. A book was in his hand. The delectable odor was now pungent. I recognized, identified it; the smell of cedar. Was Hyacinth afraid that moths would fret his garments while he sat? I jested in a refined manner. He smiled languidly. "No, but I find that cedar makes the most agreeable kindling wood. Pine is too common. It is, in fact, vulgar. I am told that a Cape Cod lighter is convenient, but I cannot bear the thought of kerosene. You know that foolish old pergola that was here last year when I bought the place. It was made of cedar posts, and I ordered them taken down, also pulled out—to be precise—and turned into kindling merely for the fragrance. Occasionally, when I am feeling strong, I split some myself, merely for the fresh odor. Won't you have a cigar?" I shuddered, for I know too well his preferred brand; cigars affected by millionaires, $7 a hundred. In a few moments there was no thought of cedar. Even the imperturbable butler choked and gasped as he entered the room to announce another visitor, a bishop, I believe, from a middle state.

DE LANCY PAIGE.

Manchester, July 10.

Maniacal.

Dr. Fuchs, a contributor to a prominent German medical weekly, has published a pamphlet from which we quote the following amiable paragraph:

"Cultivate hate! Cultivate respect for hate! Cultivate the love of hate! Organize hate! Down with the childish shyness, away with false shame face to face with brutality and fanaticism! In politics, too, Marinetti's motto must be acted upon; more slaps and fewer kisses! We must not hesitate to proclaim blasphemy: 'Faith, Hope, and Hate, but the greatest of these is hate.'"

Perhaps it is well to add that Dr. Fuchs is the chief physician at a public lunatic asylum in Baden.

A Denial.

The story that the three rows of white tape on the English sailor's collar stand for Nelson's three great victories and the black silk neckerchief is a mourning badge for him is denied by "Taffrail" in Chambers's Journal. "The square collar was introduced in the latter part of the 18th century as a means of preventing the grease and flour with which sailors annointed their pig-tails from soiling their clothes. The three rows of tape were placed upon it merely for ornament, for there is no evidence to support the belief that they commemorate the three famous victories. The black silk handkerchief came in at much the same time. In the heat of battle the gunners tied it round their foreheads to prevent the perspiration from running down into their eyes and blinding them. At ordinary times it was tied round the neck for the sake of convenience."

To Be Heard Standing.

As the World Wags:

I was pleased to read Mr. Cudworth's remarks about persons standing during the performance of a national air. A few summers ago it was my pleasure to attend a so-called Pop concert at the Lyric Theatre in Baltimore. A foreign band, Austrian, if I remember rightly, had been playing many musical pieces of foreign composition. Suddenly, and I feel quite sure unexpectedly, these musicians struck up "Dixie." Then such an enthusiastic springing to one's feet, the more enthusiastic jumping on to chairs and tables; such a waving of handkerchiefs, straw hats and arms; such cheering as I had never witnessed before in a northern and eastern audience when national airs had been played by a band. My companion and I, completely taken by surprise at this form of deference to a popular air, remained in our chairs, but only for a moment. I wish to second Mr. Cudworth's motion that, whenever any one of the national airs is played, "The Star Spangled Banner" or "Hail, Columbia," that the whole audience spring to their feet and show the same deference as was then shown to "Dixie," and not wait for some one from stage or pulpit to say: "The audience will please rise and remain standing while 'America' is played, or sung."

DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me.

FLORENCE NASH PLEASES WITH SLANGY SPEECH

Leads Bill at Keith's Theatre in Sketch Obviously Written to Utilize Her Style of Acting—Well Supported by Competent Cast — Program Is Well Balanced.

Florence Nash, pleasantly remembered for the excellence of her Aggie Lynch, a type of the underworld, in "Within the Law," is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. There is no doubt that Willard Mack, the author of "Pansy's Particular Punch," had Miss Nash in view when he wrote the sketch, for the piece is obviously tailor-made and built to meet the style of the actress. This does not mean that the author has neglected all else than Pansy, for each character has its logical place in the story and there is no lugging in of this or that person by way of effective padding.

The piece is frankly melodramatic, the author has shown character discernment and the action is speedy. The dialogue is often uproariously amusing and there is the slangy speech of the underworld and the colloquialisms that Pansy sends across with a telling punch.

Then, too, the author, after the manner of some of the recent melodramatic successes of the legitimate stage, has provided an ingenious and surprising turn at the end that startles the audience.

Amuses with Gutter Speech.

Miss Nash, as Pansy, the waitress at Childs's, amused the audience with her shafts and gutter speech. The comedienne does not have to affect a grotesque make-up to frame her character. Her logic is recognized and felt in each succeeding phrase; sentimental to the core, she is first and always a business woman, the protector of Pansy. No, "She didn't hop on Third avenue cars all her life to be run over by a cab in the park." And "To be a waitress in Childs's does not necessarily mean that one eats there." Supporting Miss Nash in a convincing manner were Eva Condon, Harold West and William A. Norton.

Others on the bill were the Four Readings, in a sensational juggling act; Al Shayne, in a monologue and singing act, Searl Allen and Ed Howard in a rural sketch; Ralph Dunbar's Old-Time Darkies, in southern plantation melodies; George A. Lyons, in a harp interlude; Harry Holman and company, in a laughable sketch; Williams and Segal, in a singing and dancing act, and the Zara Carmen Trio, in hoop manipulation.

'POPS' MOVE TO BALLROOM OF COPLEY-PLAZA

That the continuation of the Pop concert season in the very attractive atmosphere of the Copley-Plaza ballroom is to prove popular, was evident from the opening concert last evening. The tables about the floor were well filled throughout the evening.

Under the new management of Theodore Seydel, the series will continue for several weeks.

The orchestra is made up of about 35 of the Symphony players, with Andre Maquarre conducting. The following program will be given this evening:

THE IDEAL INCOME

Mrs. Hetty Green wished to be the richest woman in the world. She wished her son to be the richest man in the world. To her the ideal income was one beyond the dreams of avarice. To thousands the ideal income is a greater one than that actually possessed; they believe in the maxim of Disraeli that it is an income about as large again as the one you have already, or as he put it perfection in the way of wealth is "Ten thousand a year and the world to think it is only five thousand."

Unfortunately these strivers after the ideal are not willing to let the world think their income is only one-half of what it is. They insist on showing that they have the full amount. That they may be the more glorious in the eyes of their neighbors and the unacquainted they strive after still greater wealth. Fifty years ago in New England towns five thousand dollars a year was considered a generous salary for a bank president. A man worth $100,000 was thought to be passing rich. How many millionaires throughout the country were there to be listed at that time?

Of course the ready answer is that salaries have been increased as the cost of living has advanced; that the same is true of wages. It might be said in reply that few now have the simple tastes they had fifty years ago; that "civilization" is more complex; that the luxury of the Sixties is now an absolute necessity. An English economist declared two or three years ago that nobody deserved an income of £10,000 a year, that nobody earned it. The same has been said in this country. The fact remains that certain sound corporations do not hesitate to pay their president or chief manager $50,000 a year. They do not do this out of charity or because they wish to gratify his artistic tastes. They think he is worth that sum to them.

The truth of the matter is this: Man is "a walking bundle of desires." It is argued that these desires furnish "the stock of energy he needs for his own and the world's betterment." If he did not cry out, like Oliver Twist, for more, he would follow Pascal's advice and sit by the fire. Yet some, looking backward, find that the world went very well when incomes were small, when sperm oil was burned in lamps, when a span of horses was reckoned an extravagance, before the days of telephones, cold storage and summer cottages.

July 12 1916

Lord! how dependent is mortal man upon books of reference! An editor or a minister of the Crown with books of reference at his elbow will seem more learned than Erasmus himself in the wilds.

A Modern Heidegger.

Mr. Herbert C. Smith of St. Louis announced several months ago that he was the ugliest man in the town. Convinced that he was, he wished to make a wager. Last week he killed himself by inhaling gas. His wife—he was not ugly in her eyes—said he had been in poor health. It is not fair to think, then, that he killed himself because his wager was not accepted.

This story reminds us of Heidegger, opera manager in London, epicure, wine-bibber, arbiter elegantiarum, and withal a charitable soul. He was famously ugly. One day he laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that the latter could not find in London an uglier face. The earl finally came upon an ill-featured woman in St. Giles, but when Heidegger doffed her headdress, it was admitted that he had won. It is also related that a duke standing off a dunning tailor, one Jolly, exclaimed "I'll not pay you till you show me an uglier man than yourself." The tailor wrote a note to Heidegger, stating that the duke wished to see him at a certain hour the next morning. Heidegger called. The duke was mystified, but Jolly made his appearance and the bill was promptly paid.

Was Heidegger's ugliness unduly extolled? His death mask shows a benevolent and by no means disagreeable face. Perhaps Helen of Troy would not excite so much attention today as some collar-and-cuff girl in the same city.

Punctuation.

As the World Wags:

The publication of the Herald editorial of July 2 entitled "Respectable Hyphens," and certain comments which constitute a portion thereof, calls to mind the fact that in recent years a situation has been created in our leading printing houses which, although unfamiliar to the uninitiated, is a matter of common knowledge to the various staffs and other employes of these publishing concerns. From the earliest times it has been the custom, when glaring errors have been called to the attention of newspapers to blame the printer. "The compositor made us say this or that" "Owing to a typographical error we were made to say: 'City objects to burying Plato (plots)'; 'Man found dead in the collar of a horse'; 'The city of baked bears'; 'The Ancients fought the gin bottles (gory battles) of Framingham.'" All the blame for error or omission falls on the head of the devoted linotype operator, whose brain becomes so benumbed from trying to decipher distressful manuscript that, while whacking the humble keyboard, he often imagines himself at the piano playing "The Battle of Prague" and responding with cries of the wounded.

Each metropolitan newspaper and book publishing house has its own peculiar style of punctuation, differing in various degrees from the established rules of the grammarians. The stylebook is a recognized institution in these houses, and in former time was rigidly adhered to. Upon entering the employ of a printing concern the compositor is presented with a copy of this stylebook or sheet, which he is required to study and follow closely. With the introduction of the linotype machine this rule became elastic, which accounts in a degree for the radical departure from established rules of punctuation. The dividing of the word "mineowners," as it occurs in the above-mentioned editorial, would not have been tolerated in the days when type was set by hand. The running over of the "ers" to the next line or the division, even, of certain syllabic words would have been marked as incorrect by the vigilant proofreader, and the compositors would have been severely reprimanded.

The introduction and general use of the linotype also marks the passing of that human encyclopaedia and author's saviour, the old-time proofreader. It is not the fault of the proofreader if the newspaper of today is an eyesore to the individual who scans its columns for errors. It is said that Horace Greeley placed such confidence in his proofreaders that he relied upon them not only to correct errors in his editorial manuscript, but to rewrite portions of some if they considered it necessary. Now, however (comma), the proofreader's scope is limited. His instructions are to make no "unnecessary" marks on a proof. Hence the absence of hyphens, the uncanny divisions, the numberless grammatical errors that mar the pages of our daily press. Hence the passing of the old-time proofreader. Today an oyster-opener could make good on the job. CAXTON.

Boston.

COMIC MEDALS

Leigh Hunt once said it was not creditable to a thinking people that the two things which they most thanked the Lord for were eating and fighting. "We say grace when we are going to cut up lamb and chicken and offer up our best praises to the Creator for having blown and sabred his images, our fellow creatures, to atoms, and drenched them in blood and dirt." He might have enlarged the subject by inquiring into the reasons why medals are struck. A greater poet than he told in faultless verse how the coin and the bust survive when the Emperor has for centuries been a handful of dust.

There are medals awarded in this war for heroic deeds. It seems there are also comic medals. One showing Neptune scrambling on a submarine and shaking his fist at someone who had thrown him overboard is fair; it will have historic interest, if it does not excite uproarious laughter. But what is to be said of the humor exhibited in a medal representing Count Zeppelin flying over Tower bridge, exulting at the spectacle of London in flames? Or of another picturing death sitting in the Cunard office, after the sinking of the Lusitania, selling tickets to neutrals, with this inscription on the medals, "Business as usual"?

July 13 - 1916

The announcement of the opening of a new clubhouse on the shore contains the following instructive and sensible paragraph:

"One of the greatest charms of — has always been its unconventionality. Tuxedos, much less full dress, have been a rarity. While not intending in any way to dictate to our members their mode of dress, we hope they will wish to perpetuate this charm."

We should have preferred "house coats," or even "smokers" or "lounge jackets" to "Tuxedos," but let that pass. The argument of the announcement is sound. Three years ago a London journalist, mourning the decline and fall of the frock coat, attributed the deplorable laxity in manners and morals to the fact that loose and informal dress was not only tolerated, but encouraged. Tut-tut! Pish! Likewise, go to! The Temps of Paris regrets the disappearance of the silk hat and the frock coat during the war and fears that they will not return with peace. Would the Temps have the "poilus" wear them in the trenches to make good the assertion that the art of good dressing is essentially French?

There are persons who in their summer palaces dress for an 8 o'clock dinner as if they were in the city at the height of the season. They are not wholesome companions. Nature looks at them curiously.

"The Golden Wreath."

As the World Wags:

Although I am not a singer — I have been told that I have a powerful, but uncultivated voice—I was interested in Mr. Thomas W. Surette's remarks in New York last week at a meeting of the Music Education Department. Mr. Surette, unless he was loosely reported, said that the teaching of music in schools and colleges is all wrong; that there is too much attention to technic and performance. "The trouble is, we involve music in too much pedagogical paraphernalia and take the soul out. The pupils in public schools are taught trashy music."

Now, this may be so or it may not be so, the remarks set me a-thinking of music sung in the grammar school when I was a boy. The singing book contained what were known as "choice gems." Hum some of the songs now. We used to shout at the top of our lungs: "Wild roamed the Indian girl, Bright Alfaretta" and Alfaretta rhymed with a river in the middle states—I never could spell the word. We sung "Over the summer sea, with light hearts gay and free" to "Donna e Mobile" from "Rigoletto." We sang as though she were our sweetheart: "Lulu is our darling pride." There was a chorus by Verdi, from "I Lombardi," if I am not mistaken it began, "From afar, gracious Lord, thou did'st lead us." Then there was "Ossian's Serenade," not the disputed bard, but Ossian E. Dodge. How did it go? It began:

O come with me and be my love,
For thee the jungle depths I'll rove.

But here is where I came in strong:

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle with its silvery feet
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

I have forgotten the name of the song-book—stay! Was it not "The Golden Wreath"?

And then we sang in Sunday school. "Shall We Gather at the River?" and "Marching Along" were favorites, and so was a song with this chorus:

The pearly gates are open wide,
I see the bright array,
And angels stand on either side
To keep the shining way.

Now and then a boy would be drowned in the Mill pond or in the Connecticut. We all went to the funeral in the Old church, and passed by the coffin—no one said "casket" for "coffin" in those days of plain, sound English—at the end of the service. The face of the dead boy was exposed, according to the hideous custom. Girls cried as they looked on their playmate. The boys stared. It was a long walk to the burying ground. Standing around the grave we piped up:

There's a light in the window for thee, brother;
There's a light in the window for thee.

Yes, we sang in school and at the grave in the middle Sixties. I wonder what Mr. Surette would have thought of it. There certainly was not too great a display of technic.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, July 11.

War Notes.

We have all read of Bellerophonic letters. Letters of introduction and recommendation are often these in disguise. A fat Bavarian was taken prisoner by the French. Brought in, he waved an envelope and exclaimed, "Bon Boche, Kamarad." He explained. According to his story, he had had charge of French prisoners in Bavaria and had treated them so well that they had given him a letter in case he should be captured. A French officer opened the envelope and read as follows: "We, French prisoners, interned in Fort X, have found in Fritz a thief and swindler, who robbed us outrageously whenever we commissioned him to buy things for us. Fritz is both cunning and stupid. He played us the dirtiest tricks. We recommend him to the tender mercies of whoever of our countrymen, as we hope, takes him prisoner. He deserves the best thrashing he can get." The officer laughed and the Bavarian, not knowing French, laughed with him, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming "Bon Boche."

What became of Frederick the Great's sword that Napoleon bore away from Potsdam saying: "I value this more than all the treasures of Prussia"? It was deposited in the Invalides in 1807. It disappeared in 1814. Did the Governor of the Invalides destroy it when the allies were about to enter Paris?

As to the names of the new Italian ministry, there are only two in the pro-

nouncing of which Englishmen are very likely to go wrong as to quantity. These are Carcano and Colosimo. In neither of them is the penultimate syllable long, as English readers of Italian are generally inclined to make it. Carcano has the stress on the first syllable, and Colosimo on the second. As to Scialoia, the name of a probable minister without portfolio, the thing to avoid is the pronouncing of the first "i." It is not to be sounded, being there only for the purpose of softening the "c," and thus making the "Sc" equivalent to our English "sh."—Daily Chronicle.

July 14 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I anserd; we boste of our enterprise and improvements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

Eau de Cologne.

It may be remembered—yet the days are gliding swiftly by—that Sir Roger Casement was imprisoned in the Tower when he was taken to London for trial. The Cologne Gazette at once became hysterical. "It is not inappropriate to designate that monstrous mass of masonry, the Tower of London, as the materialization of all that is wicked and traitorous in the English national soul. Deeds of savagery and cruelty such as the history of no other European people can show have been enacted there. The Tower is the history of England, and it is therefore no wonder that every one of its grey stones should be drenched in blood, and its secret passages should be haunted and rendered uncanny by the sounds of sighs and groans, the phantasmal echoings of the cries uttered by the innumerable victims of English barbarity, lust and depravity, who were tortured within those grim walls because their natures were of a nobler type than the generality of their countrymen. The Tower represents the materialized prototype of that love of theatrical display peculiar to the English, which is as strong at the present day as it was in the days of the Richards and Henrys of the Middle Ages. Every public act of an Englishman, every word he utters, every gesture, every movement, is a theatrical function, an act performed for purposes of effect and to impose on gullible spectators."

This outburst should be printed in a parallel column with the "appreciation" of Artemus Ward.

With the Meat.

An Englishman mourns the dropping out of fruit as a conserve or sauce for meat. He speaks of red currant jelly with roast mutton, and apple sauce with pork and duck, but he recollects finding in Bruges a sweet conserve of gooseberries with roast duck, and in Namur a puree of rhubarb with pork. "Fruit and flesh might often be eaten together with advantage." Yes, to the benefit of the stomach. Fruit acids lighten the mass of proteids. In Germany stewed fruits and conserves are served with all sorts of heavy dishes. We remember gratefully the little plums, the "mirabellen." There were two vile dishes, however, in second-rate pensions that were unaccompanied by a fruit appetizer or corrective. One was lung-hash; the other was a mess of hens' feet in a thick, creamy, greasy sauce.

Here is the bill of fare of "a wartime dinner recommended by the National Training School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace-road. Carrot top soup, stewed macaroni and onions with lentils, treacle sponge with cornflour sauce, cheese aigrettes." What is treacle sponge? Sponge cake with molasses? By the way, what became of the boys and men who used to go through the cars on the railway from New York to Springfield crying: "Sponge and jelly cake?" Then there were the pop-corn men in the trains of New England. This dinner prepared by the National Training School costs four persons 12 cents a piece.

But another meatless dinner for four persons costs 25 cents a head; for six persons it costs 20 cents. Tomato soup, nut roll, with piquante sauce, young carrots, Balmoral tartlets, hot cheese soufflés. The recipe for nut roll is as follows: One and a half pound cooked potatoes, one and a half pound mixed nuts, a little milk, one egg, salt and pepper. piquante sauce. The potatoes should be passed through a sieve and the nuts should be skinned and chopped. "Piquante sauce!" The more piquant the sauce the staler the fish.

Shiny Shoes.

The Daily Express of London informs us that the latest war economy is to wear shoes of shiny black American cloth and pretend that they are made of patent leather. "The effect is quite good from a distance," but the shoes cannot be taken out for a walk in wet or even damp weather.

A Ruinous Change.

As the World Wags:

Hearing a phonograph record the other evening of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," as sung by Mr. John McCormack, I was surprised and grieved to hear him sing, "But might I of Love's nectar sip"—two mistakes in one line. Will you kindly let Mr. Herkimer Johnson know how his ancestor's beautiful song is being ruined?

Boston. M. D.

We, too, prefer, "But might I of Jove's nectar sup," but Mr. Herkimer Johnson spells his surname with an "h." We have understood that he is not descended from Ben Jonson, from Samuel Johnson, or from any Johnston. Like the mule, Mr. Herkimer Johnson has no pride in ancestry.—Ed.

Local Fortcasts.

As the World Wags:

Our able weather forecaster frequently gives out one kind of weather for Boston and vicinity and a different kind for northern and southern New England. This day proves neither "fair" nor "partly cloudy" to this little town about 15 miles south of Boston. In the vernacular it may be called "drussly."

This sort of forecast reminds me of a favorite story of the late George Francis Train's of a Bostonian of whom our forecaster may be a near relative. This Bostonian had been up in a balloon. Relating his experience to his friends, he said he had discovered one very important fact: he had, indeed, always supposed that the commonwealth of Massachusetts was situated in the city of Boston, but, much to his surprise, he found that Boston was located in Massachusetts. ORLANDO LEACH.

Avon, July 4.

Varia.

A London coal porter in the Thames police court told the magistrate that he could now earn from £1 to 30 shillings a day.

A boy of 16, called before a magistrate at Lambeth for disorderly conduct, said that he was earning 24 shillings a week. The magistrate: "The fact is, you are earning too much. When boys of your age have so much money they get out of hand. There ought to be something done to regulate the price of boy labor and keep it down to a reasonable amount."

As there was no Whit Monday bank holiday, the English public spent seven-eights of a million sterling less in drink. "When a Bank Holiday occurs on Monday, the amount spent on drink totals £1,275,000, of which £915,000 is accounted for by beer, and £360,000 by spirits.

Now that the price of meat is so high, let us consider a potato pudding recommended by Mrs. Glasse: "Take a quart of potatoes, boil them soft, peel them, and mash them with the back of a spoon, and rub them through a sieve, to have them fine and smooth; take half a pound of fresh butter melted, half a pound of fine sugar, so beat them well together, till they are very smooth; beat six eggs, whites and all, stir them in, and a glass of sack or brandy. You may add half a pound of currants, boil it half an hour, melt butter with a glass of white wine and sweeten with sugar and pour over it. You may bake it in a dish, with puff paste all round the dish and at the bottom."

July 15 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Some time ago Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright held an exhibition in London of old and rare books on the subject of cookery. It is said that not even the most indefatigable collector, the most maniacal, has formed a complete collection. Mrs. Joseph Pennell has many rare cook-books, but not the rarest of all the Elzevirs, "La Pastissier Francois" (1655) which at the Hoe sale in New York brought about $1200. One of her books is a copy of Mrs. Hannah Glasse's "The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy" (1747). It once belonged to George Augustus Sala. He valued it at £100, but when his books were sold in 1893 it brought only £10. The famous advice "First catch your hare," attributed to her, is not in the book. Was there a Mrs. Glasse? Some have classed her with Mrs. Harris and written to prove her non-existence. Here is a recipe from her book "To ragoo a leg of mutton—Take all the skin and fat off, cut it very thin in the right way of the grain; then butter your stew pan and shake some flour into it; slice half a lemon and half an onion, cut them very small, a little bundle of sweet herbs, and a blade of mace; put all together with your meat into the pan, stir it a minute or two, then put in six spoonfuls of gravy, and have ready an anchovy mine'd small; mix it with some butter and flour, stir it all together for six minutes and then dish it up."

Some of the old cook-books are as useless to modern housekeepers of moderate means as any treatise by the chef of a great hotel or the one by Sala. There is "A Queen's Delight," for instance (1655). The recipe for a cake made "in the way of the Royal Princess, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the first," asks for half a peck of flour, half a pint of rosewater, a pint of ale yeast, a pint of cream, six eggs, four pounds of currants, one-half pound of sugar, and so forth.

Robinson's Folly.

Sala valued his copy of Mrs. Glasse's book at £100, and it brought £10. What lover of books has not entertained illusions? There was a time when the first volume of the Chap Book and that of the Lark were sold at a high price, eagerly sought after by sellers at second-hand. Now they smile more or less politely if you offer the numbers unbound, in good condition. Books have their fate, says the old saw, and not only in libraries. Mrs. Green said the secret of her success was in buying cheap and selling dear. A true lover of books will not sell when a certain edition of an author is in demand. Our friend Robinson, working for a salary, otherwise thrifty, is tempted daily by book-sellers. He cannot afford to keep the Kelmscott edition of Shakespeare's poems. "I paid an absurdly low price for it; I was lucky to pick it up. Now it is listed in catalogues at over ten times the cost. I'd be a fool to sell it." A year goes by, two years pass. The catalogue price has steadily fallen. This week he could not sell it for what he paid. His spouse, who looks on books only as gatherers of dust, reminds him at least once a fortnight of his lost opportunity. Then there is his copy of Hakluyt. He was recklessly extravagant in purchasing it. He had read it in college—that is, all he cared to read. It is in Everyman's Library, within reach of the humblest. There his set of Hakluyt stands, stately, imposing, and there it will stand until Robinson himself is safely boxed. Then Mrs. Robinson will send Hakluyt, with other illustrious compilers, to the auction room. She will be fortunate if she receives one-half of what Robinson paid for it.

Uppowoc.

"Hakluyt" reminds us of the legend that associates Sir Walter Raleigh with the first pipe smoked in England. The schoolboy's howler is in the line of this legend. "What do you know about Sir Walter Raleigh?" "Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, and when smoking it in this country said to his servant: 'Master Ridley, we are today lighting a candle in England which, by God's blessing, will never be put out.'" Now, Sir Walter may or may not have been the first to smoke tobacco in England, but he was introduced to it by one Thomas Heriot, "servant to Sir Walter Raleigh," who was a member of the Virginia colony and there employed in discovering a full twelvemonth. In his long description of the merchantable commodities and products of Virginia (it is printed in Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations of the English Nation"), Heriot describes tobacco.

"There is an herbe which is sowed apart by it selfe, and is called by the inhabitants Uppowoc: in the West Indies it hath divers names, according to the severall places and countreys where it groweth and is used: the Spanyards generally call it Tabacco. The leaves thereof being dried and brought into pouder, they use to take the fume or smoake thereof, by sucking it thorow pipes made of clay, into their stomacke and head; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame and other grosse humours, and openeth all the pores and passages of the body: by which meanes the use thereof not onely preserveth the body from obstructions, but also (if any be, so that they have not bene of too long continuance) in short time breaketh them: whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases, wherewithall we in England are often times afflicted.

"This Uppowoc is of so precious estimation amongst them, that they thinke their gods are marvellously delighted therewith; whereupon sometime they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the pouder therein for a sacrifice; being in a storme upon the waters, to pacifie their gods, they cast some up into the aire and into the water: So a weare for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein and into the aire; also after an escape of danger, they cast some into the aire likewise; but all done with strange gestures, stamping, some time dancing, clapping of hands, holding up of hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering there withall, and chattering strange words and noises.

"We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to sucke it after their manner, as also since our returne, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the vertues thereof; of which the relation would require a volume by it selfe; the use of it by so many of late men and women of great calling, as els, and some learned Physicians also, is sufficient witnesse."

July 16 1916

The July number of the Music Quarterly, published by G. Schirmer, contains unusually interesting articles: "Rafael Joseffy's Contribution to Piano Technic," by Edwin Hughes; "The Survival of Music," by Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge; "The 'Othello' of Verdi and Shakespeare," by Edgar Istel; "Shall We Realize Wagner's Ideals?" by Carl Van Vechten; "Percy Grainger, the Music and the Man," by Cyril Scott. "The American-Hungarian Folk Song," by Helen Ware. There are other articles.

George W. Andrews contributes one on "Music as an Expression of Religious Feeling," in which, arguing that musical works inspired by religious emotion should be the greatest of all, he names "The Beatitudes" as Cesar Franck's masterpiece. In this we cannot agree with him. "The Beatitudes," a work of uneven merit—some of the pages are in the poorest vein of Meyerbeer and some are singularly uninspired and monotonous—is not, as a work of art, on the same level with Franck's piano quintet, string quartet and symphony, and in these works of absolute music we find a higher flight of imagination and a more fervent emotional quality, a quality that arouses, to quote the words of Sir Thomas Browne, "a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first Composer."

"A note on Floridity," by W. J. Henderson, is a study of florid music designed for dramatic purposes by early Italian writers of opera. Mr. Henderson shows how in time opera became "merely a field for the exhibition of voice acrobatics, and hence floridity lost every shred of expression and even of true decorative beauty it ever possessed. From this time forward its claims to artistic recognition have been difficult to establish. Despite Mozart's triumphant demonstration of its utility in characterization (as in the instance of the Queen of the Night), the pale spectre of Rossini's 'Semiramide' stalks before the public memory. It is discouraging even to invite attention to the dramatic purpose of Ambroise Thomas in his Ophelie's 'mad scene,' since the number survives only as a concert medium for a coloratura soprano's glorification. Even the other familiar 'mad scene,' that of Lucia, has some significance, but the world receives it as a mere piece of bravura." This scholarly article is illustrated with examples in notation of early florid writing for the voice. Does Mr. Henderson believe that Mozart wrote florid airs for the Queen of the Night in order to "characterize" her? Was there not in the company a coloratura soprano for whom Mozart felt obliged to write bravura airs?

Oscar Bie contributes an article on "Melody," in which he writes appreciatively of French melody, since it has found a unity between virtuosity and romanticism. "Always subtly influenced by the national half-sentimental, half-coquettish chanson, thrilled by a lively feeling for the seductively emotional line of lyric melos, wholly devoted to the generous expression of a highly susceptible passion, and presently carried away on the wings of soul-stirring, sharply accented rhythm, French melody has become the worldwide melody, the unconditionally melodic melody, beautiful melody in itself, which has maintained its secular universality amidst Italian bravura, German depth of feeling, Russian sadness, English dance-acrobatics, the Vienna waltz, and all the Habaneras, Krakoviaks, Polkas and Czardas, with their endless variety of national cadences. How utterly, in this French melody, is Melody the soul of Music, and Music the soul of the World!"

"Kluckhuhn's Chord," by Frank Lester, is a curious sketch. The idea might have come to James Huneker. Kluckhuhn once heard Rubinstein in a concert strike a marvellous chord. For years afterward he haunted concert halls, he read the literature of the piano, to find this chord. Was it at the beginning of some piece by a young composer, who, although Rubinstein then thought that he deserved encouragement, was unable to persuade a publisher? Perhaps Rubinstein erred in his judgment. "The more modern pianist can no longer afford to make mistakes. Moreover, it is a dogma that barring Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Liszt, Rubinstein, Debussy and four or five others, nobody has composed anything worth while for the piano. Bach, of course, excepted, who should always be played to keep up appearances. Such dogmas are final and their correctness should not be questioned by either Catholics, Protestants or Jews." Some will undoubtedly take this article in a too literal spirit. The fine irony of certain passages may escape them.

Percy A. Sholes is the author of a carefully studied biographical sketch of Purcell. "Musical Allusions of Great Writers," by Clement Antrobus Harris is of a gossiping nature and superficial. Walt Whitman is mentioned as the author of "Italian Music in Dakota," but there is no mention of his lines about music in "Proud Music of the Storm," or his "Mystic Trumpeter." Dr. Johnson's definition of music as "the least objectionable noise," was bettered by Theophile Gautier, whose fascinating poem "Contralto" is apparently not known to the author. In a list of poetic compliments to singers and players, Alfred de Musset's "Malibran" should surely appear. In the list of ludicrous mistakes made by authors when they speak about music "Ouida's" praise of Masses by Mendelssohn and her tenor, who used to sing emotional airs by Palestina, should not have been for-

gotten. The last article in the Musical Quarterly is "The Philosophy of Copyright," by Ernest Brunckén.

Mr. Hughes—his address is given in the table of contents as Munich—has written an article about Joseffy that should interest teachers and pupils as well as the amateurs of music that delighted in his playing. Joseffy thought that teaching was an art. The hours given to pupils should not be more than three a day. The great teacher should be an equally excellent pianist, familiar with the literature of the piano, able to illustrate at the second piano, possessing such a highly developed analytical faculty that he is able to recognize and impart the all-important 'how' in distinction from the 'what.' Joseffy had a fine scorn for a certain class of teachers in New York who make a specialty of the fashionable dilettante, charging for lessons a price suitable to the character of their patronage and taking anyone as pupil who is able to pay the stipulated amount. He admired Busoni and Barth as teachers. He found a complete lack of pedagogical talent in d'Albert. The ideal teacher in his eyes was Tausig, with whom he spent two impressionable years. When a pupil came to Joseffy with a show piece, he would ask for a Prelude by Bach or one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." "You may be able to play that technically difficult composition, and still not be able to play the piano.

"From a Bach Prelude or a Mendelssohn Song Without Words I can tell right away just how much of a musician you are." He thought that Schumann's Fantasie was of no use as a study piece, while he ranked Chopin's B-minor sonata very high in this respect. He said of certain concertos: "After you have studied Tschaikowskys B-flat minor Concerto you have learned "After you have studied Tschaikowsky's B-flat minor, whereas after you have studied the Chopin Concerto"—which one, Mr. Hughes?—"you know something more when you are through than merely the works you have been studying." Again, he said: "It is curious that people who cannot play the piano can yet play the Grieg Concerto. One has just to know how to play a few chords. That and the Rubinstein D-minor any one can do." He thought a pupil having reached a certain stage of development should go abroad to have advantages offered by European musical life and experience. "If a student wants to hear a Mozart opera here in New York, it is impossible for him to do so." He once remarked: "It is strange that, with all the democratic feeling here, Americans will still run to any foreigner who comes over and advertises a bit. A German or a Russian pianist is always somebody, and perhaps we may some day even have a Japanese pianist touring America, for they are so quick to adopt our western civilization. It is only the American product which is not given a fair chance." Some will be surprised to learn that Joseffy admired Klindworth's editions of Chopin and Beethoven on account of the fingering, though he preferred Mikuli's Chopin for accuracy of text. To him Buelow was not very modern in the manner of fingering. He preferred Bischoff's edition of Schumann, though not ideal, to Clara Schumann's edition. "He had an extreme dislike of editors of classical works which had been gone through, fingered and annotated by mediocrities. I remember his remark on seeing an edition of the Schubert-Liszt song transcriptions, to which were attached as editors the names of two otherwise obscure musical personalities. 'X. and Y.! Gott, what a combination!'" He did not expect every one to use his own "Advanced Piano Playing." "It is only for very advanced pianists, but for such it is very fine. It may seem a little arrogant for me to say that of my own book, but all pianists who have examined it have admitted it." Mr. Hughes adds: "This was the only thing I remember ever having heard Joseffy say in praise of himself or his works." Many comments on Joseffy's fingering and teaching of various technical details will be valuable to teachers and pupils.

Mr. Gilbert's inquiry into the reason why certain musical works live and others disappear is a thoughtful and able article, that may well be read and reread, especially by concert-goers. "Most of us recognize a piece of true music at once. In some mysterious manner it captivates and compels us to listen to it, whereas, when we hear a piece of made, or artificial music, we usually have to compel ourselves to listen. In fact it may be said that while true music compels us, its counterfeit insists that we compel ourselves." As both are constructed of the same elements, rhythm, melody and harmony, "It looks, therefore, as if the life or death of a certain piece of music did not depend per se on these elements, but upon the spirit which their combination may or may not express." Mr. Gilbert argues shrewdly, starting with this premise. There are folk-songs, for example, that would have lived without collectors and printed collections, for they express elemental human emotions. They are well nigh perfect expressions of these heart qualities. "The intellect is in its true place as the servant and aid to expression." "Seldom, indeed, do we notice in our symphonic music this fortunate harmony between that which would add expression and the means of that expression. Too often we find it interesting, or clever, or technically well composed, etc. But when the emotion is deep and strong and the technical means of expression adequate but not in evidence, then do we cease to think of technic, or any of its external characteristics, but are swayed perforce by the power of the music. That is the greatest technical proficiency, which does not appear nor attract attention to itself as technical proficiency."

The ultimate life of a composition, Mr. Gilbert argues, depends on the people rather than on the cognoscenti. "In almost any line of human endeavor the greatest opposition to progress comes from the experts in that line; the learned men, the academicians, or, in other words, the conservers of the traditions respecting that particular line of human endeavor." Mr. Gilbert discusses the psychology of this opposition, and concludes that the public valuation of a new thing is liable to errors, mistakes, false judgments which the expert avoids, "but give it time and its final verdict is far more balanced, sane and true than that of the prejudiced expert." By "people," Mr. Gilbert does not refer to "hoi polloi," but "to the body of cultured persons who follow with interest the developments in any kind of human activity. In music the 'people' means the audience. That 'body' consists usually of persons of both good sense and refined sensitiveness, but who do not have a sufficiency of special knowledge to render them liable to become victims of the prejudices which attack the expert. . . . It would seem that in the art of music those compositions which were inspired by and which faithfully express emotion of various kinds stand a better chance of being cherished and loved by the people than those compositions in which the interest aroused is of a purely intellectual order, which are in many cases masterpieces of technic, but which, after all is said, spring from and are elaborations of 'thought' rather than expressions of 'feeling.' Hence it naturally follows that the compositions first mentioned stand a better chance of living or of being preserved."

We do not think Mr. Gilbert is fortunate in his allusion to Handel's "Largo," "alive today as it ever was." He says—and, by the way, we are sorry that he modifies the vowel "a" in Handel's name—"It is expressive of a high and noble emotion and it is an illuminative and instructive thing to observe the hearty response of the 'people' when it is played at a popular concert." The "people" hear at popular concerts a swollen, bombastic transcription of a simple little air from one of Handel's operas, a little song about the grateful shade of a plane tree. The original air was not intended to express "a high and noble emotion."

Next Sunday we may discuss some points raised by others in this number of the Musical Quarterly.

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Theatre

"Razzle-Dazzle," a new revue produced at Drury Lane June 19, is described as "a huge, unwieldy, frankly incoherent mixture of really beautiful and inspiring spectacle, jolly ragtime tunes, one or two good comic scenes, and some of the rest—oh, my word! But there is a whole hour and a quarter for the scissors to work upon, so all is well. * * * Towards the end we had a good deal too much American dancing."

Mr. W. W. Cobbett, an Englishman, who has given prizes for chamber music and recently instituted a competition for "folk-song phantasies," gives his reasons for insisting on folk-song as thematic material. His aims are (1), to help to popularize chamber music, though in no unworthy sense; (2) to encourage the growth of a national idiom, the absence of which has been deplored by certain Englishmen; (3) to promote among young composers a knowledge of folk-song, "which, as I know from experience, few of them possess, in order that the human element may influence their music, side by side with the artistic, which they find all absorbing. To my mind, folk-song symbolizes Life, chamber music Art, and if my competition tends to the welding of the two in the music of my countrymen, bringing them into line with Russian, Norwegian and Bohemian composers, I shall rejoice greatly. And why should it not? Mr. Cecil Sharp points out an element of artistic interest in the modes to be found in English folk-song, which he thinks should be wedded to harmonies in accord with the modal impression. If that is done, who can doubt that a national idiom will appear? It has already appeared in the works of certain Scotch and Irish composers, notably that of J. B. McEwen, but in the work of English composers it is still to seek."

But Mr Cobbett speaks of the effect of the war on the future. "The young married men, members of the chamber music organizations, who have worked during the last two years so hard, so successfully, so disinterestedly for native art, and laid the foundation of a national school, have nearly all attested and are on the point of joining the colors. Their places will be filled by artists of other countries who happen to find themselves here without any fighting to do—excellent men and excellent players no doubt—but meantime our boys go to the damp trenches, and not only risk their lives (that they are willing to do), but are faced with the unpleasant certainty that in any case their fingers will suffer from desuetude, from the constant grasping of a heavy gun, from trench digging, and, perhaps, from rheumatism and that on their return they will find their places filled up by men who are in full practice, and then what of British chamber music? Worse still, what of their families? Those who cultivate this badly paid branch of the profession have not been able to save, and it is quite impossible for them to live on the allowance made by the government. Something special must be done for this group of artists, and for their families, if British chamber music is not to be relegated to obscurity at the very moment when it has begun to show signs of vitality."

Some of the London music critics say much in a few words. For example: Messrs. Sammons and Murdoch gave a chamber concert on June 23. "The Mozart sonata in A was much less satisfactory, though the defect may have been psychological rather than musical. Mr. Sammons is not conceited enough, artistically, to render Mozart with the complacency that makes him tell. * * * The 18th century spirit had eluded the players too long to be coaxed." Furthermore, the players offended the patriotic spirit of the Pall Mall Gazette's critic: "It is difficult to understand why they elected to conclude their program with a work by a living enemy composed. If Dohnanyi's violin sonata were of such superlative excellence that no other could take its place, there would be at least a debatable excuse, but it is not in any sense an outstanding achievement, and its performance just now is unjustified."

Bach's "Phoebus and Pan" was produced as an opera with a "strikingly effective stage setting by Edmond Dulac and a well devised ballet" at the Aldwych Theatre, London, June 22. "It would have done many pianists good had they heard the movements from the French suites introduced into the ballet and realized how very 'dancy' they are, for we seldom hear Bach played as if he had ever set feet in motion—except on the pedal-board of an organ."

"Hobson's Choice,' produced at the Apollo, London, had a "rapturous reception." "In many respects Mr. Brighouse's play is absolutely the best of the Bunty bunch. It is not merely cleaned-up bourgeois genre with a touch of color, which is the essence of most 'Bunties,' there is a depth of comedy behind it, a strong sympathetic intelligence and lively wit working through characters that are both simple and true." Norman McKinnel played the father. Edyth Goodall took the part of Maggie. There was enthusiastic praise for Mr. Nightingale's Will Mossop.

"The Misleading Lady" will be the fall attraction at The Playhouse, London. Weedon Grossmith will take the part of the lunatic Napoleon.

On June 22, His Majesty's Theatre surrendered to the cinematograph. The play was "Macbeth," with Sir Herbert Tree.

Major Pendennis, that genial old heathen, is to be put into a play. From New York we hear that Mr. John Drew will be seen as the Major this autumn. What phases of Major Pendennis's cereer are to be used, how much will be Thackeray and how much adaptation, remains unknown. There is certainly plenty of material in 'Pendennis," and some of it dramatic enough. You think at once of the Major's adroit diplomacy in freeing Arthur from the toils of the Costigan family, and of that brisk scene with the would be blackmailer Morgan, surely one of the best exercises on the blackmail theme in any novel. But it is to be feared that the essence of the Major is not in such things as these. Like some others of Thackeray's best characters, he exists just by being rather than doing, he is built up out of a thousand small incidents, sayings, and touches of nature. To put him on the stage will tax the skill of the adapter. But there is in him a part which may well appeal to an actor. Even as Becky Sharp appealed to Miss Marie Tempest and Colonel Newcome to Sir Herbert Tree.—London Daily Telegraph, June 22.

A play founded on Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," containing scenes depicting the life and progress of England during the time of Napoleon was produced for the first time at Weymouth, June 22. The author gave the play to the Dorchester Dramatic Society in aid of Red Cross funds. This society produced Hardy's "The Three Wayfarers" at Dorchester in 1911.

Hans Richter told Brahms that "the English are a singing people," and he was right, but how is it that a singing people can produce the caricatures of art which make our concert-rooms ridiculous? We have constantly pointed out that the singing of simple folk at competitive festivals and even in elementary schools is far nearer to reality than many of the professional performances to which we are condemned to listen. There must be some fatal flaw in training which in the production of the finished article destroys the virtue of the raw material. We hope to see the institutions, the singers, teachers, and students, men and women, and one would add the listeners, too, joining hands in determination to find where the evil lies and apply the remedy.—London Times.

Hamish MacCunn, the composer and conductor, has had a long and severe illness. He recently underwent a dangerous operation.

Teachers and young pianists know the name of Graham P. Moore, whose compositions were published in Germany, although for 25 years he taught at the Royal College of Music. Born in Australia in 1859, he died there on May 5. The news of his death reached London only a fortnight ago. He studied in Paris, Vienna and Munich. The Daily Telegraph says that the most distinguished of his pupils is Harold Bauer.

Vincent d'Indy has declared that after the production of the "Ring"—he leaves out of account the works of Wagner and Brahms—"the music of 'outre-Rhin' began to descend the fatal declivity of decadence. It was then that atrophy began in Germany, and all notion of the true art, which, up to that time, had been the glory of the country, was lost." Is he not prejudiced when, saying that the Vienna operetta is also falling into decay, he characterizes "The Merry Widow" as "lugubrious." Meanwhile Saint-Saens, speaking of Richard Strauss's music, says: "All this evident, megalomaniac decadence began to breathe a fatal rottenness, and Germany was delivered of this product, viz., works without order, without art, without music."

The British recruiting officer has his eyes on three of Sir Thomas Beecham's leading opera singers. Frank Mullens wears about 260 pounds, and Messrs d'Oisly and Blamey each about 225. When Mr. Blamey went to be examined, the doctor said he was physically fit, but he doubted if the present line of trenches would accommodate his bulk, so he put him down for field service at home. "Asked to explain how it was that successful tenors always ran to avoirdupois, he declared it was a mystery. I suppose the clean, healthy life we have to lead—continual deep breathing, wholesome feeding, regular hours and proper exercise— has something to do with it."

Not long ago there was an account of a cock living near a church, who, after many hearings and some little practice now crows the Doxology with singular accuracy. Dr. R. H. Bellairs wrote to the London Times last month that on his way to church one evening he heard a wild bird, probably a thrush, singing the arpeggio of the common chord absolutely in tune. "In my experience, the only birds that ever sing correct musical intervals are the cuckoo (an alien) and the parrot (another alien) Has anyone else ever heard a native wild bird singing in correct chord-structure?"

This led the Rev. Percival Clementi-Smith to write: "I beg to state that I have frequently heard the 'whitethroat,' or willow wren, sing 'in correct chord structure' its liquid, mellifluous octave. But for a thrush to sing 'the arpeggio of the common chord in tune' would indeed be well nigh unique; though at the Earl's Court 'Irish Exhibition' some years ago I saw and heard a carefully-trained blackbird in a cage sing 'The Wearing of the Green' in perfect tune." Mr. E. M. Tresen Dawson also wrote: "I have heard a blackbird, near the Quantocks in Somerset, distinctly whistle the chord of six-three (the first inversion of the common chord) in the following manner—3, 2, 1, 6, 3. He always began on the third, and always accented the sixth. I heard this often, two years running."

Mr. Ben Tillett of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Workers' Union, London, is thankful for the music halls. "The special services rendered by the music hall, first in providing healthy recreation and amusement to tired munition workers, wounded soldiers, soldiers on leave, and the working class relatives of the army; secondly, that the artists have not merely given their services free once or twice a week, but even the poorer artists have given out of a very small salary more than their share toward relief, together with their services not merely willingly, but enthusiastically given; and thirdly, that the profession has maintained a whole army of individuals who would otherwise be unfit for service, these—together with the fact that the able-bodied, both the stage, orchestra, and working staff, have altogether joined in large numbers, possibly with a bigger proportion than in any other industrial and professional unit—constitute practically a record. Not only have the music halls done their bit, but members of the stage. There is not a single entertainment or charity but what these folks have rendered splendid services. . . . Last, but not least, the music hall has done more than any other institution I know of, not merely to rouse patriotic enthusiasm, but to maintain it."

If music is to go on at all in a third war season—and very soon concert-givers will have to consider their plans for such a season—it is quite clear that they will have to use the resources which lie ready to hand. If music is regarded not as an expensive luxury, but as one of the spiritual needs of the community, it will be worth while for the various organizations to draw more together, to secure one another's help.

to arrange their programs in co-operation rather than in competition. In some instances it may be necessary to be content with a humbler standard of performance than we have been used to. The ability to do that is the test of the true musical instinct. People who merely want music for the luxury of a superfine performance are the bane of musical enterprise at all times; they are negligible now. Each local area must use what resources it possesses to the best advantage for the intrinsic qualities of the music. If this were done in London the result would be fewer concerts, better programs, and a higher level of intelligent interest among audiences.—London Times.

Last season Ravel's beautiful Trio was played here at a Kneisel concert. It should be played next season and more than once. It was performed in London for the second time on June 19. The Pall Mall Gazette thinks that the Trio is a work that makes friends slowly. So much the worse for the taste of London audiences. "Those who do not like it were apt to regard it as if it were made up of the material left over from 'Dophnis and Chloe.' Those who do are impressed by the blend the composer has effected between the emotional warmth he expressed for the first time in his life in 'Daphnis' and the preciosity that lurks in his complex personality, and which here revels in a new application of old methods. In time, the Trio will be a landmark in the development of chamber music, but it may, perhaps, have to wait." But the Times was not so enthusiastic: "It is a work with some dull moments in the first movement and some eccentric moments in the last one. One feels that the skilful juggling with instrumental effects is its chief attraction, and that the actual ideas are not very many and not very important. But the brilliancy of the second movement called 'Pantoum,' is attractive." The Daily Telegraph said: "Concerning its composer's rare ability there have, of course, never been two questions, but it is equally beyond dispute that he has moments when he is a trifle too abtruse for the public at large and also moments when he is rather pessimistic and depressing. This Trio, however, is written, not only in a style that is thoroughly characteristic of a composer with a lucidity and in a vein of optimism that he does not always display. In fact, he has never woven sweet sounds more subtly or more agreeably."

George Calderon dramatized a story, "The Maharani of Arakan," by Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, and the little play was produced at the Coliseum, London, June 19. Feelings and thought, rather than people or a plot, are put on the stage. Amina, a princess by birth, lived in a fisherman's hut and fell in love with a peasant who was really the king of Arakan. This king's father had killed Amina's father, so her sister Roshanara demanded that Amina in revenge should stab the king. But when she recognized him as the beloved peasant she fell into his arms. "We are told that the story is to be considered as an allegory, that Amina is India and the king England, who can understand each other and make a perfect alliance when they come together in a simple, humna way. But the allegory does not matter much either. The little play lives by its intrinsic charm, and the humanity of it is bewitching."

Mr. Ramon Blanchart of this city will sing in Bogota during August and September. He has been engaged for the operas "Tosca," "Falstaff" and "Un Ballo in Maschera."

July 17 '16

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A contributor to this column stated some days ago that William W. Wheildon, the editor of the Bunker Hill Aurora, lived in Lexington after he left his desk. His daughter, Mrs. T. Quincy Browne, writes to us that he lived in Concord. "In his later years he often wrote for the Herald and at one time had a regular weekly article in the paper. He never lived in Lexington, but went to Concord in 1846, where he lived until 1892. The place is kept as he left it and is still in the family. The article was a pleasant one, and it was very pleasant to hear of some one who knew my father.'

"Coolidge Corner P. O."

As the World Wags:

There is something in a name, notwithstanding the love-lorn damsel's assertion to the contrary. This is evident to the belief of an old and dear friend of mine, for in a letter to me dated Brookline, "Coolidge Corner," July 10, he says: "The above is the new address which the Post Office Department has inflicted on the residents of Longwood. The ladies say, 'Perfectly horrid.' When it changed the name, why didn't it give us something in harmony with the neighborhood? Now Longwood would have pleased everybody. It has been the designation of a pleasant section of Brookline for nearly a century. Coolidge Corner suggests a locality in a country village or a district in a mill town, and is not at all appropriate for such a desirable residential place as Longwood." The ladies do not want the word "Corner" standing at the head of their fine note paper, and who can blame them for their good taste in this matter? Neither do they desire to receive missives bearing the word "Corner," which is commonplace and reminiscent of loafers even if it is preceded by the surname of some former reputable citizen. The men, too, do not like to have old associations destroyed by the new address, which is less distinctive than Longwood. Why not preserve the name for correspondents and make good feeling all around? To alter Daniel Webster's phrase a bit, it is a small section, but there are those that love it.

BAIZE.

Dorchester, July 11.

Impregnable Boston.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of preparedness! Do you really think there is any need of making such a fuss about it here in Boston? On the north, at least, to say nothing of Atlantic avenue, we are so fortified with mud and badly paved streets that an invading army would never bother to go further than Sudbury street. Arriving at the North station the very sight of Causeway street would discourage the most courageous. What loot could be expected in such a miserable place? A city whose front yard is in such frightful shape would never be worth the trouble of "taking.' Now, would it?

And Friend street! For the past month—and nearly every summer—the trenches there certainly for filth and stagnant water equal those "somewhere in France." Every street leading up town—Canal, Friend, Portland and Sudbury—must be the business of our city fathers, the board of health, the street department, and the mayor—they must be everybody's job, they are so neglected.

I. B.

Boston, July 12.

Old-Time Circuses.

As the World Wags:

Your interesting correspondent, Mr. Harlan P. Murch of Westbrook, Me., refers to old-time circuses of his youth Down East. Does he remember Thayer and Noyes's big tent, up which, on the outside, a tight-rope walker, male or female, gave a free exhibition each afternoon before the grand and glittering cavalcade entered the ring? Does he, or any one of the Herald's reading multitude recall Joe Pentland, the great clown of Dan Rice's tented aggregation? Well, I do if they do not, and how on one hot 12th of July, in 1864, I think, a bibulous Torontonian entering during the performance essayed unsteadily to make untimely observations to one of the women bareback riders and was roughly thrown out by the ringmaster, and a red-hot riot at once ensued. The Orangemen of Toronto, not then at all friendly to Uncle Sam or any of his tribe from "the other side" (meaning "the states," or the American side of Lake Ontario or the Niagara river) not only broke up the performance, but went so far as to fight the whole circus company and attempted to run the entire menagerie into the lake. There was, indeed, a hot time in the old town that night!

Mr. Harlan mentions Van Amburg—not "Amberg," as I recall—and his show and Lent's circus. So do I. It was a common thing about the year of the big fire in Portland, Me. (1866) to have a free lion sit on the big chariot with a fair-haired goddess in the street parade; and later when P. T. Barnum came along with a rhinoceros cage of gorgeous gilding (or was it a hippopotamus?) said to contain "the Behemoth of Holy Writ," no Sunday or other school boy or teacher wilfully missed the great opportunity to see it all.

Those were the happy days! Toronto, free, open, progressive Toronto, more like a Yankee city than any in upper Canada, was then, or had been, the home of some of the Kentucky Breckenridges, of South Carolinians like Jacobs and Scales and Floyd and Pickens—all of whom or whose sons I remember well. The St. Albans raiders and the venturesome chaps who undertook to capture a passenger steamer outside Casco Bay, the peace commissioners who met Mr. Greeley at Niagara Falls—all these fighting and conspiring figures, now dimming in the haze of history, met, conspired and made merry in Toronto. There, too, had flocked for years the poor runaway blacks, who had reached by the underground railway the cities of Cincinnati; Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo and Buffalo, and then by hook or crook had got across the lakes to the protection of "the flag that's braved for a thousands years the battle and the breeze." How sweetly sad these ineffaceable memories of 50 years ago.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Brookline.

WAR AND ECONOMY

During the first year of the war there were appeals in England for rigid economy. The world was informed that the royal family had set a good example; there were to be only three courses at dinner and barley water and ginger pop were to be substituted for wine. Noble dames were reported to be at work in the kitchen, doing the bed chambers, acting as gardeners and grooms. Many pleasing tales told of self-sacrifice.

But of late there have been many reports of extravagant life in London, of money spent recklessly in restaurants and for costumes. Only a few days ago at an auction sale a pair of Chinese mandarin jars were sold for $28,350; a Chippendale dressing table for $4200; a pair of vases for $4025. The world reading these stories may well rub its eyes and wonder. Is there a sudden increase of wealth in England? It is true that wages are high, in some instances incredibly high for mere manual labor. It is also true that, in spite of the government tax, makers of munitions and furnishers of the other supplies have become suddenly rich. Is it possible that they have been seized with a desire for Chippendale furniture, costly vases, Beauvais tapestry? Or are families of lond standing, accustomed for generations to luxury, indifferent to the present need of the country and huge debt of the future, deaf to the warnings of the patriotic and the thoughtful?

Nor is it apparently a question which sex is the more extravagant. It was said long ago that the woman has rarely been taught to see the details in relation to the whole. "The sudden yielding to a single temptation may any day more than neutralize the admirable economies of a month." But would there be a more careful adjustment of life in England, a regulation of expenses in keeping with the circumstances of war, if women were not allowed to enter an auction room? It was Mr. Asher Wertheimer who secured a pair of vases for a little over $4000. Did he bid on them for his own possession and enjoyment?

July 18 1916

NATIONAL HYMNS.

Again there are letters written to newspapers here, in New York and other cities about the desirability of a new and original national anthem. It is not necessary to ask whether the thought of "preparedness" inspires these letters, or what is loosely known as patriotism; or whether they appear at stated intervals like the return of a reputable comet or an identification of the Man with the Iron Mash. The letters are written and published.

They are pretty much in the same vein. "The Star Spangled Banner" is condemned because the tune is not easily sung and the words have "local character and queer phraseology"; besides, the tune is an old English drinking song. The tune of "America" is that of English, Danish and German national songs. We pay little attention to "Hail Columbia." "Yankee Doodle," which for years foreign composers regarded as our great national air and used for ingenious variations, appears flippant, silly, vulgar. "Dixie" will for years be associated with the southern cause in the civil war. The "American Hymn" never became popular. Few can whistle it.

A woman in New Jersey writes to the New York Times: "If it is true, as modern music authorities inform us, that talent in this country is as great as in Europe, why cannot it produce that first and simple requisite, a good national anthem?" She should know that national anthems are established by accident. Of spontaneous origin, sung for an occasion, they are afterwards adopted by the people at large and cherished. There are few cases where a national anthem, ordered by the government, had had long life. The most successful instance of this is the Russian.

Early in the civil war a committee was appointed to award a prize for the best verses suitable to this purpose. The prize for the best national hymn was $500. Eleven hundred and fifty "anthems" were handed in. No one of them was thought worthy. This was in 1861. Richard Grant White then published a volume, commenting on the competition and discussing at length the subject of national hymns. The book might be read with profit by the complaining letter-writers of today. They might also find amusement in Robert H. Newell's article on "The Rejected National Hymns," published with his own delightful parodies of Longfellow, Everett, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Bryant, Morris, Willis, Aldrich, Stoddard, as the eighth letter of the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers."

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Men will go on in their own way, in spite of all my labor. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and at the same time was so indulgent as to connive at him for 14 days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but after all this, I am informed he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have had no better success with Mr. What-d'ye-call as to his buttons. Stentor still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. However, I must still go on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and let them answer for going on in their practice.

The Perfect Automobilist.

Mr. Lasserton has owned his automobile, one of humble make, for three months. Whenever he rides now in an open street car he swings out his warning arm to right or left, according to the course of the track.

Agrippa's Men.

As the World Wags:

I dined in Boston last week at a hotel in company with 25 men. Although I am not eager for gregarious and appointed enjoyment, I confess I was greatly entertained. In the course of the evening there was a lively discussion of sharks. The question was raised: Do sharks lay eggs, or do they bring out their young alive and suckle them? There were men eminent in many walks of life—surgery, medicine, finance, literature, art; there were historians, essayists, persons of acknowledged scientific acquirements in spite of the fact that their names are in "Who's Who." One or two said that they had seen sharks' eggs on the beach. One man, younger than the rest, had the courage to insist that the shark was viviparous The others gave evasive answers, treating this important matter lightly. And as I listened I thought with Dr. Faustus on the emptiness of art. When I went to bed before I turned off the chamber light at the Porphyry, I read a few pages of "The Vanity of Human Sciences" by Cornelius Agrippa—a book that is my constant companion. Even Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who sat opposite me at the dinner, was singularly silent, but I caught him now and then in the act of pencilling a rather dilapidated cuff.

Later in the evening a strange song was sung. As I remember, it ran:

Jerry Black, Jerry Black,
Boiled in oil,
Came all the way down from Bar Harbor.

I recognized the air. It was a Venetian boat song. But what about the words and their meaning? The Hon. Jeremiah Black was, I know, a lawyer of repute, and in print he was a vigorous exponent of what has been called the spittoon style of literature—witness his controversy with Col. Ingersoll. Did he ever visit Bar Harbor? And what is the allusion to boiling oil?

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, July 16.

Sharkiana.

Now that there is talk about sharks, let us consider the remarks of a writer in "Panorama," vol. 7:

"The inexperienced should cautiously refrain from fixing their eyes intently on those of a shark while swimming near the ships. Females especially have been known to swoon in consequence of long continued attention, and to become the prey of this ferocious depredator." The writer adds: "We have known the head of a shark taken in the morning, and separated from his body, to bite off the wrist of a man who incautiously ventured to put his hand into the mouth in the evening of the same day."

The islanders of Fotoona fight in this

manner [illegible] teeth. They fix the teeth in the gums on the palm and inside of the fingers of a species of glove made of the mottled bark of the heabo, the front part of both hands being armed in this manner, every man endeavors to come to a close scuffle with his enemy, and to open his bowels with these horrid weapons."

"In consequence of the gulf being infested with a kind of large fish which often prove destructive to the divers of Maabar, the merchants take the precaution of being accompanied by certain enchanters belonging to a class of Brahmans, who, by means of their diabolical art, have the power of constraining and stupefying these fish, so as to prevent them from doing mischief; and as the fishing takes place in the daytime only, they discontinue the effect of the charm in the evening; in order that dishonest persons who might be inclined to take the opportunity of diving at night and stealing the oysters may be deterred by the apprehension they feel of the unrestrained ravages of these animals."

King Philip?

As the World Wags:

In that passage in The American Magazine which "Inquirer" asked to have elucidated, I am inclined to think that "the King of Spain's" is an error for "the King of the Indians" or some equivalent expression, the reference in such case being, of course, to the Indian chief King Philip of the Wampanoag (or Pokanoket) tribe of Indians. King Philip had his seat (or "palace") on Mount Hope, which is in Bristol, and he was killed in that town, the spot where he met his death being in a swamp at the foot of Mount Hope.

Brookline. INDAGATOR.

Geographical Doubles.

Accidental doubles of geography are very curious. There are two totally unconnected Galicias, the present scene of strife, and the one in Spain. As to the Carpathians, the doubling occurs between the ancient and the modern atlases. On the map of the ancients we find a people named Carpi in the north of what is now Hungary, and north of them the Carpatus mountains. But "Carpathian" in Virgil, Horace and Ovid means something quite different. The Carpathian sea was the sea between Rhodes and Crete, from the island of Carpathus, now Scarpanto, and the "Carpathian old man" was Proteus, who lived and no doubt practised his shape-change tricks there. — Daily Chronicle (London).

BILL AT KEITH'S

Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz, who top the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, in "Ma'mzelle Caprice," a musical romance by Edgar Allen Woolf, with music and lyrics by Mr. Kalisz, have an act that is interesting from more than one viewpoint.

Seldom is a vaudeville audience favored with such a wealth of pretty music; the text, too, is far from commonplace and the bizarre stage setting is unique in its scheme. But far beyond all this is the dancing of the principals. To be sure, the steps involved are principally those employed in the waltz; yet the fleetness of the couple was always a pleasure to follow, and there was the alluring grace and the pleasure of watching two artists whose every moment on the stage spoke for a purpose full of sincerity.

Has Mobile Face.

Willie Weston was one of the big hits of the bill. A breezy and comely youth, his act had the advantage of individuality. As a character singer he is favored with a singularly mobile countenance. Whether as the singer or the story teller there was the accompanying facial play that was often more eloquent than the spoken word.

The appearance of John E. Henshaw and Grace Avery in an amusing sketch recalled days when, with Henshaw and Ten Broek, the comedian was an agreeable entertainer in musical comedy and the varieties. With the authoritative style of the school of comedians that is fast disappearing, he again amused his audience. His songs of the topical style were eloquent in the pictures they conjured of the little burlesques of every day life, and Miss Avery was in every way a worthy partner in a worthy act.

Others on the bill were the Five Idanias, sensational European gymnasts; Ward Brothers, in a burlesque of the English chappis; Noel Travers and Irene Douglas in "Meadowbrook Lane"; Juliette Dika, singing comedienne; Young and Brown, two daneers that were good to look upon, and Soretty and Antoinette in an aerobatic act.

th.
The,
of the.

July 19 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

There is still much talk about "vers libre." H. E. Warner wrote to the New York Evening Post last week that free verse has not made the task of the poet much easier. "I confess to very little knowledge of free verse and no liking at all. * * * The form is little less offensive than the prose rhymes, a sort of literary miscegenation, to which the newspapers for the last two or three years have given currency." This writer, by the way, expressed the opinion 40 years ago, he says, that poetry would disappear; "it would cease to be a living force in the thought and action of the world."

Remy de Gourmont, stating that the inventor of new tools is not ordinarily the one that employs them on masterpieces, admits that vers libre has perhaps the merit of preparatory exercises, initial scales. There are some, as Miss Amy Lowell, who, practising these exercises and scales, are accomplished virtuosos. No wonder that the Atlantic Monthly gives her an honorable seat at its poets' table. Years ago, when the Cambridge-Boston-Concord School was dominating, tyrannical, a poem of Walt Whitman's "Elemental Drifts," if we are not mistaken, appeared in that magazine to the consternation of the orthodox.

All this is a prelude to a remarkable poem that we now publish. It does not strictly come under the head of vers libre, but its form is pleasingly irregular.

A South Boston Poet.

As the World Wags:

That ridiculous set of verses beginning "Outwhere * * * thus and so" and closing "That's where the west begins," is going the rounds of the press again. It is very sentimental, extremely provincial and quite bosh. I suppose that all your readers have seen it many times. I wonder if all have read the spirited reply penned by the lamented Frothingham Clancy. A bit splenetic at those unwarranted aspersions upon the East as a land of contempt and icebergs, the South Boston bard sprang to its defence. His poem may be found in the appendix to Volume IV. of the Riverdrive edition of his collected works. I quote only a fragment:

Out where the handshake is a little longer,
Out where the pleased-to-meet you is a little stronger,
Out where the sky is a little bluer,
Out where the leading citizen is usually the most prominent brewer,
Out where the grass and the manly whisker both flourish a little more naturalistically,
Out where they pity us of Boston for our profuse errors perpetrated linguistically,
Because in our misguided and perverted brevity
We don't say "Harrverrd" but "Harvard"—chief cause of transappalachian levity,
Whereupon they gently and considerately set us right, and seem surprised when we offer no apology,
Because they know no more about how to handle the tricky, shifty, risky, rowly-growly "r" than they do about the mysteries of Australasian archaeology,
Out where the obedient sun frequently stands still,
And water runs uphill,
That's where the capital W-E-S-T begins.

Out where the smoke is a little less smoky,
Out where the railroad's a little less poky,
Where they cut their steak on the chipped-beef wheel
And fry it brown as a roast of veal,
Out where they raise world's champion cereals, vegetables, prize fighters, sunflower orators, and flivvers,
Out where they boast of the greatest of rivers,
Out where all males over 6 years of age look upon chewing tobacco as the one indispensable ration,
Out where the presence of ladies has not the slightest effect upon profanity and expectoration,
Out where they have recently become cognizant of the fairly well authenticated fact that there are
Several European nations at war,
Out where, having chased, captured, and corralled art, they point out that for sheer, genuine, aesthetic enthusiasm they are some devotional,
Out where they think that because we don't slop all over when contemplating the wonders of nature we are cold and unemotional,
Out where they look back upon the East, financially necessary but otherwise a burden, much as the haughty captain of a clipper ship used to regard the supercargo,
And are fairly confident that if God Almighty knew the country better he'd quit heaven and move to Chicago,
Out where the flour is milled,
And the cattle are killed,
And the beer is brewed,
And they drape the nude,
That's where,
With a row-tow-tow,
And a ra-ta-ta,
And a whale of a whooping big initial to start with,
The W-E-S-T begins.

I am not sure just what vers libre is, but if this is it, doubtless Clancy had his reasons. My private opinion is that vers libre is the refuge of two sorts of people: the natural born jackass and the man (or woman) who can't write poetry and is too lazy to hammer out honest prose. But there must be exceptions, and who will deny that Frothingham Clancy is among them?

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Forest Hills.

Obstinate Birds.

As the World Wags:

I read in an obituary notice of Prof. Metchnikoff that birds, having no large intestines, preserve their youthful agility and spryness to the end of their long life. No doubt that certain birds grow to an advanced age, though I hardly believe the poet Gower when he says that Medea in her incantation took the head with all the bile of a raven 900 winters old. I find that the birds flying about my cottage are poor, foolish things, no matter what their age may be.

Some weeks ago I bought a bird bath—a concrete or cement affair—it came to me packed in a barrel. The total expense was considerable, for my income, which I inherited from my Aunt Vashti, is a moderate one. I set up the bath; I pour in fresh water daily; I even put cracker crumbs around the brim, but not one of the little chirping, twittering, singing idiots has used the bath to my knowledge. They prefer to visit a creek at the bottom of the lot, where they splash and drink with evident enjoyment. Is it possible that I shall be obliged to use the bath as a pedestal for some mythological statue, some miniature Venus, Psyche or Diana? "Ah! the durable ugliness of marble!"

CLAUDE HYSLIP.

Manchester, July 17.

"Gringo."

As the World Wags:

It is a curious story that the name "Gringo" arose during the Mexican war from the singing by American soldiers of a song with the refrain, "Green Grow the Grasses O." The storytellers may be enlightened if they will turn to the works of Robert Burns and read his lyric, "Green Grow the Rashes, O."

Winthrop. A. I. I.

The term "gringo" was in the Spanish language over a century ago. It was applied in Malaga to foreigners who spoke Spanish in a halting manner and with an atrocious accent. "Gringo" is found in the "Diccionario Castellano," by P. Esteban de Terreros y Pando (Madrid, 1787). It is found in other and later Spanish dictionaries. All this has been published many times, yet the absurd derivation from the song mentioned above is still given by honest and well-meaning persons.—Ed.

July 20 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Young Mr. James Gallatin, keeping a diary in Paris, made notes in 1821 about Mr. Adams. These notes are far from being complimentary to the "Yankee" and the "Yankee tricks," but there is one phrase that strikes one as singular: "I really think father, in a covert way, pulls his leg. I know he thinks little of his talents and less of his manners." "Pulls his leg." Was this phrase used in 1821 as it is today? No dictionary to our knowledge, gives so early a quotation in illustration. One of the largest does not go back of the eighties.

Backward, Turn Backward.

As the World Wags:

I was greatly interested to read the remarks of our revered friend Herkimer Johnson in regard to singing. When I was about 9 years of age I was sent from the public schools to a free school in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, founded by no less a worthy than "Jingling Geordie" Heriot, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel." When I went there the children had been singing for some time "Lulu Is Our Darling Pride," and shortly after it was dropped from our repertory and I have only carried the refrain in my memory. I wonder whether the little Herkimer ever sang "Rosalind the Prairie Flower?" That, too, was dropped from our list before I memorized the words, but the entire tune has remained with me. I always assumed it to be of American origin.

We old fellows (alas! there are a few streaks of white in my moustache) are very apt to think that the old songs and the old stories were far superior to what is dished up today. Yesterday I picked up on Cornhill an old copy of the Chatterbox, and my cup of joy ran over when I discovered that it contained one of the continued stories that I have treasured in my memory ever since reading it. I took it home, trembling with delight, and turned it over to W. J., Jr., who immediately after supper set to on the story. After an hour of quiet he came around to the back garden where I was working and said, as only a boy can say, "Gee! Dad, that's a corking story!" When I got up this morning he was at it on the couch by an open window. The verdict was rendered and "Dad" was justified.

Medford. W. J. RHODES.

We are under the impression that Mr. Johnson, a boy in the grammar school, sang of "Rosalie," not "Rosalind," who was characterized as the prairie flower. It was "Rosalie" in our singing book, and Mr. Johnson was probably at school in that time. Mr. Rhodes speaks of his boyish delight in Chatterbox. Mr. Johnson may have something to say about the earliest magazine for boys and girls. We should like to hear from him, but he does not like to write under a forced draught.—Ed.

Punctuation, Etc.

As the World Wags:

Please allow me a few words suggested by the communication of "Caxton" in this morning's Herald on "Punctuation."

Why is it that works on punctuation, in laying down the rule that a syllable should not be divided at the end of a line, make no mention of the fact that there are exceptions to the rule? Such syllables as "loved," "helped," "dodged," "missed," etc., it is permissible to divide at the end of the line ("lov-ed," "help-ed," "dodg-ed," "miss-ed," etc.), and they therefore constitute exceptions to the rule. I have seen only one book which, in giving that rule against the division of a syllable at the end of a line, also mentions the exceptions to the rule, but I don't recall what book it was.

When did the practice of duplicating the conjunction "that" in introducing a subordinate clause of a sentence begin? A good example of such duplication is furnished by the following sentence in Dr. Edward E. Briry's communication in "As the World Wags" of yesterday: "I wish to second Mr. Cudworth's motion that, whenever any one of the national airs is played — 'The Star-Spangled Banner' or 'Hail, Columbia'—that the whole audience spring to their feet," etc. Such duplications of "that" are now very common; they are met with not only in newspapers, but in books published by the best houses. Are such duplications of that word unconscious, or are they deliberate? Can any one tell how far back in the past the practice of thus duplicating the word began? At least one instance of the practice is to be found in the works of Shakespeare. Are there any instances of it in the Bible? Are such duplications permissible under the canons of good English, or are they to be regarded as solecisms?

Have you noticed what appears to be a growing practice in recent books to put commas after closing quotation marks instead of before them, as is the old practice? It has always seemed to me that the proper place for closing quotation marks is before commas rather than after them.

INCONSTANT READER.

Brookline, July 12.

Falling Memory.

As the train left Victoria for Brighton the other morning I was made acquainted with a new method of flat catching. The seasoned traveler in the straw hat set at a parallel with the banded cigar between his teeth was boasting of the number of journeys he had made between Brighton and London. A lean gentleman opposite, with a sweet and friendly smile, was greatly impressed. "I suppose you know every station between here and Brighton?" he said. The seasoned traveler acquiesced with a wealth of gesture. Then the lean gentleman offered to give him a shilling for every station he named correctly if the seasoned traveler would give him a similar sum for those he failed to remember, and, the offer being accepted, the seasoned traveler had to part with nine shillings before his destination was reached. It seemed so simple, too.—Daily Chronicle, London.

July 21 1916

METCHNIKOFFIANS

In the popular mind the name of Metchnikoff will be associated only with his theories concerning the prolongation of life. His other and probably more important contributions to science will be negligable. The people will remember him as one that believed in the joy of life after the traditional three score years and ten, and saw as in a vision men active past their centenary. The fact that he himself did not reach eighty years in spite of his constant consumption of sour milk will not disconcert the great majority.

Even if men should defer senile decay until they left their hundreth year behind them, would they be the happier? The pious Thomas Adams, finding the whole world sick, complained that our lives shorten, "as if the book of our days were by God's knife of judgment cut less; and brought from folio, as in the patriarchs before the flood, to quarto in the fathers after the flood; nay to octavo, as with the prophets of the law; nay even to decimosexto, as with us in the days of the gospel." Yet not so many years ago Mallock inquired seriously into the

question whether life were worth iving, and although he did not take o gloomy a view of life perhaps, s others through the ages from the Preacher in Jerusalem to Schopenauer and Leopardi, the reader was eft with the conviction that the ame was hardly worth the candle. wift's description of the unfortunate nmortals seen by Capt. Gulliver hould discourage all that wish to in line with the patriarchs; even all men and women should drink ur milk constantly and attain an treme old age, the surviving would o often envy the dead, for there uld still be the quick and the dead. There is the natural curiosity to ow how the world will go on after e is gone. The old and feeble y hope to see the Europe of 1920; follow the development of elecicity, aviation, submarine transrtation for the benefit or the inry of the race. If they should be ve four years from now their riosity would not then be sated, r is it improbable that, suffering m infirmities and regrets, they uld regard the few years of extsion as superfluous. Perhaps re is more comfort and truer philophy in the Mohammedan belief, t of the exact day of death is apnted for every one. He whose ly taking off is deplored may have omplished the allotted task. "In rt measure life may perfect be."

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

m of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
il, juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night!
sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
th toast embrowned and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
ile the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
bacco mild improves. Divine repast!

A Note on Ale.

ur friend, Prof. Drystein, wishing to se the standard of education in the aller colleges of this country, is ming a committee for the purpose of ructing these colleges in the art of wing our ale that will be peculiar each one, that will give the college ividuality and a genuine reputation, at the same time improve the lth of students and professors.

rasenose at Oxford has long been ous for its ale. Even more famous, haps, is the audit ale of Trinity, mbridge. "Lord Houghton used to how the Abbot of Monte Casino essed to him his hope that no Unisity reform in England would inve any interference by the Governnt with the college founded in honor the ever Blessed Trinity in Cambge. Lord Houghton inquired the son of the Abbot's special solicitude, was answered with a gesture of usiasm, 'Una tale birra' (such a r)."

e strongest ales brewed in Great ain are probably the "barley wine" Burton-on-Trent, the "No. 1 Strong" sold at a shilling a quart; the k-colored, sirupy "Edinburgh ale"; the Nottingham ale, called "Knockdown" by the favored inhabitants of neighborhood. There was a time n London guide-books told the visto where he could drink the most celeted beer. In 1849 Mr. Peter Cunham recommended for London port and stout the Cock Tavern and the nbow Tavern. "Connoisseurs prefer Rainbow stout in Summer on acnt of the extra coolness of the cella." For ale, John o' Groats and the nburgh Castle were recommended.

ere are towns in the United States ous for their ale, Boston, Philadelpa, Hudson, N. Y., but as yet the kim of Mortimer Collins is of little e in this country: "The very qualit of your first glass of ale at a countinn is an almost infallible index of perity or adversity, of progress or nation." And Collins again remked in the delightful record of his king about in English provinces:

"very new excursion of mine tends to fy the aphorism that the comparati civilization of a town may be judged the quality of its bitter ale." On one his trips Collins, finding the ale unatable, drank ginger beer. "I had tasted ginger beer for about a quarof a century, and, thirsty as I was, extreme nastiness astonished me." Leigh Hunt, writing to a friend in , said: "I am at present trying a osition called ginger-beer, which has all the pleasantness and usefulness of soda water, without striking cold upon one."

Is thore any anthology of prose and verse in praise of ale? It should include the verses from those attributed to Bishop Still—an auspicious name—to A. E. Housman's

Oh, many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the muse,
And malt does more than Milton can,
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think;
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.

Calverley's "Beer" would have an honorable place, nor should George Arnold's "Beer" be excluded, although it was inspired by the lager beer at Pfaff's:

Here,
With my beer,
I sit,
While the idle moments flit
Unheeded by.

There would be golden passages from George Borrow's "Lavengro" and "Wild Wales," from writings of Edward Fitz Gerald. The seasoned maltworm would not reject lines written against his beverage, as:

This muddy drench of ale does taste too much
Of earth; the malt retains a scurvy touch
Of the dull hand that sows it; and I fear
There's heresy in hops.

And he would sing lustily "the old song of the Ex-ale-tation of Ale."

To the Church and Religion it is a good friend,
Or else our forefathers their wisdom did fail,
That at every mile next to the church stile
Sat a consecrate house to a pot of good ale.

This anthology should be illustrated with portraits of glorious drinkers of ale. Lord Salisbury should be there, for when he wrote for the Standard—he, too, was once a "newspaper man"—he relished "a potent ale." We have not yet determined whether George Borrow or Mary Queen of Scots should supply the frontispiece. When the latter was moved from one prison to another in England, one of the first questions asked by her secretary was concerning the ale brewed in the vicinity. She, like Queen Elizabeth, put down her quart at breakfast.

O ale ab alendo, thou liquor of life!
That I had but a mouth as big as a whale,
For mine is too little to touch the least tittle
That belongs to the praise of a pot of good Ale.

And why should not hops be eaten as a vegetable? Hop-tops are still served in old-fashioned villages of England. Here is the recipe: "Take only the very young shoots, which boil. Serve either with melted butter and a little gravy, or with the plain salad dressing composed of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt." We have read that the ancient Romans relished this dish.

July 22 1916

REASSURING

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in October, 1914, found that the publication in England of "Homogeneous Lineal Substitutions" renewed his faith in the preparations made by Jellicoe and Kitchener, nor was he tempted to doubt the survival and triumph of the British empire so long as the erudite continued to discuss Newton's "Hypothesis of Ether and Gravitation."

In like manner a reader of the Daily Chronicle published in June and this month might be reassured, if he had entertained doubts concerning the outcome of the war by observing the controversy over the question whether the educated settle all matters of pronunciation. Mr. Asquith, for example, has been taken severely to task, not for any sin of omission or commission as an English patriot, but for saying "a unique" instead of "an unique." Others, described as persons of sensitive ears, applaud Mr. Asquith's preference. The Daily Chronicle thinks that the majority of the educated write "an unique," but when they are talking naturally, without thought of precision, they invariably say "a." This excuse is given: "Unique" begins with a consonant, for it is pronounced "yuneek." Macaulay's fondness for "a university" is quoted. The rule dealing with the indefinite article preceding words beginning with "u"—when "u" is pronounced "yu"—is not as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The question of euphony is the controlling one.

When writers find time and have the heart to enter on these and like discussions, there is surely a general feeling of confidence. Those who are convinced that their own history may be at an end are not debating whether one should say "a history" and "an 'istorical fact."

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

"D. B." asked some days ago if any one could quote in full the verses of a simple ballad of the heart and home ending

From a three-story dwelling
They lowered him, yelling,
The man in the sealskin pants.

Our correspondents failed us. The oracles were dumb. But now comes one who says that the chorus of this song is as follows:

He wore the pants, the sealskin pants,
The Pirate of Penzance!
He was a da-de-da, ha—ha—
The man with the sealskin pants.

As the World Wags:

Such is the chorus of the great classic. Almost unaided I could reconstruct one or two of its beautiful stanzas still sung on special occasions, family gatherings, by my bibulous uncle, Quartus Dickerman. I have written to him asking for the authentic text of the ballad, which came, alas, too late for Prof. Child's monumental collection. I have a vague recollection of hearing Tony Pastor sing it. Antonio Pastor—I see him now, coming on the stage with his silker. I hear his songs and his words of encouragement to the gallery at first vocally timid. Compared with these, Italian trills are tame. Tony, Tony, we could have better spared a De Reszke or a Caruso. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Doggonit, July 20.

A Complete File.

"Querist" asked for a complete file of the Bunker Hill Aurora. We are told that there is one in the Concord Library.

No Ease In My Inn.

This printed warning is on a wall of the bed chambers of the hotel in Aurora, Ill.: "Cooking and washing in rooms forbidden, also appearing in office or public room in kimonas (sic.)." At Findlay, O., the Phoenix Hotel advertises: "Chaste music discoursed at noon and in the evening."

The American House.

As the World Wags:

I was a little disappointed in yesterday's article on the closing of the New American House and the omission of any recollection of the Old American, which I recollect in the early 80's when it was run by H. B. Rice & Son and was the most home-like place in Boston, especially for old traveling salesmen who used to make it their headquarters, as it had the finest and largest sample room for the display of goods in the city. I refer to the 90's on the first floor above the office. All will remember John Callahan, the head porter, and Jerry, the assistant, who never kept you waiting, but had the tables all up and trunks up at any hour of the day or night so that one never lost a train or a customer. The clerks were gentlemen of the old school, as Mr. Stevens, and Walter Clapp, and Mr. Evvins who afterwards ran a hotel in Hartford, Ct., and Mr. Hacket who afterwards was head clerk at the Windsor in New York. Then there were George and Frank Fogg, the genial barkeepers; Norah, the head chambermaid, afterwards Jerry's wife; and Mr. Rice the younger, who used to take the boys out sailing in his yacht, the Ancient America, which first won the cup. There was the slow but sure elevator man on the slowest elevator in America, but we were in no hurry in those days. There were the dry goods buyers from Jordan & Marsh's, White's and Houghton & Dutton's, and the fine orders they gave us, as well as the fine art dealers, such as Mr. Williams of Williams & Everett, and Mr. Noyes of Noyes & Blakesley, and many others who are no longer in business, and the genial brothers in trade with whom we have played many late games of poker after the business was over, or pool, or billiards. Also the late Gen. B. F. Butler, who sought the seclusion of the lavatory to read the election returns in the early morning after, and kept the paper close to his eyes in reading, so as not to miss a word; many others who are now gone to their long homes. As Rip says, How soon we are forgotten when we are gone; alas, too true, but we shall never forget the many pleasant days and nights we put in at the old American while time continues to linger and we are alive. From an ex-traveling salesman for 25 years.

ARTHUR W. MARTIN.

National Soldiers' Home, Me., July 16.

"Orlwiz."

Mr Daniel Jones, "a leading authority on English pronunciation," had remarked that most educated people pronounce "always" as if it were written "orlwiz." "One stately old dame was horrified at the idea, and repudiated the mere thought. She summed up the whole discussion by declaring with an air of finality, 'Personally I orlwiz say 'always'! The only test of what is correct in pronunciation is to find out what is the general practice of educated people."

But Mr. Jones, this "leading authority," was picked up by the Daily Chronicle and accused of having made two mistakes, one in each syllable. "No educated person even faintly suggests the presence of an 'r' in the first syllable, but pronounces it as if spelt 'awl,' which is correct. The second is pronounced as 'wez,' which is incorrect. The 'wiz' sound and the suggestion of the 'r' are only heard on levels much nearer to the submerged tenth. The prevalent mistake even among educated people, as those accustomed to teach English are aware, is to treat the first syllable as 'oll.'"

This reminds us of the cheerful host at table in Punch. "What gentleman says puddin'." Precise guest: "No gentleman says puddin'," with a withering accent on "gentleman."

In Memoriam.

Foreign journals tell us more about the manner in which the news of Lord Kitchener's death was received in Germany. The Schlesische Zeitung published a song of hate. Some of the lines run as follows:

"You now see, proud England, that there still lives a God who can punish and wreak vengeance. Thy hero sank in the storm to expiate thy thousandfold crimes. Only the trump of doom will awaken the floodbound Kitchener, the terror of mankind. Thou, too, like Kitchener, wilt perish for thy guilt in darkness, and in dread * * * and if God does not permit us to exterminate you just yet, you will, unless you do penance, pronounce judgment on yourselves."

In Chemnitz a song of hatred on the death of Lord Kitchener was written, publicyl distributed, and even sung in the music halls.

July 23 1916

We alluded last Sunday to an article, "Percy Grainger: the Music and the Man," by Mr. Cyril Scott, published in the Music Quarterly of July. Mr. Scott, in the first sentence, has no hesitation in saying that a "part of Grainger's creative genius will leave an imperishable name in the history of English music." Mr. Scott has watched the growth of Grainger's musical soul from its beginning, "at any rate in this incarnation." "Already at the age of 13 Grainger was composing works for the pianoforte in a style which distinctly flavored of Handel, for it is a noteworthy fact that as the human embryo goes through all the stages of pre-human evolution before ti becomes man, so does the creative talent go through the styles of the old masters before arriving at modernity and its own individuality." Grainger learned little at Frankfort from Ivan Knorr, teacher of composition. He did not understand Knorr and Knorr never really understood him. Grainger chose to go his own way. "There is a certain type of embryonic genius that is impatient of any species of restraint, and prefers to blunder along many wrong roads independently, than be led along the right one by a masterful hand." Grainger did not learn the rules in order to break them; he broke them from the beginning. Not knowing Debussy's existence, he wrote in a whole-tone scale. At 16 years of age he had developed a style coming from a literary discovery; from Kipling he "imbibed an essence and translated it into music." Mr. Scott believes that a great law destined Kipling and Grainger "to exist on the material plane at the same time." It is only a great artist who can draw his influence from another art than his own. "A small composer is usually influenced by a greater composer whom he copies with an admixture of an unpleasantly tasting honey; a sweetness which is the invariable concomitant of weakness."

This age is one of harmonic invention and of a revolution in musical rhythm. When Grainger was 17 years old he had a great scheme of revolutionizing the existent laws of rhythm. He demonstrated this in a setting of "The Song of Solomon," now hidden among his unpublished compositions. "At the age when Wagner was writing offensively like Meyerbeer, Grainger was already writing like himself."

The fact that folk-song makes a strong appeal to him has led the public to make a false estimate of his powers as an original composer. "Now a man nearly always becomes celebrated by his lightest and most frivolous and most easily understandable works; this may be a tragic fact to the composer himself, but a fact it remains." Mr. Scott tells us that the "Hill Song" for wind instruments, the "English Dance" for full orchestra, the "Father and Daughter" for male quartet, chorus and orchestra, including a number of guitars, are works of paramount seriousness. Seriousness here does not imply dulness or the academic. "Grainger is anything but classical; he is not, like Max Reger, a sort of elongation of Brahms, . . . he is not an elongation of anything; but the essence of folk-song augmented to a great work of art." He has a choral technic which only the initiated can divine.

As a "soul type," Grainger is "obviously a northerner, saturated with the influence of a previous northern incarnation." He is inspired by the spirit of force, as when sweating men on a hot July day try to lift a piano round the bend of a little back staircase. "He has, in fact, for an artist, in him a most

strange spirit of athleticism, and whenever circumstances allow (and sometimes when they do not allow) he will run or jump, when other persons would be walking, and make the ordinary things of life, such as opening a door, into athletic feats by trying to turn the handle with his foot." He shocks his highly respectable publishers by filling his catalogues and musical works with [illegible] and culinary phrases, 'so that his prospectus is a very masterpiece of slang and vulgarity, causing not a few people to dismiss him and his works as something not worthy of being taken seriously." The printing of his covers "looks as if it ought to depict the words 'to let, furnished' rather than the title to some pieces of music."

"Grainger unblushingly likes vulgarity. . . . The vulgar evidently means to him a certain strength. The equivalent to such a line as 'We stood upon the starboard, a-spittin' in the sea' gives to Percy Grainger seemingly the same sort of sensation of strength that a swear word gives to Masefield, or some unpoetical part of the human body gives to Walt Whitman! It is also for this reason, obviously, that Grainger often selects words for his songs, which cause his female singers to be quite unable to preserve the normal tint of their cheeks when obliged to pronounce those words to an audience. I do not imply that the words are vulgar in the sense that Bessie Bellwood was, but simply that they are flavored with that archaic tendency of calling a spade a spade which is no longer a habit of polite society, even if it ever were so."

Not that he is a poseur. The real antithesis to a poseur, Mr. Scott thinks, is one that goes along the road of his own tastes, desires, inclinations. "For this reason the artist diverging from the majority in most things more than the ordinary person is liable to be regarded as unnatural, when in reality he is just the reverse." Grainger does not know when to pose at the right moment, to swerve aside from the road of his own inclinations.

"To glance at some work of his and immediately perceive such words and phrases as 'bumpingly,' 'louden lots,' 'hold till blown,' 'dished up for piano' and so forth, might excusably awaken the idea that Grainger is possessed of talent, but hardly possessed of manners. And yet such a reflection were absolutely untrue. For although he may take a delight in watching perspiring men lift heavy pianos on hot summer days, he seems to take equal delight in behaving to the most polished perfection in the hot drawing rooms of duchesses. He seems to find a place in the area of his interest for an astonishingly large diversity of human temperaments, and one feels that if it were not a social impossibility, he often would be disposed to invite among his more distinguished guests some road-mender or 'bus-conductor, who by the turn of a phrase or some particular form of cockney intonation had given him a moment of amusement." This large heartedness shows in his music and gives it a large compass of appeal. Like Kipling, Grainger appeals to the illiterate, but he does not write his quaint musical conceits to please the public; they are "a certain obvious simple part of his childlike nature to which at times he feels he must give expression." There is also a strong vein of a certain species of sentimentality in his character, "which breathes through his melodies and touches at once the heart of the most 'Simple Simon' of musical comprehension."

"I see in him all those elements which make the 'immortal artist.'"

Curious Percy!

Curious Cyril!

In the same number of the Musical Quarterly, Helen Ware writes about "The American-Hungarian Folk Song," and with special reference to Adam Pista, who, a fisherman on one of the Hungarian lakes in his youth, emigrated to this country a few years ago, and has led the life of a roaming fiddler and ballad singer. Here are some of his songs heard by George Kemeny, a Hungarian poet, who stumbled into a Hungarian inn in South Bend, Indiana, and there drank the wine of their country with Adam:

The skies will split
And Stars will cry
Because you have donned Oh Magyar
Such r... garb.
They dressed me up in wide, white pants
And such broad shoes that I can slide in them
From right to left or wherever I choose.

The poet complains of his new mode of life

Don't be surprised dear pal that you find me so pale,
Alas nine years have I been grinding
Steel in Ahers (Oliver) great shops.
I grind and grind and grind the steel plows for the American farmers.

These are songs that express his longing for home:

White raven, oh white raven,
How long since I last saw you.
Have you met my sweetheart somewhere?
"That I did at the New York depot
Buying his ticket home to go."

From New York the great steamer departs,
Sadness rules in a thousand hearts,
Silken flag floats merrily from its mast,
Forever I leave you America at last.

Captain guide your ship with steady hands,
Take the right direction for Hungary,
There await me the youngsters and faithful wife
For whom I've risked all that's good in life.

He sings of Hungarian girls withering in the Oakdale cork factory.

Where the sun beats down mercilessly
On the tin roof overhead.

There are songs of the miners, also of agriculturists. In one of them a Canadian-Hungarian farmer, pining for home scenes, sells his farm and goes back to Hungary. The taxes are greater than ever. Class distinction frets him, so

He takes his staff
And little worldly riches;
Crosses the wide ocean
And digs new rows of ditches.

Having learned from experience that not every one is to be trusted in this country, he sings:

America is the land of plenty and pure gold,
Fried pigeons fly into one's mouth, I'm told,

Tell your tales, my good man, just go on,
I'll get the best of you yet bye and bye.

Reviewing Miss Edith Ordway's "The Opera Book," characterizing it as in some respects by far the best book of its kind in recent years, Mr. Robin H. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph speaks of unfamiliar operas by American composers mentioned by her. "Their operas seem to be at as great a discount in the United States as an Englishman's operas in England are supposed (by the composers) to be. I fear it may be long ere we see in London Converse's 'The Sacrifice,' a tragic opera, produced at Boston in 1911, or his 'Pipe of Desire,' an allegorical opera, produced in New York in the previous year. 'The Pipe of Desire' was first produced in Boston, Mr. Legge.) Or, again, Horatio Parker's allegorical opera, 'Fairyland,' which saw the light first at Los Angeles only last year. That great failure of Charpentier, 'Julien,' is duly depicted here, and so are most of the modern operas that were seen either at Covent Garden or at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, with a small sprinkling of less well known operas. A new feature is the phonetic 'translation' of the foreign titles of the works. These are worked out on a system that is easily understandable, and that is substantially correct. But why is the French title of Borodin's 'Prince Igor' given as if it were the composer's own title? In the case of the only other Russian opera referred to, namely, 'Boris Godounov,' the accent is not, as stated, on the first syllable of the Christian name, but on the second. The fine old error of 'I Pagliacci' is perpetuated. Why in a book just published, 'St. Petersburg'? The statement that Leoni's 'L'Oracolo' was produced in 1905, and that 'the scene is the China quarter of San Francisco, shortly before the fire of 1906,' is a little cryptic."

H. C. Colles has written a book, "The Growth of Music." He names in his chapter "New Paths" 10 men who have exerted, he thinks, the widest influence on the art of music as a whole in the last century. He names among them Wagner, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Franck, Chopin, Berlioz, Tschaikowsky. This leads Mr. Legge to ask, "How are we to understand the author's statement that 'it was through Tschaikowsky's work that Russia began to exert an influence which is still increasing?' Influence where? It undoubtedly was through Tschaikowsky's music that other nations first began to understand and know something of Russian music, but surely, even among his own compatriots, his actual influence was almost nil. He, like Anton Rubinstein, was looked upon at home as more of a reactionary than as a follower of the 'school' founded, in a sense, by Glinka and carried on to a climax by the Immortal Band, who for long were regarded as the true spirit of Russia; while, outside Russia, where in particular do we find any specific instances of Tschaikowskian influence on the creative music of other lands?"

To the Editor of the Herald:

At this time, when nearly all Europe is at war, and we ourselves were on the verge of war with Mexico, and every person, man, woman or child, is filled with that military spirit, do you not think that we all should have an insight as to what is our national song, or, at least, what we recognize as our national song? What do I mean? Just this: Wherever you go and music is being played by an orchestra or band, be that music "My County, 'Tis of Thee" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," you will see the throng of people rise to their feet, and, if out of doors, bare their heads.

On the evening of July 5, 1916, at Braves Field, the band gave a preliminary concert, prior to the fireworks. One of the numbers was a medley, and contained the tune of England's national hymn, "God Save the King," to which we Americans have put the title "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." As this part was reached the band played it in the same bombastic manner in which it played all other portions of the medley marked forte. No sooner had it begun than the whole audience rose and uncovered their heads. Late in the evening, one of the set pieces was a figure made to represent Uncle Sam. When this was illuminated, the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," which is generally conceded to be our national song. Again the vast throng rose; likewise when the two American flags were shown.

Now, I dare say that all were not British subjects present, paying respect to their national anthem in the first-mentioned instance, and out of mere respect to America as a nation, standing while "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played.

It is the same in our theatres. When the tune "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is played you will see half the audience standing, then, gradually, the other half rises for fear of being ridiculed if they do not rise, although they are not sure whether it is right to stand or not. Then if our flag is shown, the orchestra immediately plays "The Star Spangled Banner," whereupon the whole audience rises willingly, consequently giving them cause to see their error.

Although we look to "The Star Spangled Banner" as our national song, why is it that orchestra and band leaders alike do not play "Hail Columbia" when they wish to honor our nation and flag? Foreign countries regard "Hail Columbia" (not wholly) as our national song, even though "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" are played respectively at morning and evening colors in our own navy. I venture to say that few Americans would be able to recognize the music of "Hail Columbia" if it were played at a gathering, although this tune and the words are of American origin. Let us hope that the nation will fix on one tune for our national song, and if not, that some musician will give us a song, both words and music, which will fit and represent this, our country of freedom and glory.

W. J. KEISER.

Boston.

Notes About Music, Musicains and the Theatre

Illustrative music to topical film pictures is generally well chosen, if rather obvious. Thus, in the new war pictures "From the British Front" the natural accompaniment to the conveyance on board a hospital ship at a French port of the British wounded is "Home, Sweet Home," and the same familiar air is played when Tommy in the trenches gets his letters and parcels from the postoffice. One of the films shows a group of very natty staff officers, evidently somewhat embarrassed under the eye of the camera. It is, perhaps, with an object that the censorship has allowed this particular picture to be wedded to the tune "I'm Gilbert the Filbert."—Daily Chronicle, London.

Miss Enid Grundy, who played pieces by Debussy in London, is "apparently of those who imagine that subtlety can be obtained by blurring the harmonies with the aid of the sustaining pedal."

Miss Una Lynde sang songs with Verlaine's text and music by Miss Grundy. "She should not attempt to sing in French." This could be said of many others, in Boston as in London.

"Saviti," an East Indian play, "4000 years old," was performed June 27, with Rabindranath's "Malini" by the Indian Art and Dramatic Society in the garden of a house in Kensington. "The magic of the East was, perhaps, a little diluted by the time it had filtered through the medium of a western language to a western audience; but every one was interested in the graceful draperies."

The Herald stated last Sunday that a play taken by Thomas Hardy from his epic drama, "The Dynasts," was performed at Weymouth, Eng., on June 22, in aid of Red Cross hospitals. This was the first time the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society had played any of "The Dynasts," "and this was the first play that Mr. Hardy himself had arranged for the stage." The stage scenes were in and around Weymouth, showing how the common folk of the land were effected by the great events of the time. The Weymouth people were seen fearing an invasion in 1805. The later scenes were of 1815. A young soldier, a stranger to the printed play, was introduced, bringing the news from Waterloo, and he is made the hero of a little love story. "The famous humors of these Wessex scenes from the great poem has been enriched by episodes and characters akin to some that appear in the novels and tales. . . . And, while we laugh at the rich fun and character of it all and enjoy the old ballads, the old dance tunes of the incidental music, the old-fashioned costumes, and the mellow softness of the sometimes rather puzzling Dorset speech, we cannot help contrasting those times with these and realizing how different they are, yet how alike. Were, for instance, the rumors of 1805-1815 really more absurd than the rumors of 1914-1916?"

An open-air memorial performance of "Hamlet" in honor of the Shakespeare tercentenary took place on the night of June 24 at the Kronborg Castle at Elsinore. Over 200 performers, singers, actors and a chorus from the Theatre Royal of Copenhagen took part. The King and the royal family were present. "The scene was appropriately laid on the very spot where Shakespeare made Hamlet wander nightly between the old moss-covered bastions and the ancient fortress walls. The famous troupe of actors hired by Hamlet arrived in realistic fashion, dusty and tired by the journey on the country road, carrying their parcels and decorated with the green leaves of spring. This scene in the gloriously fine evening was wonderfully effective and poetic." Nicolaj Neliendam took the part of Hamlet, Mme. Moltke that of Ophelia. There was a prologue written by Helge Rode. Georges Brandes delivered a lecture in honor of the poet. The music was composed for the occasion by Carl Nielsen.

When "Bluff," a play by Lucas Landon, was produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, June 28, some one in the gallery shouted "rubbish" at the final fall of the curtain. The Pall Mall Gazette thought that the comment was hardly fair. "The play was not assuredly a masterpiece, but it had quite a number of clever ideas. There was a most conscientious and able performance on the part of Mr. Saintsbury. . . . There it is, a lively entertainment for war time, with certain obvious faults, but nothing to call 'rubbish!' about." Yet the Daily Telegraph found that the only relief was the orations of M. de Cigognac, and the infinite energy of Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who played him for all he was worth, did not conceal from us that M. de Cigognac was a good deal of a bore." The Times gave an excellent picture of an old favorite, the stage Frenchman. "Brought face to face, as so many of us now are, with the real Frenchman, and admiring him as we all do, we had hardly supposed it possible to enjoy at once the newly discovered fact and the time-honored fiction. But it seems that the fantastic, impossible, wholly delightful Frenchman of the English theatre is not dead yet. He reappeared at the Garrick Theatre as vigorous as ever and in all his pristine absurdity. He is called Xavier de Cigognac, a name which in itself suffices to bring back the full perfume of the Romantic Thirties. He wears the familiar flowing necktie. He bows and scrapes in the old arabesques. He postures and grimaces like the cherished epileptic that he always was. Flamboyancy, thy name is Xavier de Cigognac—which rhymes to cognac, and thereby hangs an alcoholic tale." For Xavier in his youth was too bibulous. Grown up he was an artist. Bulstrode, the villiain, had ruined him and driven his father to suicide. In the play the villain tries to annex a trust fund of £30,000 due a ward who had married his clerk, and this clerk, Cecil, is dear to Xavier. "Why are all the jeune premieres," asks the Daily Chronicle. "Cecils in these democratic days?" Xavier attempts to foil Bulstrode, so the latter resorted to the bottle, knowing Xavier's former weakness, "and Cigognac watered his whiskey with gin—wonderful fellows these artists!—and became so incapable that Bulstrode snatched the photographs of a receipt that were to be the pieces of conviction, and drove the unhappy Cigognac into outer darkness." But in the end Xavier bluffs Bulstrode by swearing that he holds an affidavit made by the dead man to a friend that he was lodging the £30,000 with Bulstrode. The bluff worked.

"Boris Godounov" was performed by Sir Thomas Beecham's company at the Aldwych Theatre, London, June 27. For the sake of M. Bouilliez, who took the part of Boris, the performance was in French. The love duet, the most conventional portion of the work, was sung, whereas the Russian company in London had omitted it. The Times, speaking of the two performances, said that the impressions made by the Russians with Chaliapin at their head were so vivid that many people would say it was not the same thing. "Of course, it is not the same thing, but the main difference has really little to do with the individual capabilities of the artists. The supreme thing about the Russian performance, the thing which stood out even above the unique art of M. Chaliapin, wos the fact that in 'Boris Godounov' we saw and heard a people recreating their national history. Moussorgsky, following Poushkin, crowded national types of character on to his stage with the same profusion with which Shakespeare crowded English types into 'Henry IV.,' for example. The Russians performing 'Boris' today are living a life which no foreigners could completely enter, just as no foreigners could produce Falstaff, Dame Quickly and Justice Shallow with absolute fidelity." Not without reason did the Pall Mall Gazette say that there are two heroes in this opera, Boris and the crowd—the chorus.

Arthur Williams, who was a prisoner at Ruhleben from the beginning of the war until February of this year, was the 'cellist in a chamber concert in London June 27. "Mr. Williams was violoncellist in the Klingler Quartet, and after years of artistic work in Germany, the ill-treatment under which his health completely gave way seems peculiarly barbarous." At this concert Brahms's early sonata in C was played by Miss Fanny Davies. The Daily Telegraph called it "dull and pretentious," and added: "If we must have German music nowadays, surely it might be something less stodgy and tiresome than this." Would the critic have thus characterized the sonata before the war?

The Herald spoke last Sunday of a performance of Bach's "Phoebus and Pan" as an opera at the Aldwych Theatre, London. The performance was described by the Times as a truly wonderful affair, "including, strange as it may seem, some suggestions apparently taken from the staging of 'The Critic' (Stanford's opera). "The chorus s... round the stage in 18th century dresses and the characters of the 'contest' are in what a 20th century artist might suppose, or pretend to suppose, to be a 18th century idea of classical costume. Phoebus with a flaxen full-bottomed wig, Midas with an indescribable coiffure of many colored feathers (which, of course, is knocked off when he is given his ass'

ears) mingle with satyrs, nymphs and fairies in various degrees of realism and imagination." Before the final chorus the whole of Bach's "French" suite in G was danced. The cantata had previously been done for a charity performance at Covent Garden, "but that was only a rough-and-ready business."

W. A. Aiken is the author of "Carmen Vocis," dedicated to the Society of English Singers.

My Soul is in my Breath; and with my Breath will I lift up my Voice in Speech and Song.

For my Breath shall be turned into Sound; and I will pour forth my Voice, even from the depths of my lungs.

And the Sound shall be made true and steadfast; by the security of my Breath and the watchfulness of my sense that heareth from within.

My neck shall be as a temple around the Sound; and its spaces shall expand to adorn every cadence with fullness of tone.

The inner portal shall be open wide; for in my throat there shall be no manner of contraction.

About the outer gate my lips and jaw and tongue shall play with all the supple freedom of a graceful dance; and bring to life the beauties of my native speech.

Thus will I sing with my Breath as with my Soul; and speak with my mind the simple language of my life.

For I am in my Breath and in my Voice; and all my countrymen will hear me and understand

"Musicus" contributes these personal notes to the London Daily Telegraph: So old Francois Plante is still alive! I thought him dead many a long day, until I read the other day of his having resumed public pianoforte playing. When I knew him, about 30 years ago, he was a very beautiful player of the Pugno type, with a perfect technique and a pearly scale. It seems that he resumed his profession, which he had for long adorned, on account of the lonelness induced by his sons' absence at the front. I do not suppose for a moment that he will ever appear again in a London concert room, but if he does I promise to go to hear him for old sake's sake; for all the years that have passed since last I heard his exquisite performance have failed to dim my memory of it. Since Max Reger died most of those who wrote of him and his work have been metaphorically hauled over the coals by fervent worshippers for having written too briefly. But I have not seen one criticism of the departed composer which even attempted to explain why Reger's earlier work was so incomparably higher in worth than his later. Personally I have a shrewd suspicion, but there may be a reason unknown to me, or even unsuspected, for this. In any case, the fervent admirers may be interested to know that Reger has left behind him the following works, which are now in preparation for the public: Three suites, for viola solo; A Hymn of Love, for baritone and orchestra; eight Sacred Songs, for mixed chorus; five new Songs for Children; a set of 12 small pianoforte pieces, and two Choruses (with orchestra). This I learnt from the Swiss Musical Times, which also that in Dantzig all pianofortes are taxed nowadays save only those which are professionally necessary to the owner."

How the Marseillaise Still Holds Its Spell

The announcement is made that Mme. Marthe Chenal, the French operatic singer, will be a member of the Chicago Opera Association next season. Her last great success in Paris was as a singer of the "Marseillaise." In New York, at the bazaar for the allies, the inspiring song was sung by Mmes. Frisch and Calve in turn. Years ago—it was in 1848—Rachel made a sensation in Paris by exciting, half-chanting the "Marseillaise" to the music played by an orchestra. Even the critics raved over her performance, but only for a time. Perhaps the most glowing eulogy was written by Theophile Gautier. But Rachel's brother turned her patriotism into commercial uses, and persuaded her easily, no doubt—to go through the French provinces, introducing the song in regular theatrical performances. It was the same Rachel, who in later years, appeared at solemn functions in which it was declared: "The Empire Is Peace."

About a year ago Mr. Philip Gibbs wrote an article for the London Daily Chronicle about the magic song. Now that there is talk—much of it foolish—about our national anthem, what it is, what it is not and what it should be, this article is worth reading.

During these nine months of war I have been hearing the old strains of "La Marseillaise." This song has run like a bit-motif through all the drama of this war in France, through all its scenes of blood and agony away there on the front, and through the spirit of the French people waiting patiently for victory, hiding their tears for the dead, consoling their wounded and their cripples and giving the youngest of their manhood to the God of War.

What is the magic in this tune, so that even if one hears it on a cheap piano in an auxiliary hospital or scraped thinly on a violin in a court yard of Paris, it thrills one horribly? There must be some magic in it, and perhaps a little madness. I shall not soon forget a journey I made by night to the east frontier of France with the first trainload of soldiers called to the colors on the first day of mobilization. The officers in my carriage were sleeping uneasily, but every now and then one or other of them would open his eyes, and sit up a little, and listen intently. For from high railway bridges under which we passed, and from level crossings at which we slowed down or halted, and from village streets where peasants' cottages blinked their windows near the line, there came the song of "La Marseillaise," in a vague chorus, with half its notes drowned by the panting of the engine and the rattle of wheels, but with that thrill in its tune which gave one goose-flesh, stirring even me, an Englishman, with a sense of old traditions leaping up again, demanding sacrifice, blood and the valor of youth. In that night of Aug. 2 it seemed to me that France sang "La Marseillaise," and that out of its grave-yards across those dark hills and fields with a thin, luminous line on the far horizon, the ghosts of slain soldiers rose to sing it to these men who were going to fight again for liberty.

Since then it has always been in my ears. I heard it one night in Amiens when the French army was in retreat, and when all the young men of the city, not yet called to the colors because of their youth, escaped hurriedly on truck trains before a bridge was blown up, so that if they stayed they would not be prisoners in German hands. It was these boys who sang it, with fresh, clear voices, joining in a fine chorus, though not far away the soldiers of France were limping through the night from abandoned positions.

Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Egorger nos fils, nos campagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! . . .

I listened to those boys' voices, and something of the history of the song put its spell upon me then. There was the passion of old heroism in it, of old and bloody deeds, with the wild wars of revolution and lust for liberty. Rouget de Lisle wrote it one night at Strasburg, when he was drunk, says the legend. But it was not the drunkenness of wine which inspired his soul. It was the drunkenness of that year 1792, when the desire of liberty made Frenchmen mad. . . . The men of Marseilles came singing it into Paris. The Parisians heard and caught up the strains. It marched to the victories of the republican armies. "We fought one against ten," wrote a French general, "but 'La Marseillaise' was on our side." "Send us," wrote another general, "ten thousand men, and one copy of 'La Marseillaise,' and I will answer for victory."

A hundred years and more have passed since then, but the tune has not gone stale, and the words have not lost their magic. Again and again in the Orders of the Day one reads that "the company went into action singing 'La Marseillaise.' Lt. X was still singing when, after carrying the enemy's position, he was shot in the throat"; or "The Chasseurs Alpins climbed the ridge to the song of 'La Marseillaise.'"

A French infantryman has written a letter describing a recent action in the Argonne, where his regiment held a village heavily attacked by the enemy. There was street fighting of the fiercest kind and hand-to-hand combats in the houses and even in the cellars. "Blood," he writes, "ran in the gutters like water on a rainy day." The French soldiers were being hard pressed and reserves came with their new regiments in the nick of time.

"Suddenly the 'Marseillaise' rang out, while the bugles of three regiments sounded the charge. From where we stood by the fire of burning houses we could see the action very clearly, and never again shall I see anything more fantastic than those thousands of red legs charging in close ranks. The gray legs began to tremble (they do not love the bayonet), and the 'Marseillaise' continued with the bugles, while our guns vomited without a pause. Our infantry had closed with the enemy. Not a shot now, but cold steel. . . . Suddenly the charge ceased its bugle notes. They sounded instead the call to the flag. 'Au drapeau!' Our flag was captured! Instinctively we ceased fire, thunderstruck. Then very loud and strong the 'Marseillaise' rang out above the music of the bugles, calling 'Au drapeau!' (To the flag!) again and again. We saw the awful melee, the struggle to the death with that song above all the shouting and the shrieks. . . . You who imagine you know 'La Marseillaise' because you have heard it played at prize distributions, must acknowledge your error. In order to know it you must have heard it as I have tried to tell you, when blood is flowing and the flag of France is in danger."

To this soldier it is an intolerable thought that he should hear the hymn of victory sung at a "prize-distribution," or in a music hall scented with the perfume of women. But even in a music hall in Paris, or in a third-rate cabaret in a provincial town, the song may be heard with all its magic. I heard it a few nights ago in such a place, not sung by Mme. Marthe Chenal, who is the vogue in Paris, but by another with less voice and genius. The song was greater than the singer. French "pollus" were in the hall, crippled, or convalescent, after their day of battle, and with their women around them they stood at attention while the national hymn was sung. They knew the meaning of it, and the women knew. Some of them became quite pale, while other faces flushed. Their eyes were grave, but with a queer fire in them as the verses rang out. . . . It seemed to me as I stood there in this hall, filled with stale smoke and women's scent, that I smelt blood, and gunpowder, and heard through the music of the "Marseillaise" the shouts of hoarse voices charging with the bayonet, the screams of wounded, and then the murmur of a battlefield when dawn comes, lighting the tattered flags of France.

Two Letters About an English National Theatre

A gleam of common sense has at last enlightened the outlook on the much discussed national theatre. The article in the Pall Mall Gazette which Mr. Littlewood has given as a suggestion for practical movement comes as a valuable contribution from one who sees both sides.

To further and encourage creative work a national theatre is necessary. And the preservation of those traditions which have become part of the drama would come into play as another function of our national theatre. For both of these purposes where could we find a better place than "Old Drury"? Here all the most sacred traditions of the story of English dramatic effort are enshrined, and here we have such magnificent stage appliances as would lend themselves to almost any conceivable experiment in stage art.

We may not all be so sensitive to atmosphere as Mr. Littlewood, but most theatre-lovers will feel with him how much more appropriate it would be to have our experiments tried and our traditions kept, and the two happily blended, in an atmosphere reeking of the memories of the famous showmen of England—where we can still smell imaginary oranges and see the imaginary green baize curtain—than in the sombre and sedate atmosphere of Bloomsbury, where the imagination conjures up the muffin bell. Let the shades of Grimaldi and Shakspeare, Old Farren and Sheridan, Garrick, Kean and Irving, watch over the efforts of their brother showmen, and the spirit of continuity of the English theatre accompany its growth.

The box office gives a healthy test of the value of our ideas, new or old. All the National Theatre is called upon to do is to give the originator a chance. There may be such a thing as an unrecognized genius, though it is doubtful. With our National Theatre we could give him a chance. This would resolve the doubt. Let him put up his show and run it for a short but reasonable time. If, after having seen it, the public said "No," and the receipts did not justify proceeding, it is surely madness to go on whipping dead horses and asking taxpayers to provide money for the purpose. But the idealist would have had his chance, and anything of value in his idea would be almost certain of meeting with a response.

Another cobweb which would be swept away would be the assertion that things out of the common necessarily mean financial failure. I disproved the business man's prejudice in a small way when I tried two years before the war the performance of Shakesepeare for a season in conditions of his own time—as near as we could approximate to them. Here Shakespeare was made to pay at low prices for five months, and the public came to shows without scenery, although the shows were not by any means what I would have wished them to be in their finished state through the strain of a first experiment. Still the public—by which I mean a body of people sufficiently large to ensure a profit—came. What can thus be done with one experiment could be equally well done with others. There is a growing section of the public waiting for new ideas, and there is a large section wedded to tradition. Both of these could be fed in a National Theatre run on practical lines and not forcing people to come to a theatre as a duty, as though it were a new religion, and where could a more fitting place be found for such a growth than within the walls of 'Old Drury'?—Patrick Kirwan in the Pall Mall Gazette, June 20.

Mr. Ben Greet wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette of the same issue:

Personally, I do not believe any "ragging" of these Shakespeare National Theatre people can be severe enough. It is quite absurd that in all these years, and with this particular year in view, more progress could not have been made. It is an insult to the memory of Shakespeare.

It is difficult to probe the public mind, and the playgoer's mind is what Shakespeare calls phantasmic — undecided until some strong personality leads the way. The public missed its chance in letting Sir Henry Irving out of London, and when he was at his climax they should have honored him by presenting the Lyceum to him. (I'm afraid I have said this rather often, but I shall never finish thinking it.)

My own experiences are that there is a huge audience waiting for Shakespeare in London and the country generally; and that they are not waiting upon any particular actors. Perhaps this is where the shoes are pinching, and part of the reason why the Shakespeare National Theatre people are faint-hearted. They are evidently waiting upon actors, and don't quite know where to drop, in case they should over-honor one or two, and under-estimate the residue. I believe the public wants the plays, and not the actors.

The idea of a Shakespeare season at Old Drury sounds too tantalizing to be true. Whoever had the chance of it and refused ought to be deprived of citizenship. Some years ago I ran a season at the old Olympic at cheap prices. The critics—who were never kind to me—made fun of it and called it cheap Shakespeare. The late Sir Augustus Harris was so pleased at the idea that he asked me to continue my season at Drury Lane. Arrangements were almost completed when he was taken ill. Mr. Mulholland offered me both his theatres, rent free, this summer if I would run Shakespeare at popular prices. Mr. Stoll offered the Vic. company some of his theatres last season for school matinees, but so many more pressing claims for war funds kept cropping up that he had to ask us to postpone the visits.

Meanwhile Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and others has had a discussion in London journals about the theatre for Shakespeare seasons under the auspices of the National Theatre committee. Mr. Walter J. Stevenson insists that the Drury Lane Theatre is not a building that in the least degree expresses with becoming dignity and greatness the commanding and outstanding genius of Shakespeare, such as a National Theatre should represent, i.e., in all its architectural beauty and dignity—whilst the past work as a whole that has been accomplished within its walls is the very last claim to make for such noble uses as the National Theatre should be put to, as witness its last production, which is enough to make our celebrated actors and actresses of the past turn within their graves, being as it is neither dramatic are nor literature, but a glorified spectacular affair, coupled with music hall turns, shades indeed of Garrick and Irving!" He names the Scala "full of classic dignity and repose in all its supreme architectural beauty and splendor. . . . Here is one ready at hand . . . which would add greatness to our dramatic art and literature, and also enable the theatrical profession, which should ever aim at all times above presenting plays or mere empty spectacular productions, or those malignant growths called musical comedies and so-called revues, where can be seen, in some places, the half-drunken leaning over the half-dressed at times, revelling in their vulgar inanities, which lend no dignity whatever to our stage, and do no honor to our great and immortal dramatist, William Shapespeare."

July 24 1916

Remarks by the Bishop of London excited a discussion concerning truly manly occupations. Some one remembered that Robert Louis Stevenson thought the life of the shepherd, the sailor and the schoolmaster were the only lives worth while. Another quoted Mr. John Galsworthy as saying that "the struggle with despair which is a necessary part of the profession of letters is sufficient to make the life worthy of being called a manly one."

In boyhood days some of us hesitated between the life of a stage driver and that of a saw-mill man. We read dime novels, but no one of us was tempted to seek adventures in the West. We never knew a boy that ran away to sea, but we were all inlanders; the sight of vessels at the piers, the smell of salt water, the odors of freight on the wharves, goods that had come from the South or East, had no fascination for us, even when we visited a seaport.

There were boys foreordained to be shrewd merchants. They were the ones that soon owned the marbles of their playmates, excelled in swapping knives, came into sole possession of the rabbits first held with another in joint partnership.

His First Circus.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, Mr. William B. Wright, asks in today's issue if any of your readers remebber Joe Pentland, the famous clown with Dan Rice's circus. I remember him very well, but not with Dan Rice. His first appearance in America, I think, was with Cooke's Royal Amphitheatre, an English circus that exhibited on the stage of the Boston Theatre—the first circus I ever saw. The star performer of that aggregation was "Mlle. Ella Zoyara," a beautiful and daring bareback rider, who afterwards proved to be a man. While in Boston, and probably in other cities, "she" was said to be the recipient of many bouquets and other favors from the "Johnnies" of those days. Dan Rice, I knew very well, but whenever I saw

his circus he was himself the principal clown. There were but two clowns, and there was no menagerie. In those days the two were usually separate and distinct shows, and people who thought it wicked to go to the circus took their children to the menagerie, which was considered a moral and improving exhibition. You remember that was what Artemus Ward always claimed for his. Circuses then travelled from town to town in their own conveyances, and I think their advent had a savor of romance to the expectant small boys on the dusty roadside which is lacking in the railroad train of today.

July 17. G. F. D.

The real name of Mlle. Zoyara is given in the history of the Boston Theatre written by Messrs. Tompkins and Kilby. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was inspired by "her" to write an amusing story. There are allusions to "her" in Vanity Fair, a comic weekly that died too soon. By the way, who was the first "Shakespearian clown" in a circus? —Ed.

A Punched Face.

As the World Wags:

Can something be done to stop the shameful behavior of certain street car conductors of Boston? It was my fortune and pleasure last evening to see the face of Conductor —— punched by a gentleman in defence of a lady, who had been insulted by the said conductor. The "street masher" is considered and regarded by everyone with deep contempt. Why should the "car conductor masher" pass immune? As the company seems powerless to stop this nuisance, why does not the Boston press get busy by calling the public attention to this black spot of Boston civilization? If these brutes felt on them the observing eye of the public, I am sure they would desist from their shameful practice. A. V.

Boston, July 17.

Our correspondent gives us the number of the conductor. We believe the instances of this misbehavior are comparatively rare. Time and time again we have wondered at the courtesy of conductors in dealing with unreasonable passengers, male and female. We have noted acts of rudeness, loss of temper, gruff answers to reasonable questions, but they have been few, and the conductors were young men, feeling their oats of office and authority. —Ed.

Another's Recollections.

As the World Wags:

Anent the article in your column by the esteemed and erudite sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson. We have—as the slang of the day has it—to hand it to him, as a man of most excellent parts and very correct memory.

I, too, remember. I, too, lived close to the Connecticut, but the little boy was drowned not in the river, but in a spring in the garden. I was one of the pall bearers. The time was just at the close of the civil war. The child's father was Scotch. McGregor was not his name, but very like it. The mother was Irish. The children of the school attended in a body, and, as Mr. Johnson says, the little boy's face was exposed to the view of the curious, and we children were awed and silent in the presence of death. One of the hymns was "There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day, by the Side of the River of Light." The father, who was Scotch, persisted in saying—like "Seecond Sichted Sandy"—that the night before the accident he had heard ghostly pipers playing "The Lament" and he knew full well it presaged disaster to his house, for he claimed he had heard the same pipes the night before his father fell at Chancellorsville. At the grave an old Irish woman, who used to perform at occasional funerals, raised high the keen, a wild, weird cry, the very embodiment of woe and anguish and uncontrolled sorrow. Her name was O'Halloran. Her descendants dropped the "O," also the "r," and now their names are Hallon. Gone are the "O's" and probably the Scotchman's "Mc," as has the premonition of death and disaster, into the limbo of forgetfulness along with "The Golden Wreath," except that occasionally some painstaking scholar like Mr. Johnson brings them up again. And so runs the world away. S. HARROCKS.

Westminster, July 14.

Did not the hymn quoted above go:

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar.
For (or, "and") the Father stands over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

No doubt, a copy of "The Golden Wreath" may be obtained of its publishers still flourishing, but the Sunday school hymn is not in it.—Ed.

July 25 1916

We noted an Englishman's remark about the disappearance of fruit sauces with meat in his country, and then spoke about fruits as thus used in Germany. We are now informed that cranberry jam invariably appears on the dinner table in Norway, where prunes and canned apricots are found in mutton stew. In Denmark fruit and conserves are "habitually" eaten with meat: little glass dishes filled with preserved plums, currants and other fruit are always seen, and eaten especially with roast reindeer. "The meal is often commenced with a sweet soup, called 'jus,' in which are fruit of various kinds. Regarding the latter, a story is told of two Oxford dons who were on holiday and tried it. During the night one of them suffered severely from indigestion, and was heard murmuring, 'Summum jus, summa injuria est.'"

High and Low.

"H. A. B." writes. "Why 'high' treason?" Because in England there were two kinds of treason, high and low (or "petit"). One murder, for instance, differed from another in glory, as De Quincey's friend "Toad-in-the-hole" would have put it.

"For instance, if a man killed his wife or a wife her husband; if a master was murdered by his servant, or a prelate by one of his subordinates, the crime was looked upon as being particularly outrageous because of the specially intimate relations between slayer and slain, and was called 'petit treason.' But if a man killed or tried to kill the head, not of a family, but of the state—the 'pater patriae'—he was guilty of 'high treason.'"

To abet the marriage of a sovereign under 18 years of age without the written consent of regent and Parliament is high treason. It was high treason, formerly at least, to have an illicit affair with the nurse of the princes or the keeper of the Queen's wardrobe. Curious reasons are given for this in "Partida" 2, tom. 14, lib. 4.

More About Ale.

Writing about ale, we quoted Mortimer Collins's remark that the comparative civilization of a town may be judged by the quality of its bitter ale. Now, in the account of his walk through Wilts, he said that the only really good tankard he tasted in Wiltshire was at the Bath Arms in Warminster. In Wiltshire, he wrote, the pedestrian had to drink either abominable beer or cider more abominable; nor did Collins like the South Wilts cheeses. "Where is the double Gloucester of my youth? Gone like 'love's young dream,' and my early determination to be leader of the House of Commons." This was written in the late 60's or early 70's.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" was published in 1843-4. Tom Pinch waiting for young Martin at a tavern in Salisbury was pleased by his dinner—a well-cooked steak and smoking hot potatoes, with "a jug of most stupendous Wiltshire beer." If this beer had so deteriorated in the course of 20 or 25 years according to Collins, what wretched stuff it must be today!

By the way, George Arnold wrote in his poem "Beer," from which we quoted: "While idle moments flit," and not "While the idle moments fit," as the linotype had it.

We asked if there were any anthology of prose and verse in praise of ale. Mr. William S. Allen of Greenfield refers us to a volume, "In Praise of Ale," collected and arranged by W. T. Marchant and published in London by George Redway, 1888. Thackeray chose as his bed-and-candle books, Montaigne's Essays and James Howell's Letters. We know a man who will secure Mr. Marchant's anthology as soon as possible—to be read, with the accompaniment of a refreshing tankard, before going to sleep.

There, Not Here.

As the World Wags:

There is a vein of quaint humor and a cunning insight into the affairs of everyday life in the following poem entitled "The Lament of the Detained," by "Breezy Bill," who has long since gone to his eternal reward.

Here for my room rent I don't have to settle,
Nor pay for the grub that I eat;
There my landlord would get on his mettle
Unless I coughed up every week.
Here when my wardrobe gets worn out and seedy
Filthy lucre don't cut any ice;
There my tailor refused to relieve me,
Until I could show him the price.
Yet, I confess 'twixt the former and latter,
Peculiar tho' it may appear—
If I was allowed my choice in the matter,
I'd rather be There than Here.
Here for existence I don't have to tussle
With the problem of getting a job;
There for subsistence I oft had to hustle
Or else I would be on the "hog."
Here from its bountiful free fount of learning,
The library invites me to quaff;
There every day I was busy in earning
A hard to get dollar 'n' a half.
Here, July 4th, I get lemonade frappe,
There, every Fourth, only beer;
Yet I am homesick, discouraged, unhappy—
I'd rather be There than Here.
Here too, no poll tax collector comes near,
Nor sends in a bill 'round Thanksgiving;
There the State charged me two dollars per year,
Just for the great crime of living.
Here my tobacco and matches as well
Are furnished all free of expense;
There for each plug of "Dill's Best" or "B. L."
I had to "dig up" the ten cents.
Here all things are free—no bother or fuss
There everything cost me dear;
But I always "was" an ungrateful cuss,
So I'd rather be There than Here.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Helen Ware, who has won distinction for several characterizations on the legitimate stage, is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, appearing in "Justified," a melodramatic sketch by C. T. Dazey, the author of "In Old Kentucky." The piece is an exciting melodrama, there is plenty of action, and the dialogue leads up interestingly to the climax. Like many of the melodramatic successes of the contemporaneous stage it has its surprise, ingeniously contrived, at the end, and any telling of the story would spoil the pleasure in store for future audiences.

The piece, too, is admirably suited to the purposes of Miss Ware. For the first two minutes she holds the stage without a word being spoken, and keeps her audience in awed suspense. In a part that calls for nicely differentiated and conflicting emotions she was always convincing. She was ably assisted by Herbert Ransom and Charles Hammond.

Diverting Sketch.

The great laughing act on this week's bill is that of James C. Morton and Frank P. Moore. The sketch is diverting in its variety, and the versatility of Mr. Morton is always in evidence. Whether as dancer, burlesquer or comedian he is always interesting.

One of the best acts on the bill was given by Belle Story, the young American prima donna. She sang a group of songs of widely differing character. She has an agreeable voice and uses it with facility. She was forced to repeat several songs.

Other numbers were the Leon sisters and company in a tight wire act; James Kelso and Blanche Leighton, in a breezy sketch; Harry Rose, in a burlesque act; the Crisps, in a unique dancing act; Bertie Herron and Milt Arnsman, in a singing and dancing act; Albert Rouget, in a balancing act, and the pictures, including a peep at the Massachusetts troops on the border.

July 26 1916

We learned from the Herald of last Sunday that Queen Marie of Rumania established and runs the largest quill toothpick factory in the world. Is the royal family table furnished with them? Does Ferdinand ever complain of the quality? Marie was, perhaps is, a famous beauty, fastidious in matters of dress. Perhaps she has for her personal use a case of gold picks, as sporting men in the Sixties carried a case of ivory or bone, fashioned in the manner of a many bladed knife. These toothpicks would form various figures, as that of a fan.

Quill toothpicks were known to the ancients, as were those of various metals and of mastic wood. (All jokes on mastic and masticate are barred.) When did the treacherous wooden toothpicks come into fashion in this country? Mr. Henry S. Mower in his interesting "Reminiscences of a Hotel Man" says that about the year 1855 Paran Stevens of the Revere House and later of the Tremont House bought a barrel of wood toothpicks. They had been made in a Spanish convent and shipped to this country. "They were whittled out by hand, and the larger end was fringed, and tied up in little packages of 50 or so. More common ones were put on the counter for the use of the public, and the better sort used only at dinner parties. I am sure these were the first wood toothpicks seen in Boston, perhaps in the country."

As quill toothpicks are still the best for private use though not so ostentatious as those of gold, silver, ivory for public display at the table, in the street or on the veranda, so the quill pen is still preferred by some old-fashioned men, lawyers, clergymen, formal and stately letter writers. Mortimer Collins, whimsical as a novelist, always used quill pens. He wrote in Punch shortly before his death in praise of the gray goose-quill. "You must cut it yourself with blade of keenest steel, and suit it to what you are about to write. A eazonet to a lady requires quite a different pen from a cartel to an enemy. How can the unvarying steel or gold be adapted to the ever-varying themes on which letters have to be written? Cut a pen to write a letter to your stock-broker, ordering him to sell Turks; would the same pen do to write to a lady a pleasant nonsensical reminder of a Richmond dinner? The thing is absurd. I am an old boy, sir, but I would not desecrate a letter to a friend or a lady by using the same pen which I used for business until its foul fringe were cast off from it."

Mr. Mortimer Collins always sealed his letters, asserting that the seal was older than the signature. The letter should be worthy of the crest and motto fixed on the red wax; if not, the letter should be torn up for the honor of one's ancestry. "Sealing-wax, sir, is a great check to epistolary rashness. I hate this hasty age of adhesive envelopes and steel pens."

A year or two ago we were pleased by the sight of a sand-box on the desk of an old-time lawyer. He could not descend to blotting paper. We suspected him of employing a scrivener with a copper plate hand instead of a stenographer with a typewriter, and of ending letters to acquaintances, "I have the honor to be," or "Believe me, my dear sir, etc." We doubt if he had ever written on a postal card. There was a double-barreled German student lamp on his desk.

The Aggressive Westerner.

As the World Wags:

I have been reading that immortal bard Frothingham Clancy's vers libre with a good deal of pleasure. Perhaps in this connection it would be not wholly inappropriate to suggest that the gentleman who is seeking a situation through the Herald want columns, describing himself as "an aggressive Westerner with college training," might have better luck if he were to try "out where the handshake's a little longer" than he is likely to have in this effete and decadent spot.

THERESA TEMPEST.

Brookline, July 21.

Cause and Effect.

It has been said that the present war may lead to the prohibition of all alcoholic beverages in England; not in Scotland, where the climate tempts the naturally sober to daily indulgence. But in the time of Queen Elizabeth Thomas Nash said that drunkenness in England was the result of war: "Superfluity in drink is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries is counted honourable, but before we knew their lingering wars was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then, if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleepless under the board, we should have spet at him, and warned all our friends out of his company. Now he is nobody that cannot drink supernagulum, carouse the hunter's hoops, quaff upse freeze crosse, with healths, mumpes, frolickes, and a thousand such domineering inventions."

July 27 1916

MISTAKEN PATRIOTISM

Again there is the cry that the American composer of music is neglected. Again the public is told that foreign and imported conductors of orchestras in Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, San Francisco ignore the existence of American composers and all their works.

In the first place the statement is not true. A glance at the programs of orchestral concerts given in the larger cities show that it is not true. It is true, however, that certain works by American composers have not been played by the leading orchestras. The great majority of these compositions would not have been accepted by the conductors or applauded by audiences if they had been written by Frenchmen, Germans or Russians. More than once a conductor—even in Boston—in his desire to encourage American musicians, has brought out mediocre compositions.

The indignant outcry does not come from American composers of the better class. It comes from those who believe that an overture, symphony, or symphonic poem by an American should be heard simply because it is the work of an American. They say it must be worth hearing, it should be heard. This outcry is not peculiar to the United States. It has long been heard in France, England, Germany, and possibly in Russia. Music of comparatively little worth as well as stirring, beautiful, imaginative music comes from these countries. It does not follow that weak compositions by our own composers should be played.

The performance of inferior works does not in any land encourage native composers, improve the taste of audiences, or popularize music. Edward MacDowell objected strenuously to programs of American mu

sic. It was his belief that if a composition by an American were worth a performance it should be heard at a concert with works by foreign composers of high reputation. For saying this he was censured at the time and been reproached since his death. His position was sound, indisputable. The music of an American composer is good or bad irrespective of his nationality. If it is good, a conductor, whether he has been imported or not, gladly recognizes its worth. If it is spineless, poorly made, futile, dull, should the composer be coddled for the sole reason that he is an American and has the ability to put many notes on paper?

The intelligent foreigner, struggling with our language, diligently reading the newspapers that he may gain a vocabulary, wonders why a man is "shot down" and a town is "shot up."

Hyphens and "That."

As the World Wags:

Will you permit an opinionated old ass who has consulted no authorities, but is talking solely through his own pigheadedness and his hat, to make a few remarks to "Inconstant Reader"?

First—As to what he assumes to be exceptions to the rule that a syllable should not be hyphenated, the question is, Are they exceptions? In the present age of hurry, linotypists are not particularly fussy, and it may be that the practice of dividing past tenses has become allowable. It is, however, in my opinion, bad taste to divide any word which is pronounced as one syllable, and I do not think that any careful printer would allow such a form to go to press.

If duplicating the conjunction "that" introducing a subordinate clause, has ally become practice, it is to be regretted. Practice or not, it is not good English. When a writer lets his sentence get away from him, so to speak, and frequently repeats the "that" in order to catch up with his own idea; if however, he follows the advice given by Robert Louis Stevenson to Richard Harding Davis as to the importance of the rewriting, one or the other of the "thats" is sure to be eliminated, or the entire sentence revised. The quotation given by "Inconstant Reader" from Hector Briry is an excellent example of a case where the framer of the sentence has allowed it to go beyond the bounds of his control and has therefore caught it by the tail so to speak, before it got wholly away from him, and has done so by breaking it off and introducing another "that." Whether this practice is permissible or not, the result is very far from what is usually termed "elegant English."

As to commas after quotations, the question is whether or not the comma is quoted. If the comma is part of the quotation, it should be within the quotation marks. If the comma is not part of the quotation it should be, of course, beyond the quotation marks. H. J. L.

Egypt, July 20.

The Stimulating Manicure.

Her coming has brought a new stimulus that will be enjoyed not only by society and business people, but also by the steadily growing number of other correct dressers whose presence in Brookfield is giving the place more and more of a metropolitan air," says the Budget, in commenting on the arrival of Brookfield's regular manicure.—Kansas City Times.

Paralysis and Pests.

As the World Wags:

Some years ago the Boston Board of Health was asked to help in a Rat Campaign; to have buildings about the wharves made rat-proof that the health of the city might be safeguarded against the bubonic plague. As money was scarce, nothing was done. One of the workers for a Boston organization remarked: "Until the plague is here the rats will continue to enjoy themselves about the wharves."

And now we have the infantile paralysis scare. All over the country we read of "clean-up" work to be done, paper cans to be used. What had been foretold by a few hard-working people has come true.

To have a "clean up" week the first of May is not enough. Keep cleaned up all the time.

The rules and laws of the Board of Health should be enforced; regulations that have been put through the Legislature should be lived up to all the time. There should be no waiting until everybody is scared into doing the right thing from fear of an epidemic, which in many cases is the result of neglect.

The Women's Municipal League has had many inquiries the last two weeks about methods for clean up work and how to get rid of flies. Information and literature are gladly given at the League headquarters, 6 Marlboro street, Boston. B. M. L.

Boston.

July 29 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A deep thinker gave it as his mature opinion that a man would be the better if he were to read daily some poem that took him away for the moment from the too daily routine and abode with him till nightfall. We publish this morning verses by "E. J. W.," which appeared in the Sun Dial of the New York Evening Sun of July 21. It should have been dedicated to Mr Herkimer Johnson, who confessed in this column that he was never able as a boy to send a fan-like spray through his teeth, and therefore was unhappy, envious of those more richly blessed.

UNATTAINED.

The joys of my boyhood were many,
Its sorrows were fleeting and few.
I was rich if I had but a penny,
What other boys did I could do.
I breasted the waves of Lake Erie
Or dived in the waters beneath;
But life by one thing [illegible] made dreary—
I never could spit through my teeth.

Of the Kids' B. B. C. I was pitcher.
I could slide on my belly to third.
No youngster in marbles was richer.
I could make a kite sail like a bird.
Mine, too, was the glorious treasure
O. Optic and Mayne Reid bequeath.
But one thing still clouded my pleasure—
I never could spit through my teeth.

Oh, Time hath brought serious [illegible].
(Some day I may smile at them too.)
I have dreaded to see some tomorrows
With troublesome notes falling due.
But tho' [illegible]
And [illegible]
One thought will obt[illegible] my [illegible] lacks
I never could spit through my teeth.

"So Seldom Seen."

"J. D. R." calls our attention to a passage in Balassare Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier," done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby (1561). It is in the first book and the Count is speaking.

"Have ye not hadde an eye otherwhyle, whan eyther in the stretes goynge to Churche, or in anye other plaee, or in sportyng, or by an other chaunce it happeneth that a woman lyfteth up her clothes so high, that she sheweth her foote, and some time a litle of her pretye legge unwittinglye? And seemeth shee not to you to have a verye good grace, yf ye beholde her then with a certayne womanlye disposition, cleanlye and precise, with her shoes of vellute, and her hose sittynge cleane to her legge? Truly it deliteth me much, and I beleve all of you, for everye manne suppeseth that Preciseness in so secret a place and so sildom seen, to be unto that woman rather natural and proper then forced, and that thereby she thinketh to gett her no commendation at all."

"J. D. R." adds: "Please note that 'so sildom seen' was not written in 1916."

Unprecedented?

As the World Wags:

Charles Warren Fairbanks, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, and James Franklin Hanly, the Prohibitionist candidate for President, are residents of Indianapolis. Has there been another instance in which two candidates for so high offices were residents of the same city or town? INQUIRER.

Brookline.

Benefit of Clergy.

As the World Wags:

If the "benefit of clergy" law is still on the statute books of England Sir Roger Casement might escape the rope. He would only have to repeat the "neck-verse," Psalm li.i., and go free. This verse was so-called because it was the trial verse of those who elaimed benefit of clergy, and if they could read it the Ordinary of Newgate said "Legit ut Clericus" and the convict saved his neck. Here is a rhyme on the subject from the "British Apollo" of 1710.

If a clerk had been taken
For the stealing of bacon
For burglary, murder or rape,
If he could but rehearse
Well and prompt his neck verse,
He never would fail to escape.

J. D. K.

Household Remedies.

As the World Wags:

Noting your recent comments on old cook books, I wonder what is the value of these old household medical books that every one has—more or less—in their attic.

In "Domestic Medicine," published in Philadelphia in 1793 (written by Wm. Buchan, M. D., F. R. C. P., Edinburgh), are many surprising and interesting methods for treating diseases. For instance, discussing the treatment of quincy, the author says: "External remedies are suggested, as a swallow's nest, poultices made of Jews' ears," etc. Is this nest the one used by the Chinese for soups and puddings? For slow fever he recommends "wine, if it can be obtained genuine, is almost the only medicine that will be necessary. Good wine possesses all the virtues of the cordial medicines, while it is free from many of their faults." He advises bleeding in cases of "chin cough, sometimes called whooping cough," also "the millepedes or woodlice are greatly recommended for the cure of chin cough. Those who chuse to make use of these insects may infuse two ounces of them bruised in an English pint of small white wine."

After all, the most valuable advice I have found in "Hygiene of the Nursery," published in 1903. "Should a child have fallen into a tub of scalding water, remove him immediately." K. P. T.

Weymouth.

"K. P. T." should procure copies of Thomas Lupton's "A Thousand Notable Things of Sundrie Sortes: whereof some are wonderful, some strange, some pleasant, divers necessary, a great sort profitable, and many very precious" (London, 1627); J. C. Paullini's "Dreck Apotheke" (17th century), and Capt. John C. Bourke's "Scatalogic Rites" (Washington, D. C.), if she wishes to know queer remedies. Lupton also knew cures for quincy. One was as follows: "The powder of the tooth of a Boar, mixed with the oil of linseed doth presently cure squinancy (which is a pain or swelling of the throat." Here is a remedy against gout (poor man's or rich man's): "There is no presenter remedy to ease the torment of the gout than a young whelp cloven into two and the one-half laid with the inner side to the grieved place."—Ed.

War Note.

A dentist summoned to arms in England appealed on conscientious grounds. He stated that he could not take part in the shedding of human blood. The chairman, a bit of a humorist, said that a dentist should not be unwilling to do that.

Foolishly Ignored.

A list might be drawn up of delightful authors that are not known to the reading herd. We should put Mortimer Collins first. The willing and adventurous should begin with his "Fight with Fortune," and "Sweet and Twenty." "Squire Silchester's Whim" might follow. There are a dozen other incredible romances by this poet and essayist. Is the lover of detective stories and tales of mystery familiar with the novels of J. Sheridan Le Fanu? Some one discussing American short stories recently had nothing to say about FiztJames O'Brien, FitzHugh Ludlow, or Herman Melville. If we are not mistaken she did not mention Frank Stockton, Sarah Jewett or Alice Brown. Yet she wrote with an amazing show of authority and insisted that O. Henry was a "pernicious" writer.

Mr. Henry Danielson's "First Editions of the Writings of Thomas Hardy and Their Values" tells where the original manuscripts of some of his works are to be found. "The Dynasts" and "Tess" are in the British Museum; "Jude the Obscure" in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; "A Group of Noble Dames" (incomplete) in the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C., and so on. Is there no manuscript of Hardy in the **wonderful J. P. Morgan collection?**

July 2[?] 1916

The London Daily Chronicle thinks that Mr. Hughes as a candidate is fortunate in his whiskers. Whiskers mean a great deal to a man in public life. "They give the cartoonist a run for his money and help him to impress the subject of his distortion on the general public. Mr. Wilson must have felt the need of whiskers on many occasions during his term of office. For making visible the emotions of the wearer when issuing a note or an ultimatum whiskers are invaluable to the cartoonist. He could show by their aspect just how the note was to be interpreted by the nation to whom it was addressed."

War Notes.

The Somme is a pleasant stream a little over 100 miles long, but the town along it saw much and bloody fighting between Louis XI. and Charles the Bold. Part of the battlefield of today was once known as Sangterre. It was at Peronne that Louis XI. was obliged to sign a disadvantageous treaty with Charles. The town was captured by Wellington in 1815. The Germans possessed it in 1871. "Quentin Durward" would now be appropriate reading.

It is stated that a new vessel of 30,000 tons for the Hamburg-American Line will be named the Tirpitz. It will presumably carry only Germans and the German-Americans that defend the torpedoing of the Lusitania and the Sussex.

The surgical dressing, lint bandage and wool, is declared to be out of date by many surgeons now in the war. "It is a barrier to the free discharge of lymph which cleans the wound; it forms a breeding ground of germs; it sticks to the wound and dries on, and its removal is attended by great pain and often danger from bleeding; finally it hurts the wound and is apt to destroy delicate healing processes going on in it; and it is costly." On the other hand, the method of irrigation by saline solutions as suggested by Sir Almroth Wright is devised to afford every possible help to the healing wound.

A solicitor making an appeal for exemption from military duty remarked: "My client's work is the making of umbrella sticks and if anything has been in the national interest lately it has been this particular industry, in view of the times that we have had to use umbrellas."

Another applicant for exemption described himself as a traveling Baptist minister and boot repairer.

Freedom of the Seas.

An Englishman dining at home sat down to lamb from New Zealand, potatoes from Spain, boiled lentils from Italy; a fruit salad of cherrries and oranges from Spain, apples from Tasmania, and honey from Australia; a rice mould of which only the milk was English. The mint and vinegar in the mint sauce for the lamb were probably English, but the sugar came from the Barbadoes.

Additional Inquiries.

As the World Wags:

To the inquiries of "Inconstant Reader" I should like to add one or two.

Why is it that newspapers are so chary of the use of brackets? If a person sends to a newspaper an article containing brackets, it is almost certain that the brackets will not appear in the article as printed, but that parentheses will have been substituted in their place. There is, however, a clear, well-defined line of distinction between the correct use of parentheses and the correct use of brackets, and the former can with no more propriety be substituted for the latter than could the latter for the former. Cannot typesetting machines handle brackets as easily as parentheses?

When, in manuscript, the constituent parts of a compound word are separated at the end of a line, how should the fact that the word is a compound one be indicated? Take, for example, the compound word "throw-off"; if the two syllables of that word are separated at the end of a line, how is the fact that the word is a compound one ("throw-off") to be indicated? A mere hyphen after "throw" would not answer the purpose, for a hyphen would be used in case the word were not a compound word, but a simple one ("throw-off"). I have seen it suggested that in such cases the hyphen, instead of being at the end of the line (that is, after the first part of the compound word), should be at the beginning of the following line (that is, before the second part of the compound word), but I don't think that the suggestion has been generally adopted. When the constituent parts of a compound word are separated at the end of a line in print, a hyphen is used at the end of that line, and there is nothing to show that the word is a compound one.

INTERMITTENT READER

Brookline.

Sentimental Drummers.

As the World Wags:

Behold what we endure! Rag time tunes generally are supposed to be of Negro origin. But not all of them are, thank Fate. Ethiopia, which made such a striking exhibition of its sons' valor in Mexico lately, never can be charged with the crazy "songs" that come from lower New York or Twenty-eighth street dotted with cabaret slang for names, suggestive only of the shabby and sordid, the dregs in the gutter. But let us name some of what I call the wholesome sort in recent years. "In the Good Old Summer Time," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "Has Any One Here Seen Kelly?" "Down on the Farm," are, I believe, all right. Sometimes when in lonesome leisure at a hotel in New Bedford, or Worcester, or Somersworth, or Portland, a longing man drops into the parlor after dinner and begins (soft pedal) at the piano on "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," or "The Last Rose of Summer," or "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," or "Where the River Shannon Flows," or "Killarney," or "Maryland." He may softly hum, too. By and by the faint melody is wafted to the ear of a traveling man in a smoking reverie in the office. He rises quietly and is slowly drawn by the concord of sweet sounds. "My little girl plays that " says he, as he peeks in at the furtive pianist. Then they at once open up and talk over things. Plain, wholesome, soulful music weaves the tie that binds them, and only good comes of it all. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Brookline.

Two Courses.

The Parisian hostess now warns her guests as soon as the soup is on the table, "We have only a simple little meal, you know; just a couple of dishes, that's all. We have only the cook and the housemaid left. The butler is at the front, and very fine letters he writes us, too." There is talk in Paris of founding the "Two-Course Dinner Club," so that after the war there will be healthful simplicity, and no return to the extravagance of the past. This reminds us of Capt. Bathurst's proposal to the House of Commons that a fine of £100 be imposed on dinners of more than three courses and the wearing of silks, satins and costly furs. In the reign of Edward III. it was enacted that "no man shall be allowed more than two courses at

dinner or supper. All that did not enjoy a free estate of more than £10 a year were prohibited from wearing furs, silks and skins. The use of foreign cloth was then allowed only to the royal family.

Two courses! That was the ordinary dinner in the New England of the sixties—meat with vegetables, then pie or pies. The vegetables were put on the table with the meat or fish and the mistress of the house spooned them for the guest. Father carved. The guest knew exactly what the layout was—the pie was on a side table—and he regulated his appetite accordingly. He could not say: "If I had known what was coming I should not have eaten so much of this or that." Good old days! "Won't you have something from the castor?"

An Englishman insists that blackberries and apples should be united in pie. "Blackberry and apple pie is ever so much nicer than blackberry pie, and the same is true of jam. I remember that in the West Country a most delectable pie used to be made of blackberries and a particular kind of crab-apple. The apples were merely cut in two, without peeling."

"PROVINCIAL" POE

The New York Times Book Review of July 23, commenting on an article about Edgar Allan Poe, published in the London Times Literary Supplement, says: "It was in England that Poe's genius found its first and highest appreciation." This statement may easily be disputed. It is true that poets from Tennyson to Henley ranked Poe as the first of American poets, although the best known, the most widely read, the most popular of American poets in England is Longfellow. But it was not in England that the genius of Poe was first appreciated. In his own country he was absurdly underrated by colleagues and the critical—especially by the Cambridge-Concord-Boston school. To Emerson he was only "the jingle-man."

It was in France that Poe was first ranked according to his deserts. As a writer of prose he was made known by the remarkable translations of Baudelaire, although Mme. Isabelle Meunier preceded him in this field. Years later Mallarme made an equally remarkable translation of "The Raven." It is not necessary to dwell on Poe's influence on French literature after the translations of Baudelaire were published. This influence is still strong. It has been marked in England and other countries. Poe is responsible for much that is great and pitiably weak in modern literature.

The London Times reviewer of a new edition of Poe's works describes the teller of tales, the poet, the critic, as "hopelessly provincial." "The Raven" and "The Bells" are fit only to be recited at penny readings; "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee" are little better. He is forced to admit that there are other poems of magical quality. There is something, he says, "that takes you beyond good and evil, beyond sorrow and joy—something that all the romantic poets aimed at yet never attained to," but even in these poems he finds "provincial artifices." And so with the tales and the literary criticism. The reviewer wonders that Poe has had "so much influence with so little to account for it."

The charge of "provincialism" is an astonishing one. If any writer was free from provincialism in thought and expression, if any writer has shown no traces of even the influence of a country and its people in his work, that writer is Poe. Nor was he a cosmopolitan. He lived in No-man's Land. He talked familiarly with the dead. He saw strange shapes and visions. With them and apart from them he exercised his curiously analytical spirit. He was obsessed by the inevitableness of death and the consequent corruption of the body. Never was a story-teller or a romantic poet so asexual. The women whom he commemorated in verse or described in prose are passionless dream-women dead or about to die. In his tragedy "Man," there is

> Much of madness and more of sin,
> And Horror the soul of the plot.

But there is also the Poe of "The City in the Sea," "Israfel," "To Helen," and "The Haunted Palace." This Poe is also lonely and incomparable.

FORERUNNERS

A contributor to Notes and Queries quotes a passage from Ben Jonson's play "Staple of News," which seems appropriate to modern naval warfare. In the third act of this play Thomas speaks of one Cornelius-Son, who had made the Dutch an "invisible eel" to sink the shipping in Dunkirk haven.

> It is automa, runs under water
> With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
> Made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles
> Betwixt the costs of a ship and sinks it straight.

It is not stated whether this vessel existed only in the dramatist's imagination, or there was a report at the time of some submarine experiment. It would not be surprising to learn that long before the birth of Jonson there had been speculation concerning the possibility of under-water navigation. One Dante, of no kin to the poet, endeavored to fly, and came to grief years before the first balloon ascension. No doubt there were daring airmen before Daldalus. Dr. Jonson, in "Rasselas," foretold the destruction that might be wrought by aerial foes. An Englishman worked on a submarine vessel that might take Napoleon away from St. Helena. Benjamin Robins described the advantage of rifling the bores of cannon a century before Armstrong began the reformation of modern gunnery. Many remember when Jules Verne's story of an avenging submarine vessel was read as any fantastical tale in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Who knows what thoughts of "incredible" inventions were in the brain of Archimedes, of Leonardo da Vinci?

There are few inventors who can truly say: "I am the very first." Few inventors, without the aid of another, inferior in nearly all respects, bring their ideas to perfection and practical use. The one thing lacking is a trifle, but it escaped or baffled the originator. This is so in peace as in war. There were sewing machines before Elias Howe, Jr., obtained his patent. There have been inventors whose endeavors were choked by fear. Roger Bacon was long thought to be a sorcerer. One of his most important treatises is in a cipher that has not yet been made clear. There was a time when Edison or Marconi would have been burned at the stake as a lost soul in league with Satan.

In the number of La Renaissance (Paris) that has for a sub-title "Homage to England," there are many tributes to Shakespeare, who, in M. Paul Deschanel's words, "penetrated to the very core of man."

Mme. Alphonse Daudet writes that Shakespeare dominates the world. Every young girl is a Juliet, an Ophelia, or a Cordelia; every royal madman is a Hamlet; every jealous man an Othello; every miser a Shylock.

M. Edouard Herriot thinks that homage to Shakespeare is a fitting occasion to define English genius, for "he is not a myth, he is a portion of England's."

"One knows all the foolish suppositions that his immense work has suggested to commentators and especially to German erudites. Just as a certain Woltmann declared that one should call Vinci, Wincke; Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Bohnrodt; Arouet-Voltaire, Auvid, and Diderot, Fietroh, so a certain Driesmans has recognized in Shakespeare an authentic German. Happily, more serious works have placed the dramatist in his proper setting: the son of an active and respected man: instructed correctly according to the methods of education of his day; having a knowledge of foreign languages; carried away very early in life by a passion for the stage; raising himself, step by step, not by means of a cort of mystical vocation, but by the strength of hard work: an actor like our Molierc; passing from scene to scene and from one surrounding to another; possessing a practical mind, it would seem, since he acquired at least a comfortable competency; attached to his country; honored for his effort; generous; not only attentive to the cultivation of the mind, but also to the realities of this world; in short, a true Englishman, of the type that we like, having led a loyal and clean life, modest, industrious, resolute and as different as possible from the chimerical being invented for their pleasure by a quarter of the savants across the Rhine." We give the translation made in Paris.

M. Georges Lecomte imagines what a formidable figure, monstrous and clownish, Shakespeare would have made out of William II.: "Bragging of his virtue in speech and cynical in his actions; a coward with the airs of a bully, affecting in his discourse the aspect of a knight of the middle ages, while in reality he possesses the greedy soul of an unscrupulous company promoter; pacific during a considerable time from fear of blows and risks, then allowing himself to be dragged into war through a vain weakness and a threatening unpopularity—distracted by a vertigo of domination and of lucre under the appearance of a realist; guilty of murder and arson between two hypocritical genuflexions before his good, old German God, of whom he takes possession with the most familiar ease for his fighting arsenal. With what contempt with what a kick, would Shakespeare have disembowelled this sanguinary puppet, and revealed all the void and shame hidden under the gaudy vestments."

M. Stephen Pichon would have Shakespeare's Day a French day. "Let all our universities, lyceums, colleges, wherever instruction is given, recall what manner of man was this author of so many masterpieces, and let eternal lessons be drawn from them. The cause we serve is his because it is the cause of all mankind, because it is made up of justice, reason and tenderness, like the genial work of that sublime creative writer, by turns dazzling and fantastic, comical and mournful, delicate and impassioned, mocking and jesting—and above all these, human even in its roughness and in its irony.

M. Joseph Reinach characterizes Shakespeare as the greatest Englishman and the most English of the English. Voltaire did not thoroughly understand him; Taine did not discern everything in Shakespeare's plays. Neither Racine nor Goethe has felt more deeply than this Englishman the beauty and joyousness of the Mediterranean civilization. "The marrow of lions is in Shakespeare as in England herself." M. Reinach proposes that when the tunnel under the English channel is completed the statues of Henry of Navarre and Voltaire should stand at the English end, and at the French entrance the statues of Shakespeare and Edward VII.

The English poetic literature is in the eyes of M. Jean Richepin the finest of all. Shakespeare and Burns might have been French. Shakespeare in his fairyland, in comedy, in subtlety, in many things is a Celtic poet.

M. Firmin Roz sees in Shakespeare the interpreter of his race and his country. He is a magician, an imaginative realist, a creator of souls, but telling the truth about souls did not turn him away from the beauty of the world. M. Roz also speaks of the man described by Thomas Hardy, a specifically English type, "that of man steadfast in his designs, with determined energy, capable of receiving and practising the great lesson of discipline, obedience and order taught to us by the whole world, nature and society. Gabriel Oak, Diggory Venn, Winterborne are calm and patient "because their permanent contact with universal life makes them understand their dependence and their force of will bends in order to accept it."

M. Maurice Bouchor addresses a poem to Shakespeare. We give it in the rough and ready translation into English published in La Renaissance.

> One of the crimes of this abominable war,—And of it's authors, those imperial scoundrels,—Is to have prevented the serene heights,—From hearing a single cry rise up from the earth.
>
> A unique acclamation comes from human beings—Shakespeare, towards thy tercentenary work of Glory,—And hymns bursting froth to celebrate thy memory,—From towns and fields, from seas and roads!
>
> This chorus without a discord, this shadowless splendor,—Poet, saluting thy immortality,—Should have been the pride of our humanity,—Exalting thee with one heart through innumerable mouths.
>
> One hears however only the sound of the cannon,—Imprecations, sharp cries of hatred,—And in spite of our efforts those shrieks of Gehenna,—Stifle the happy music of thy name.

Is it possible in this struggling red hell,—To honor worthily thy sacred memory?—Great Englishman thou wast man to a supreme degree,—And to bless thee, one needs an immense human peace.

There have been a few admirable translations of Shakespeare into French: Marcel Schwob's translation of "Hamlet"; Maeterlinck's translation of "Macbeth."

The first mention of Shakespeare's name in a French book was in a translation of Sir William Temple's works published at Utrecht in 1693; although Remy de Gourmont mentions a note about "Will. Shakespeare" in a manuscript catalogue drawn up about 1680 by one Nicolas Clement, keeper of the King's library. The article by Remy de Gourmont on "English Literature in France," written in 1904, contains interesting notes about French translations of Shakespeare, those by Laplace, Letourneur, Ducis. He says nothing about those by Hugo and the elder Dumas. In a later essay, the one on "Macbeth," suggested by the performance of the tragedy under the supervision of Maeterlinck and his wife, Mme. Leblanc, he admits that he never saw a play of Shakespeare's in the theatre without being disappointed. "I shall repent as long as I live for going to the Odeon to see 'Julius Caesar'." He inquires curiously into the reason of his disappointment. Is it because the plays have neither a logical beginning nor end? Is it because the language is archaic as that of Ronsard or Lope de Vega? Enumerating faults in "Macbeth," all the objections that the lover of Racine can urge against the tragedy, he concludes: "It seems to me they all vanish—as the witches on the blasted heath amid thunder and lightning—before this word: it is Shakespeare."

A reprint of Alfred deVigny's works includes his translation, or rather adaptation of "The Merchant of Venice" ("Shylock"), produced for the first time about 11 years ago, and "Le More de Venise," which made its first appearance on the eve of the revolution of 1830. A review of these translations—the reviewer is "W. P."—published in the Glasgow Herald, contains much in explanation of the long-prevailing attitude of the French toward Shakespeare. The review is as follows, with the omission of several long examples of the Frenchman's verse:

Vigny was in some respects an ideal interpreter of English poetry. He combined personal pride and pride of birth with democratic sentiment. The beautiful appealed to him only when it verged upon the sublime. In his 16 years of monotonous barrack life, duty and a dignified stoicism had come to stand to him for religion. He had lived for some years in England, and had married an English lady, whose premature death deepened his natural melancholy. Like Byron—whose genius he worshipped but whose later vulgarity he deplored—he was inspired in his earlier works by the voluptuous sombreness of the old Jewish legends. To his admiration for Shakespeare these translations testify.

To explain the French reluctance to accept Shakespeare, one must seek to explain it. To do so would be to write the history of French poetry from Boileau to Hugo. But that history may be summarized by saying that owing to court and clerical influence, a national love of logical sequence, and the prestige of Boileau and Racine, French poetry had become imprisoned in a metrical form which made for rhetorical periphrasis and excluded vigorous idiom or concrete metaphor, and French poetical drama in a form which accentuated these tendencies by excluding incident. In his preface to "Othello" Vigny refers to his own audacity in introducing a "mouchoir," of which there has been no mention in Ducis's 1792 version, and which in a French version of "Maria Stuart," in 1820, had been described as "tissu" and "don." Another choice example of this "levelling politeness" was Ducis's "Ces mortels dont l'Etat gage la vigilance"—meaning spies! This pernicious anaemia of the drama had been aggravated by the convention that a tragedy must be merely the decorously muffled echo of the explosion of a mine which had been laid before the curtain was raised. All that was left for the select company on the stage to do was to tell one another how the mine had been laid, how the explosion was getting along, and how they were taking it. To spin the dreary tenuous business out "il fallait," says Vigny, "dans des vestibules qui ne menaient a rien, des personnages n'allant nulle part, parlant de peu do choses, avec des idees indecises et des paroles vagues, un peu agites par des sentiments mitiges, des passions paisibles, et arrivant ainsi a une mort gracieuse ou a un soupir faux."

Though he was a romantic in his ideas and a rebel against the unities, Vigny could not swallow all the "incongruities" of Shakespeare. It was hardly necessary to do so in the case of "The Merchant of Venice." In missing out the Gobbos and distributing the functions of Salanio and the other walking gentlemen among the principle characters, Vignay tightens up the action and actually improves on the original; and the omission of the gold and silver suitors is simply a stage exigency. So also, in one view of it, is the reduction of the number of scenes by fusion and rearrangement. In "Le More de Venise" there is less need for rearrangement than in "Shylock," for the tragic intensity of the theme makes "Othello" conform more closely to the "classical" model than does any other of Shakespeare's plays. There is also less need for elision of characters. Only "Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio," and "Clown, Servant to Othello," are dropped, and Vigny's dramatis personae number 12 as against Shakespeare's 14, whereas in "Shylock" he reduces Shakespeare's 20 to 11. A vital matter is the substitution of a page of tepid exclamatory stuff for the ebullient highly spiced banter with which Shakespeare concludes "The Merchant of Venice." And to make Othello's dagger stroke the signal for the fall of the curtain was a blunder in taste of which no student of Greek drama could have been guilty.

Though French "heroic" verse has two styles—the ordinary or "recitative" and the "chant"—a translation of a whole play of Shakespeare's into French alexandrines can never, at the best, be anything but a very clever tour de force. The absence of anything corresponding to our blank verse is a serious drawback; whether we like it or not, the fact remains that Germany has "got" Shakespeare and France has not—for the prose versions to which modern French purists restrict themselves are neither English nor French, verse nor prose. The alexandrine can render the emotional "pitch" of Shakespeare, but it can never yield anything beyond a respectable paraphrase of an author so replete with forceful idioms and concrete imagery as Shakespeare.

The French convention — persisting even in Hugo—is that a metaphor must be worked out to a nicely balanced conclusion; and, where there are two metaphors in an English line, the French translator must either select one and make a couplet of it or miss out both and substitute a bald abstraction. Even in prose he jibs at concrete metaphor. A standard translation renders a famous couplet in "Macbeth": "Duncan est dans son tombeau; il dort sans interruption." There is nothing so bad as this in Vigny's verse translations. Portia's speech retains all Shakespeare's ideas and is quite effective; Shylock's outbursts lose little in picturesqueness and nothing in venom, and Lorenzo's moonlight rhapsody is excellent.

In "Le More de Venise" the general style is even on a higher level. The personage who loses most is Iago. The decorous alexandrine excludes altogether those outbursts of coarse, acrid, and spiteful sensuality in which he is revealed with such terrible vividness. Desdemona takes well to the diction of Hermione, though she gets a little wordy at times, and never rises to a supreme height of simple pathos. Othello himself wears the ample alexandrine mantle with considerable majesty, though it now and then conceals his simple soldierliness. His dying speech very fairly illustrates the possibilities and the limitations of Racinean mould when molten Shakespeare is run into it—

A present, Que m'importe! Ecrivez tout au Doge,
Ou partez pour Venise et, s'il vous interroge,
Dites: "C'est par honneur qu'il lui perca le sein."
Nommez-moi hardiment honourable assassin!
On lira dans ma vie un crime, et non des vices.
J'ai peut-etre a l'Etat rendu d'heureux services,
N'en parlons plus jamais . . . . .
Racontez qu'un soldat qui ne pleura jamais
Vous a montre des yeux vaincus. . . . .
Parlez ainsi de moi; puis racontez encore
Que dans Alep un jour, derobant un tresor,
Un Turc au turban vert profanait une eglise,
Insultait un chretien; le More de Venise
L'arreta; vainement il demanda merci,
Il le prit a la gorge en le frappant—ainsi!

Sir Thomas Beecham and Opera in Boston

Oh where and Oh where did you get that most fascinating rumor, the which I have heard from many quarters of the American continent, to the effect that our dearly and well beloved Sir Thomas Beecham intends to travel to your country for the sole and express purpose of being introduced to your public, under the aegis of Hugo Goerlitz, as conductor of the Boston opera? I have laughed over that rumor more than I have laughed over anything since the war began, because I happen, happily, to know Sir Thomas so well that I cannot help picturing to myself that genial soul being "bear-ied" or "introduced" to you all by any human being whatsoever! Of course, I have not the very slightest doubt that any impresario would love dearly to exploit the great little man, but he usually is his own manager.

I rather fancy you would like him above all things, as we do, because of his "damnable independence," when he may elect to go ver t see you. But that voyage is not yet to be undertaken and the day is still a long way off ere Sir Thomas will quit his native land and still farther off when he will quit it for your country under the leadership of anybody but himself.

As a fact the rumor of his intended American visit became so persistent here that I determined to find out for myself just precisely how the matter stood and how the rumor came into being. So this afternoon I hunted Sir Thomas round, but failed to find him personally, as he was resting before conducting a performance at his own theatre, the Aldwych, of an English "Tristan and Isolde" tonight. But I did see his faithful henchman and business manager from whom he has no secrets, the redoubtable Donald Baylis, who is more than the strongest of barbed wire fences in protection of his friend and patron. I asked Baylis plum out what the truth was about the rumor, and his answer was characteristic of the stalwart Lancashire "lad." He put his thumbs into his armpits, looked at me and asked, "Do you know, my dear Robin (everybody calls me by my Christian name here) how far Hanwell is from here?" Hanwell, I may explain, is a lunatic asylum. I hastened to explain that I could only guess the distance, and my tone was meant to suggest that Baylis should know better than I. He didn't know, apparently, in any case he didn't give away any information on the subject. But he did say that Sir Thomas Beecham would probably see me in Hanwell long before I saw him sail for America when he knows far better than I can say how much the music of his own country needs him now. To you Americans Beecham's position in all probability cannot be realized. He is English music in the sense that to all intents and purposes he is about the only conductor of either orchestral concert music or of opera in English who really counts in London. And he knows well enough that this being the case his rightful place is here—not over there. Moreover, my private opinion is that is helping his country, as are many other musicians, in other ways than the merely musical. But even if this were not so, the musical way is sufficient to keep him at the wheel, which only he can turn to any kind of advantage. And htere I may leave the fragments of the rumor. There is not one single atom of truth in it. That's that!—Robin H. Legge in the Musical Courier.

Shakespeare, Bacon and the Rosicrucians

"Secret Shakesperean Seals: Revelations of Rosicrucian Arcana," by "Fratres rosae crucis" or Brothers of the Rosy Cross, is published by H. Jenkins, London, 8s. 6d. net. The Daily Telegraph characterizes it as a curious book—"even to the price which is not as other book prices are."

"The fundamental idea of this volume is that the books which were really written by Bacon, though published under the names of other authors, contain a number of secret signs or seals, which were introduced by Bacon in order to establish their true origin among the cognoscenti of his time and also with posterity. These signs or seals are of a numerical character. One of the most important, apparently, is the number 287. That is the number of letters in the well known verses to the reader, opposite the Droeshout portrait in the Shakespeare folio, beginning 'This figure that thou here seest put.' It is also the number of 'large letters' on the frontispiece to Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' the number of letters in the verses on Shakespeare's monument at Stratford, and the number of the large letters on the Bacon monument at St. Albans. The counting, it is true, sometimes requires a little explanation. For example, in the last instance the year 1626—when Bacon died—is counted as 15 letters, and Bacon's age, 66, is reconed as 12, by adding in each case the figures together. These are among the simpler instances. The less obvious examples sometimes require a good deal of ingenious addition or deduction before the desired figure is obtained. Other numbers are equally significant to the authors. Number 287 is the Kaye cypher count of the letters in 'Fra. Rosicrosse,' and 157 is the count of the same in the simple cypher. In the latter 33 is the count of Bacon, and 66 of 'Fra. Baconi'; while 111, which frequently appears, is the Kaye cypher count of Bacon. These confident assertions have a very mysterious sound, and the boldness of the authors rather takes away the reader's breath. Here, for example, is the way in which the secret signs are discovered in the last pages of 'Cymbeline.'

Roman letters in last line.	38
Deduct five Roman words bracketed.....	5
	33=Bacon.
Roman letters in last speech.....	69
Italic letters.....	18
Roman letters bracketed...	24
	111=Bacon.
Wrong page number.....	993
Deduct correct page number	893
	100=Francis Bacon

"This kind of argument leads in these pages to most remarkable conclusions.

"One of the most interesting and valuable features of the book is the generous reproduction of a large number of fac-similes of the pages and illustrated plates on which the authors have worked, and in each it is clearly shown by what particular manner of count the seal or sign has been traced. The work represents an amount of patient industry and eager research which is beyond all praise, and the candor of the authors is above reproach, because they reveal without hesitation the processes by which they reach their conclusions. But, so far as we understand, we cannot pretend to be convinced."

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Stage

Many will regret that the Essex church choristers who came out on strike against a threatened introduction of "female labor" have returned victorious. Mixed choirs are no longer a novelty, even in the Church of England, and ought to become more widespread now that so many male singers have been called to the colors. In Scotland the "four-part choir," consisting of male and female voices, is the general rule, and one cannot conceive a "United British Church" that excluded the girls from its choir stalls. Many of our leading Nonconformist churches, like the City Temple, owe a good deal of their musical fame to women choristers.—London Daily Chronicle.

New songs by York Bowen were sung by his wife at his concert of Russian and British music in London given on July 4 before his departure on military service. "Love Untold" won in a recent competition a prize awarded by the Society of British Composers. "Another group consisted of some attractive, perhaps a little too meditative, songs by Miss Kathleen Richards, set to poems by Bliss Carman and Rabindranath Tagare. They showed considerable ability, and aroused much interest."

Can anyone tell me when it became more or less compulsory for opera conductors here to wear white gloves? The remark made on this page a fortnight ago has brought me an interesting letter from a conductor, who states that gloves of any kind or color must be a great inconvenience since they prevent the full play of the fingers, which, of course, as Nikisch showed us, are an important medium of expression. Enrico Oswald, a Brazilian pianist of great charm whom years ago I knew in Florence, often played Chopin to me with thin gloves on; but Florence is the coldest place on earth.—London Daily Telegraph.

"Nothing could be more unjust to an artist than to sing only once at the Metropolitan Opera House," said Mme. Alda when discussing the appearance of American singers at the Metropolitan, and her opinions are of value, as the operatic career at the present day is entirely familiar to her. "I defy any singer to do herself credit under any such circumstances. The nervousness of feeling that this is to be her only chance to make good would prove too much for any singer." It has been decided that in the future there shall be no more single appearances for American singers. If it is not possible to place them in the regular company there will be no engagements at all for them. Probably there will be in the future fewer regrets for artists who have been foolish enough in their ambitions to sing once at the foremost American opera house.—N. Y. Sun.

Even in these days of stress and storm the subject of the cuckoo's notes remains a hardy annual. More than one contemporary, we notice, has found space for correspondence on that ever-recurring topic. In our ignorance we had always supposed that the cuckoo's "call" varied between a major (rather flat) third and a minor third. But one more omniscient than ourselves—Mr. Montagu-Nathan—vouches for it that early in the spring the cuckoo's interval is that of a major second, and "as he grows up the higher note takes on an auxiliary or grace not of a bird from the lower: after this he discards the second and sings a major third. Finally the interval becomes a fourth." As to the latter the present writer will cheerfully indorse the authority quoted, for only last Sunday he heard in the neighborhood of Chorley wood a cuckoo singing (with more than one encore) the interval of a perfect fourth. Cuckoos, apparently, are too conservative to approve of the "terrible" tritone. Among several letters on the subject in a Sunday paper was one solemnly suggesting that a cuckoo referred to by the writer of a previous letter might "have been singing a minor third, and not an augmented second." But even the unconscious humor of this remark pales into insignificance by comparison with the statement of a correspondent in another paper to the effect that he had heard a thrush "distinctly whistle the three notes of the minor sub-dominant chord, followed by the three notes of the tonic of the relative major," and in perfect tune. That thrush, we suspect, must have escaped from captivity in the house of a learned theorist.—London Daily Telegraph.

Of much interest is Sir Herbert Tree's suggestion that the coming of the cinematograph has given the actor immortality. "The joy of the picture-play work," he says, "is that, if it be worthy, it is not just for the moment. In art I am a Socialist. My impulse is to give whatever I have of value to the multitude. And the greatest of all multitudes is posterity. The actor lived but for his generation. Now, by the cinema, his art is registered for all time."

"Into the night go one and all," Henley wrote in his ballad of actors. Their triumphs are writ in water. Their art is not of an age, but for a moment. A brilliant piece of description may preserve for us something of what they did. There were men who could write who watched Garrick and the Siddons and Kean, and yet, but for particular details of this or that piece of business, we know really nothing of what the art of those great artists was like. "The best in this kind are but shadows" when once the curtain is down. For some time past, it is understood, the British Museum has been preserving gramophone records of interest. How interesting it would be if we could have reproduced the voices of Burbidge and Betterton in "Hamlet." Who would not go to see a film which reviewed for us Garrick's Lear or Kean's Shylock? And no doubt posterity will feel for the actors of our time what we feel for the actors of the past. But admitting the efficiency of the gramophone and the cinematograph, is it quite just to say that by their means the actor's art "is registered for all time"? However we analyze the means by which an actor sways his audience, we must allow something for the mere presence of the man or woman, the sensation given by the knowledge that there before us is a living personality. It is this element which distinguishes the actor's art from all others. You read a book, you look at a picture, you divine, perhaps, the character of author or painter, but he has not worked in reliance upon his presence as you read or look. The quality rather absurdly called "personal magnetism" is not one of his weapons. But it is, and must always be, part of the actor's. We suspect that it is as much by this power as by any brilliance of technique, graces of voice or person, or even insight into character that the greatest actors have made their appeal. And it is just this which in the nature of things neither gramophone nor cinematograph can reproduce. None the less, their records may well be not merely interesting, but valuable to posterity, and though they cannot do justice to a great actor they may at least save from oblivion something of his spirit and something of his thought.—London Daily Telegraph.

M. Marc Henry, a French librettist who wrote extensively for the Berlin theatres before the war, describes in the Revue de Paris how Schuhmann, of the well-known Berlin Circus, insisted on bringing a Zeppelin into a scene laid in India and on having Count Zeppelin himself put the British to flight by raining down bombs upon them from his airship. The old showman would not listen to any objections. "Give the people a Zeppelin, and let it blow up the English," he declared, "and we shall coin money. Nothing would be more popular." His idea was to work the play something like this: Part of India was in revolt. The British were crushing the rebellion and on the point of carrying all before them, when the Zeppelin appears on the scene. At the same time Germania would enter the ring, while partisans of the aeroplane would ridicule and deride the Zeppelin. Germania would put a stop to this by coming forward, throwing her arms round the old Count's neck and embracing him fervently. The band would strike up "Deutschland uber Alles," the airship would sail aloft ("I've a fine scheme for making it work," said Schuhmann), and the British would be blown to atoms by its bombs.—Pall Mall Gazette, July 10.

The Herald has mentioned the fact that a Worcestershire vicar and rural dean did not allow the performance of the Dead March from "Saul" at a memorial service for Lord Kitchener, because Handel was a German. The Herald also published the protest of the Daily Telegraph. To this London journal "Englishman" addressed a letter. "In the early days of the war the Daily Telegraph was among the first to raise its voice on behalf of British interests in music, pointing out in more than one specially written article how imperative it was that we should take stock of things and continue to get some of our own back. Some of the advice it gave was in connection with this very subject of funeral music, citing pieces by British moderns which could be suitably selected. The object of the writer appeared to be twofold; on the one hand, to get away from custom, which had obtained for foreign pieces a monopoly, divided between Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner's Siegfried march; and, on the other hand, to so encourage our own people that more works of the kind might be composed. Alas! for words of wisdom well meant, events have not moved in the direction counselled. Thanks to those who pull the strings, no national day has passed without a fillip to foreign music. The solemn anniversary service for the war at St. Paul's?—foreign music. Lord Roberts?—foreign music. Nurse Cavell?—foreign music. Memorial service for Lord Kitchener at Westminster Abbey?—foreign music. And other occasions could be mentioned. Curiously enough, this condition of things is too frequently associated with the presence of a Guards band. When are we to consider that we have a national day? The stereotyped plea is 'a graceful compliment to our allies.' Do they pay us these compliments on their national days? Was there a British piece at Gallieni's service? Viewed from this aspect even the raking up of Handel's birth may not be so odd after all. It is true that the good old Saxon was identified with English life for 50 years, and that his march has served so well over a century on many worthy occasions; but extreme provocation can drive one far. Mercutio found it necessary to curse his friend's house as well as his enemy's."

In "New Brooms," by Colman, produced at Drury Lane in 1776, Crotchet says: "Operas are the only real entertainment—the plain unornamented Drama is too flat—common dialogue is a dry imitation of nature as insipid as real conversation, but in an Opera the dialogue is refeshed by an Air every instant. — Two Gentlemen meet in the Park, for example, admire the place and the weather; and after a speech or two, the Orchestra take their cue, the music strikes up, one of the characters takes a genteel turn or two on the stage during the Symphony, and then breaks out:

"When the breezes
Fan the trees-es, etc."

New productions in London in the fall: Sir George Alexander will produce a new comedy by Miss K. A.

[illegible]erby, the [illegible] of "Rutherford & Son." At Wyndham's, "Buying a Dream," by [illegible]. At The Playhouse, "The Misleading Lady." [illegible] "High Jinks" at the Adelphi; "The Light Blues" at the Shaftesbury, and a new piece by Harwood and Novello at the Gaiety.

Martin Harvey has secured from Sir Charles Wyndham the provincial rights of "[illegible]" and of "David Garrick" for his fall tour.

The Promenade Concerts in London will be held as usual, beginning towards the end of August.

Lionel Tertis, who has just returned from the Belgian front where he has been playing to the soldiers of the Belgian army, was received by King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, who presented him with their autographed photographs. Mr. Tertis was considered at one time for the position of first violin in the Boston Symphony orchestra. He came to this country and decided to go back to London.

Arthur Winckworth is now the manager of the Carl Rosa Company, succeeding Walter van Noorden, who died suddenly a few months ago. Mrs. Carl Rosa is a director. Arthur Fagge and Henriquez de la Fuente, who visited Boston when Mr. Hammerstein brought his company here for the last time, are the conductors.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, whose song, "Retrospection," has recently attracted attention, is probably the most musically gifted member of our Royal house. In her girlhood she studied the pianoforte with Sir Charles Halle and Mrs. G. F. Anderson—who enjoyed the distinction, we believe, of being the first woman to appear at a Philharmonic concert. (Her husband was Master of the Queen's Music.) From Madame Ferrari the Princess had singing lessons. Besides the one mentioned, her Royal Highness has composed three songs, "Sunny Month of May," "The Green Cavalier's Song," and "The Blue-eyed Maiden's Song," the two latter being settings of Lord Beaconsfield's poems. A Kyrie in E flat composed by her was sung in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 4, 1883, while several hymn tunes stand to her credit, and have been frequently sung.—London Daily Telegraph.

Jean Nougues composed music for a matinee for soldiers in London June 30 and conducted the orchestra.

Jly 31 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Good my lord, will you see the editors well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the time. After your death you had better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Wheildon and "Patterson."

As the World Wags:

As to the forenames of Mr. Wheildon of the Buker Hill Aurora, "Balze" is correct in his "indistinct memory that they embraced the capitals W. W." Mr. Wheildon's full name was William Willder Wheildon. When his middle name is given in print, it is generally given erroneously as "Wilder."

The first number of the Aurora bore the date of Thursday morning, July 12, 1827. The number of the paper next after that of Thursday morning, Dec. 27, 1827 bore the date of Saturday evening, Jan 5, 1828, and "Saturday evening" thenceforth continued to be the date of the publication of the paper till April 2, 1870, when the date was changed from "Saturday evening" to "Saturday." At first the full name of the paper was "Bunker Hill Aurora and Farmers' and Mechanics' Journal."

With the issue of Jan. 10, 1829, its full name was changed to "Bunker-Hill Aurora"; with the issue of Feb. 9, 1833, to "Bunker-Hill Aurora and Middlesex County Advertiser"; with the issue of Saturday evening, Feb. 29, 1834 (error for Saturday evening, March 1, 1834), to "Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror", with the issue of Saturday evening, Jan. 5, 1866 (error for Saturday evening, Jan. 6, 1866), to "Bunker-Hill Aurora," and with the issue of April 2, 1870, to "Bunker Hill Aurora." The change of the name of the paper on March 1, 1834, from "Bunker-Hill Aurora and Middlesex County Advertiser" to "Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror" was on account of the merging with it on that date of the "Boston Masonic Mirror." The last issue of the paper was that of Sept. 24, 1870, which consisted of only two pages, the regular number of the paper's pages being four. During the period covering the publication of the 12 issues of the paper from April 2 to June 18, 1870, and of the three issues from Sept. 10 to Sept. 24, 1870, Charles R. Byran was the proprietor of the paper, but, with the exception of the periods covering the publication of those 15 issues, I think that Mr Wheildon was either the sole or the joint proprietor of the paper during the more than 43 years during which it was published. The paper was at first "Published * * * by William W. Wheildon and George Raymond," so I suppose that Mr. Wheildon and Mr. Raymond were partners in the proprietorship of the paper.

There was, in the first column of the first page of the first issue of the paper, a salutatory signed, "William W. Wheildon & Co.," and in the first column of the second page of that issue was another salutatory, signed, "The Publishers." In the latter salutatory it was stated that "Subscriptions will be received at the book store of the publishers." What book store was that? Was Mr. Wheildon a member of a firm of booksellers? I find no such firm listed in any Boston directory at that time. The earliest Charlestown directory that I have seen is for the year 1831, and no such firm is listed in that directory. Who was George Raymond? He was not listed in any Boston directory of that time or in the Charlestown directory of 1831. In the sketch of Mr. Wheildon, given in Appletons' Cyclopaedia of American Biography the date of the establishment of the Aurora is erroneously given as May, 1827.

Was not Mr. Wheildon the originator of the expression—which has long been in use as slang—"Who struck Billy Patterson?" The "Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror" of Saturday evening, Aug. 5, 1837, had an article descriptive of an incident of the riot which occurred in Broad street, Boston, on June 11, 1837, and in that article the expression "Who struck Billy Patterson?" was used. Does any one know of an earlier use of that expression? In that incident of the Broad street riot as narrated in the "Bunker-Hill Aurora and Boston Mirror" of Aug. 5, 1837, the name of the person who inquired "Who struck Billy Patterson?" was given as Patrick McMahonie. If such an incident of the riot actually occurred, I am inclined to think that the names "Billy Patterson" and "Patrick McMahonie" are pseudonymous. In the Boston directories of 1836, 1837 and 1838 "William Patterson, mariner, Leveret street" (the name of the street was so spelled in the Boston directories of that period), was listed, but no Patrick McMahonie or any other person having that surname was listed in the Boston directories of either of those years. Is there, indeed, any such surname as "McMahonie"?

Brookline. SUBURBANITE.

The Practical Ancients.

In Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Staple of News," (1605) there is not only a jocose allusion to a submarine, "an invisible eel," to sink the shipping in the haven of Dunkirk, "a most brave device to murder their flat bottoms." Fitton tells of Spinola's project of bringing an army in cork shoes across the channel and landing at Hardwich:

> All his horse
> Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces of ordnance,
> Mounted up on cork-carriages, with bladders
> Instead of wheels, to run the passage over
> As a spring tide.

Nor is the cyclometer a strictly modern invention: Witness the hodometer described by Vitruvius. It was attached to wheels to measure the distance traversed. "By a system of three small boxes with catch adjustments a pebble was dropped into the lowest box at the end of each mile traversed." The traveller at the end of the journey counted the pebbles. But there were later hodometers or odometers fashioned otherwise. Thomas Jefferson paid one Leslie $10 for one in 1791.

Random Notes.

As the World Wags:

The Dunderberg song recalls one that a chum of mine used to sing:

> The cleaver hung on the whitewashed wall,
> Nobody came at the butcher's call.
> The sausage machine was not in play
> So the butcher boy had a holiday.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson's reference to "Ossian's Serenade" calls to mind a slight change that we boys made in one verse. We changed the last line of the couplet:

> And the wild gazelle with its silvery feet,
> I'll give thee for a playmate sweet,

to "I'll give to thee for sausage meat." When Ossian E. Dodge was in our town, some of the people were so much pleased with the concert that they tried to persuade him to stop another night, but he refused, saying it was always best to go out on a full tide.

Mr. Johnson speaks of singing "Shall we gather at the river?" We always designated it as the milkman's song. He speaks of the boy's funeral in the church. That calls up a story of my father. A man of his acquaintance lived with an aunt as long as he could, but the relations became so strained that he was obliged to leave. The aunt died and at the funeral in the church the nephew was present. When he came to look on her face, he said: "Well, old lady, I never knew you to behave so well any day before."

Westbrook, Me. H. P. MURCH.

August 1, 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A correspondent recently stated that there was a file of the Bunker Hill Aurora in the Concord Public Library. The librarian of the Concord Free Public Library denies the statement.

Dr. Briry's "That."

As the World Wags:

For the information of "H. J. L.," and in behalf of "Inconstant Reader," I am pleased to explain the second "that" in my recent letter to your column. The second "that" was intentionally and deliberately repeated. It was used more as a demonstrative, referring to a thing or clause, previously mentioned. It was repeated for emphasis. Such repetition may be redundancy but the action is all right. In personal conversation, a swear word or a stamp of the foot saves much redundancy and does the same emphasizing.

This second "that" followed the first "that" very much as a second shot follows quickly a first shot when the gunner feels sure of the object aimed at. Generally I load a literary gun with only one "that." Had I in this instance used only one, what a lot of interesting reading "As the World Wags" would have lost. DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, July 27.

Hot Weather.

The indefatigable Gabriel Peignot of Dijon, who wrote many books that Anatole France dismisses as printed matter but not books—Charles Lamb would undoubtedly have agreed with M. France—published an account of all the severe winters in the history of the world as he knew it. Has any one compiled a comparison record of hot summers?

We read that British troops in Alexandria see the mercury of a shaded thermometer hovering about the 120 degree mark (the mean annual temperature of Alexandria is 66 degrees; that of Cairo 70 degrees).

Since accurate records were taken dwellers in London have experienced a shade temperature within two degrees of 100 degrees only once: on Aug. 9, 1911, instruments in the city registered between 96 and 98, for a few minutes the mercury at Greenwich Observatory stood at 100 degrees.

Concerning Janitors.

"The city of Boston contends that an employe doing janitor service in one of its schoolhouses is not a laborer or a workman within the meaning of the workmen's compensation act." We have known janitors in apartment houses who could not be considered as laborers or workmen in any meaning of the words. We do not invite correspondence on this subject.

Religious Notes.

"What is the ideal length for a sermon?" is a question now discussed by contributors to the London Daily Chronicle. The question might be put: "What is the length of an ideal sermon?" The late Dr. Parker said a sermon should never be over half an hour. "After 30 minutes of sermon hearing deep sleep falleth upon man." In the chapel of the Savoy is a pulpit glass presented by Queen Victoria to the chapel when it was restored in 1867. The glass is timed for 18 minutes. The Queen did not like long sermons, nor did Edward VII. The late Rev. Henry White, who was chaplain at the Savoy Chapel, also for a time chaplain of the House of Commons, declared that the "nineteenthly" preacher was a public nuisance. To him the ideal sermon was an affair of 15 minutes, and when he exceeded for any reason, or through forgetfulness, that limit, he would fine himself a shilling. "The fines were faithfully paid to carefully selected charities, but he used to boast with a pleasant twinkle in his eyes that the acknowledgments of benefits received over a course of years from this source could all be written while he was losing a shilling."

Sydney Smith, that parson of pith satirized by Byron, once wrote to a woman: "What is real piety? What is true attachment to the church? Sending strawberries to a clergyman."

The fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Malachi reads as follows: "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Many believe that he is now active in Nigeria. He calls himself Elijah II., but his name is Garrick Sokari Braid, a member of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Bakana, in the New Calabar district. This Garrick is treated with great reverence by chiefs and the common people. Subordinate teachers describe themselves as "sons of the prophet." They all speak as though their utterances were those of the Lord. Faith healing is prominent in the movement, and a confession of sins is required before healing. Bishop Johnson, the assistant bishop of Western Equatorial Africa, finds good in this movement: "It is inducing a very large number of persons to give up using European spirits entirely, and many native traders to withdraw themselves from the traffic. We are told how very many interior natives would not buy any class of gin in any of the markets where it had been before the chief article of trade." European traders wishing to spread civilization in the benighted regions are therefore dismayed and go so far as to call Elijah II. an imposter. Nothing is said, however, about this Elijah being the same man as El-Khudr of the Moslems, who goes unwearied about the world. When he rests at night in one of the little sanctuaries erected to him, the light is so strong that no one can enter.

A Simple Soul.

We have mentioned Sydney Smith's fondness for strawberries. Mr. Herkimer Johnson during the season mashes them with a spoon and then pours on cream. Yet he is aware of the fact that in France the berry is eaten delicately as a whole with claret, and in Italy with the "mid-Italian wine, rich and rough." This Italian strawberry is "not corpulent, not pale, like the garden kind, not too small and too few like the mountain kind." Guy de Maupassant mixed strawberries with ether to stimulate his imagination as Fuseli, the painter, supped on roast pork. But Mr. Johnson, although the first of sociologists in this or any country, retains at table the manners of his boyhood. We are told that there is a snap shot of him in the act of crumbling a doughnut in his coffee.

Aug 2. 1916.

At last, at last! To the joy of "D. B.," and thousands of amateurs, we are able to publish this morning a version of the song "The Man with the Seal Skin Pants." We do not say that this is the only and correct version. The first four lines of the first verse seem to us doubtful. The chorus stands in need of a scholiast. Did this clerk wear his seal skin "pants" to a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, or should "to" be "of" and "The Pirates of Penzance" stand without quotation marks? Query: Did these pirates ever wear "pants" of seal skin?

It was on July 20 that Mr. Marcellus Graves of Doggonit on the Cape informed us that his uncle, Quartus Dickerman, Esq., a jovial soul, alcoholically melodious, was acquainted with the text of this "deathless song." We thank Mr. Graves and Mr. Dickerman for their interest and trouble.

> The other night, in great delight,
> I went to attend a raffle
> For an Eight-day balloon as big as the moon,
> My heart was all in a glow.
> There were flat-nosed boys and flap-eared girls,
> And their sisters and their cousins and their aunts,
> All trying to flirt with the bow-legged clerk
> Who wore the seal skin pants.

> Chorus.
> He wore the pants, the seal skin pants,
> To the "Pirates of Penzance."
> He was so la-de-la ha-ha—
> The man with the seal skin pants.

> There were pitchers of beer for each one there
> Which made them all so frisky;
> Some drank ale from an old tin pail,
> And others, they drank whiskey.
> Doing the grand in the Boston dip,
> He put all the girls in a trance,
> His glass eye fell out, and the boys did shout
> At the man with the seal skin pants.
> (Chorus.)

> Mary Ann O'Brien was making the tea
> When she heard an awful bellow.
> They hit that quack a slap on the back
> That turned his eyeball yellow.
> O'Houlihan cried at the top of his voice:
> "Stand back and give me a chance."
> From the third story dwelling they lowered him yelling.
> The man with the seal skin pants.
> (Chorus.)

Why Do We?

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has confessed to wearing detachable cuffs. Now, I would ask him, as a philosopher, what is the use of wearing cuffs at all? Of course, I understand that they protect the coat-sleeve from the sudor; but why have coat-sleeves? Why not go in shirt-sleeves? But we do not speak of a man as being in shirt-sleeves unless he wears a waist-coat, or vest. ('Vest' is good enough for common people—leave 'waist-coat' for those who wear attached cuffs.)

But to resume: What is the use of the vest? Manifestly it is to cover the suspenders, and, naturally, the next question is why do we wear suspenders? You say it is to keep the trousers, or pants, in place.

And now we come to the meat of the discourse.

I might go on asking questions, but the conclusion would inevitably be that the only reason we wear anything in this weather is to preserve decency. Now decency is an antiquated term of a forgotten superstition, and the question I wish to ask of you, Mr. Editor, and of your friend, Mr. Johnson, is this: Why, for the love of Mike, in these days of temperature and of birth-control agitation, need we wear anything at all?

Please consult Mrs. Margaret Sangster and Mr. Johnson and let me hear from you, for it is confoundedly hot and humid where I am. JOHN ALGER.

Cobbosseecontee, July 27.

In New Hampshire.

As the World Wags:

The instance of high office held by residents of the same city mentioned by "Inquirer" in yesterday's Herald is probably unprecedented, but a notable

case of similar character is that of Senators Gallinger and William E. Chandler of Concord, N. H., who not only resided in the same city, but within five minutes' walk of one another in the same ward. The memorable feud between these two prominent United States senators has long been a part of the state's political history. It might also be mentioned that the present Senator, Henry Hollis, is a near neighbor of his confrere, Senator Gallinger, though not, I believe, in the same ward.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Cambridge, July 28.

Shakesperian Clowns.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps the first "Shakesperian clown" was W. F. Wallett, the so-called Queen's jester, who appeared at the old Boston Theatre on Federal street in January, 1851, with James M. June & Co.'s circus. The equestrian performances have left little impression on my memory, but I remember the English clown insisted that the actors should suit the action to the word and the word to the action, taking his cue from Hamlet's advice to the players. Accordingly he proceeded to give the soliloquy of Richard the Third, beginning: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York" with ridicuious and extravagant gestures. His recital was funny, though, of course, it was a complete perversion of the author's meaning. This Englishman was supposed to be a little ahead in refinement of our native clowns, who used to say:

Of all the cakes
My Mammy bakes
Give me the gungybread.

Why "gungy"? I thought it was exceedingly droll when I heard it first; no doubt because I seemed to recognize the ginger in it. Where be their gibes now? The clowns in our circuses speak no more. They come now not as single spies, but in battallons, and I try to laugh at them only to make a cachinnation in my throat that is like the dry rustling of the autumn leaf. I hope the youngsters of today enjoy the multiplication although I do not appreciate it. Mayhap from the six rings of the future they may look back regretfully to the three rings of the past. Meanwhile I am loyal to my Mr. Merryman, who lifted the dashing short-skirted lady to the square saddle of the stencilled steed.

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

We have not been to a circus since L. B. Lent lorded it in New York with Carlotta De Berg, James Robinson, Robert Stickney as chief riders, and the Levantine Brothers remarkable on and over the horizontal bar. Is the good old dialogue still heard?

"What will the lady have next?"

"The lady will have the hoops."

"She rides well, Master Merryman, for one so young."

But who was the first circus clown in the United States advertised as "Shakespearian"?

Mr. A. Phillips of Exeter, N. H., writes that in a circus of the 60's he heard Ned Kendall "play his own composition, the 'Wood Up' quickstep, a lively air and a favorite of that time."—**Ed.**

Aug 3 1916

AN ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS

The author of an instructive article, "What Danish West Indies Would Mean to Us" recalls that St. Thomas was a favorite retreat for the accomplished pirate, Edward Teach, better known as "Blackbeard." The writer does not argue that this alone should persuade any doubter to welcome the acquirement of the islands; but this digression concerning the deeds and the fate of Teach gives a sentimental interest to the transaction.

The writer says that Teach is described in "Tom Cringle's Log" as

The mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought;
* * *
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.

"Tom Cringle's Log" is an excellent book, but might not the writer of the newspaper article have told the guileless reader that Byron thus described the character of Lambro, father of Haidee? Who reads "Tom Cringle's Log" today? How many are familiar with "Don Juan"? Is the poet Byron, unlike the Byron of the letters, read at all, except in happy villages where boys may spout on the school platform verses from "Childe Harold"?

A third name should be added: that of the man who compiled "The Pirates Own Book," or rather that of the man who wrote the life of Teach with loving care, with due appreciation of his sturdy character. Mark how romance enters into a transaction that at first seems purely for self-protection, for the establishment of a naval base and possible commercial gains. The mention of St. Thomas suggests the name of Teach. That name on the lips, and the dreamer is afloat with Tom Cringle, sentimental and cynical with Byron watching Haidee, Lambro, and young Juan, sailing under the Jolly Roger with Edward Teach, a native of Bristol and at one time man[illegible].

THE FOLLY OF HATE

Not long ago a Worcestershire vicar and rural dean did not allow the performance of the Dead March in "Saul" at a memorial service for Lord Kitchener because Handel was a German. Now Handel spent much the greater part of his life in England; it was there and in Ireland that his chief works were produced; he was an Englishman in many respects; he changed the spelling of his name for English use; he gave largely to London charities. Could anything be more absurd than the prohibition of this Dead March which has been associated with ceremonious and military funerals in England for over a century?

Still later indignant letters were written to London journals because compositions by Brahms and Dohnanyi were played in chamber concerts. A Sullivan-German concert was announced. Again there were letters of protest. The manager was forced to explain that "German" referred to Edward German, an honest and popular Welsh composer, whose real name is Jones.

And now the Daily Chronicle quotes from John Evelyn's diary, June 1, 1667. The diarist went to Greenwich, "where His Majesty was trying divers grenadoes shot out of cannon at the little hill, from the house in the park; they brake not till they hit the mark; the forged ones brake not at all, but the cast ones they will. The inventor was a German." This interesting and innocent entry was thus prefaced: "Murder by machinery has always, it would seem, had a fascination for the Teuton mind. German inventors with this diabolical end in view were already busy in England in the 17th century." But how about "His Majesty" and the diarist, who stood by consenting?

These exhibitions of hatred are not unlike the faces made by a small boy who has quarrelled with a playmate. And the Teutonic song of hate is itself a culminating example of the same folly on the other side.

We are informed that the English parlor is threatened in these days of enforced economy. "The municipal authorities are building workmen's flats without such a useless room. 'Parlor' as the name of a room has almost disappeared from our language since the Mid-Victorian days. (The room in which to talk). It has become a drawing room' and that often a superfluity in the small house."

Mortimer Collins's "Squire Silchester's Whim" was published in 1873. Here is an illustrative passage: "They were sitting side by side on one of those dear old parlor window seats that hold out in Devon longer than in any other county. Is there a parlor all through England now? Or have the drawing rooms exterminated them? Parlor! How I like the word! A room for chat, talk, gossip. A room without stiffness. A room for afternoon. It had no antimacassars; and the big mastiff lounged in to see who called; and there might be a volume of Swift or Fielding on the window seat."

In our boyhood the parlor in the conventional New England house was far from being "a room without stiffness," and it had anti macassars. This "front room," "best room," was peculiarly suited to funerals. The smell of undertaker's varnish remained, fainter and fainter, until it was re-enforced by the coffin that held Aunt Clarissa while the minister improved the occasion and prayed for the remotest relation, intimical or friendly.

Lotta and "The Veteran."

As the World Wags:

You have lately noticed the song "There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day." This is, of course, our old friend "The Sweet By-and-By," once popular in Sunday schools and other decorous gatherings, and I hope still sung. I wonder if you recall that Lotta, the incomparable, introduced this song into her play "Musette" (I think) and sang it, with florid variations, with her supporting comedian, the name of the part taken by the latter being Billy Bokus, "a bud about to blossom," as the program had it. This was in the 70's when Lotta played engagements at the Boston Museum, supported by the stock company with a leading comedian "especially engaged." She was a great favorite and deserved her successes. I wish she could be induced to tell something about "Musette." It must have been pretty crude play-writing, according to modern standards, but it gave her a chance to show her talent, and she availed herself of the chance. I was captivated, and so were all my adolescent male friends. "Seeing Lotta" was the proper thing whenever Lotta was to be seen.

The first play I ever witnessed (epoch-marking occasion!) was "The Veteran," a drama of the French war in Algeria, performed at the Museum in 1865. J. Lester Wallack was credited with the authorship, but he had clearly adapted it from a French source. Shewell was in it, and Kate Reignolds (Mrs. Erving Winslow); and so was Frank Hardenburgh, a sterling actor, who played the part of Off-an-again, the Irish-Algerian official, with song, "Ould Ireland, You're Me Darlin'." There were soldiers and gunfiring and thrilling curtains. It was a wonderful afternoon for me. A few years ago I found in a Cornhill bookstore a program of the play for that particular run. This led me to hunt up the printed play and read it. It proved to be about what I had feared, though it was not so very bad after all. I have seen many worse. Does anybody remember it?

OWEN COYNE.

Boston.

"Sacred" Sentimentalism.

As the World Wags:

In 1868 Lyon and Healy of Chicago published a sacred song book, entitled "The Signet Ring." Contained in it was the following:

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we may see it once more
For the Saviour stands over the way
Beck'ning (?) on to that beautiful shore.
Chorus (bis)
In the sweet bye and bye
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

It probably would have died many years ago had not Mr. Sankey, the pioneer J. P. Morgan of singing revivalists, made it famous. Mr. Sankey afterwards became interested in the music publishing business, "Sacred," and his widow is still connected with it.

B. P. A.

Wrentham.

The version that we remember ran as follows:

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Saviour stands over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

No Issue.

As the World Wags:

"Querist" has stated that the file of the Bunker Hill Aurora in the Boston Public Library contains no issue of the paper for Dec. 31, 1853. Since his letter appeared in your column, someone has said that there is a file of the Aurora in Concord, but did not say at what address.

However, a careful examination of the issues before and after Dec. 31, 1853, in the file of the Boston Public Library leads me to suspect that there was no issue of that date. I could not find any reference in the paper itself to an omission or intended omission of such an issue, but I offer a few facts that are suggestive of such omission.

First—An issue for Dec. 31, 1853, would have made the volume of the paper for that year contain 53 numbers, as the issue of Dec. 24, 1853, was No. 52, Vol. 27, and that of Jan. 7, 1854, was No. 1, Vol. 28.

Second—A probate court notice, dated Dec. 8, 1853, containing a direction that it be published in the Aurora three weeks successively, the last publication to be three days at least before the sitting of the court, to be held on the second Tuesday of January next, i. e., on Jan. 10, 1854, appeared in the issues of Dec. 10, 17, and 24, 1853. Had there been an issue of the 31st, that might have contained the last publication of this notice, and would have been more reasonably near the court day. Jan. 7 would have been too late to comply with the direction of the court.

Third—A declaration of a dividend of the Fitchburg R. R., dated Dec. 14, 1853, bearing the printer's direction "3t," appeared in the issues of Dec. 24, 1853, Jan. 7, 1854, and Jan. 14, 1854. There seems to be no good reason why it should not have appeared on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31 and Jan. 7, had there been an issue on the 31st. The Concord file, if it can be located, may settle the question.

R. S. H.

Boston.

And now we bid farewell, a long farewell, to the Bunker Hill Aurora and all matters connected with it.—Ed.

Aug 4, 1916

He is a haberdasher of small arts and sciences, and deals in as many several operations as a baby artificer does in engines. He will serve enough for an index, to tell what is handled in the world, but no further. He is wonderfully delighted with rarities, and they continue still so to him, though he has shown them a thousand times; for every new admirer that gapes upon them, sets him a-gaping too. Next these he loves strange natural histories.

Ruminating Johnson.

As the World Wags:

I visited Golightly across the bay yesterday. His summer palace is now lighted by electricity—or to use the phrase that he chewed like a sweet morsel, "electric service has been installed." He acted like a child with a new toy, taking me from room to room, twisting buttons, pointing proudly to connections through the floors, walls, ceilings. When he was all through and waiting for words of astonishment and admiration, I said: "Eugene, I came down here to get away from electricity and all its works. Unfortunately I am obliged to take it from time to time in the form of a tempest, and I have no reassuring cellar; but I do not wish for electric lighting in my humble shingled cottage. At its best the light is a hideous one. Take down your Stevenson and see what he says about it; read his description of the baleful light in front of the Figaro office in Paris. I admit that kerosene lamps are a nuisance. The best of them smell; but there are still homely and delightful associations with an evening lamp as with an open fire. A drawing room lighted by electricity should have a grate with artificial hypocritical lying logs. When I was a boy, I used to marvel at a lamp that was wound up with a key. I think we then burned sperm oil. What's become of those lamps? Oysters then came to us only in little kags. But I digress. Do you find no joy in going to bed with a candle? Must you be always in the city as far as 'comforts' go?" His only answer was to turn the button for the veranda bulbs. When I left him, although it was then broad daylight.

I have not worked much of late outdoors or indoors, nor have I improved my mind by reading. Yet I daily skim the newspapers. I was struck by the logic of the New Jersey congressman who shrieks for laying an embargo on munitions destined for foreign powers because the great explosion in Jersey City was caused by gross negligence. As I sat wool-gathering, I remembered Mr. Joseph Cradock's observation in Amsterdam of Dutch zeal for gain. He visited Flanders and Holland in 1786. "When Amsterdam, like Ephesus, was formerly termed the workshop of Europe and Asia, both for arms and ammunition, the Dutch absolutely sold them to the enemy, though they knew they would almost immediately be made use of to the destruction of themselves."

Men are vain, foolish things. Yesterday I received a letter from London. On the envelope was stamped "Opened by Censor." I at once thought the letter might be from Asquith, Balfour, or even Lloyd George, wishing to ascertain the real sentiment of Cape Cod concerning the conduct of the war and the Irish question. The envelope contained only circulars of London wine merchants, recommending "Royal Tawny, a red port wine matured in the wood for many years, a beautiful [illegible] delicate wine." "Choicest old white port matured in the wood for about 30 years, a beautiful light delicate wine"; a white bordeaux, "a very nice light, dry wine, non-acid, recommended either for drinking alone or mixing with mineral water." The merchants assured me in a confidential letter that these wines were 'non-gouty and easily digested." As I have said, I have no cellar, least of all a wine cellar. I have a bottle of Irish whiskey—there is less fat in it than in Scotch or rye—a demijohn of rum (sadly depleted) chiefly for stray callers or medicinal use; for during the summer I drink only windmill water. Yet I was flattered by this attention paid to me by wine merchants of London in these days of confusion, shock, blood and horror. Ah, even sociologists whose names are on important committees and in "Who's Who" are, after all, only mortal. I never cared for port, although I have seen the beeswing in a glass at the hospitable table of a great London publisher. Let me refer you again to the "Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs" of the excellent Cradock, M. A., F. S. A. "It is rather diverting to hear some professed connoisseurs assert that they can nicely distinguish the vintages of particular years by their own taste; but they are not aware, perhaps, that even genuine wines are avowedly prepared for different climates; and that the strong body of port is not merely indebted to the grape. Old Lord Pembroke generally produced two sorts of wine under the name of port at his table, one as imported from Oporto, the other as manufactured by his own receipt at Wilton, and the latter was generally preferred."

I read in a London journal not long ago that the average boy knows a great deal more about trees and plants than he did ten years ago. Elementary school open-air classes and the Boy Scout movement have brought this about. An English boy has to collect for himself, paste into a book and name some 30 different plants or leaves before he can obtain the naturalist's badge. This made me feel my own ignorance. I can tell a white birch, a scrub pine and a wild cherry when I see them, also a chestnut tree when the burs are on the branches. ("When the burs are on the branches" might be the refrain of a popular and sentimental song.)

here knowledge stops, although I am reasonably sure of a willow and a poplar. Yet I am fond of trees. I shrink at the thought of felling one, and not only on account of Hardy's "Woodlanders" and Jules Renard's story of how he became on friendly terms with them. Should a boy who can name unerringly every bird about his home be envied? Does he enjoy their society and songs the more? The man with the cruelest hands I ever saw—hands that itched to be at work throttling or gouging was an accomplished ornithologist, a man of international reputation. When I was a boy there were youthful collectors of birds' eggs and butterflies. They were praised by their foolish parents for showing "scientific instinct." I am a bit of an entomologist myself—interested here in ticks and mosquitoes; at home in my little flat in cockroaches and waterbugs.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Aug. 2.

Aug 5 96

So Prof. Hirsch, a graduate of Heidelberg and a rat-catcher of "international reputation," will visit us. He is the great "Rattenfaenger." The successor of Hunold Singuf, who freed Hamelin of rats, charmed all the women of the town, and finally took the little children with him through a mountain because he did not receive his fee. John La Farge drew Hunold's portrait years ago—for the Riverside Magazine, if we are not mistaken, and there are two operas in which he figures as the hero, one by Neuedorff, the other by Nessler. The latter is merely a collection of sentimental songs and lusty choruses, poor stuff, but as the opera was produced in Dresden with the assertive and roaring Paul Buiss as the rat catcher, it was an agreeable entertainment by reason of the scenery. By the way, why did Mercuto call Tybalt a rat catcher, a king of cats?

It is still believed that there are districts in which rats cannot live? Sir Robert Gordon said regarding Sutherlandshire that if rats came there in ships from other parts, "they die presently, how soon they do smell the air of that country." Morven and Roseneath were also said to be unfriendly. In a description of Roseneath the author said: "From a prevailing opinion that the soil of this parish is hostile to that animal, some years ago a West India planter actually carried out to Jamaica several casks of Roseneath earth, with a view to kill the rats that were destroying his sugar canes. It is said this had not the desired effect; so we lost a valuable export. Had the experiment succeeded, this would have been a new and profitable trade for the proprietors; but perhaps by this time the parish of Roseneath might have been no more."

There have been professional rat catchers for centuries. In Italy as in China they went about the streets, the Italian carrying a square flag on which were representations of rats and mice; the Chinese bearing a cat in a bag. And in the good old days in France rats were tried in court. It was at a trial of this sort that Chassanee, counsel for the rats, became famous. A Spaniard, Azpilcueta of Navarre, a celebrated canonist, asserted that rats when exorcised were ordered to depart for foreign countries. They accordingly would march in large numbers to the seacoast and then swim in search of desert islands where they could enjoy themselves without annoyance to man.

Does Prof. Hirsch, graduate of Heidelberg, and a rat-catcher of international reputation, rhyme rats to death? "I never was so berhymed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat," said Rosalind.

Pets In Flats.

Friar Serephin in Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier" says that all women abhor rats and love serpents. This is a hard saying. Serephin, interrupted, did not continue in explanation. To the great majority of men and women a rat is a loathsome object. As youngsters we shuddered, not so much at the story of Bishop Hatto, as told by Southey, for that was poetry and the rats were the avenging ministers of the Lord, as we did at a chapter in Capt. Mayne Reid's "Boy Tar," where the rats attack the stowaway in the hold of the ship. Older, we found singularly unpleasant reading in Mr. H. G. Wells's "Food of the Gods." A rat the size of a mastiff haunts our friend Mr. George P. Bolivar in nightmare, yet Mr. Bolivar is not a sensitive or an imaginative person.

Some time ago a man in a New York apartment house kept a few small and harmless snakes in his flat. He intended to teach them amusing tricks. One or two escaped and made their way into an adjoining flat and twined themselves lovingly around the mistress of the place. Her husband, absurdly jealous, complained in court. Letters were written to the newspapers protesting against the injustice of thus molesting a lover of nature, arguing that a man had as much right to keep pet snakes as he had to keep goldfish or canary birds.

It is true that in all parts of the world snakes have been kept as pets. (We abstain from a discussion of serpent worship.) We read of little girls sharing their porringers of bread and milk on cottage doorsteps with affectionate and appreciative snakes. The girls of Rome wore living snakes around their necks and cherished them in their bosoms, finding them delightfully cool. Seneca, Lucian and Pliny bear witness to this, and there is an epigram of Martial, "Gelidum colio necti Glacilla draconem."

But suppose that Jones, returning from the Porphyry and stumbling up the stairs to his flat, should see on the landing below a snake, either coiled or stretched at length? If he thought for a moment that he suffered from an optical delusion the shock would be all the greater. He might, in a rash moment, resign his membership and sign the pledge.

Some years ago a man rented a fine old house on the water side of Beacon street for a year. When the owner again took posession, he was disturbed by finding out that the tenant had kept rabbits in the house and let them live and run in the rooms on the first floor. It might be said roughly that no pet, no animal, should be kept in a flat. Certain relatives might be included in the list. Yet we are told that a bat is an indefatigable eater of mosquitoes. Is there any pet that relishes cockroaches and waterbugs? We know of several flat dwellers who would welcome him and treat him kindly. There are flats with long, dark hallways in which a mole would feel at home. A dog, large or small, like a healthy child, in a flat, is a pathetic sight.

This reminds us that the London Daily Chronicle thinks that the keeping of poultry by persons who treat their hen as "one of the family" and permit it to "live in" is pretty general. "The up-turned baby's cradle and the inverted fire-guard appear to figure frequently as convenient seats, while the lower portion of the dresser is a favorite shelter against cold and wet, and the half-door, a device to prevent children straying from home, a well-patronized roosting perch."

Aug 6. 96

A GOVERNMENT TAVERN

A recent experiment in England, one that pertains to peace as well as war, will be watched with great interest. The first government refreshment house in that country was opened on July 12. Lord D'Abernon and his colleagues are licensed to sell beer by retail on or off the premises, at the Gretna Tavern in Carlisle. The clergy of all denominations, with the city council, county magistrates and military authorities graced the opening.

A thirsty man entering a large and airy room, bright with flowers, well lighted, finds in addition to his beer, a piano, gramophone, writing tables, newspapers, sandwiches, pork pies, pastries, sweets and fruits. If he prefers tea or coffee to Carlisle beer at 8 cents a pint during his permitted hours, he can obtain it. Commissions are given to the manager on the sale of food and non-intoxicants; there is no commission on the sale of intoxicants. Lord D'Abernon stated that the policy of the board would be to reduce the number of beer houses and to improve the character of business done.

Now this idea, successfully carried out in Sweden, is not new in England. Forty years ago Joseph Chamberlain appealed to Parliament to adopt the Gothenburg system. In the public houses, he advocated, managers should not have any pecuniary interest in profits on alcoholic drinks. Today neither Lord D'Abernon nor Lord Lonsdale is too sanguine over the result. The former pointed out at the opening that in work of this kind "you come up against the ingrained habits of the people, which take a long time to change." The latter argued that many men become alcoholically inclined because they can get nothing to eat with their drink. Many prefer tea with their food, but cannot always get it. "We take no sides. If a man wants beer we sell it to him at certain times. What we desire is to see that he gets it with proper surroundings."

The experiment is the more interesting on account of the modern temperance movement in England, known to some as "local option," to others as "prohibition." A London journal objecting to the term "prohibition," reminds its readers that "prohibition" originally meant a writ issued in the King's Bench division forbidding county courts to try matters outside their jurisdiction.

Eben D. Jordan's love of music was neither vague nor fleeting. Fond of singing, he took lessons in the art. Enjoying orchestral music, his face was for years familiar at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Generous in assisting musical organizations and musicians, he had for a long time dreamed of permanent opera in Boston. It was his ambition to do for opera what Major Higginson has done for orchestral music. The building of the Boston Opera House with its superb equipment was, as he thought, the realization of his dream. His pride in the building, the company and the performances was not merely personal. He rejoiced as a Bostonian, a lover of his city, a lover of operatic art. No ono felt the loss to Boston more keenly than he when it was found necessary to disband the company he had founded and maintained on a princely scale. The memory of his enthusiasm and munificence will long survive him. When the history of music in this city is written, his name and deeds will find a leading and most honorable place.

A performance for the benefit of the six children of the composer Granados, who with his wife went down when the Sussex was torpedoed, was announced at the Aldwyck Theatre, London, July 24. Mozart's "Seraglio" was performed by Sir Thomas Beecham's company. Sir Joseph Beecham undertook to bear the entire cost of the production.

A "new concert campaign" began July 19 in London "as the first move towards a reciprocal policy in musical affairs." Mr. de Cara secured the patronage of the French minister of fine arts, Chausson's piano quartet, Debussy's string quartet, Florent Schmitt's "Chant Elegiaque" for 'cello and songs by Duparc were on the program.

We mentioned last Sunday the performance in London of "The Toybart," the old Sanskrit comedy-idyl credited in courtesy to King Sudraka (A. D. 100), performed by the Stage Society in Mr. Arthur Symon's version. "While we were about it," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "why, oh, why, did not the Stage Society give us a version that conveyed, at any rate without wilful, needless, and unfair perversion, a suggestion of the charm, lightness, humor, freedom, dramatic directness and simple-hearted gaiety of the orginal? * * * Candidly, one hardly believed one's eyes and ears on finding that on the one hand Mr. Symons—of all people!—seems to have sacrificed the wife to Mrs. Grundy. Anyhow he has missed her out altogether, presenting Charudatta as an eligible widower. On the other hand, he has converted Vasantasena herself, the courtesan, into a kind of heavy Sanskrit Zaza, with a touch of Carmen, who talks long oversexed lyrics of Love and Hate, on the 'Si je t'aime, prends garde a toi!' principles, discusses her physical sensations in dancing before Charudatta, and does other things of the modernly familiar, sentimental wanton order of which there are no vestiges in the original. The delightful induction is missed out. The love scene in the rain, with its beautiful nature description, is replaced by stubby emotional analysis indoors. At all sorts of points the quite sufficiently rich imagery of Sudraka is regilded with reminiscences of Flaubert, Wilde and the 'Song of Solomon.' In a word, the sparkling naivete and variety and vividness of the real 'Toybart' are forfeited all along the line for that modern point of view which slurs the fact while gloating over the fancy. * * * Miss Rhoda Symons never suggested anything else but a very earnest modern English lady, dressed up in Indian costume. There was no need for Vasantasena to be asked to dance. But if she must, she should surely have danced just a little better. Mr. Wontner was a dignified Charudatta, but terribly slow. Mr. Basil Sydney made a sort of grave, mystic lunatic of the raffish prince, instead of the arrant and comic fool that the royal amorist needed to be."

Before the war came to change all things and revolutionize our most cherished ways and habits the London theatrical "seasons" were clearly defined. At certain periods of the year one looked, as a matter of course, for an epidemic of activities in stageland, and it was the custom to speak of this, or that, theatrical season, not the least important of them, of course, being the autumn campaign. But in these abnormal days not much regard is shown for convention in these, or any other, matters and no particular period is looked upon, seemingly, as more favorable than another for theatrical enterprise. Perhaps a healthy sign this. There, at any rate, is the fact and you may derive what moral you please from the remark of a well known manager a day or two ago, with reference to his readiness to put up a new and important production in what used to be the "dead" season "There's no such thing as a season of any kind now. Provided you have the 'goods,' one time is just as good or as bad—as another."—Daily Telegraph.

The summer Shakespeare festival at Stratford-upon-Avon began on July 23 for four weeks. Sir Frank and Lady Benson are not there. The former is driving a motor ambulance "somewhere;" the latter is nursing. The company, therefore, is the one that has been playing Shakespeare's dramas at the Royal Victoria Hall, London, reinforced at Stratford by players from London theatres. Ben Greet is the director. The festival included two conferences: that of the first week was occupied by one on the national life of the allied countries, the speakers at which will include M. Henri Davray (France), Sir Sidney Lee, M. E. Cammaerts (Belgium), Mme. Vandervelde, Fr Nicholas Velimirovitch (Serbia), Dr. Piccoli (Italy), Profs. P. Struve and B. Pares (Russia) and Alfred Noyes (England) and Mr John Galsworthy. The second week is given over to the conference of teachers of English. There are classes and demonstrations of folk-song and dance; children of the Guild of Play do peasant and national dances. Mr. Dolmetsch gives concert lectures on old English music. The London School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics is in session.

Albert Chevalier will return next month to the theatre proper. He will then be seen in a musical comedy, "The Light Blues," which has already been successful in the provinces. Mr. Chevalier, it will be remembered, was associated with the Bancrofts at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre in the late seventies, and later he acted with the Hare-Kendal company. In comparatively recent years he played at Drury Lane in "The Sins of Society" and at the Court in "The House." His operatic experience ranges from "The Marriage of Figaro" to "The Grand Duchess."

The Pall Mall Gazette did not find Mr. Graves uproariously funny in "We're All In It," a new revue at the Empire, July 13. "Somehow or other, taking the piece as a whole, Mr. Graves does not manage to strike anything very much by way of a new vein. The jokes are all of the more or less familiar 'shoppy' and intimate brand. The Heath Robinson farmyard scene in particular seemed to give Mr. Graves a chance that might have been developed better. The one joke about the litter of little pigs crowding to 'the refreshment bar' hardly represented, one felt, Mr. Graves's full potentialities in the truly rural."

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote on July 15: "The Paris theatrical world is anxious to have it known that they have managed very well to keep their end up since—the first shock of the war over—places of amusement were allowed to appeal to the public once more. Let it be first explained that, from all accounts, Paris theatres have been obliged to wage much more of an uphill fight than, say, the London houses are. We English took a long time to realize what this war meant. The French knew it from the start. From the day word went forth that it was war all France became transformed. The change was such that for months the mere idea of any return to a semblance of amusement was thrust aside as unthinkable. Even now it is bad form to indulge in gaiety of the mildest description for the sake of pleasure alone. Amusements are still only tolerated, and were it not that they are heavily taxed for the wounded, and that it has come to be recognized that actors must live, threatrical performances would still be barred, probably. As it is, they are most severely controlled, and, what is more, public opinon exacts that they shall partake more of an educational and uplifting order than simple pastimes. In addition, theatres have to contend with the early to bed and early to rise movement, the darkened streets and the restriction of street traffic. Things have been modified in this last respect during the past few months, and the Underground no longer shuts at 10 or the suburban trains cease to run after 8 o'clock; but cabs are still as scarce as ever, and had not managers shown great enterprise in guaranteeing taxis for all seats booked in advance, they would never have obtained more than the scantiest patronage. As it is, despite these drawbacks, and notwithstanding the competition of the "movies," theatres can for the most part record a successful time for the season now drawing to a close."

A portable theatre has been built for performances before the French troops at the front. The stage, with all fittings, can be carried in three motor-lorries. It is of handsome dimensions, measuring 60 feet broad, 30 feet deep and 22 feet in height. The traveling theatre will be sent up and down behind the front, performances being given every day.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was revived in London July 11. "Juliet had the most elaborate toilet in the balcony scene, though one could not appreciate it until the lights went up and she came forward to bow at the end of the scene." It must have been a brilliant performance. Juliet evidently put on her Sunday best just before going to bed.

Mme. Clara Butt raised over £5000 by concerts, collections and sale of photographs from Jan 1 to May 31 in aid of

the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Mr H. A. Scott says that Mr. Cyril Scott is among "the composers of normal modern music of which one characteristic is its steady disregard to the claims of definite melody." Mr. George Lowe says that the work of Mr. Cyril Scott "abounds in melody of the most exquisite type." Great Scott! What is one to think? Perhaps it would be well to hear more of Mr. Cyril Scott's music in Boston before taking side with this one or that one.

Listen to Lady Cunard, who thinks that as music is the most vital art "we must have patrons." Saying that music will reach its zenith in about 20 years, she thinks that we shall gradually slip back to the period of two or three centuries ago, and begin all over again. "Something must be done to counteract the more or less baneful influences—from a musical point of view—of the revues. There is no music today, even in Paris; it is all revue. Music is the highest art of all countries, because it is an intangible thing, and is the effect of the creative soul. We paint pictures—yes, but from life. Music stands higher than the art of the painter, or that of the writer, because it is the effect of spiritual inspiration, which comes from—can any one say whence?" It is always a pleasure to hear from the aristocracy on a subject of art.

John Powell, the pianist, says he has put his heart's blood into his "Sonata Teutonica." "It is a reflection of my deepest thought and experiences, of my highest aspirations." But this is hardly the time to bring out a "Sonata Teutonica" except in Germany, Austria, Turkey or Bulgaria.

Music periodicals of New York state that Enesco's "Roumanian Poem" for orchestra was recently performed at Cincinnati for the first time in this country. The work was produced here a good many seasons ago by the Orchestral Club led by Mr. Longy.

The Musical Courier of New York quotes an opinion of Erasmus about church music. Did he refer at the time to English choir boys, for Erasmus lived a long time in England. "We have brought a tedious and capricious kind of music into the house of God, a tumultuous noise of different voices, such as, I think, was never heard in the theatres either of the Greeks or Romans; for the keeping up whereof whole flocks of boys are maintained at a great expense, whose time is spent in learning such gibble-gabble, while they are taught nothing that is either good or useful. Whole troops of lazy lubbers are also maintained, solely for the same purpose, at much expense to the Church for a thing that is pestiferous."

We have spoken of Mr. H. A. Scott finding melody in Mr. Cyril Scott's music. He says: "From Bach onwards, all the most eminent composers down to comparatively recent times have been great melodists in the popular as well as in what may be called the classical sense—that is to say, have been inventors of fine tunes of the square-cut, symmetrical kind, which even the least cultivated hearer can recognize and enjoy as such. So far at least as most of the younger men are concerned, it might almost be said that actual rounded tune has ceased to exist altogether, while thematic interest of even the non-melodic kind is only a degree less hard to find." So Debussy, Ravel Florent Schmitt, with Cyril Scott, have no melodic invention; but Percy Grainger's music is "strikingly, one might even say aggressively tuney," and Elgar, "so far as the general public is concerned, owes his unique popularity as a serious British composer almost entirely to his gifts as an inventor of good tunes which everyone can get hold of." Too many contemporary composers, says Mr. Scott, suffer from a "misguided fear of being too readily understood." Though their works "may be listened to with respect at the time of their production, and spoken of in more or less flattering terms by the cognoscenti, few ever want to hear them again, and in nine cases out of ten they never are heard again. They do not satisfy what is one of the fundamental requirements of the average hearer—to wit, if not actual melody and tune, at all events thematic interest of some sort or other; and in default of this they go for nothing."

A new Irish string quartet by G. O'Connor Morris was produced in London July 13. Mr. de Lara found it necessary to tell the audience before the performance that the composer was not a Sinn Feiner. The Pall Mall Gazette thought this assurance unnecessary, "for the music contained nothing that was 'agin the government' of musical precedent. It contained instead much interesting polyphony built round themes that were not, so far as we know, folk tunes, but conceived in the idiom that an Irish musician claims as his own. The writing evinced much technical skill, though it was not allowed to become obtrusive as so often happens with young writers. In short, the quartet gave much pleasure, but surely an 'Iris' quartet, to be truly national, should be less subservient to law and order."

"Shakespeare's England: The Age of Elizabeth"

"Shakespeare's England: The Age of Elizabeth," in two volumes is published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford (25s.) The Daily Telegraph describes it as "a very remarkable piece of work, at once in its general outlines and its special detail, reflecting as it clearly does, the best spirit of British scholarship."

The reviewer says further: "At a time when other nations are claiming their part in Shakespeare, it is eminently fitting that we in this country should bring out a book dealing, not with the world poet or the greatest of dramatists so much as with the atmosphere, the surroundings, the conditions amid which Shakespeare lived and did his work. It is our English Shakespeare above all whose fame is consecrated in these volumes; a definite individual life in the Elizabethan age, subject to the limitations and the general conceptions of his period. The importance of this standpoint is emphasized when we read Sir Walter Raleigh's essay, 'The Age of Elizabeth,' for there it is shown how intimately close is the connection between the man who wrote the immortal plays and the citizen who knew London in the 16th and 17th centuries. There is a point of view in which Shakespeare stands for the whole world; there is also a point of view in which he speaks for the English race in the time of Queen Elizabeth. 'His works,' says Sir Walter Raleigh, "are not the eccentricities of a solitary genius; they are the creed of England." And the creed is very well defined. It is one of incessant thought and question; it is also one of tolerance. He has his peculiar dislikes—he hates pedantry, he hates cruelty. It must be the genuine Shakespeare who speaks in Portia's plea for mercy in 'The Merchant of Venice' and Isabella's in 'Measure for Measure.' The English love of compromise is strong in him, based not on intellectual timidity, but on a deep reference for the complexity of human nature. He uses his intelligence and does wonders with it, but he does not altogether trust it. Over and over again he declares for the rights of the heart as against the deductions of logic.

"England is generally supposed to have been 'Merry England' in Elizabeth times. But that is hardly the case. It was merry a century or two before. But in the 16th century men are looking back to a past age with some of that wistful regret for what has disappeared and is outworn, which has characterized many epochs in our history. What is it that the Elizabethan especially deplored? It was the loss of antique manners, the decay of simplicity, the robuster virtues of a heroic time. The growth of luxury is especially satirized and condemned. There is no question that our Elizabethan forefathers loved luxury, and showed it especially in their picturesque attire. They were great travelers, as far as that was possible, and they were fond of imitating the customs and the costumes of other countries. One remembers what Portia said of the young English baron, Falconbridge: 'How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.' The character of the much-traveled Englishman, who has lost all his simplicity, and is a man of affectation, is a stock figure of the drama and of satire. 'Farewell, Monsieur traveler,' says Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' 'look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are.' The introduction of tobacco was one of the things which was most severely condemned, though it is wrong to attribute its introduction to Raleigh. It was Sir John Hawkins who first brought it into England in 1565. It rapidly became so fashionable that a pedant like King James I. thought it his duty to issue a 'Counterblast to Tobacco' (1604).

"But it is time to give some general idea of the book entitled 'Shakespeare's England.' In carrying out the scheme of presenting us with successive pictures of different aspects of Elizabethan life, we have a variety of topics handled by men of authority. The Elizabethan soldier, for instance, is described by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue; 'Armor and Weapons,' by the Viscount Dillon; 'Ships and Sailors,' by L. G. Carr Laughton; 'Education and Scholarship,' by Sir J. E. Sandys; 'Commerce and Coinage,' by Prof. George Unwin; 'Hand-writing,' by Sir E. Maunde Thompson; 'Agriculture and Gardening,' by R. E. Prothero. The sciences are very thoroughly done in their different departments, especially astronomy, astrology and alchemy, as well as the natural history of animals and plants. Folklore and superstition, voyages and exploration form the remaining contents of the first volume. The second volume is carried out on the same elaborate plan. 'Actors and Acting' are discussed by Percy Simpson; the 'Playhouse' by William Archer and W. J. Lawrence. 'London and the Life of the Town' is the subject of a most interesting essay by Dr. H. B. Wheatley. 'Costume' is dealt with by the practised hand of Mr. Percy Macquoid. Painting, sculpture, music, architecture obtain the same careful and thoroughgoing treatment. But, of course, the daily round of our ancestors would be quite incomplete without some account of their 'Sports and Pastimes.' Thus we have in the second volume a long section dealing with hunting, falconry, coursing, archery, fencing, horsemanship, bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, to say nothing of dancing and other games. Nothing more complete could be well imagined than the general arrangement of this work, which was originally devised by Prof. Raleigh, and the scheme outlined in most of its departments by Sir Sidney Lee.

"Only very numerous quotations could possibly give an adequate idea of the variegated contents. One can take almost any subject at random and find illumination and profound knowledge in these pages. Here, for instance, is a new light on Mary Fitton. There are still persons who believe that the lady in question was the heroine of Shakespeare's Sonnets. 'She is much more likely,' says Mr. E. K. Chambers, 'to have been the Maria of "Twelfth Night."' She was a remarkably gay creature, a hoyden, who on one occasion induced the Queen to dance with her, and on another occasion disgraced herself with the Earl of Pembroke. Shakespeare was no courtier. 'If invited to court he was in paine,' says Aubrey, and it is possible that in 'Twelfth Night' he satirizes in the midnight revels of Maria and the riotous knights something of what he had heard about ladies like Mary Fitton and her elderly lover, Sir William Knollys.

"Or shall we turn to one of the strangest figures which appears in Shakespeare's plays, Caliban, in 'The Tempest'? 'The Tempest' is the only play in which Shakespeare leaves Europe and the Mediterranean. In this he transplants himself into cloudland, and gives us on the one hand a dainty creation in Ariel and on the other hand an amalgam of savage attributes in Caliban. Now most English and French discoverers were in the habit of bringing two or three natives home, and sometimes these were exhibited for money. Londoners, therefore, must have come across real savages, and could hardly have mistaken Caliban for an American Indian, for instance.

"Another point on which this book lays stress is the steady patriotism which surrounds Queen Elizabeth with unwavering affection and trust. She was a difficult person to sympathize with. She was hard and vain, miserly, and greedy for flattery. But, apart from and beyond all that, she was a royal lady, with an immense faith in England, a figure of great dignity, who claimed and received the adoration of all her subjects. She led a long life of unbroken loneliness in the single-minded pursuit of her duty to her people. Under Elizabeth the nation longed for unity and peace, and it was to the maintenance and security of the powers of government that most political authorities of the time devoted themselves. In this matter, too, Shakespeare is simply a man of his time. He believed in order, in the supremacy of rank, and the merits of a firm and consistent government. Popular orators, from Antony to Jack Cade, who pandered to restless desires of the mob, get from the dramatist a very scant measure of sympathy.

"Let us add that the poet laureate's 'Ode on the Tercentenary Commemoration of Shakespeare,' a fine and worthy effort of poetic skill and imagination, is published at the opening of the first volume. We heartily congratulate the Oxford University Press on the production of this steady work, together with its beautiful adornment of valuable and interesting illustrations."

Musical Freemasons Described in the Daily Telegraph

Probably the first idea that will leap to the mind of the average music-lover when music and Freemasonry are mentioned together will be connected, however vaguely, with Mozart's opera, "The Magic Flute." Mozart was a Freemason from 1785 to his death, and when the opportunity arrived for him to make Freemasonry the groundwork of the aforesaid opera it must have been welcomed by him, says Mr. E. J. Dent, with great cordiality. It may be taken as certain that Mozart was musically the greatest of all of the craft. But there were others, also, some of whom were distinguished, as Mr. Richard Northcott has pointed out in his address on the subject delivered a week ago to the members of the le Strange Lodge at Hunstanton, in Norfolk. Personally, I found the address of considerable interest, being unlearned and ignorant in the matter. For example, unlearned and ignorant though I be, I had yet heard frequently of a Grand Organist, and fondly imagined that he must be some personage of extraordinary distinction and usefulness as a very high officer of a lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Freemasons. His title is always spelt with capital initials, and that alone is imposing to the lay mind. It suggests dignity and importance. But, says Mr. Northcott, it is curious that among the officers of a lodge as aforesaid the organist is the only one who has no stated duties. Music has no place in lodge, not even when in the beginning and at the end of lodge business hymns are sung—for they are as a fact sung just before and just after the real work is completed. It seems to follow, then, that in order to justify his existence, the organist must be something of an improviser, and able to seize such opportunities as present themselves "in order to increase the impressiveness of the Masonic ceremonies." Some organists are clever in this respect, says Mr. Northcott, though he adds that many unfortunately try to be! In that respect, I fear, they suffer a complaint common to music generally. I like his verdict that "the most successful music in lodge is that which does not direct attention to the organist." It is something of a truism, and, I fear, is applicable to other organists than those of a lodge; but let that pass!

Many musicians, says Mr. Northcott, have been honored by Grand Lodge, the first to be appointed, it seems, being Samuel Wesley only about 100 years ago, that is, in 1814. His successor also was a musician, well known in his day, namely, Sir George Smart, who directed the music at the coronations of William IV. and of Queen Victoria; he was grand organist for a quarter of a century. Then followed Sir Michael Costa, Sir William Cusins, Sir Arthur Sullivan, the song writer, known as Stephen Adams (otherwise Michael Maybrick), Meyer Lutz, composer of many a delightful extravaganza in the old Gaiety days, when he was conductor of the theatre, and on Sundays a church organist; Wilhelm Ganz, who was a Mason for no less than 58 years; Wilhelm Kuhe; and among living musicians are Sir Walter Parratt, Herman Klein, Lionel Monckton, Edward Cutler, K. C., the first amateur to be appointed; Dr. George Sinclair of Hereford Cathedral; his assistant, Percy Hull, now a prisoner at Ruhleben, who has recently been granted the distinction of Past Deputy Grand Organist, and Allen Gill, the present wearer of the collar.

In earlier days there seem to have lived musical Masons whose very memories would not have survived until today had it not been for their connection with the craft. Among these is the delightful old person, William Rufus Chetwood, who was for 18 years prompter at Drury Lane before becoming manager of the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin, where he met and married the granddaughter of Colley Cibber. Always in debt, Chetwood passed a great part of his life in prison; but there he wasted not his time, but wrote, among other pieces: "The Generous Mason," which was successfully played in 1730. Charles Dibdin, of immortal memory, likewise was a Mason. He wrote, apart from about 1500 songs, a piece called "Harlequin Freemason" (a score of which is in the Royal College of Music Library). This pantomime was performed on no less than 63 occasions, once by "Command of Their Majesties." Its finale might be revived at Drury Lane even now, for it must have been very funny to see the long procession of "The principal Grand Masters from the Creation to the present day, dressed in the habits of their respective ages and countries." Obviously, the nearer you get to the Creation, the less costly the "habits"; but what of the Watch Committee?

King Edward VII. was initiated by the King of Sweden in 1869, and was grand master from 1875 until his accession in 1901. No Mason exceeded King Edward in his love of music, and there were not a great many amateurs of greater critical acumen, though, strangely enough, no biographer, so far as I have been able to trace (and Mr. Northcott's researches agree with mine), has laid any stress whatever upon the musical side of King Edward's life. In his boyhood days he had been taught the pianoforte by Miss Lucy Anderson, but his chief delight undoubtedly was to attend the performances of opera at Covent Garden, on which his comments, faithfully recorded at the time, were often full of real criticism, of amusing satire, but never of ungenerous thought. At a certain performance of "Traviata," for example, Violetta reclined gracefully enough on the appointed sofa, but somewhat ungracefully rolled off on to the stage, where she "died." King Edward's comment upon this incident was that "I do not think it wise for Mme. X. to die in so dramatic a manner—she exhibits too much lingerie!" On such occasions as arose when a particular artist was not in good voice, or, in the case of a newcomer who did not come up to expectations, King Edward always generously refrained from adverse comment and usually spoke of the fine playing of the orchestra. He was very particular about orthodoxy in dress, and once sent the manager to explain to an Italian conductor that a white waistcoat and a black tie were not de rigueur in England. The reply came back that the conductor had recently lost a near relative. To this a royal message was sent to the effect that "Please express my sympathy, but tell him confidentially that it is unusual in England for a person in mourning to wear a white waistcoat." King Edward insisted long before he became King that the opera conductors should wear white ties and white gloves.

Another good story is that of the scene one morning at Homburg when the conductor of the Kurhaus band included in his program a "selection of English airs." His majesty summoned the conductor, and, after congratulating him upon the excellence of the playing, pointedly added: "But please do not play that selection again, for it gives people a false impression of English musical taste; 'Tararaboomdeay' is not an English composition."—Mr. Legge in the London Daily Telegraph.

A Critical Plumber and Modern Plays

"I haven't seen a good show in a long time," complained the playgoing p[illegible] "I mean the kind of drama that h[illegible] a human [illegible] and takes a man's mind off his business.

"Years a[illegible] there was a great show, that 'An American Citizen,' which Nat Goodwin played in. It had a bathtub off stage, and you could hear the hero splashing in it, and you sort of knew that it was the genuine porcelain kind and not just enamelled iron.

"A few years later there was 'Going Some,' which had a training quarters scene with a regular shower and fifty or a hundred gallons of water slopping around.

"Two years ago I went almost every week to see 'A Pair of Silk Stockings.' The door of the bathroom that they locked the burglar in was the niftiest bathroom door I ever saw. You couldn't see the bathroom fittings, but I guess they weren't much because it was an English play, and England is 20 years behind America when it comes to high-class plumbing, and if you don't believe it I'll show you the catalogues.

"In 'Fair and Warmer' there was a big scene where the heroine hides in the bathroom. You could see the plumbing and it was first-class stuff, done in a workmanlike manner, as the contracts read.

"I never quite understood why 'She's In Again' didn't last longer. That show had a bath tub scene that was a big hit. Of course the curtain fell on it in about four seconds and the audience didn't look much at the bath tub itself. I couldn't tell you myself whether it was first quality or not. I guess the play would have lasted longer if the scene had lasted longer.

"Yes, the drama is a great thing for a tired man. It takes his mind off his business, at least it does mine."—New York Sun.

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Stage

The Daily Telegraph (London) speaks well of some songs by Sydney Homer, Winthrop L. Rogers, Oley Speaks, James H. Rogers and Huntington Woodman, published by G. Schirmer. "There is fastidiousness which shows itself not only in the choice of excellent lyrics, but also in a sensitive dislike of all that is either conventional or over-elaborate."

A kindly correspondent has sent me a plea for British musicians, and an announcement that the Ranelagh Club has engaged a band of Russian musicians to play on certain afternoons in their grounds during the season. I have no space in which to go into detail of this affair; moreover I know not sufficiently well the particulars. But the cutting reminds me of a peculiar adventure I once had either at Ranelagh or Hurlingham some years ago, before German became a dead language anyhow. It happened that I was asked by the party of whom I was one to approach the conductor of the Blue Hungarian band, then discoursing more or less sweet music on the lawn, to ask him to play something from the then popular music repertoire. I don't know Hungarian (and didn't know a Blue Hungarian band at that moment) but I did know German. So in the 100 yards or so between my chair and the conductor I framed a beautiful German sentence of request. To my astonishment when I uttered it the more blue than Hungarian conductor replied "W-a-a-t?" with as thorough a Cockney accent as ever I heard. He was from Whitechapel! —London Daily Telegraph

Once more the existence of theatres in war time has been exercising the consciences of some virtuous people, and once again they have been allowed to exhibit their anguish in print. They are very sore at the suggestion that soldiers and sailors rather like going to the theatre. This is, indeed, an awkward little fact. You cannot, without becoming preposterous, deny it, and it does not lend itself to the process of being explained away. So it is met by what in these days may be called a counter-offensive. Thus: the officers and men who crowd the theatres are not those who are bearing the brunt, but those who are still training at home, and they ought not to go to the theatres, because while in training one does not smoke, drink or sit up late. This sort of thing probably appears to you grotesque impertinence not worth notice. But after all it has been published with much pomp and circumstance during the last few days, and it may be worth while to point out its folly. The analogy from training is wholly fallacious. Training for a race or a match is a comparatively brief spell designed to produce the pink of the physical condition at one given moment. Men are not expected to be in training for many months. If they were, the regime would have to be relaxed. Moreover, the fitness which the army needs is not the fitness of the rowing man trained to the minute. It is likely to be all the better for occasional evenings off. As for the men from the front not going to the theatres, these fervent moralists may be assured that they go as much as ever they can. The fact that their opportunities are few does not seem much of a reason for condemning the theatre-going of the men at home. Finally, complaint is made of the character of the entertainments in war time. Why are they not always wholly serious? Why are they so light, so easy-going, so gaily decorated? Some people seem unable to free themselves from the conviction that if they don't like a play it ought to be suppressed. Frivolity, spectacle, the entertainment which has no more coherence than bouillabaisse—these, no doubt, are not the highest forms of art. But every genre is justified except le genre ennuyeux. Believe no one who assures you that the prevalence of such amusement in war time is a sign of weakness. It has always been prevalent in English wars, in the Napoleonic struggle as in the Elizabethan.—London Daily Chronicle, July 6.

"The Toy Cart," an oriental melodrama founded by Arthur Symons on the Mrichchakatika of Sudraka, was played at the Queen's Theatre, London, by the Stage Society July 9. The formidable Sanskrit word means "The little dog cart." The original play is at least 1100 years old. The London Times naturally looked for exoticism in Mr. Symon's version and found none, only a "mild, slightly soporific entertainment." The review is as follows:

"A vague Orientalism indicated to the eye by men who squat instead of sit and by female dancers who obviously cannot dance, and to the ear by the general habit of expounding the obvious and wallowing in similes is Orientalism, as you may say, made easy. Orientalism without tears—though not invariably without yawns. If, indeed, the story was originally writ in choice Sanskrit by Sudraka, then you can only marvel at the odd resemblance of Sudraka to any modern English melodramatist. No one will suspect Mr. Arthur Symons of inventing so artistically vulgar a plot. When, then, you are told that his imagination has embroidered an Eastern theme, you are driven to conclude that the embroidery is in speech rather than in incident. It is quite good speech, but there is rather too much of it. Vasantasena, the dancing girl, had two lovers. One, Charudutta, a Brahmin, was good, mellifluous, full of noble sentiments. The other, Samsthanaka, a prince, was bad, vain, cruel, ogreish. Of course, Vasantasena loved the good lover and, though a courtesan, was herself made good by her love, just as though she were a heroine of Victor Hugo. She rejected the wicked prince with such scorn that he strangled her, or thought he had, and forthwith accused his hated rival of the crime. The pieces de conviction were Vasantasena's jewels which she had given to Charudutta's little child and for the possession of which that ingenuous Brahmin could not, at his trial, account. He could have proved an alibi, but would not, as he would thereby have given away a political conspiracy. Already, then, his head was on the block (after some droll dialogue between two executioners, fat and lean, and both very genial and Gilbertian), when Vasantasena arrived, safely recovered from her strangulation, and all ended happily."

Mme. Carmen Melis was in the company at the Theatre of the Opera, Buenos Ayres, that was obliged to disband in June.

Johannes Sembach will take the part of the Squire in De Koven's "Canterbury Pilgrims" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Aug 7 1916

WAR AND WORDS

War enlarges the dictionary and twists the meaning of established and familiar words. In our civil war prohibited traffic or smuggling suddenly became animated and we had the "intelligent contraband." Bummer and skedaddle, loafers in speech before the war, become orthodox words and there was a learned attempt to derive the latter from the Greek. The Boer war brought in words to stay, though the verb to "maffick" preserves the memory of peculiarly riotous methods of English national exultation.

In reports of the present war one reads constantly of "salient" (the noun), "barrage fire," "terrain." Now "salient," the adjective, is an old word, meaning "leaping," applied poetically to water, often used pedantically or facetiously. It came to mean prominent, conspicuous; but as a noun, it is an abbreviation of "salient angle" or a projecting angle. What is "barrage" as it is used today? The ordinary English dictionary says it is a damming, or dam, especially of those in the Nile. In French the word means a barrier raised on a road. "Terrain" is by no means new in English, where the ordinary meaning is only a region, a tract of land, but the word also means a tract considered as to its nature, the condition of its surface, with a view to the comparative feasibility of military operations.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A reviewer of a new farce in New York wrote: "You remember those novels—like Reade's 'Griffith Gaunt,' for instance, which begin with a violent outburst and then, having decoyed your attention, go back several years and explain what it was all about." Many of us remember the stir made by Reade's novel when it was published as a serial; how it was censured for coarseness, immorality, and what not; how Reade brought a libel suit against a periodical—was it the Round Table?—and in a letter coined the phrase "prurient prude"; how C. H. Webb ("John Paul") was moved to write his amusing burlesque "Liffith Lank." Another of Reade's novels, "A Terrible Temptation," published as a serial in Boston by Every Saturday, also horrified the prudish. Reading either one today, the outcry seems preposterous. What would the timid of those days have said if Mr. R. W. Chambers had then been indulging himself in chambering and wantonness for the delectation of the great public?

Thomas Hardy suffered twice from the cowardice of magazine editors in this country who took great liberties with his "Tess" and "Jude." His "Two on a Tower" surprised even Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who as editor of the Atlantic had accepted the novel.

Magazine readers of this generation cannot imagine the interest with which successive numbers of a serial were awaited in the "good old days" when Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Wilkie Collins, not to mention others, published romances in this form. In those days there were not many outdoor diversions; magazines, fewer in number, were taken seriously. The announcement of a new serial story was an event. The doings and the sayings of the characters were discussed during the month, as if the novelist's creatures were men and women of the neighborhood.

Tu Quoque.

Voices in England are raised occasionally asking why this country does not aid England in fighting the battle of universal liberty. There have been times when this question was put to England. It was an Englishman, Walter Savage Landor, who, eager for Italian freedom, cried out:

> Thou recreant slave
> That sittest afar off and helpest noe,
> O thou degenerate Albion! With what shame
> Do I survey thee, pushing forth the sponge
> At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst
> Of holy Freedom in his agony,
> And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side!

Unprecedented?

As the World Wags:

On July 28 I mentioned the fact that Charles W. Fairbanks, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, and James F. Hanly, the Prohibition candidate for President, are both residents of Indianapolis, and I asked whether it is not unprecedented for two candidates for so high offices to be residents of the same city or town. I inadvertently failed to mention the fact that Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, who is the present Democratic candidate for Vice-President, is also a resident of Indianapolis, so I will now amend the inquiry I made and ask whether it is not unprecedented that three candidates for so high offices should be selected from the same city or town. It is perhaps not impertinent to this inquiry to add that the Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1908, John W. Kern (now a United States senator from Indiana), was then (as he still is) a resident of Indianapolis.

In the Herald of today, Charles F. Adams mentions as worthy of note the fact that, when William E. Chandler and Jacob H. Gallinger served in Congress together as senators from New Hampshire, they were both residents of Concord and that the present New Hampshire senators, Gallinger and Hollis, are both residents of that city. There have, however, been several other instances in which a state's two senators have been residents of the same city or town, and the following are such instances in the case of senators who are now serving in Congress: Charles S. Thomas and John F. Shafroth, senators from Colorado, who are both residents of Denver; Duncan U. Fletcher and Nathan P. Bryan, senators from Florida, who are both residents of Jacksonville; and George E. Chamberlain and Harry Lane, senators from Oregon, who are both residents of Portland.

Mr. Adams speaks of "the memorable feud between" Senators Chandler and Gallinger of New Hampshire, and says that it "has long been a part of the state's political history." From Mr. Adams's use of the perfect instead of the past tense in speaking of that feud as a part of the political history of New Hampshire the reader would get the impression that the feud still continues. I think, however, that the feud ceased some time ago and that ex-Senator Chandler supported Senator Gallinger when in 1914 the latter was re-elected to the Senate. INQUIRER.

Brookline, August 2.

Valiant Grocers.

In many European countries the term "grocer" is used in a tropical and rather contemptuous sense. Least of all is the grocer associated with heroic deeds. It seems that in England the trade has martial traditions. Nearly 30,000 members of the Grocers' Federation have joined the army or navy in the present war. In old times the Grocers' Company was valiantly disposed. One of its early masters, Sir John Philpot equipped a fleet at his own expense and cleared the North sea of pirates. The company for many years furnished 60 men for "The resistance of such iniquitous attempts as may be made by foreign enemies," and supplied 500 against the Spanish armada.

The French President.

The patronymic of M. Poincare has quite an interesting origin, and one typical of his character. In 1481 Queen Isabella of Bavaria and John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, employed a secretary named Jehan Poingquarre. From this it may be argued that the first syllable of M. Poincare's name is derived not from "point" (nothing), or from "pont" (bridge), but from "poing" (fist), so that the name would appear to mean "square-fisted," or, in modern parlance, "he of the clenched fist." The case is further strengthened by the fact that the expression "poing quarre" was current in the 15th century, being found frequently in the ballads of France's old poets.—London Daily Chronicle.

Aug 8 1916

WHAT IS LUNCHEON?

The Minnesota state supreme court has been considering the question. What constitutes a lunch, or what is luncheon? A loose answer would be "the intermediate refreshment between breakfast and dinner," again, "with late diners, a midday meal; with midday diners, light refreshment between breakfast and dinner." But in certain localities and in popular speech lunch is an action, an enjoyment of any time. It may be taken at 10 A. M., 4 A. M., or after a show in the evening. The lunch cart attracts not only those who are hungry between breakfast and dinner.

In old English days luncheon and muncheon were interchangeable terms. In the provinces a lunch often meant a large lump of bread or other edible. The laborer ate it to stay his stomach until dinner. Some, of a higher grade, went without his repast; witness the dialogue in "The Compleat Angler"—"My diet is always one glass (of ale) so soon as I am dressed, and no more till dinner." "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast, too."

Holinshed's Chronicles show that breakfast was abolished in his day: "For whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuncheons after dinner, and thereto real suppers generally when it was time to go to bed—now these old repasts, thanked be God, are very well left and each one in manner (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself

Aug 10 1910

with dinner and supper only." Here is mention of luncheon "after dinner."

Breakfast in old English families was a substantial meal; mutton or beef, bread, wine and beer. The dinner was at 11 A. M. or 12, the hour of dinner grew later and later. It was said that Louis XII. died by changing his regular dinner hour of half-past nine for eleven out of gallantry to his young English bride. The noon meal finally was called luncheon. According to an essay of DeQuincey written in 1839 that meal then scarcely existed for Englishmen, and "were it not for women, whose delicacy of organization does not allow them to fast so long as men, would probably be abolished." But to many in England and in this country today luncheon is a substantial meal, practically a dinner. To those who dine from 12 to 2 P. M., luncheon is any food and drink taken outside of the three meals, breakfast, dinner and supper.

As to what constitutes a luncheon, what court can definitely decide the question? One man is satisfied with a bowl of milk and berries. Another eats his way from soup to pie.

Due honor has been paid the memory of Lemuel Shaw, chief justice of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, by the marking of his birthplace in West Barnstable, but to some the chief association with which his name is the dedication of "Typee" to him by his son-in-law, Herman Melville.

In a Looking-Glass.

Little Miss Bessie Kambler, who dreads seven years of bad luck because a large looking-glass fell on her and broke, should remember that the proverb in its fulness runs "seven years' trouble, but no want." No doubt it is unlucky to break a looking-glass or to be in a house where one falls and breaks, but it is still more unlucky to look in a glass and see another's face, pale, ghastly, threatening or warning over your shoulder, or a grinning skull in place of your own familiar and secretly admired head.

A Foretaste.

Richard Steele noted the following continental intelligence in the Tatler of Aug. 24, 1709. The news was of the fighting near Tournay: "The manner of fighting in this siege has discovered a gallantry in our men unknown to former ages; their meeting with adverse parties under ground, where every step is taken with apprehensions of being blown up with mines below them, or crushed by the fall of the earth above them, and all this acted in darkness, has something in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other part of a soldier's duty. However, this is performed with great cheerfulness." A deserter from the French told the English that the garrison "was reduced to eat horseflesh." There was also talk of relieving "our trenches."

Bottle Journeys.

Again a note in a bottle brings news of shipwrecked on a lonely island and calls for help. In this instance the journey of the bottle was short. There have been journeys that were well-nigh incredible. Dr. Samoens, for example, started a sealed bottle from Esquepe, Mozambique. Thirty-seven months later it was picked up at Gwaraun, some 80 miles up the Surinam river in Dutch Guiana. The most surprising feature of this journey was the place where the bottle was picked up, for Gwaraun is nearly 27 miles above the Maredos Falls, never less than 50 feet in height and impassable. Around the seals on the bottle were traces of panladis, a green clay peculiar to the old diamond district 55 miles or more above Gwaraun on the same river.

In comparison with this journey, Mr. Simpson's record of a bottle thrown into the Bay of Biscay and picked up three months afterward in the River Dee at Banchory, after a heavy flood in the river, is as that of an every-day occurrence. Mr. Simpson, F. R. G. S., F. R. Met. S., stated a year or two ago that no bottles thrown overboard by him in the English Channel had ever gone south. They landed on the French and English coasts in the channel. Bottles traveling from the Canary Islands to the West Indies average 1 miles daily. If they then do not go on shore they are carried into the Gulf of Mexico, join the Gulf Stream, and frequently land on the west coast of Scotland or in Norway. Their average speed on this long journey is about eight miles daily. Mr. Simpson put five bottles overboard where the steamship Waratah disappeared off East London. Four were returned to him from the coast of West Africa. The fifth, put in the Agulhas Current, was picked up and returned to him from the north coast of the North Island of New Zealand. It was found near a life-buoy that belonged to the Waratah. The time of this journey was two years.

Let us now read Poe's "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" and tales of cruel hoaxes, of bottles purporting to contain news of strange shipwrecks and last farewells.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson's bottles are not thrown overboard. They travel with him. The distance from Boston to Clamport is about 75 miles and the journey does not take over two hours and a half. The news in these bottles is refreshing, cheering.

Naturally Nervous.

Much has been said about the hardening effect of war on the nerves, yet Lord Wolseley was so sensitive that he could not pass a butcher's shop without horror, and he was afraid of all reptiles. He says in his "Story of a Soldier's Life," that he could never overcome his loathing horror of snakes; that he would even run from a toad. He was once bathing in a tank after a march in India, when a yellow snake that he knew to be harmless put his head up over the surface of the water and shook his tongue. Wolseley at once struck out for the side of the tank as though "pursued by a whole zoological garden full of hostile and man-devouring beasts and reptiles." (Only a few days ago we read of a happy little child grasping a rattlesnake by the rattles and playing with it.) Lord Malmesbury, in his diary tells of an accident in a shooting party. Loading a gun, a keeper blew off two fingers. A surgeon was present and amputated the fingers. The others in the party looked on and encouraged the sufferer, all but Lord Raglan, who, although he had seen a hundred battles and was noted for his courage and coolness, nearly fainted away and was obliged to retire.

Cheering Folklore.

In Fly Time. Let no one be disturbed if he finds a fly in his drink. "Among the deep-sea fishermen there is a belief that if a fly falls into the glass from which anyone is drinking it is considered a sure and true omen of good luck to the drinker."

B. F. KEITH'S

Florenz Tempest and Marion Sunshine are prominent factors of this week's bill at B. F. Keith's theatre. Miss Tempest appears in her familiar boyish travesty while Miss Sunshine wears attractive gowns and gives an imitation of Gaby Deslys. Both young women sing and dance in their vivacious and good natured manner.

Dupree and Dupree perform remarkable cycling feats. Another aerobatic act of a comic nature is presented by Bert Melrose with his original Melrose fall.

Lt. Elderidge illustrated the art of drawing pictures with sand which originated with the natives of Nagasaki. A battleship on fire, Lincoln's birthplace and the burning of Portland's town hall are cleverly drawn with black, red and white sand.

Other acts on the bill are of the typical mid-summer variety. Adelaide Boothby, whistling, talking and singing comedian, entertained with the assistance of Charles Everdean, pianist. Willie Solar of the London Hippodrome is amusing in songs and imitations of animals and musical instruments. Bonair Ward and Farron present a boardwalk sketch. "Folies d'Amour," an elaborate series of colored tableaux vivants, Clarke and Verdi, the Italian comedians, and Frances Nordstrom in a modern sketch complete the entertainment.

Aug 9 1916

Boston was once regarded as a strongly fortified city. Reading the life and adventures of Bamfylde-Moore Carew, we were struck by the means taken to defend the city. Unfortunately we do not know the exact date of this description. Carew was born in 1693. He was banished by justices at Exeter, Eng., for seven years to Maryland. Not far from Philadelphia, in the course of his attempts to see England again, he came across Whitefield, the preacher, and wheedled him out of a few pounds. It was on his second enforced trip to America that Carew, passing through Rhode Island, "went through Piscataqua and Marblehead to Boston, the capital of New England and the largest city in America, except two or three on the Spanish continent."

The first edition of this rogue's adventures was published in 1745. The rogue died about 1770, But whatever the year of his arrival is Boston, here is the description of the harbor written by his biographer:

"The most remarkable of these islands is called Castle Island from the castle there built. It stands about a league from the town, upon the main channel leading to it, and is so conveniently situated that no ship of burden can approach the town without the hazard of being torn in pieces by its cannon. It was now called Fort William, being mounted with one hundred pieces of ordnance: Two hundred more, which were given to the province by Queen Anne," are placed on a platform near highwater mark, so as to rake a ship fore and aft, before she can bring her broadsides to bear against the castle. Some of these cannon are forty-two pounders. Five hundred able men are exempt from all military duty in time of war, to be ready to attend the service of the castle at an hour's warning, upon any signal of the approach of an enemy of which there seems to be no great danger at Boston; where in twenty-four hours' time, 10,000 effective men, well armed, might be ready for their defence." Then there is an account of a lighthouse on a rock a long league from the town for signalling danger to the castle. "Unless an enemy can be supposed to sail by so many islands and rocks in a fog, the town of Boston must have six or more hours to prepare for their reception; but supposing they might pass the castle, there are two batteries at the north and south end of the town that command the whole bay and make it impossible for an enemy ship of burden to ride there in safety, while the merchant men and small craft may retire into Charles river out of the reach of cannon."

At that time a geographer could write: "The goodness of the pavement may compare with most of London; to gallop a horse on it is three shillings and fourpence forfeit." What are we to make of this: "The streets are broad and regular"? "The conversation in this town is as polite as in most of the cities and towns of England; many of their merchants having traded in Europe, and those that stay at home having the advantage of society with travellers; so that a gentleman from London would think himself at home in Boston, when he observes the number of people"—the writer speaks of 24,000—"their furniture, their tables, their dress and conversation, which perhaps is as splendid and showy as that of the most considerable tradesman in London."

Painful Preachers.

The list of churches in Boston given by the compiler of this book includes nine: "Old Church, North Church, South Church, New Church, New North Church, New South Church, the Church of England Church the Baptist Meeting and the Quakers' Meeting." Nothing is said about the length of the sermons preached in the orthodox meeting houses. (The length of the ideal sermon was discussed in this column a few days ago.) Did the ministers bear in mind the saying of George Herbert: "The parson exceeds not an hour in preaching; because all ages have thought that a competency; and he that profits not in that time, will less afterwards, the same affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing to loathing."

Was there any rival of the fervid Scotch preachers? James Forbes, "an able and zealous preacher, who, after every sermon, behooved to change his shirt, he spoke with such vehemency and sweating"; Forbes, a man of five or six hours. "He was a very learned and pious man; he had a strange faculty of preaching five or six hours at a time," said Burnet, who remembered that in one fast day there were six sermons preached without intermission. We side with Queen Victoria and good King Edward. Not over 20 minutes at the utmost, and a little this side of 15 minutes, if you please. For, as Bishop Horne remarks in the preface to his discourses: "There is a taste in moral and religious as well as other compositions, which varies in different ages, and may very lawfully and innocently be indulged. Thousands received instruction and consolation formerly from sermons, which would not now be endured. The preachers of these served their generation, and are blessed for evermore. But because provision was made for the wants of the last century in one way, there is no reason why it should not be made for the wants of this in another."

The Spoken Word.

A speaker at Lambeth Palace recently told the archbishop of Canterbury that the church service might be brighter if his grace could order all the manuscripts of sermons to be burned. Early in the 19th century the pastors of Lausanne were reproved by the lesser council for adopting "a too convenient method of reading their sermons, contrary to the ecclesiastical ordinances, instead of delivering them from memory." It might be said that the preacher of the extemporaneous sermon is generally long-winded. English preachers are reproached by their own parishioners for cultivating an artificial, sing-song style, colorless and soporific." Some would prefer the ultra-dramatic manner cultivated by the Rev. Alfred Montgomery, who added stage directions to his written sermon, as, "raise voice," "lower voice," "gesture," "tears." The manuscript of a distinguishtd politician's speech came into the Herald office a day or two before the speech was delivered. The manuscript included all that was fondly expected by the orator: "Applause," "Great applause," "Sensation," "Laughter." That was a good many years ago. The orator is dead.

For Boys.

As the World Wags:

I have quoted above from a copy of the Boston Daily Advertiser reviewing a magazine for boys and girls some time in 1856. This magazine was called The Schoolfellow. It was the first magazine for young folks I knew. It must have been in 1860 or 1861 that I first became acquainted with it, and I have only a vague recollection. I remember a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte sporting a tail. There were illustrations to Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray". One showing Lucy with the lantern in her hand. I do not know whether the numbers I saw were old ones or current; whether the war killed The Schoolfellow as it killed Vanity Fair. The publishers of this magazine for children were Dix and Edwards of New York, who were at that time publishing Putnam's Monthly, that monument to the taste of George William Curtis, and republishing Household Words from the London edition. Is there a set of The Schoolfellow in the Boston Public Library?

I was reminded of this magazine by reading in your column about La Farge's picture of the Pied Piper in the Riverside Magazine. The reference set me to thinking about magazines for children. Chatterbox bored me as a boy. It was as dull as the Wellspring, a Sunday school paper that was in fashion at the time I recklessly subscribed 10 cents to the missionary ship, Morning Star. But I shall never forget the joy of reading the first number of Our Young Folks. Does any boy today know Carleton's "Winning His Way." The story is not clear in my mind. There was a good boy who finally married the pretty girl. The bad boy, the villain, was, I think, the vulgar son of a still more vulgar but a wealthy liquor dealer. Then the rebuses and the charades! There was a wonderful being who signed himself "Gold Pen." I asked him for his autograph, which he vouchsafed me. It was in the days when I collected stamps, coins, autographs, names of locomotive engines, monograms, what not, and thus began as a sociologist.

The Riverside was a handsomer magazine than Our Young Folks. I remember several pictures by John La Farge. There was one of a wolf tamer going along a lonely road in a dreary landscape, playing the bagpipe to wolves that followed him and fawned upon him. The letterpress, if I am not mistaken, was chiefly taken from an article by George Sand. This picture has an interesting story that should be told by the architect in Boston who is best acquainted with it. He gave the original sketch to John Boyle O'Reilly. There was another of La Farge's full-page pictures, The Fisherman and the Genie. There were capital stories by a writer who signed himself with a fine disregard of French grammar, "Vieux Moustache." A few years ago I had a pleasant letter from him.

Then there was Oliver Optic's magazine. Perhaps I was growing old; perhaps I was more interested in Beadle's Dime Novels; but Oliver Optic's magazine did not appeal to me. I had read eagerly his boys' books in which his heroes did surprising things on land and sea, though I preferred those by Capt. Mayne Reid and by the author of "The Coral Reef," "Gascoigne the Sandal Wood Trader"—I never could spell his name; was it R. M. Ballantyne, or Ballantine? Reid's "Rifle Rangers" and "Scalp Hunters" have been reprinted in "The World's Classics," but I have not dared to read them again. Let us keep our illusions. I wonder how many ever studied Reid's treatise, "Croquet," one of the first books published about that amiable game.

I wish I had kept these boys' books and magazines. I still have the Marco Paul volumes and one or two Rollo books; they are on a shelf with Felton's Greek Reader, a volume of Cicero's orations (Tauchnitz edition), a latin grammar, Dana's Geology, Sophocles's "Oedipus Rex," and two or three volumes of Bohn's translations. I keep the school books only out of sentiment. Greek and Latin are as if I never knew them, and the book on geology reminded me that I was conditioned in that study at college. But what became of the English and true edition of "The Boys' Own Book," the hieroglyphic "Mother Goose," and the story of Alexander Selkirk with wonderfully made pictures, a little book bound in blue boards? There was Wood's Natural History for the young. I named my sled "Wapiti" after a picture in it. There was a big, thick copy of "The Arabian Nights," a London edition with countless illustrations which I afterward found out had been taken without credit from a popular French edition of Galland's translation.

I would give a good deal to see those old numbers of The Schoolfellow. Why was Napoleon Bonaparte pictured with a tail? Reading "The Piazza Tales" of Herman Melville for the 10th time last week, I found an advertisement of this magazine on a back page. "It will be the aim of the publishers to combine in the engravings and the letter press of The Schoolfellow, the utmost possible beauty, variety, interest and substantial

ins[illegible] ta an iterated moral tone [illegible] All for [illegible] dollar a year (payable always in advance) [illegible] a number. There need today of a magazine to promote a reverent [illegible] also [illegible]
HERKIMER JOHNSON

Clamport, [illegible]

August 11 1916

There is really no need of Watson turning to Sherlock for an explanation of this "personal" in a London journal of July 24:

"Will the gentleman who fell out of train arriving at West Ealing at 12:10 midnight, April 29, communicate with Mr. F—, who fell with him, at——?"

"War and Words."

As the World Wags:

Apropos of an editorial article in the Herald of this morning let me add words that came into the English language through wars between England and Spain in the 16th century: Embargo, contraband—Spanish words, and the Dutch word "freebooter." Other words, Dutch or Flemish, brought into England by soldiers in the Netherlands were "furlough," "cashier," "leagues," "sconce," "onslaught," "drill," "domineer." "Comrade," a Spanish word from the Latin, was probably heard in the Low Countries. Many use the phrase "forlorn hope" without knowing it is Dutch: "Verloren hoop" meaning literally "lost troop."

"Commandeer" and "Kopje" came from the Boer war. So did the word "slim," meaning crafty, unscrupulous, meanings in the England of the Stuarts, but fallen into disuse until the Boer war, except possibly in dialect.

"Espionage" is in the English dictionaries. I remember reading that if we pronounce the word in the French fashion we should unite it with two "n's" as the French do. But the word goes back to the old high German "spehon," spy. "Millionaire" and "commissionaire" are so thoroughly anglicized that one "n" can be dropped. The French write "bataillon"; we have it "battalion." It is told of Lord Palmerston that he offended a charge d'affaires who had written "batallions" by remarking: "Tell A. B. to direct his amanuensis to place his battalions on the English and not on the French footing." The insulted one replied that "amanuensis" was not English.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Aug. 7.

Golightly's Case.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Eugene Golightly has grown very rich in the course of the last dozen years, he still shaves himself, and with an old-fashioned razor. He has felt dizzy of late on leaving his bed. This foolish condition he attributes to the humidity. Whatever the cause, it set him a thinking as he shaved. "Suppose I should fall and cut myself seriously with my razor; suppose I should bleed to death before any one found me; what would my friends, neighbors, the public say? That I committed suicide? Would they suspect that I had lost my money, or been caught in an unsavory business transaction? Or would they charitably hint at a disorderly life, at a touch of insanity in the family? Meanwhile I must be careful."

Non Omnis Morlar.

Is it true that the authorities of Dunfermline Abbey refused a stained glass window offered by Mr. Carnegie on the ground of "anachronism"; i. e., the window containing a view of the Pittsburgh Iron Works? It was said at the time the story was first printed that there was no fuss about the figure of the late Lord Salisbury clad in full armor, one of the decorations in All Souls College, Oxford. Is not Gladstone in Chester Cathedral depicted as trying to upset a church tower with a lever? John Burns is an archangel in mosaic on the roof of the choir stalls in St. Paul's, London, and Lord Randolph Churchill is a gargoyle at St. Giles's, Camberwell. Some of us remember what a fuss was made over an attempt of the architects of the Boston Public Library to perpetuate the firm name on an outer wall, but for centuries painters have used friends, acquaintances and sometimes enemies, as models for symbolical, allegorical, religious pictures.

With His Own Hand.

The Daily Chronicle thinks all the more of Sir Douglas Haig because his handwriting resembles that of Charles Dickens. "Sir Douglas Haig's is not nearly so beautiful; but then no current handwriting of modern times is so beautiful as Dickens's for form, for touch, for grace, for movement. Therefore the best compliment to any penman is that two or three of his words might have been written by Dickens, and that many of them have a little of that springing line." This is hardly the time to be fussy about a general's penmanship, even if it is beautiful in either the old Italian or the more modern Spencerian manner, and Sir Douglas is able to draw with his pen a grown up lion with formidable mane and tail and a patriotic scroll in its mouth.

Aug 12 1916

INERADICABLE ERRORS

The New York Times pointed out a few days ago that thunder storms are not efficacious as coolers of the air; the truth is that the cooling causes the thunder storms. The Times admits that the error seems to be ineradicable from the great majority of human minds. "But what's the use! People will probably say that thunder storms cool the air as long as they say that the sun rises and sets—and that will be for some time to come." As if a man at the desk wished to strengthen this last saying, there were these headlines on the next page of that issue of the Times, "Humidity brings suffering to city. Forecaster sees no relief today unless it comes from thunder showers."

That thunder storms cool the air is a pleasing error. One might say, "If they do not, what are they for?" But what is to be said of this ineradicable error: that heavy and continued discharges of artillery bring on rain. It is seriously maintained in this country, England, and in continental Europe that the present war has greatly influenced the weather: the heavy, abnormal fall of rain last summer and this summer in various sections is due directly to the enormous discharge of explosives of all sorts. Meteorologists smile and shake their heads, but the popular belief is not shaken one whit. There are more letters expressing this belief and giving corroborating statistics than articles of denial published in English journals. If this belief is erroneous—and here we are with the agnostics if not the pyrrhonists—it is long established and widely spread.

[illegible] all [illegible] popular delusions, popular fallacies do little or no harm in this too literal, prosaic world. Science has its romantic side, although some would insist that scientific and romantic are terms as far apart as the poles. Mankind would have lost much, if only in figures of speech, if it had been agreed thousands of years ago that the sun neither rises nor sets. The cooling of the air and the roar of thunder are sufficiently synchronous for the timid to find one consolation at least.

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

The Daily Chronicle of London quotes glibly these lines of Bret Harte apropos of an attempt "50 years ago" to secure the island of St. Thomas for a coaling station:

> Then said William Henry Seward,
> As he cast his eye to leeward,
> "Quite important to our commerce
> Is this island of St. Thomas."

The Daily Chronicle is interested in the spread of the "Americanism" some. This story is quoted in illustration: "An American was discussing the great battle traveling to Brighton with an officer back on a few days' leave and for recuperation. The American was all for the allies, and waxed enthusiastic. 'Some fight,' he said with emphasis. 'Yes,' said the lieutenant, who was ignorant of the Americanism, 'and some don't.'" One of the contributors to the Chronicle has been hunting ancient authority for the use of "some." He finds it in Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's diary in 1880, when Sir John Macdonald, making a speech about the recent inclusion in the Dominion of all British North America save Newfoundland, remarked: "When we got that, we thought ourselves some pumpkins." He should look still further back.

"Caucus."

As the World Wags.

In reading Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" I find the word "caucus." As the poem was written in Spenser's style it contained many obsolete words and phrases. The glossary gives the definition of "caucus" as the northeast wind. The origin of the word is in dispute among Americans. Do you think this throws any light on the subject?

SYDNEY HORROCKS.

Westminster.

Let's see. Eurus is the southeast wind, Auster is the south wind, Boreas is the north and so is Aquilo; Zephyrus is the west—we are a little shy on the Latin names of winds, nor are the poets always helpful. Virgil in Book III. of The Georgics spells the northwest wind "Caurus," and in the fifth book of the Aeneid "Corus." If a "caucus" by reason of its derivation is windy, what is to be said of "chorus," as derived from the northwest wind?—Ed.

Poetic License.

As the World Wags.

All the other instances of error regarding the moon that I have seen are eclipsed by the following in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner".

> Till clomb above the eastern bar,
> The horned moon, with one bright star
> Within the nether tip.

Two errors, betraying ignorance rather than inadvertence. A. F. F.

Boston, Aug. 7.

The Ancient Mariner saw many strange and wonderful sights on that memorable voyage. Would you have had it otherwise?—Ed.

In 1870.

We read from time to time of German potentates and even officers of only moderate rank feasting at the front, eating luxuriously and drinking gaily. These reports may be true or they may not be true. The royal table in 1870 at the front was rather stingy. Bismarck complained of it. "There is seldom any champagne, and in the matter of food also short commons is the rule. When I glance at the number of cutlets I only take one, as I am afraid that otherwise somebody else would have to go without. . . . Rabbit followed, and I debated with myself whether I should take a second portion, although I could easily have managed four. At length hunger overcame my politeness, and I seized a second piece, though I am sure I was robbing somebody else." But Bismarck was a man of Gargantuan appetite and prowess.

A London journal recently misquoted a line of Longfellow, printing: "Footprints in the sands of time." The misquotation was characterized as "an allusion gone astray." "The 'sands of time' can hardly be any other than those which percolate through the aperture of an hour glass, and to suggest leaving footprints thereupon—well, the poet has put his foot in it with a vengeance." This is no more amusing than Hugh Miller's suggestion that Longfellow's reference was to the footprints of birds and reptiles which had existed ages before in the sandstones and rocks.

A Sanguine Aesthete.

A house decorator told us yesterday that he looked forward after the war to the re-introduction of vegetable dyes; that harsh, chemical colors will be out of favor. Curtains, for instance, will be dyed "beautiful, moderate, vegetable colors."

An Expressive Group.

This paragraph which appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette a good many months ago has a peculiar significance on account of the reference to Sir Roger Casement:

"Mr. Bryan's denial of any intention to visit Berlin is very disappointing to the sense of fun. His view that there have not been nearly enough Americans drowned yet to warrant a real row with Germany would ensure him a welcome, and he would be able to meet the very select circle of foreigners who are equally convinced that the whole non-Teutonic world is very small beer. A photograph-group of Mr. Bryan, Sven Hedin, Houston Chamberlain and Sir Roger Casement would be singularly expressive of something which it is not very easy to define."

Discouraged.

In 1886 Janos Meryessl, 84 years old, jumped off the suspension bridge of Budapest. Rescued, he said he wished to end his life, because he was becoming too infirm to support his father and mother, who were 115 and 110, respectively.

His Hobby.

A barrister named Moses, who died recently, made a hobby of sight seeing. He began in 1872. He was a spectator during the Tichborne trial; he had seldom missed an opening of Parliament; he was in the police court when the Jameson raid leaders arrived; one of the first to enter Westminster Hall when Gladstone lay in state; he was present when Earl Russell was tried at the bar in the House of Lords. But were these things really worth seeing? We have seen the old Emperor William, his immediate successor to the throne of Prussia, the present Emperor, Bismarck, Liszt, Wagner, General Grant, Humbert I. of Italy, "Red" Leary, the burglar, Charles Fechter, Charlotte Cushman, Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler, but strange to say, we have never seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The mania of seeing things has divisions and subdivisions. There is the man who wishes to be the first, or of the first dozen, to cross a new bridge, go through a new tunnel, etc. There is the man who attends funerals in church or private house, whether he knew the "gentleman in the coffin" or not. One of the older Van Rensselaers in Albany, N. Y., was famous for his irreproachable presence with mourners of high and low degree 30 or 40 years ago. Every village has its inquisitive old lady who never misses a funeral.

August 13/1916

Now and then, when there is earnest talk of an "ideal theatre," some one names plays that should be revived—after they have been exhumed. It appears that some others than students of the drama would like to see Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," Middleton's "Changeling," some comedies of the Restoration, "Venice Preserved"—each one has his little list. Would they like to see "Damon and Pythias"? We saw it with E. L. Davenport as Damon.

"Lucullus, bring forth my steed." "Master, in hope to save thy life, I slew thy steed." We quote from memory, than which is nothing more treacherous.

Would The Tower of Nesle" go today as a melodrama? We saw it only once, in the eighties at the Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris, the theatre where it was produced in 1832. For the revival in 1886 Mme. Tessandier was engaged to take the part of Margaret of Burgundy. She played in the appropriately sensual and sombre spirit, but the men, actors of high reputation, went through their lines as though some one in the gallery might laugh. That excellent actor Dumaine took the part of Buridan. It seemed to us that he played the part with a rather deprecatory air of good-fellowship.

Reading the play last week—in a volume with "Angele" and "Catherine Howard"—we marvelled again at the genius of Dumas, who said of Lamartine after "Les Girondins": "He has raised history to the height of romance." Dumas had no illusions about the dignity of history. "What is it?" he asked; "it's a nail on which I hang my picture." Take "Catherine Howard" for example; was there ever a wider topsy-turveyfying of facts? Victor Hugo, who wrote strangely of England and English institutions in "The Man Who Laughs," invented nothing more preposterous than the final scene on the scaffold. Dumas himself called "Catherine Howard" a "drame extra-historique." He made no apology for taking the potion incident from "Romeo and Juliet."

Dumas characterized his "Tower of Nesle" as a drama of the imagination. We say "his," for if Gaillardet had not taken his drama to the manager of the Odeon, who in turn took it to Dumas, just recovering from an attack of cholera, which he had warded off by drinking ether, who would have heard of the play? Villemessant in his amusing memoirs thinks that Gaillardet had read Roger de Beauvoir's "Ecolier de Cluny" before he conceived the idea of "The Tower of Nesle." But there were writings of Brantome and other chroniclers at hand. There was a queen, Thamar by name, not unlike Margaret in taste and disposition, whose adventures in a high tower in the Caucasus were danced for us last season by the Russians to the music of Balakireff's symphonic poem.

But would "the Tower of Nesle" go today, on the stage or as a film play? Would anyone be thrilled by the appearance of the veiled woman in the tavern; would the once famous speech of Buridan pass without jeers?

"Have you not observed that they must be great ladies? Have you seen in our garrison amorous adventures many hands as white, many smiles as cold? Have you observed those rich garments, those voices so gentle, those looks so false? These mark great ladies, I tell you. They sought us out at night by an old veiled woman who spoke honeyed words. Oh, they are great ladies! Scarcely had we entered that dazzling place, perfumed and warm enough to make one drunk, than they welcomed us with a thousand tendernesses, abandoned themselves to us without delay, to us wholly unknown, dripping from the storm. You see now they are great ladies. At table they uttered blasphemies, held strange discourse, spoke odious words, forgot all restraint, all modesty; they forgot earth and heaven. I tell you they are great ladies, great ladies I tell you!" And at the end of this scene would the voice of the watchman without the tower: "It is 3 o'clock. All is well. Sleep, Parisians." cause a thrill? What actor as Savoisy could carry off the final speech: "Here is neither queen nor prime minister. There are a corpse, two assassins and the order signed by the king's hand to arrest this night those whom I shall find in the Tower of Nesle, whoever they may be."

We have never seen "The Tower of Nesle" in English. We have never seen "The Stranger." We have never seen

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "The Cataract of the Ganges." In the ideal theatre—when it is established—we hope to see these plays.

We received from a correspondent last week an extract from Dumas's memoirs with reference to "Goethe's "Faust":

"This booth contained the essentially national Punch show (Polichinelle)—a show from which Goethe borrowed his drama of 'Faust.'

"What, in fact, is Punch? A used-up, blase, cunning libertine, who runs off with women, baffles brothers and husbands, thrashes the officer of the law, and ends with being carried off by the Devil.

"What is Faust if he is not a libertine, used-up, blase—not very cunning, it is true—who runs off with Marguerite, kills her brother, thrashes the burgomasters, and ends with being carried away by Mephistopheles?

"I will not hazard the assertion that Punch is more poetical than Faust, but I will venture to maintain that he is as philosophical and more amusing."

But it is well known that Goethe was greatly interested in the puppet play of "Faust."

Lost, stolen or strayed—Kingsway's only statue! In other words, the effigy of Oscar Hammerstein which, ever since he built the London Opera House, has looked down upon passersby from the entrance to that edifice, is no more. Through good fortune and bad it was there to remind all and sundry of the enterprise—and optimism—of the impresario who hoped to compete successfully with Covent Garden and make "grand opera," unsuported by a social backing, a paying proposition in London. But one of the last tasks carried out by the workmen engaged in preparing the aforetime "temple of opera" for the reception of revue-lovers was to remove all traces of the features of the man who built it. Clearly, then, the title, "Look Who's Here!" was not intended to bear any reference to the Hammerstein statue.—London Daily Telegraph.

Miss Susan Spain-Dunk's new string quartet in B flat minor, performed in London July 20, is described as an agreeable little work. A new Phantasy Quartet by Captain Van Someren Godfrey is thus dismissed: "This quartet is as serious in its aim and as deft in its workmanship as is everything that we have heard from Captain Godfrey's pen, and while it does not strike any very new note, it contains much that is interesting."

It is stated that a medal will be presented to Christine Nilsson, Countess de Casa Miranda, on her 74th birthday, Aug. 20. The design and die work are by Eric Lindberg. The obverse side bears the bust of Christine Nilsson at the height of her fame, and on the reverse side is an allegorical composition with appropriate inscription. Copies of this medal in silver and in bronze may be obtained by subscription from J. de Lagerberg, member of the Swedish and the American Numismatic Society, 70 Park avenue, Passaic. In an address to be delivered to the countess the names of all subscribers will appear.

Mary Anderson appeared July 25 as Rosalind at an entertainment in aid of disabled soldiers. The play was performed on a stage specially erected by the side of a lake. Miss Anderson's son, Jose de Navarro, took the part of Le Beau. Incidental music was played by a string quartet on a barge moored in the lake.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of a recital in Queen's Hall, July 20: "There was something about the copious announcements of Mme. Tamisa's debut 'presented' by Prof. Kantorez that recalled certain pages of Trilby. The resemblance persisted when the professor conducted his pupil to the centre of the stage, where he left her with an encouraging hand-squeeze. It still persisted when she sang, for there was so little indication of personal temperament that one could almost have believed her to be under a spell. The voice itself, however, dispelled the illusory resemblanee to Trilby. After the glowing preliminary advertisements, it came as a shock. Except in the higher register, it has little resonance, and its timbre is disappointing. This was particularly felt in the aria from 'Louise,' which demands warmth of color, but the Puccini excerpts fared no better. The professor himself was prevented by throat trouble from taking his promised part in the proceedings."

A Rapsodie Wallonne for organ on "a poetic basis suggested by the war," by Guy Weitz of Liege, was performed at Albert Hall, July 21.

An intimation has been given to the effect that the promenade at the Empire Theatre is to be closed. This is due to Mr. Alfred Butt's initiative, and not to any action on the part of the authorities.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Tosca," which some English journals persist in calling "La Tosca," was revived by the Beecham company in London July 22. "The second act lost none of its thrills, which are somewhat violent for opera, though condoned because of the music, and on the general principle that many tenors—not, of course, Mr. Blamey—deserve to be tortured out of their complacency."

In "Releasing a Man," by Geoffrey Wilkinson, Miss Mary Moore played a duchess, who in order to release a man she has taken up, window-cleaning. "Miss Moore's humorous helplessness had a fine chance of displaying itself on the top of a pair of steps with a pail and a leather." This was at a matinee organized for charity July 18 by Mme. Genee.

On July 24, Mozart's "Escapo from the Harem," was performed at the Aldwych Theatre, London, for the benefit of the six children of the Spanish composer, Granados, who, with his wife, was lost in the sinking of the Sussex. The theatre was hung with Spanish shawls, and shawls and mantillas, also the now fashionable combs, were plentiful in the audience. The Times in an advance notice said that "The Seraglio" was preferred on preliminary bills "because it sounds both pretty and decorous; but it is misleading, for 'Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail' was a German comic opera written in support of the Emperor Joseph's effort to establish German national opera in Vienna." The chief charm of the opera, the Times says, "is that in it Mozart is very much himself; it is the first opera in which he can be said to have found himself, for 'Idomeneo,' its only important predecessor, was an experiment in a style which he did not follow out. It is the first in the series of delicious comedies which culminated in 'Don Giovanni' and ended with 'Cosi fan tutte'; though it is unlike its successors in the language of its libretto, it has much in common with them in its more important musical language." The Pall Mall Gazette found two strong reasons for the success of Mozartian comedy in English: "One is that the language is practically the only one besides Italian in which the rapid staccato diction so favored by the older writers can be delivered effectively; the other is that Mozartian fun is not remote from the manner in which the English comic spirit is wont to manifest itself. If the diction is clear, and the fun infectious, then you may lean back in your seat and know you are going to enjoy Mozart."

Soldiers are very proud of the songs that are intimately associated with their own regiment. The Lincolns, with their "Lincolnshire Poacher," the Middlesex, with their "Die Hards" (rarely sung save on the anniversary of Albuera), and the Devons, with "Widdicombe Fair," are examples of regiments with what might be called "proprietary" tunes. Perhaps the most musical of the soldiers of the King are the Welsh, but Scots and Irish are not far behind, though there are songs of both these nationalities which are usually taboo to regiments on the march.—London Daily Chronicle.

Philip Levi, a student of composition at the Royal Academy of Music, where his father Edgardo was head of the opera class for many years, has taken the Mendelssohn Scholarship. The first to take it was Arthur Sullivan in 1856. It is now worth about $500 a year.

Camille Saint Saens, who went to Buenos Ayres to conduct his "Samson et Dalila," has written a letter to the Figaro, Paris, demanding the banning of German editions of the classics. Not having a copy of Figaro, we must be contented with the abstract made by the Daily Telegraph of July 22:

"How comes it, he asked, that these editions have not been proscribed in France? If it were a case of not interfering with versions of which the authenticity and purity were above suspicion, something might be said for such tolerance. But no; it was simply a case of not affecting the sales of Peters and Littolf, which had done so much harm to musical commerce in France. The distinguished composer's interesting letter found him characteristically outspoken. Of the Littolf edition, he remarked, the less said the better. From every point of view it is one of the worst that was ever prepared. As for the Peters edition, it had to recommend it a fine appearance and its cheapness. But, beneath its fine looks, there was a complete absence of art. The fingering, for instance, M. Saint-Saens condemns as detestable and wholly incompatible with a good execution. Furthermore, the professors with gold spectacles who hove evolved this frightful fingering have 'improved upon' ('perfectionne') the music of the masters and disfigured it. This eminent authority proceeds to give chapter and verse, instancing blemishes of the kind indicated in the Peters edition of Chopin, and concludes by asking why, as war was very rightly being waged upon German trade, an exception should be made in favor of musical commerce."

Mr. Robin H. Legge has been considering pupils' concerts. Having heard pupils of famous teachers in London, he came to this conclusion: "No amount of the cleverest teaching of the most experienced teacher will eradicate certain defects from some of the pupils I have recently heard, while, on the other hand, I feel persuaded that the very musicalness of the playing and singing of some youngsters had no more to do with the particular teacher in whose school they were studying than with me. A pupil, I suppose, like a poet and many other things, is born, not made—not made into an artist, anyhow. For example, that young lady who played a Scryabin sonata a few days ago, and played it from memory as if for all the world it meant at the beginning of her life as much to her is it meant to Scryabin when he wrote it towards the end of his life (a life spent in terrific self-study, mind you), had something of elemental genius, or of more than a colorable imitation of it. As pure piano playing it was very fine indeed, but as the interpretation of a musical expression as far removed as possible from that which usually comes into the school curriculum it was not short of amazing. On the other hand, there was another performance which technically was of a high order, but from the interpretative point of view it was entirely lacking in all that makes for interpretation. In the matter of song again there is, for the same obvious reason, abundance of real talent undergoing instruction from which it undoubtedly benefits; while, on the other hand, side by side with it, is a complete lack of talent which yet can make a sufficient effect to be almost dangerous. From my experience in the last few weeks I should say that there is more of really musical talent among the student instrumentalists than among the singers. Most certainly there is a far wider discretion shown by the teachers of the piano than by singing teachers in the matter of the selection of the programs. And here I would like to remark on the singular absence of native music from the majority of the programs. Mozart, Saint-Saens, Bizot, Meyerbeer, and so on, no doubt have provided superb material for students, but presumahly the majority of the professional students intend to follow a career in England, where they will have to sing in their native language. Is it not a little strange, then, that the entire program of one of these pupils' concerts should have been devoted to operatic music by foreign musicians? If these things are sung in English it is but in a translation. If in the original, then the idea is essentially wrong. Why not let the public hear an extract or two from a native opera? Further, I cannot see that, with all the talking and writing that have occurred since the war began as to the advisability of adopting a new system of program arrangement, anything has been accomplished or even sought to be accomplished at the majority of pupils' concerts! This, I take it, is a matter of supreme importance where youth is concerned. Look where you will, you see almost precisely the same order of things obtaining now as has obtained, year in, year out, for the past five and twenty years. That was a rare exception to which prominence was given in a notice in the Daily Telegraph a week or so ago. True, the scheme of the pianists' recital was, if memory serves, entirely foreign. But it was also entirely unhackneyed, new, fresh, and as such thoroughly enjoyable and of passing interest. It contained a number of masterpieces of Russian music that are painfully ignored by professional pianists today.

"Now these are things of both interest and of great importance. I have no faith whatever in bringing up the youngsters upon a stodgy and limited diet of the musical classics. Of what use is it to live in the twentieth century if we are to derive all our musical sustenance from a century that is gone? There is a difficulty, I know, in finding a sufficiently plentiful supply of contemporary native piano music suitable for the concert room. But is the difficulty as insuperable as would appear from the almost complete absence of native music from not only the average concert program, but more particularly the program of the average pupils' concert? I do not think so. I do think that a good deal of excellent music exists which it is right that these pupils should play or sing. It is their duty to discover it through their teachers, and to reveal it to their contemporaries, for it is the music of their own generation. In the matter of song the question is more easily solved, and I have already indicated one source of supply that has never been tapped in my time, namely, native operatic scores, the scores of Mackenzie, Corder, Stanford, Cowen, and the many native composers who, if they cannot find places in the operatic repertoire of today for their works might yet be conceded places for extracts from those operas in our concert rooms. In any case, does any singing teacher, either native or foreign, ever dive into these works to seek after the good things that at least may lie hidden in them? If examined, I would wager that not half a dozen singing teachers in London have any kind of knowledge of, say, Mackenzie's 'Columba,' or Stanford's 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' or Cowen's 'Thorgrim,' and so forth. I hope I am wrong, but I cannot bring myself to think that I am in this matter.

"It is essential that the teachers (and especially native teachers, the foreigners are hopeless) themselves wake up in the matters I have indicated. They are teaching now the potential teachers of the next generation, and I repeat, finally, that I can see no advantage in living in the twentieth century if all our musical food is to be provided by those whom we may call the ancients. It is now, when they are in a state of pupilage, that the students should be brought into contact with the composition of their own compatriots, if for no higher reason than that of curiosity. Something possibly might eventuate thus. But nothing can eventuate from a dull and sullen and complete ignoring of our own music by students, or rather by those who are responsible for their upbringing, and so, for the formation of their taste—which taste must be developed by experience."

A Surprising Owner of Music Halls

Mr. Harold Begbie talking with Mr. Oswald Stoll, widely known as a manager of English music halls, puts the question fairly whether any one of us would not say that Mr. Stoll must be something of a whirlwind, and picture him as " loud-speaking, swift-moving, fierce-looking man of affairs—a broad-brimmed and too-shiny tall hat cocked over on ear, a huge cigar (with the label on) sticking up on the opposite side of a fiery-red face?"

Mr. Begbie, writing to the London Daily Chronicle of July 21, gives an entertaining sketch of this owner of music halls.

My dear sir, my dear madam, there is not a cat curled up on any hearthrug in England so gentle, so quiet, so indifferent to the racket of the world.

You must picture to yourself a man above the medium height, square-shouldered and upright, sitting on a straight-backed chair in an attitude which would commend itself to a fakir; you must imagine further a pair of prominent, smiling and kindly eyes behind pince-nez, a thick brownish moustache, a rather full face, and a high forehead, from which the hair is beginning to emigrate; and, above all things, you must imagine a very low voice, speaking slowly and carefully in the tones so common with deaf people, the voice of a student, the voice of a man of science, the voice of a modest and patient spirit.

Good heavens (I thought to myself), how comes such a man as this into the whirl of music halls!—and I put the question to Mr. Stoll.

"It was forced upon me," he said. "Circumstances chose my career for me." He smiled, and added, "I was managing a music-hall when I was fourteen and a half years of age. My stepfather died, and there was no one else to carry on the business."

This was said with so quiet an amusement that I asked him was his soul in the business, his fourteen-and-a-half-years-of-age soul.

"Well," said he, smiling, "I took considerable pride in compiling the programs!" He reflected for a moment, and, in his gentle, modest way, continued: "I never felt the attraction of the stage in boyhood. My happiness was to wander in and out of second-hand book shops. It was at this time I bought John Locke 'On the Human Understanding,' and read him. I was always interested in books. I wanted to know things. All my spare time and all my spare money went in the pursuit of knowledge. But I was nevertheless very serious about that little music-hall. I would write a dozen letters to a single singer asking him to take five shillings less! In those days a program would cost £16; now it may be £400.

He went on, "But everything has changed. In those days a music-hall artist thought very little of money. His reward was jolly company. Most of them were fond of drink; some of them extremely fond."

"In the company of such men," I asked him, "did you not learn habits which were difficult to break afterwards?"

He shook his head. "I am a life-long abstainer," he replied, "and I never smoke."

What a curious owner of music-halls!

"I have always felt pleasure," he went on, "in compiling programs. It interests me to compose a program which expresses my own ideas in an entertainment of universal interest. All the arts should be represented in a music-hall entertainment, as indeed in the theatre of serious drama. I like to give people as much pleasure as can be got from architecture and painting, from literature and music, from singing and dancing. One tries to express oneself in this way. Public taste is always improving, and it is a pleasure to go on striving to give people the best that can be got from all the arts."

I spoke about the war, and he told me that in places where the soldiers are quartered the music-hall is enjoying great prosperity, but in places where munitions are being made night and day there is an opposite tale to be told. As for what is called the serious drama, he thinks it must suffer in war time, and not only because people want cheerfulness, but because this great war has unmasked our serious drama as a false thing. "It is unreal," he said; "it does not reflect life; it does not hold the mirror up to nature; and war—well, war is a terrible realist! But I think that this great war will produce a great dramatist, and then the serious drama will recover its prosperity."

He told me something so horrible that I scarcely like to write it. But since he assures me that the case was reported in nearly all the newspapers, and since it is something to make us all bestir ourselves in a right direction, let me set it down here, but briefly, as briefly as possible.

We were speaking of the admirable houses for totally disabled soldiers which Mr. Stoll is bringing so successfully into existence—houses where soldiers and their families will live very

...ably, ...not only all the conveniences of an efficient flat but such hospital treatment as nursing, massage and treatment by electricity.

"It is dreadful to think," he said, "what may happen to a totally disabled soldier. Think what it would mean to have thousands of these men in workhouse infirmaries. You see their pensions are not enough to support a family, and in many cases their disability entails the constant attention of their wives, who will not therefore be able to earn money. Take the case in the papers. A woman was summoned in the police court for beating her husband—a disabled soldier. The poor fellow had neither arms nor legs. He was the most helpless creature on earth—a log with life, a log with capacity to feel and suffer, but with no power to move or defend himself. And his wife pummelled him. He was an encumbrance. His helplessness, I suppose, got upon her nerves, exasperated her, and at last she could stand it no longer, and beat him.

Heavens, what a dreadful, what a horrible life! I pray that the public may pour thousands and thousands of pounds into Mr. Stoll's money-box for totally disabled soldiers. America is helping. Australia is helping. But immense sums will be necessary."

Do you know what is Mr. Stoll's chief interest in life? It is the science of finance.

"I used to read Jevons as a youth," he told me, "and the other day, looking over one of his books, I found that I had marked passages I could not understand. I see now why I couldn't understand them. It was because Jevons did not understand them himself." He smiled in his resigned and patient way, adding, "Very few people understand finance. It was John Locke who proposed a gold currency, and it was well over 1[illegible] years afterwards before it was adopted. We are slow in taking up ideas."

Mr. Stoll objects to the banker's monopoly of credit. He believes that the real basis of national credit is property of any kind used to provide a living for human beings.

Israel Zangwill on the War and the Drama

For the man in the street the grand tragedy of the war was to be the fate of the Kaiser, passing in punishment for his hubris from the apex of an empire to St. Helena, or Devil's Island or a cage, or even, according to "Punch," a gibbet. This concept of tragedy by "decline and fall" is the conventional one. It is the tragedy of Agamemnon in Aeschylus, of Wolsey and Richard II. in Shakespeare.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

But who cannot see that this isolation of an individual is utterly disproportionate to the gigantic scale and issues of the war? Already, in fact, the Kaiser has receded to the background even in Germany, where Von Hindenburg and three or four others take precedence in the popular imagination. The fall of the Kaiser would be almost anecdotal in relation to the real theme of the world-tragedy. * * *

In a symbolic drama lies, therefore, one possible development of a modern tragedy, in the presentation of clashing world-currents through figures incarnating the opposed tendencies. But these figures must stake their all upon the issue. Like Kruger, who stood for nationalism; like Cobden, who stood for internationalism, they must be carved in granite. They cannot turn lightly from peace to war, from militarism to pacifism, from faith to unfaith. That way lies comedy. When I saw Kruger in his exile standing before his great Dutch Bible, I realized that his tragedy lay less in his fall than in the clash of his naive belief with the bigger battalions on whose side Providence had ranged itself. The dramatist, though he may use his figures as symbols and thus infuse his drama with a significance lacking to the suffering of individuals, must never forget that art deals with individuals and not with "isms." It is not in the collapse of internationalism or Socialism, of the Transvaal or Belgium, that poetic tragedy lies, but in the reflection of these events in the souls of the protagonists.

In the Mass-Drama—another modern potentiality exploited by Hauptmann in "The Weavers" and less purely by Hardy in "The Dynasts," that gigantic canvas more populated than Tintoretto's Paradise—no one individual summarizes the suffering. Hauptmann's hero is the crowd and so is Hardy's despite that Napoleon occupies the foreground. Yet it is always through the individual soul that the great tragic forces are seen passing, refracted according to the nature of each.

Tragedy, interpreted as the clash of forces, and with the symbolization of these forces by individuals, or by masses seen through individuals, is thus our modern form of the higher drama. Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife," which is an exact exemplification of this formula of the clash, carries it in its very title. The "Armageddon" of Mr. Stephen Phillips, though its matter is burningly topical, is not a modern drama at all, and its supernatural stage machinery, its resuscitation of Beelzebub and Belial is still more obsolete. Even Mr. Hardy, whose vision is so fresh and fearless, has environed his great epic-drama with the "Overworld," and created a series of "Phantom Intelligences"—Spirits and Choruses of Pity and Humor, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, not to mention the Shade of the Earth. It looks as if the poets felt instinctively the need of that deeper background of which Maeterlinck speaks as if without some equivalent of it they cannot respond to M. Victor Giraud's demand for a drama that shall be to us what the classic drama was to our forefathers. Most of all do they seem to need a direct medium for that "criticism of life" which, pace Matthew Arnold, is far more the drama's function than that of poetry in general. Yet, as a device for a running commentary upon the action, Mr. Hardy's neomythic figures are not markedly superior to the Greek Chorus, while, as a substitute for the old supernatural background, they have the fatal defect of unreality. Mr. Hardy himself admits their insubstantiality without apparently understanding its cause. That lies in the fact that all the figures of traditional myth, from the talking serpent of Eden to those old German gods whom it is now sought to galvanize, had their day of belief, when they were felt as matter-of-fact as men and horses, and the aura of their ancient reality still lingers and vibrates about them. Of the Seraphs and the Cherubim the Hebrew liturgy even records the exact measurements from toe to wing-tip, and that the angel has still a living appeal is shown by the legend of the angels that appeared at Mons on the side of the British. But Mr. Hardy—as Charles Lamb said of much smaller writers—for the supernatural gives us the non-natural.

Far more serious a contribution to the modern drama is Mr. Hardy's atmosphere of fate. As given upon our stage by Mr. Granville Barker, "The Dynasts" was strangely debased into a British war play with a patriotic tag, but it is in truth the specious utterance of an agnostic Spinoza. These swarms of figures from Napoleon to the smallest drummer boy, from the beacon-watchers in Wessex to the candle snuffers in the House of Commons, from empresses and archduchesses to trulls and market women, are all exhibited as caught in the wave of a common destiny. The immanent world spirit—itself perhaps ironically unconscious—is seen animating the entire spectacle as an organic whole. We behold "as it were the interior of a brain which seems to manifest the volitions of a universal will, of whose tissues the personages of the action form portion." The puppets in short dance and ironic spirits bid us

Mark the twitchings of this Bonaparte
As he with other figures foots his reel.

And one must confess that the world-war seems to afford an uncomfortable confirmation of Hardy's dramatic method. Here is an immense net in which all the nations have tangled themselves, though at the moment of the outbreak of war probably not a soul in the world wanted it, for even the Prussian militarists must have wished to draw back when they knew England was coming in. The frantic struggles of the diplomatists to break through their own coils were only equalled by the desperate efforts of emperors. Read the last wild telegrams exchanged at dead of night between Tzar and Kaiser, between Emperor and King. These mightiest of mankind, who bestride the planet like Colossi and command the homage of half the human race, show as straws in a maelstrom. It might well seem as if—in Hardy's words:

Ere systemed stars were globed and lit
The slaughters of the race were writ,
And wasting wars, by land and sea,
Fixed, like all else, immutably!

And the effort to end the war seems as beyond individual volition as the effort to avert it. An immense force, clearly made of individual minds, yet gigantic and impersonal, urges forward the combat, denies retreat.

A will that wills above the will of each,
Yet but the will of all conjunctively.

Nevertheless, it is precisely because of its all-enveloping fatalism that "The Dynasts" cannot become a model for the modern dramatist.

Hardy himself seems to have felt that the drawback of "The Dynasts" lay in its impracticability on the stage. When he finished it he felt like sending it to the managers—so he once told me—with a "Play that if you can!" And, indeed, so cosmic a spectacle—some episodes of which were to be viewed from standpoints in the stellar system—might well have seemed adapted only to an audience of archangels. But nowadays aviators might almost supply the audience, and films taken by them might almost pass on their visions to the patrons of the cinematograph, which could in any case render the big battle-pieces. No the real objection to "The Dynasts" is that of the puppet-play.

In the Greek dramas Fate—at best an uncertain and wavering conception—was limited to a family, a dynasty; it was the nemesis of insolence, it was Ate visiting the sins of the fathers on the children. In Ibsen's "Ghosts," Ate took the modern shape of heredity, and was the nemesis for vice. But in Hardy the fog of Fate swathes and muffles and equalises everything. If Fate is to play a part in modern drama, it will be at most the Fate suggested in Maeterlinck's "Hour of Destiny." Here we have an evil Fate—a planetary will, or ill-will, making for the iron hegemony of Germany, yet avertible by a gigantic effort of the rest of the world. That is a conception not free from confusion, for what is avertible is not the will of the planet, but at most only a planetary tendency capable of being counteracted by another planetary tendency—with which we may range ourselves. This sense of freedom to fight Fate is not to be found in the brooding Belgian poet, but the outraged Belgian patriot feels it in his blood and bones.

But whether it is the business of the dramatist to indicate his own "planetary tendency" is a moot point. According to Bradley, he should, and our British thinker finds fault with Hegel for ignoring that one of the colliding forces that make drama may be evil. No fault can be found with Stephen Phillips on this score, for his Kaiser is merely Attila reanimated by Satan. This is a sufficient warning against writing tropical drama before Time, which tries all, has sifted things unmistakably. The spirit is like to be as partisan as the matter is raw.

The dynamic drama has, indeed, its place. The dramatist—like Brieux in some of his plays—may seek to enforce a point of view. But the dynamic drama, like the topical, has its risks. Like the political pamphlet, it is apt to become obsolete by its own success or its own failure, and to turn into a platitude or an absurdity. The poet is safest in limiting himself to the clash of forces. For Life offers enough of beauty and pity and terror to build the highest art, and these abide eternally, and appeal afresh and under constantly changing aspects to every fresh generation. And the artist's exposition of colliding forces cannot fail to throw light upon the rights and the wrongs thereof.

Since these colliding forces run through creation—war proper being only what Bacon calls an "ostensive instance"—it follows that the drama, whose life is clash, is the truest of all literary forms. "All things run," said Heraclitus. He should have said that they run into one another. Nothing exists but by clashing against something else, which by limiting it also defines it, just as the sea and the land—"commensurate antagonists," Elia finely calls them—perpetually bound and fashion each other. Tragedy is thus no external accident but the very root of reality.

Superfluous, therefore, to revive Beelzebub or Belial or to hatch new-fangled spirits of irony and pity, when life itself offers every element of pathos and mystery, of horror and deviltry, that poetic dignity demands. Out of the clash and conflict of the forces of life the modern dramatist may build a tragedy as noble and unadorned as a Doric temple rising 'twixt sea and sky on its rocky headland.—Israel Zangwill in the London Daily Chronicle.

Aug 14 1916

A ROMANTIC WAITER

That a son of King Milan, though not a legitimate heir to the throne of Serbia, is now a waiter in a dining car will please those who find in the humiliation of royal families a form of divine justice, and quote with a peculiar zest the line of the Magnificat: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats." So in old times Lucian took delight in showing the abasement in the next world of the great that strutted in this. So Voltaire brought together at a tavern table in Venice an assortment of deposed kings, who told Candide that they would be happy to see the Carnival.

The Balkan kings have not been taken seriously by librettists and novelists, although their reigns in many instances have been spectacular and bloody. Daudet naturally looked toward the southeast of Europe for the motif of his "Kings in Exile." Librettists and dramatists have invented kingdoms suggested by Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, as in former years potentates of Peru or millionaires of Brazil sung and danced in opera-bouffe. There was little that was comic in the life and death of King Milan, but the fate of his illegitimate son, one of the Christichs, is not necessarily tragic. When William of Prussia was alive each child of the royal family was obliged to learn a trade, to insure a livelihood in case of an overthrow, or to please the people by the thought that royalty could be simple and industrious. This poor Christich had attempted to earn his living in a government bureau; on the stage, where the police interfered because he was billed as a prince—he should have come to America—and finally, not being able to do anything else in a satisfactory manner, not having any trade or profession, he turned to waiting on table.

If he has a lordly air, if he serves with authority and grace, this Christich may be promoted. Then as ruler of a dining car he will be among the absolute monarchs, among the tyrants now allowed on earth. He wears a uniform, the trappings and insignia of office; his romantic history will lend him a crown for daily use. There was a rumor that he or his brother, now useful as a ladies' tailor in a London department store, had been proclaimed King of Serbia by Germany and Austria. This is complimentary, but either brother would be wise to retain his present position. The tips in a dining car are substantial; the brother in London is receiving about $15 a week.

NATIVE MATERIAL

There is a fruitless discussion at present concerning the precise degree of influence exerted by Guy de Maupassant over Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman writing her realistic stories of New England life. Women that know Mrs. Freeman and have talked with her; women that know Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould; women that knew Jonathan Sturges, who translated some of the Frenchman's tales, and Mrs. Gerould are all voluble and vociferous.

These disputants forget that human nature in villages is about the same, whether the village is in a French or English province, or in our country. When stories of farms and villages by Maupassant were first translated into English, many, knowing country life in Masachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, were at once struck by similarity of incident, comic or tragic, by similarity of behavior and speech in view of corresponding circumstances. It was not necessary for Miss Wilkins to read Maupassant's tales for the purpose of finding material or forming and shaping expression. Thrifty old men and women, the "near" and the miserly, sensitive young women compelled to live in a stifling atmosphere, old maids still romantic, bashful and blundering and belated wooers, astounding acts of the supposedly unobtrusive and shrinking, the crushing effect of the ironbound gloomy creed, contrasts between the morbid and the irrepressibly buoyant—all this was not confined within the boundaries of a French village.

These disputants forget that the various aspects of this New England life appealed also to Miss Alice Brown and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, who, each in her own way, told tales that would have amused Maupassant in the years when he was master of his work, before he was concerned with duchesses and read only the Almanach de Gotha.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Before we go on a little journey with Mr. Herkimer Johnson—we may visit Mr. Eugene Golightly at his summer palace for a few days—we make room for two letters. "G. F. D." writes in a pleasing manner of his first play. Some of us who spent our boyhood in villages saw plays acted by amateurs in a town hall before we entered a real theatre in a city. "Still Waters Run Deep" was a favorite. All we remember of it was the sight of the village silk manufacturer on a ladder doing something with a hammer. Does any one remember "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh"?

His First Play.

As the World Wags:

A recent communication from Mr. Owen Coyne suggests a new line of reminiscences which I think would prove entertaining and strike more than one

sympathetic chord. Why not invite your readers to give, as Mr. Coyne does, a brief account of the first play they ever witnessed?"

I well remember "The Veteran," though it was not my first, and the actors whom Mr. Coyne names. Who that saw them could forget Mr. L. R. Shewell of the manly presence and magnificent voice, or beautiful Kate Reignolds with her delightful half-lisp—the idol of my youthful adoration—or any of the old Museum favorites?

My father being a Methodist minister, our family, of course, were not theatre-goers, for the Methodist Discipline forbade it, and the rules were most strictly enforced then, not to mention the fact that a minister's family could not set an example of such worldly-mindedness without great scandal. But we represented, I think, the average respectable family of that day. There were, of course, many people who belonged to no church, though they formed a much smaller proportion of the population than at present and were not considered quite respectable; and there were Unitarians and Episcopalians, some of whom went occasionally to the theatre, but even among these "liberals" the proportion was small and they were guarded in their choice of plays.

My father used to say that each of his family, when they all came to suitable age, might go to the theatre once, "to see what it was like." Possibly he thought that one glimpse would be enough to satisfy them forever of its dangerous character, so they would never wish to go again; but, if so, he was never more mistaken. This being the limit of indulgence, one was fain to select his single opportunity with great care. Usually one of the great stars in a Shakespearean role was chosen.

Of actual theatres, Boston had at that time but three; and it was significant of the puritanical tone then prevailing in the city that not one of them was called a theatre. They were known, respectively, as the Howard Athenaeum, the Boston Museum and the Academy of Music (now the Boston Theatre).

My own first venture was at the Museum, when I was 12 or 13 years of age. A friend of the family, a well known Boston merchant, invited me to go with him, and, after my father's consent had been obtained, I left it to him to choose the time and place, having expressly informed him of its being my one and only chance. He therefore chose with great wisdom a piece that would appeal to my childish imagination by its spectacular effects, rather than a heavy Shakespearean tragedy.

The play selected was called "The Enchantress," and Miss Caroline Richings, of great repute both as an actress and a singer, was specially engaged for the leading part. The only thing I remember about the story is that she was the queen of a band of pirates. I shall never forget the thrill that passed through me when the curtain rose and "discovered" the pirates on the deck of their vessel, arrayed in barbaric costumes of gay colors, and girt with cutlasses and horse pistols and looking very fierce indeed; nor how they suddenly burst into song, with what I thought the grandest music I had ever heard. It was a chorus with a refrain which ran

Ever be happy and fair as thou art,
Pride of the pirates' heart.

I remember the air perfectly well, though I have never heard it sung since.

Ah me! Such thrills come but once in a lifetime, and nothing can even faintly stir such emotions in after days. Will the songs of the angels on the other shore have any such power, I wonder? Well, we must wait and see. "When I wake up," the Psalmist says, "I shall be satisfied," and all good Christians pin their hope to his and try to think he was prophesying for them as well as for himself. I hope it may not seem irreverent, but I am fain to acknowledge that after Caroline Richings, "The Enchantress," and the old Museum pirates, it will take a great deal to satisfy me!

G. F. D.

"G. F. D." should have gone to the minstrel shows, for "Ever Be Happy" from Balfe's opera was a favorite opening chorus for many years, as popular as "O, Hail Us Ye Free" from "Ernani" and "I Hear the Hoofs Upon the Hill" with music from "The Bronze Horse."—Ed.

On the Shore.

As the World Wags:

The incident recorded in the daily papers of the woman who in a fit of mental abstraction forgot her three months old boy on the sands at Revere Beach and only returned with her husband to seek him after the police had made arrangements for his being taken care of at a children's home is singularly reminiscent of a monologue of George Grossmith in which he burlesqued the inevitable Village Quartet that comes out now and then in what he described as the almost interminable dramas of rural American life. For "The Old Oaken Bucket" or some other time-honored favorite, he substituted nonsense verses of his own which with his imitations of the deep bass, the reedy and sometimes shaky first tenor and the other voices have a ludicrously comic effect. I think there were but two verses. As well as I can remember they went as follows:

The sun was rising, gently rising,
Rising as it never riz before;
We were thinking of the old plantation,
And we left the baby on the shore.

Chorus:

Yes, we left the baby on the shore.
A thing which we never done before.
Away down by the Suwanee river,
You will find the baby on the shore.

The sun was setting, softly setting,
Setting as it never sot before;
We were feeling weary, very weary,
And we sat upon the baby on the shore.

Chorus:

Yes, we sat upon the baby on the shore.
A thing which we never done before.
If you meet the mother, tell her gently.
That we're sitting on her baby on the shore.

Noddle Island. ORION.

Vacation Aug 15 1916

A CHANGE OF NAME.

Physicians prefer the name "acute anterior poliomyletis" to "infantile paralysis," on the ground that this particular disease is one of several infantile paralyses, yet in the minds of common folks the familiar name will obtain. Former names of diseases were often picturesque. What could be more appropriate than "the falling sickness" for epilepsy? "The King's evil" for scrofula brings with it the old superstition of a royal cure. Who would not rather suffer from quinsy than from squinancy? Is a child easier with chin cough than with whooping cough? Many died from "inflammation of the bowels" before the term "appendicitis" was coined or the disease itself correctly diagnosed.

Perhaps in the present instance "acute anterior poliomyletis" is not so terrifying a phrase as "infantile paralysis," for to the layman it is vague and obscure; yet to the more ignorant the very name may be appalling because it is learned and many-syllabled, as the scolding fish wife was stunned into silence when she was called a "hypotenuse."

'VERY GOOD EDDIE' OPENS

Wilbur Theatre, "Very Good Eddie," a musical comedy in two acts; book by Philip Bartholomae and Guy Bolton; music by Jerome Kerr; lyrics by Schuyler Green. First performance in Boston.

Steward on the "Catskill"	Walter C. Brown
Monsieur de Rougement	Jean De Briac
Dick Rivers	Oscar Shaw
Mme. Matroppa	Florence Earle
Elsie Lilly	Anna Orr
Eddie Kettle	Ernest Truex
Georgina Kettle	Magna Paxton
Magazine Girl	Cathleen George
Percy Darling	Harry Linkey
Elsie Darling	Alice Dovey
Al. Cleveland	Denman Maley
Victoria Lake	Julia Mills
Chrystal Poole	Marion Davis
Lily Pond	Margaret Moore
Belle Fontaine	Bessie Mulligan
Flo Tide	Irma Chase
Virginia Spring	May Allen

The theatrical season opened gaily at the Wilbur Theatre last evening with "Very Good Eddie," described as a companion piece to "Nobody Home" and presented by the same producers, Elizabeth Marbury and F. Ray Comstock.

This season's production has a long New York run to its credit. Based on Mr. Bartholomae's farce, "Over-Night," it has the advantage of an amusing connected story. The dialogue is breezy, unexpected, neatly turned. The adventures of the Kettles and the Darlings lend themselves easily to a musical setting, and Mr. Kerr's talent for melody and syncopation has been effectively used.

As in the farce, the first act takes place on the deck of "The Catskill." Here the Darlings and the Kettles are separated by cruel fate. Meek little Eddie and Mrs. Darling are carried away by the Hudson river boat. Percy and Mrs. Kettle, "the two Saint Bernards," are left behind.

At the Rip Van Winkle Inn, though tempted, Eddie remains true to his name. Later both couples are happily reunited.

Mr. Truex, remembered for his impersonation of the boy detective in "The Dummy," plays the musical comedy husband with unflagging good humor and an appealing lisp. He is constantly amusing. He has the lack of self-consciousness of the low comedian. His assumption of manliness is made with droll sincerity. He bewails the diminutive size of his collar and shoes with genuine fervor. Throughout his impersonation there is shrewd lightness of touch and engaging spontaneity.

Miss Dovey, as Mrs. Darling, is an attractive partner for Mr. Truex. She acts with vivacity, sings sweetly and dances prettily. The other members of the quartet—Mr. Darling and Mrs. Kettle — are less in evidence. They are capably played by Mr. Linkey and Miss Paxton. Miss Orr, a gospel-eyed young woman, attracted attention by irrestible nonchalance and a persuasive manner. She used a light voice effectively and danced in a beguiling fashion.

Others in the cast deserve recognition. Mr. Maley, as Al. Cleveland, clerk at the Rip Van Winkle Inn, delivered his lines with the necessary aplomb. Mr. de Briac was a realistic Frenchman of the comic and amorous variety. Miss Earle, as Mme. Matroppa, worked hard in an ungrateful part, played in New York by Miss Ada Lewis, Harrigan's famous tough girl. Mr. Shaw was well dressed and indefatigable in repartee and dancing.

Many of the musical numbers will be pleasantly remembered. Some are already familiar. "Some Sort of Somebody," "Isn't It Great to be Married," "On the Shore at Le Lei Wi," "If I Find a Girl" and Babes in the Woods," sung by Miss Dovey and Mr. Truex are among the best.

The young women of the ensemble were remarkable for their comeliness and youthful high spirits. Not dressed alike, but according to their several types, they wore becoming costumes gracefully and with distinction. The fashion show is a feature of the second act.

Both settings are picturesque. In that of the second act Miss Elsie de Wolfe has displayed fine taste in the combination of color and charming symmetry.

A large audience welcomed the play with enthusiasm and throughout the evening there was prolonged applause.

MEISTERSINGERS RETURN FOR FIFTH SEASON HERE

Are Warmly Welcomed by Audience at Keith's.

The Meistersingers, who are returning to Keith's for their fifth Boston season, were warmly welcomed last night in their new production, "At the Flag Station." The characters that usually make up the group at a country railroad station were represented by the singers, who are all more or less familiar figures to Keith's audiences. Although the program is for the most part new solos and choruses, certain of the songs that have become favorite numbers are repeated this year, among them "In the Gloaming," "Monastery Bells" and the "Glow Worm." The passage of the White Mountain express with the speed of the Twentieth Century Limited is the starting climax of the act.

In a most artistic setting, quite Bakst-like in its curious colorings, Albertina Rasch, a European dancer from the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, with her group of coryphees, performs a series of ballet divertissements adapted to music by Grieg, Strauss, Liszt and Theurer. They were arranged by the clever Austrian dancer herself and the interpretation of the Hungarian Rhapsodie, which Mlle. Rasch dances, is an especially marvelous rendition of the weird music and of the wild Hungarian temperament.

The vaudeville bill that accompanied these attractions includes the Equili brothers, masters of equilibrism; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde, who are extremely clever shadowgraph experts; Tom Kerr and Steffy Berko, performing with "speaking" violins; Jack Onri, who is an amusing silent humorist; the English ventriloquists, Tom Edwards and Miss Melville; Lew Wilson in a series of unusual stunts, and Joe Laurie and Aleen Bronson, who noticeably resembles a popular motion picture actress.

Aug 16 1916

"MRS." OR "MISS."

It is stated that German women betrothed to soldiers who do not return to "the fond arms mutely embracing" will have the right to the title "Frau," or "Mrs." This will glorify the bereaved and in some instances assure their honor in the community. Thus is brought up the question, how should women writing on business matters and neglecting to state whether they are Mrs. or Miss be addressed? Or if it is necessary for one to address a woman, a stranger, in speech, should he seek refuge in his perplexity in the still more formal "madam"?

In old English days a woman, widow, wife, spinster, was not offended if she were addressed as "Mistress" So-and-so. Essayists and poets of the 18th century thus spoke of maidens free. There is a pleasing quaintness in the term. "Miss" in comparison seems flippant or patronizing. And "mistress" written out cannot provoke laughter, unlike "mister," which, ironical as it may seem in some households, is a weakened form of "master."

Travelers in France have hesitated between "madame" and "mademoiselle" in speaking to the woman at the desk. Resentment was sometimes shown in either case. There was a time in France when "mademoiselle" was the title given to a married woman whose husband was not of the nobility. The great Mademoiselle was the eldest daughter of the King's eldest brother. The great Madame was the King's eldest daughter, while Monsieur, after the sixteenth century, was the younger brother of the King.

Perhaps in any country the reception depends on the age and temper of the woman addressed. A maiden withering on the stalk may smile on hearing "madam" or "Mrs.," and a matron, fictitiously youthful in appearance will not resent the term "Miss." The German women are the greatest sticklers for precisely defining titles. The wife of an apothecary is furiously vexed if she is not given the full title "Frau Apotheke," and so it goes up the scale. Possibly the inevitable change in the position and occupations of women in Europe since the war may affect the disposition of titles. Certainly no one will grudge the betrothed and bereft women of Germany the title of "Mrs.," especially when they happen to be mothers.

Ellen von Tideboehl, in the August number of the Monthly Musical Record, discusses the musical season of 1915-16 in Moscow.

A general survey of the Moscow musical season fills us with a feeling of pride; for our musicians, knowing that nothing is more refreshing in war time than music, have increased their endeavors rather than otherwise. The concert halls and opera houses have been crowded with enthusiastic audiences who listened to music of the most serious kind with the keenest interest. The musical season opened with a cycle of concerts organized by S. Kussevitzsky in memory of Alexander Scriabin. All his five symphonies were given, and Kussevitzsky shows a special sympathy with the composer. He also organized recitals of Scriabin's piano works, choosing the half-year anniversary (Oct. 27) of his death and (Oct. 29) of his funeral. The pianists were Nicolas Orloff, A. Borovsky, Constantine Igoumnoff and Alexander Goldenweiser. Scriabin's fame increases with us daily. Sergius Rachmaninoff included several of Scriabin's compositions at his second Clavier evening. His renderings were virile and energetic, and perhaps missed the mystic note of the composer's own playing. [illegible] Tcherbina also played several of Scriabin's advanced works at [illegible] in Kieff, where R. Gliere, director of the Kieff Conservatoire, conducted Scriabin's symphonies.

"Anatol Drosdoff lectured on Scriabin's music, emphasizing the theosophic views of the composer; but his musical renderings were rather too robust to obtain the fullest effects from the more ethereal parts. Vitcheslaff Ivanoff, a friend of Scriabin, also lectured upon the same subject. Alexander Goldenweiser playing the later music (and particularly the Tenth Sonata) with great distinction.

"The number of symphony concerts in Moscow has been reduced on account of war conditions, the Hall of the House of Nobility and the fine concert room of the Moscow Conservatoire having been converted into hospitals. Kussevitszky took the large Nezlobin Theatre and gave symphony concerts (a subscription series), including Scriabin's works. Sergius Taneieff's "On Reading a Psalm," Rachmaninoff's "The Spring" (a cantata composed in 1902 on a poem by Nekrassoff) and his "Bells" (based on Poe's poem) were also given. Rachmaninoff played his Third Pianoforte Concerte. The vocalists were Mme. Stepanoff (soprano) and I. Altchevsky (tenor). A whole concert was devoted to Glazonnoff on his 50th birthday. At Kussevitzsky's seventh concert Beethoven's 7th Symphony was performed, and Nicolas Medtner played the Fourth Piano Concerto very brilliantly. At the final concert Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was given, with Mme. Balanovska as Marguerite, I. Altchevsky as Faust, I. Tartakoff as Mephistopheles and P. Tichonoff as Brander. Especially remarkable were the orchestral interludes—the March, the Dance of Sylphs

and the Finale. The work brought the season to a brilliant close.

In the of the Imperial Russian Musical Society's concerts, at which the members of the Imperial Opera orchestra play, some symphony concerts were arranged under Vassily Safonoff and Alexander Glazounoff. Tschaikovsky's opera Pique Dame also received a model performance, and Safonoff gave some beautiful renderings of Beethoven's piano and violin sonatas, with Michel Press as violinist.

Sergius Vassilenko gave a series of small orchestral concerts made up of old French and old Italian compositions, adapted to his service the students of the Conservatoire. The mediaeval songs of the troubadours were also given by Mme. Neshdanova and Mr. Leo Sobinoff.

Rachmaninoff has produced a song in manuscript called "A Vocalise," which is sung to a wordless sound. It was dedicated to Mme. Neshdanova, the beautiful soprano soloist of the Imperial Opera House, who sang it with great success at Kussevitzsky's sixth symphony concert. The famous conductor was so enraptured by the piece that he transcribed it for the double bass and performed it himself at one of his symphony concerts.

Another new orchestral work presented by Kussevitzsky was Alexander Krein's Salome, a poem of passion in the modern style of harmony and incorporating an also solo voice into the orchestra by using it like an instrument. Tcheroatcheff's 'Fairy Tale' has several interesting musical episodes. Sergius Prokofieff's 'Dreams' is modern in feeling though classical in form.

Concerning Music and Musicians

Vanni Marcoux, the distinguished baritone, will return to America for the coming season.

Mme. Melanie Kurt is resting at her summer home in Norfolk, Ct.

Mrs. Edward MacDowell's piano recitals of her husband's music will be managed next season by Gertrude F. Cowen.

Should Mascagni (now that the enterprise of his publishers has made it possible) give us an opera based on Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes," he will not be the first composer to give that charming story an operatic setting. The French composer Missa utilized it for an opera which was produced in Paris with much success 13 years ago, and Sir Thomas Beecham introduced it to Londoners at His Majesty's Theatre in 1910, under its French title of "Muguette," but with an English translation. The translation, by the way, was made by Mr. William Wallace, the well-known Scotsman, who has himself taken a notable part in establishing a modern school of British music—his "Passing of Beatrice," produced in 1892, is considered a landmark in that movement—and who is now "doing his bit" with the British armies in France.

The 12th Lancers have a musical custom to which penitential associations are attached. During peace the band plays every night in the year, after "Last Post" is sounded, the "Spanish Chant," the "Vesper Hymn" and the Russian national anthem. Tradition records that during the peinsula war the regiment sacked a convent, and as a punishment the authorities imposed the playing of the "Spanish Chant." The "Vesper Hymn" is played in accordance with the conditions laid down by an officer's widow when she presented new instruments to the band over 100 years ago. The origin of playing the Russian national anthem is, I believe, not known.

A new Faust, Gerald O'Brien, was heard at the Aldwych Theatre the other evening. Though hampered by stage fright his voice is reported as being of uncommonly pleasing timbre. Miss Ethel Smyth's opera, "The Boatswain's Mate," was also recently revived by the same company.

"The Story of the Symphony," by S. Markham Lee, is published by the Walter Scott Publishing Company. This sketch includes the evolution of the symphony from the early operatic preludes by Monteverde and the overtures of Tully up to modern works by Elgar and others. Nearly the whole volume is devoted to the works of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

Of Elgar's First Symphony in A flat the author writes: "Its success was phenomenal, a fact largely due to the great reputation which Elgar had already gained, and so far as can be seen, this success has been but short-lived. The music is fine, but not necessarily symphonic. Of the Second Symphony in E flat Dr. Lee says: "The work appears to have gained but a meagre foothold on the shore of success. Great as are these works, they are neither so strong nor so convincing as many of Elgar's less classically conceived tone-pictures for the orchestra."

Hamish MacCunn, conductor and composer, who died lately at Hampstead, Eng., was born at Greenock in 1868. He was the twin son of a Clyde shipowner. Coming to London in his teens he attracted attention as a promising musician. At 21 his compositions were played at leading concerts. In 1887 Sir August Morris gave the first performance of the overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," one of his best-known compositions.

Since then he has occupied a leading place in English musical life. He wrote two operas, in 1893 "Jeanie Deans," with Joseph Bennett, and in 1897 "Diarmeid," with the Duke of Argyll as librettist. Both have been given in London. His other compositions include chamber music and choral works. Recently he has been much interested in the operatic adventures of Sir Thomas Beecham.

In 1889 Mr. MacCunn married a daughter of John Pettie, R. A. He leaves one son, Lt. Fergus MacCunn, wounded in the charge of the London Scottish over a year ago.

Five young women who had already obtained a premier prix at the Conservatoire and all pupils of M. I. Phillip's Cours de Velocite; Salle Erard played recently before a distinguished jury composed of Theodore Dubois, Pierre, Georges Hue, Moszkowski, Hillemacher, Prof. Blanchet, Mr. Nicati, director of the Conservatoire of Lausanne. The object was to determine those sufficiently prepared to appear in public. The works chosen to test the pianists' ability in playing with orchestra were the five concertos of Saint-Saens. Misses Herrenschmidt and de Valmatele were the successful competitors.

A New Comedy of Lancashire Life

"The Rotters," a new comedy in which the Lancashire dialect may be cut with a knife, has been produced in London. The charm of "The Younger Generation," "Quinneys" and "Hobson's Choice" is still fresh in the minds of Boston theatre-goers. The central figure in Mr. Maltby's play is a tyrannical town councillor who raves furiously at life in general, bullies the maid and punishes his refractory enough grown children by confining them to their rooms on a diet of bread and water. One daughter flirts with a chauffeur and another with a choir boy. While the son of the house incurs the displeasure of the police. The stern defender of respectability himself proves to be a bigamist.

The London Times comments upon the piece as follows: "This, you are to understand, was a typical Lancashire middle-class family some time before the war. Zola or Gissing would have made a better thing of it. For Mr. Maltby it is just a pretext for fun, and that, perhaps, is the better way, especially in this hot weather, though the captious will say that, even so, it might have been better fun." Mr. Charles Grove plays the town councillor. Miss Eva Leonard-Boyne, who last season was saucy and charming in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," impersonates the younger daughter.

Comic Characters: Shylock and Don Quixote

Modern interpretations of Shylock may range from Henry Irving's stately embodiment of the unconquerable Jew of the Exile to Mansfield's fawning and viperous moneylender. Shylock may be heroic or melodramatic or a mixture of the two, but no Shylock of today can conceivably be the comic figure of Shakespeare's contemporaries. The transformation of the Jew of Venice through the centuries is an index of the extraordinary change in human temperament and sympathies. We find it possible to accept the grotesque touches which the modern player will put into the character, and fuse them into the general impression of a serious or even a solemn personification. We do not find it easy to understand how Elizabethan audiences fused Shylock's outbursts of moving or terrifying passion into the general conception of a character approaching the clown. The fact remains that in this figure of the Merchant of Venice the public has asserted the privilege of co-authorship which it has exercised in the case of other great figures in the drama and fiction. And especially has this been true of originally comic figures, like Shylock, which our increased sensibility or our greater enlightenment has transformed into types of universal significance, with the comic element reduced to a minimum where it is not altogether eliminated.

The evolution of Shylock finds a striking parallel in the fortunes of that other famous comic character who was born within 10 years of the birth of the Jew of Venice. When "Don Quixote" first appeared, in 1605, it was regarded as a book of drolleries, almost as a funny book, says Fitzmaurice Kelly. An intended satire on the absurdities of books of chivalry has become a glorification of the spiritual side of the man. But more than that, Don Quixote has become the embodiment of those very qualities which, in their formalized and desiccated expression, he set out to ridicule. It is a commonplace to say that Cervantes laughed chivalry out of existence. In the same breath we accept Don Quixote as the great type of the inexpugnable chivalry in the heart of man. He has won the affections of the world for precisely the same reasons that brought him the laughter of his contemporaries, for his habit of tilting at windmills, detecting giant helmets in barbers' basins and royal princesses in village wenches. He was, perhaps, the first of the great Pragmatists. He was an early exponent of the validity of the will as an object in itself, independent of the purpose to which it directs itself. The contemporaries of Cervantes, and readers long after, lumped the Knight of the Dolorous Countenance with his own favorite knight-errants as equally mad in contrast to the magnificent commonsense of Sancho Panza. The modern world chooses to follow Turgenieff, and contrasts the energizing madness of the Don with the debilitating ratiocination of Hamlet.

If men 300 years ago found only food for laughter in madmen like Don Quixote or in creatures of demoniac fury like Shylock, it is not sufficient explanation to point out that it was a coaser and more brutal age which did, as a matter of fact, go for its fun to the mad-houses, the pillories, and the scaffold. Manners and sensibilities, it is true, have grown more refined. But we have gone further than developing a sharper pity for the crackbrain and the fool whom other ages found simply amusing. We have gone on to find a truer significance for life in the vagaries of the madman and the simplicities of the fool. Having associated prophecy with hysteria and genius with madness, we have proceeded to recognize hysteria and madness as almost the essential prerequiste for prophecy and genius. Abnormal psychology is only abnormal for the Sancho Panzas who made up the mass of humanity. For the leaders, abnormality is the norm. In its fullest expression, it gives us Rousseau and Nietzsche. On a much lower plane it produces the great raft of contemporary ideas which are not sound, but are original, the books which are ill-informed and contradictory but which for that very reason are "stimulating," in a way that mere sanity cannot be. Men whom a rougher age would have found amusing are today inspirational, and ideas which would have been laughed at are now conducive to thought.

The justification for making comedy co-extensive with life, or for taking comedy and turning it into a complete picture of life, is partially supplied by the creators of the great comic figures of literature which have undergone the transformation. If Don Quixote has changed from a madman into a type of aspiration and unenquerable will, it is not all the work of successive generations of readers. The germ is in Cervantes. It is a common case of a creature of the imagination escaping from the limits of the original design and taking the story into its own hands. Cervantes may have set out to write a burlesque; he finished by producing an immortal type, to be recognized as such only by later generations. Thus Shylock is one of the comic characters that got out of hand, and so is Joseph Andrews, who started out as a burlesque on Pamela. The writers of a later day have recognized the uses of the comic character and have done or tried to do consciously what the earlier writers did without knowing. It is the modern tendency which turns a puppet-show into "Faust," which makes of the picturesque [illegible] a tale embodying the yearnings of the creative principle, and which takes Peer Gynt as a symbol of humanity. Contemporary fondness for the mannikin on wires and the clown as the heroes of tragedy shows this transformation of the comic in full play.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A Sensible Bishop on the Drama

The Bishop of Northampton, preaching at the Actors' Mass of the Catholic Stage Guild, at the Corpus Christi Maiden-lane the other day, said that when one considered the special difficulties of the theatrical profession the wonder was, not that so many fell, but that so many were examples of holy and devout living. The profession had attracted to itself in all ages the very cream of human talent and genius. The dramatist, if he knew his instrument, could play up and down the whole gamut of human emotion. The master's instrument, however, was very often appropriated by the mountebank, and when the mountebank was out for profit he did not care how he might degrade and profane the master's instrument. The profiteer played to the leering beast within us that was always hungering for the obscene, and, therefore, he associated himself with the white slaver and deserved to be treated with the same infamy.

"We see in our own day," he added, "how it is almost impossible to present great drama except at an almost ruinous cost, while quick fortunes are made by the inanities, the vulgarities, and immoralities of the low picture house." They could not hope for much from the church by way of remedy, because the church, unfortunately, had been shunned by the modern generation, nor could they hope for much result from the public censorship, which was shunned by the public and profession alike. They [illegible] for the reform of the drama [illegible] process itself. He thought they ought to be able to look to the great managers for their assistance in this important work of purifying the modern drama. It was up to them to offer the public, not that which the depraved part of the public craved for, but that which the public ought to crave for. It was up to them to foster genuine talent and protect it against the unfair competition of pretty faces and loose morals. It was up to them, and it would in the long run be to their personal advantage, to make it possible for a good Christian to be a good actor, and for a good actor to be a good Christian.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Legge Considers the International Influence of Music

Mr. Robin H. Legge, considering international influence of music, has decided that the arts of the various allied nations form a stronger kind of popular cement than anything producible by the politicians. He says:

Certainly on the surface, at any rate, Russia loomed far larger upon our ordinary horizon after the performances of the Russian Ballet, the production of "Boris Godounov," "Prince Igor," "Khovanshchina," and so on, than after all the labors of the Duma and the Russian politicians, ere the war brought other things into our purview. Ask the average aboriginal for the name of the Russian minister of foreign affairs, and what kind of an answer will you be likely to receive? On the other hand, ask the same individual for the name of the impersonator of Boris and off his tongue will spring lightly the immortal name of Shaliapin. Of course, I do not pretend that this means all that the cement should mean or does mean. But it denotes the fact that the true music-lover here can appreciate the truly great fruits of the operatic earth, and that, given the opportunity, he both can and will seize that opportunity to show his appreciation, and so help in the strengthening of the cement. In this way undoubtedly the musician may take his place alongside the politician and the merchant. But there is more to be done than merely to pat each other on the back. If I understand the idea of the new scheme of French concerts, there is no particular intention of introducing us who are concert-goers to much of hitherto unheard French music. For reasons to be stated in a minute I do not think it would be easy, even if possible, to bring forward much that is at once both worthy and unheard here. The idea as I understand it is to hold up yet one more hand across the sea, to strengthen the cement between the English and the French musicians, and in this way for the musical craft to help to make more powerful the entente which already has existed for years.

But in order that this hand across the sea may be properly grasped, it is necessary that France herself must take her share, and to this end there must be reciprocity. I have already stated that it would not be an easy matter to introduce us to truly great French concert music that has not hitherto been heard in London; and in various provincial towns. The fact is plain to those acquainted with contemporary history. The next point is then to discover some enthusiast of knowledge who can and will make propaganda on behalf of English music in France even as M. Guerritte, the honorary secretary and founder of the fine series of concerts Francais which for many years before the war were a prominent feature of our musical life, made propaganda for French concert music here. Those concerts were ideal after their kind, and I make

Miss Terry Talks of Her Movie Debut

Miss Ellen Terry talked recently to a reporter of the London Daily Chronicle about her coming apearance in a film play now being prepared at the Neptune Studio at Elstree: He saw her full of youthful enthusiasm, facing the film camera and the producer's megaphone.

"How do I like it?" said she in reply to the query. "Immensely. It is most interesting, and not at all hard work; in fact, quite like a holiday, after the strenuous days we used to have. Here you have five minutes, and then a long rest.

"That is the chief difficulty I find—having to act it in sections. You leave off at line 20 of the play, so to speak, and an hour later begin again at line 60. That means that you must be at high tension immediately. There is no time to 'warm up' to the role."

"At this point Mis Terry put her words into immediate practice by going up to take her place in a big trial scene, which is a feature of the play. This, a real film-drama, has been written by Mr. Benedict James, who gave the Daily Chronicle representative some particulars.

"Miss Terry plays the role of a great actress who has retired from the scene of her triumphs. As the play opens she is seen finishing her memoirs. Presently arise circumstances in her private life which make it necessary for her to act a role, for the sake of those concerned, far more difficult than any she ever played on the stage. But she summons all her powers and wonderful experience, and comes through the ordeal triumphantly.

Miss Terry's daughter, Miss Edith Craig, is also taking a role in the production, as is also Mr. Denis Neilson-Terry.

no apology for stating a case for them here, for they form an admirable example for the English worker who possibly is lurking in our midst at this moment, merely waiting the psychological hour when he will come forward with his announcement of a series of concerts of English chamber music in Paris.

If I remember rightly, the Societe des Concerts Francais began their activity here in 1909, and ceased operations temporarily only last year. During that period of time no fewer than 75 composers were represented by 407 compositions, of which 240 were afforded their first performance in Great Britain. On the face of it this is a truly magnificent record, a superb propaganda, all the more when it is considered that there is no single French composer of real quality whose name does not figure in the list which was issued last year. Chabrier, Chausson, Dukas, D'Indy, Lekeu, Faure, Roussel, Ravel, Moret and a score more of musicians of the highest rank have the star of "first performance" in Great Britain against their names in the list. Now all this was brought about by the splendid activity of one man, M. Gureitte aforesaid. Have we none here or in Paris who can emulate the example set by this enthusiastic and energetic engineer—for so is M. Gueritte?

M. Gueritte came here at a time when English music was almost literally smothered under the influence of German musical thought and feeling. He himself has told me how he was struck, and he is not the only one, by the fact that most of the teachers in prominent positions, the conductors, singers and artists generally, even some of the bandmasters, were German; the music, also, from which they played or sang was printed in Germany. French music was completely at a discount, and German music held sway in the concert room hardly less than in the home. For this French amateur such a state of affairs was altogether exasperating, for he felt that not only was the musical credit of his country at stake, but also that it behoved those in a position to achieve potential results to give plain evidence and proof of the faith and pride that was in them in the music of their own land. The primary result of this was the foundation, by an amateur, mind you, of the society mentioned. Lectures on the art and aims of Debussy, Ravel, Roussel, Florent Schmitt, and so on were given, as well as concerts of their music in London, Leeds, Sheffield and Newcastle, and a worthy and persistent propaganda was maintained, with the result we all know. Eventually concerts were given in Manchester, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Folkstone, Haslemere, Helensburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee and so forth; and French music was obtainable in the concert rooms of most of the leading provincial centres. This—mind you, again, all through the enterprise and intense activity of one man—and he an amateur—who took a pride in the chamber music of his own country. Are we, then, to do nothing? Among musicians, among music-lovers (for they are not always the same thing), this French music became not only known, but admired (and imitated, though this last was not at all part of the scheme of propaganda). The point was that the best of French chamber music of the most modern type did gradually become known here under the best auspices, and so the foundation was laid of the musical entente, which now it is intended to cement even more strongly than before.

But, I take it, the underlying idea of the new series of concerts is two-fold. It is hoped, I presume, not only to spread a knowledge of French music here in corners in which it has not yet asserted itself, but also to urge the case for the propagation of a knowledge of our English music in France, by way of reciprocity. This being the case where are we to find in our midst the right man or men to undertake the propaganda? For he is required, not only in France, but also in Italy, Russia, and elsewhere among the allied nations, not only for the sake of spreading the good report of our native music and helping it to take its lawful place among the music of the nations, but also of enabling musicians to add their modicum of the necessary cement to the general fabric. The true native composer may achieve much in this manner, and the idea indicated is or may be of vastly greater significance than a purely musical entente per se might be.

Notes About the Drama Here and There

The news that the "School for Scandal" will be revived at the Shakespeare tercentenary at Stratford-on-Avon reminds one that in the original draft of the play there was no Sir Peter and no Lady Teazle. The comedy was intended mainly to satirize the Bath scandal-mongers, while another play was contemplated in which the chief characters should be an old widower and his second wife, who was 20 years his junior. This couple were mere commoners, plain Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Teazle, but when Sheridan of two conceptions made one play, he ennobled the ill-matched couple, gave the husband a more fitting Christian name and one wife only, and for the edification of all after ages conceived the great dramatic situation of the fourth act.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. William Poel is surely avenged. It seems but yesterday he was asking for public support so that his scholarly and ingenious reconstruction of the Globe Theatre of 1594, in "Shakespeare's England" at Earl's Court should be permitted to last out its natural life somewhere in London. The appeal met with little response, and the exhibition, we believe, was not too successfully moved to Bristol. Now comes the news that America has justified Mr Poel's idea, and greatly bettered its execution. Something very like the real thing is being built as a permanent structure in one of Boston's new parks. It is expected that the whole scheme of old Stratford-on-Avon, with the addition of the Globe Theatre, will be ready in 1920, as an enduring memorial of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, when the state of Massachusetts will celebrate the landing of the pilgrim fathers.—London Daily Chronicle.

High summer was shedding its lavish glories on Stratford-upon-Avon on Saturday, the first day of the Shakespeare tercentenary summer festival.

Lovely in a kindly spring, this rich English land of water-meadows, rivers and gentle hills reaches its perfection in such weather as the present. The gardens of this town of gardens are full of flowers; the Avon sparkles as it winds through the fields, under the old Clopton bridge, past the Memorial Theatre set in its green garden, past the Church of Holy Trinity above the river wall, and down to the old mill. The visitors who have collected in Stratford to enjoy a holiday full of intellectual interest and natural beauty are inclined to feel sorry for those who have not their opportunities or their wisdom.

The proceedings of the festival began on Saturday night with a performance at the Memorial Theatre of "The Comedy of Errors." People are used to having it impressed on them—and very rightly—that "The Comedy of Errors" is a farce, and should be played as such; but there have been occasions of late when the effort to play it as a farce has resulted in a good deal of clowning, perpetrated in the old and deplorable effort to "make" things funny which are already funny in themselves. There was no trace of that mistake in the rendering of the play given by Miss Lilian Baylis's Shakespeare repertory company from the Royal Victoria Hall, under the direction of Mr. Ben Greet.

This is not, of course, the repertory company which confirmed festival-goers at Stratford are accustomed to see, but we shall be much surprised if, by the end of its four weeks' stay, the "Old Vic." company has not firmly established itself in their good books. For the company does what many companies do not, it plays Shakespeare. It takes Shakespeare's wit and fun, as it will doubtless take Shakespeare's eloquence and tragedy, on their own merits, and gives, if not a consummately great, at least a sound, straightforward, intelligent exhibition of them in action. The most popular characters in Saturday's performance were, naturally, the two Dromios, played by Mr. Ben Greet and Mr. W. R. Staveley with plenty of drollery but no excess, and when the two quaint fellows joined at the end in a sort of clownish bergamasque, they brought the curtain down on a very well satisfied audience—not the less satisfied, perhaps, because the play, though given complete, had been given without waste of time, and sunset was still lingering in the sky when the audience trooped from the theatre into the garden. Miss Sybil Thorndike, as Adriana, gave promise of excellent work in more important characters, and the level of acting was good all through the cast.—London Times.

aug 22 1916

Colonial Theatre—"The Amber Empress," a musical play in two acts. Music by Zoel Parenteau. Book and lyrics by Marcus C. Connelly. First performance in Boston.

Harry Austin	Andrew Higginson
Liza Austin	Daisy Rivette
Percival Hopkins	Frank Lalor
Sam Lewis	John Daly Murphy
Tom Brenner	Donald MacDonald
Mrs. Harriet Scott	Emma Janvier
Count Ruffano	Fred Lennox
Trixie Scott	Louise Allen
Sheldon Scott	Thomas Conkey
Beverley Mason	Mabel Wilber

"The Amber Empress," a new musical play, opened the season at the Colonial Theatre last evening. The piece was to have been given at this theatre earlier in the season, but the performance was postponed. The play was presented for the first time on any stage at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, last June, when Miss Irene Pavlowska played the title role.

The production is elaborate, with handsome settings, striking costumes and an attractive score. The plot is elusive.

The first act is in two scenes. The first takes place on a street in the East end of London. After an opening Coster chorus, Miss Liza Austin, in full bridal array, bewails with tears the tardiness of her betrothed, Percival Hopkins, a New York promoter. Hopkins soon pacifies Liza and her brother by a ruse, and borrows heavily from one Sam Lewis, a professional money lender, that he may court Mrs. Scott of New York, newly rich and newly widowed.

Scene two occurs in St. Mark's Square, Venice. Here Mrs. Scott is pursued by Count Ruffano and Hopkins while her son devotes his attention to Beverley Mason, an American movie actress, and her daughter falls in love with the motion picture director. This act is generally weak and inconsequential.

With the opening of act II., however, things begin to happen. Mrs. Scott is serenaded at her Venetian Villa by order of Count Ruffano. The rival suitors glare and strive against each other. Mrs. Scott frowns on her son's devotion to Miss Mason, but this romance flourishes beside that of her daughter Trixie and young Brenner. Hopkins's evil designs are unmasked and he is claimed by the still weeping Liza. Mrs. Scott declares her undying partiality for widowhood. The lovers are united. Hopkins, attempting to commit suicide, discovers the efficacy of his remedy for bleaching red noses and faces a rosy future with his Liza and prospects of unlimited wealth.

Mr. Parenteau's score has beauty, variety and distinction. "Don't Lose Your Way, Little Boy," sung by Tom and Trixie is a feature of the first act. The music for the arrival of the Amber Empress is dramatic. The numbers in the second act from the charming opening serenade to the closing fox trot rival each other in melodic wealth and enticing rhythms.

Miss Mabel Wilber, warmly welcomed by a friendly audience, made her first appearance in Cleopatrian and amberine splendor. Having removed her robes of state and crown jewels she sang with much expression. Her upper tones were sonorous and effective and histrionically she remained in the picture.

Mr. Macdonald, a tower of strength in the cast, gave pleasure by the grace and abandon of his dancing. He is always a welcome visitor. He made much of a small part and his fox trot in the second act with Miss Allen should not be missed by the lovers of modern dancing.

Mr. Lalor was an amiable Hopkins and affirmed the uncertainty of a dead sure thing with the aplomb of a polished raconteur. Miss Janvier as Mrs. Scott was good natured and realistic. Mr. Conkey, as her son, Sheldon, sculptural and bland, used his voice now vigorously, now with tact and persuasion.

Miss Rivette and Mr. Higginson as Liza and Harry Austin were voluble cockneys.

The producers may well plume themselves on the staging of the piece. No details have been overlooked. The young women of the chorus are gorgeously dressed in individual costumes of original design and resplendently contrasted coloring. The singing by this chorus, too, is excellent. Miss Lorraine, a classic dancer, was a smiling and fluttering apparition in the second act.

A large audience was evidently pleased and many numbers were repeated.

IRENE FRANKLIN BACK AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Heads Excellent Midsummer Bill at Vaudeville House.

Irene Franklin, always popular in Boston, returned at the head of an excellent midsummer bill at Keith's yesterday. Assisted by Burton Green at the piano, she sang a number of songs of her own composition, notably "The Old Maid's Home for Mine," discussing the trials of a large family while courting; "The Cash Girl," and her plaint, and "Dirty Face," the protest of a grimy infant." As an encore she gave the old favorite "Red Head." Mr. Green deserves mention for his work at the piano.

Close behind Miss Franklin in popularity were Bert Fitzgibbon, "the original Daffy Dill;" with pleasant and informal nonsense; William and Margaret Cutty of the famous six Musical Cuttys, in 'cello solos and duets, and Thomas F. Swift and company in a musical skit, "Me and Mary."

Mr. Swift, with a very slight background of plot and melody, pleased principally by his pervading geniality and very real sense of dramatic values, and Miss Hazel Kelley, as Mary, sang songs with charm. The Cuttys provided a pleasant relief from the omnipresent ragtime with familiar excerpts from the classics. Bert Fitzgibbon was himself.

Others on the bill were Ed Morton, with unique songs; Burley and Burley, in English and Scotch impersonations; Jimmy Casson and Dorothy Earle, with songs and modern dances; Paul Gordon, offering unusual slack wire stunts, and B. Michael Martin and Edith Fabrini in fantastic dances. The Hearst International news pictorial showed world events in motion.

London Season Reviewed by the Telegraph

The musical correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph reviews the London season just closed as follows:

With the fall of the curtain at the Aldwych Theatre the musical season comes to a close; and those who look back upon it—whether as artists, critics, or unprofessional listeners—may well pause and wonder at the extraordinary amount of activity it has produced. Take the opera season first, as the biggest and most significant phenomenon (musically, of course) of the last few months. That season opened at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Oct. 1, since which date Sir Thomas Beecham and his company have been hard at work for 36 weeks, with a few extra weeks thrown in for rehearsals and all the business incidental to production and preparation. In these 36 weeks 28 works have been produced, among them being four novelties of native origin. Of these, "The Critic" and "The Boatswain's Mate" have been given again and again with increasing success. Personally I have seen "The Critic" at least six times, and have noticed one curious fact at each performance. The audience has invariably contained a sprinkling of people who knew not their Sheridan. They came to take their pleasures sadly, and once at least my own laughter provoked an angry "hush" from a sedate individual who had clearly expected something more tragic even than the death of Whiskerandos. But to those who viewed it rightly "The Critic" was a sheer joy.

It has not, however, been in the fathering of novelties that Sir Thomas Beecham has won his unprecedented success. That has come from other productions, and notably from "Tristan and Isolda" (for which, as far as I know, the public is still clamoring), from "Otello," from "Boris Godounov," from "The Magic Flute," and, lastly, from the delightful "Seraglio," which is down for tonight. These works have been lavishly mounted and admirably produced, and in the last of them Mr. Cairns James has done wonders in modernizing the text without irreverently violating the spirit of the opera.

Now for the artists whose individual successes have been most marked. I think of Rosina Buckman as Isolda and Mrs. Waters, of Mignon Nevada as Desdemona and Constanze, of Frederick Ranalow as Papageno and Ned Travers, of Maurice D'Olsly as Tamino and Belmonte, of Robert Radford as Sarastro and Osmin, and of Percy Heming as Kurwenal and Raleigh; and admit that the Beecham venture has put the versatility of the British singer beyond the reach of question. And there have been others whose triumphs have been gained not in two directions but in one: others such as Alfred Heather in the comic roles of Pedrillo and the Boatswain, Frederick Blamey as Cavaradossi, Miriam Licette as Pamina, and Edith Clegg in "Boris," Webster Millar and Herbert Langley in "Romeo," Bessie Tyas as Mimi, and Ethel Toms as Feodor. Indeed, the list might be extended indefinitely, for the season has admitted no failures, either on the stage or at the conductor's desk, where Sir Thomas Beecham's assistants have very materially increased their several reputations.

While so much has been done at the Shaftesbury and the Aldwych, things have been far busier than most people suppose in the concert-world. The number of musical events that have been noticed in these columns since Jan. 1 reaches the astonishing total of 538. And that, for obvious reasons, by no means exhausts the concert list; for it takes practically no count of the ordinary Sunday concerts, which are legion, neither does it reckon in more than the veriest fraction of that very large number of concerts for charitable and other purposes, which have been given week by week in private houses. Therefore, if I add 20 per cent. for these, which will not be far wrong, the total will reach considerably beyond 600, and will surprise, even if it does not finally muzzle, that ubiquitous bore who is always supposing that there is nothing doing in music just now.

In all these concerts there have been no epoch-making novelties. For most managers have decided to rely on the familiar, and the new works have been shelved "for the duration of the war." This may be hard on the composer, but the average executant has fared better than he feared. The Philharmonic have kept their flag flying, and—in spite of reports to the contrary—are likely to continue doing so, even though the flag may be flown less frequently. The Queen's Hall Symphony concerts have suffered no eclipse. The directors of the London Symphony Orchestra managed to carry out 12 programs. The Royal Choral Society is neither disbanded nor likely to be; and the same may be said of the London and Alexandra Palace Choral Societies, as also of the Bach Choir and the Oriana Madrigal Society. School concerts, too, have suffered little diminution, for the students of the Royal Academy, the Royal College, Trinity College and the London School of Opera have been repeatedly before the public.

Of private ventures there have been no end, the most successful being un-

[illegible] the Gr[illegible]tius festival which Madame [illegible] organized for the British Red [illegible] World that all charity [illegible] were as well managed and as [illegible] as this, or even as [illegible] other ventures such as Madame [illegible] concerts. In aid of St. [illegible] the concerts which Mr. de [illegible] has given five or six times [illegible] for the benefit of the [illegible] his "Ladies."

The [illegible] of Russian concerts reminds [illegible] Mr. Kosing has asssiduously [illegible] in our midst, the [illegible] of his own land, while the London String Quartet have carried through two seasons of chamber concerts. This last field of activity has been farther tilled by Mr. Dunhill, and [illegible] recitals have been given by Mr. Moiseiwitsch, Madame D'Alvarez and that well-assorted couple, Mr. Albert Sammons and Mr. William Murdoch. Ex-pede Herculem, or, in other words "the task of filling up the gaps I'd rather leave to you." But the time for doing so is short, for the "Proms" start before the end of the month, and another season will begin in three weeks' time.

Notes About Music and Musicians

The war has brought the great pianist Francis Plante out of his retirement. His career has been unlike that of other pianists. It is now 66 years ago that Plante, at 11 years of age, took the first prize for pianoforte playing at the Conservatoire. After that, instead of starting as a prodigy, he studied for 10 years before playing again in public. A brilliant career followed, but a few years ago Plante retired finally to live in his cottage near the Pyrenees. But when war broke out he felt that he must do what he could in his country's cause, and reappeared in public, giving concerts at Biarritz and Bayonne for war charities. He has just reappeared in Paris for the first time in many years, also in the cause of the wounded. Reappeared is scarcely the word. Plante refused to give ordinary concerts. He first of all chose as his concert room the crypt of a church near Passy, and he described his concerts as religious. Moreover, he decided that pianists should be heard and not seen. Therefore, in the crypt he was completely hidden behind a curtain of evergreens. Bells announced each piece he played, and no applause drew the pianist from behind his screen of plants. It was only when the music was over that Plante appeared and received congratulations under the church porch. As the pianist had finished playing, he thought he might show himself. Francis Plante played with great taste a most eclectic program, including a pianoforte arrangement of the Allegretto of Beethoven's eighth symphony, which he describes as a religious march, and pieces by Liszt, Chopin, and, among moderns, Alberic Magnard, killed in his cottage by German invaders, and the Spaniard Granados, drowned in the Sussex.—London Daily Telegraph.

That is an extraordinarily interesting pamphlet which has been issued by Miss Lena Ashwell to give some account of the concerts at the front which she has organized for more than 18 months past. Concert parties have by now visited pretty well all the parts of Europe where there is a fighting line. They consist usually of four musicians and "Peter" (otherwise the necessary pianoforte), and they give on the average two or three concerts a day every day for six weeks, when their places are taken by other parties sent out from home. Then parties have visited Malta under the charge of the well-known accompanist, Mr. Theodore Flint, who previously had spent a year with concert parties in France. In Malta three concerts a day were given. I need hardly say that the more the funds available the more parties that can be sent out. The cost per concert works out at the moderate sum of about £2 which concert is given to perhaps 200 men in a hospital or to 2000 in a hut. A very present need of the parties is a motor-car for the firing line, or the money to buy one, the distances to be covered being very great. Five parties are now constantly kept going. Please send cheques to Miss Lena Ashwell, 36 Grosvenor street, W.—London Daily Telegraph.

Attached to the ministry of fine arts in Paris is a department entirely devoted to propaganda of French music and art generally. As little as possible is left to chance, or, for that matter, to the private individual publisher; or rather, the latter is aided by the government to disseminate his music. The interests of French music are looked after by the government. In such circumstances is it not easy to see how far behind in the race we are in England, where practically nothing is done by our government in the way of artistic propaganda—indeed, where many obsbtacles are actually placed in the way of development? A week or two ago there was organized by Messrs. Methven and Simpson, and held in Edinburgh, an exhibition of French music for the ostensible purpose of enabling "Professors and amateurs of music to familiarize themselves with the very important developments in educational music publishing that have recently taken place in France." Included in the exhibition were "handsome, accurate and inexpensive new editions of the classics now being edited by Saint-Saens, Debussy, Ravel, Pierne, Faure," and so on. The French publishers have decided that now, when the supply of German publications is cut off, is the time to attack the monopoly which Germany has for years enjoyed in the supply of cheap editions of the classics; and one of the purposes of the exhibition was to show to the British teacher what is being done in France. Undoubtedly France has set itself seriously "to remedy its sins of omission to regain the position it once held in music."

The Folk Song Society, I am glad to learn, is taking note of the songs of street venders. In one number of their journal four different versions of the lavender cry are given, all stumbling rhymes with lacunae and rather sophisticated interpolations. The crics, too, are given of the flypaper man, the gypsy-van chair and basket sellers, and the hawker of primroses; none of them very noteworthy songs, but all reminiscent of a more easy-going and forbearing age which ended with the fashion to affix minatory metal plates to our front gate.

It is to be hoped that a record may be compiled after the war of the gallant doings of members of the musical profession who have served in his majesty's forces. From time to time we hear tales of their bravery, but naturally there are many cases of which the details are only known to a few comrades of those who have deserved well of their country through some signal act of bravery. Among recent victims of the war was one whose name is held in particularly high esteem by all who are connected with the Royal Academy of Music. We refer to Private Willie B. Manson, who joined the London Scottish towards the end of January, and served in the French trenches shortly after he went out with his battalion last May. He was killed in action on the first of last month, and, to quote the officer commanding his platoon, "His death was as glorious as anyone could wish to die."

Born in New Zealand, this exceptionally gifted young musician was for some years one of the "children" of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and while there he was presented by Queen Alexandra with a gold watch with the royal monogram on the back. Of him the subdean of the Chapel Royal, Canon Sheppard said: "I cannot speak too highly of W. Manson's influence for good during the time he was with us here, nor can I fully express my appreciation of all that he did to uphold the traditions and the dignity of the Chapel Royal among the choir boys." He entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1913, and during his first year won three bronze medals. After only four terms he was appointed sub-professor of harmony and composition. As a result of his second year's work he gained three silver medals, the Oliveira Prescott prize, and the Charles Lucas silver medal for composition, which is looked upon as the "blue riband" of the academy. Afterwards he won the Battison Haynes prize for composition, and was looked upon as one who would make a great name as a composer.

Notes About Drama and Dramatists

Mr. Alfred Sutro has written a play "The Great Redding Street Burglary," in which a moral patriotic and economic lesson is blended. It was inspired by the national war savings committee's request that leading dramatists provide the public with plays pleading the cause of thrift and lending to the nation. The Daily Telegraph speaks of it as follows:

In the naturc of the affair anything finer and rarer would be useless. Craftsmanship and sincerity Mr. Sutro gives us. His little play is a neat piece of work, which urges its purpose clearly and vigorously, without waste of words or clumsiness of incident. It is heartily in earnest without a trace of gush, and, invaluable quality, it is very careful to be just. Not here will you find denunciations of the wicked artisan, who, for the first time in his life earning money enough to waste, dares to buy for himself middle-class comforts. One of the best speeches in the play, and we must add the most applauded, is the artisan's vindication of his right to live well after long years of struggle. The plot goes like this. Thomas Jenkins, who had married on 18s a week, and brought up a large family on a wage which never rose to £2, found himself earning as much as £7 a week. So his standard of living went up. He smoked cigars and cigarettes, and he ate and drank well, and he took his wife continuously to "West end cinemas." Mr. Sutro is careful to add that he also gave a good deal away. He had saved £20, and proposed to spend it on buying the missus a piano, when behold the money was gone. Who was the thief? The neighboring special constable cross-examined the local crossing-sweeper, and conviction was impending, when Liza, niece and maid-of-all-work, confessed that she had made away with the cash. An "economy lady" had come to the house and pointed out that wasting money and spending money on pianos was helping the Germans. So Liza took the £20 and therewith bought war savings certificates. And everybody rejoiced, and we all, let us hope, went out from the Colliseum to go and do likewise, thanking Mr. Sutro for a well contrived piece of propaganda.

On the occasion of George Bernard Shaw's 60th birthday, the other day, Siegfried Trebitsch wrote in the Vienna Neue Preie Presse:

"And thou also art 60 years old today, Bernard Shaw. Unluckily, the sad road to thee is shut off, and I must before all the world address thee.

"On Aug. 1, 1914, when this great unholy cataclysm began, I received your bust by Rodin, which you to me with good words did send. Now I stand before this immortal work and look into your lineaments.

"Yes, thus you look, and thus you are—full of hatred and full of love; full of passion and full of calm; full of scorn and full of pity; full of suspicion and full of trust; great in your knowledge and great in your mistakes; the most fanatical dreamer of the sons of Ireland, whose lustre you are—Frondeur, revolutionary champion, martyr, destroyer of prejudice, herald with flying banners, adorer of truth, as is revealed in your penetrating glances; a Briton, a Puritan, an understander of England and her hypocrisy (understood by you more than by anyone); understander and misunderstander of wonderful Germany, who is and remains your spiritual home; thou Fortinbras out of Dublin; thou protesting Protestant!

"Thou hast stepped in daringly for us, for thou knewest us: thou knewest, and with far-reaching words thou didst speak against us all too quickly, but only quite in the beginning of this war, which you abhor . . . for you could not gauge the lies and calumnies. Thou wilt come to look for thy home, and Germany will receive her son, lost from the land of genius, with open arms, because the desire remained pure.

"Thou art our friend. I greet thee and thy youth, and hope to see thee again. For already breaks the day in the East."

Recent Letter from Jacques Thibaud, Violinist and Soldier

The cannons roar and the martial spirit fairly throbs in the latest letter received by London Charlton, his manager, from Jacques Thibaud, the French violinist, granted a year's absence in which to recover from his injuries sustained at the front, writes enthusiastically of the bravery and courage of the French troops, and he recounts with vividness of detail some of the dramatic events he has witnessed. His happiness in being permitted to come to America next season, and to resume his work is marred by his sympathy for the poor fellows who will be struggling in the trenches for a long time to come. Of the ultimate outcome, however, Thibaud has no shadow of a doubt; a victorious France is what he foresees in "the not too distant future."

After telling of a thrilling two-days' experience in which he and his companions were exposed almost constantly to shell and gun fire, he writes: "These are things I have witnessed a hundred times. I cannot tell of all the horrors of the wounded, of the dead, nor how many times I have been moved to tears. I have lived through terrible hours, and had many narrow escapes, but they are nothing in comparison to the feats of those who have fought and suffered for two years without surcease. They have much to suffer yet, those poor men, and they accept the great sacrifice with a courage and enthusiasm that is extraordinary. The real pity is that they did not wish this terrible war in which they are taking part with a profound faith in the justice of their cause, knowing how guilty and how criminal is the aggression of the enemy. With the aid of our allies, they will gain victory, and at a not too distant date. They will cause it to be understood by him who made the terrible praparation for all this carnage that he must no longer play with the life of nations; that each people has a right to live. . . . I must stop, or I shall say too much."

Thu 29 1916

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Katinka," a musical play in three acts; book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach; music by Rudolph Friml. First performance in Boston.

B. W.

Petrov	Albert Sackett
Ivan Dimitri	David Reese
Boris Strogoff	Burke Sullivan
Katinka	Audrey Maple
Thaddeus Hopper	T. Roy Barnes
Russian Dancer	May Thompson
Russian Dancer	Walter Manthey
Herr Knopf	Bernard Gorcey
Arif Bey	F. Stanton Heck
Halif	A. Robins
Mrs. Helen Hopper	Ada Meade

"Katinka," the third musical play to visit Boston this month, opened the season at the Shubert Theatre last evening.

The story is conventional, with beauty in distress as the chief theme. Katinka believes Ivan faithless. She agrees to marry the grim Boris Strogoff. Her wedding day brings with it revelations of her mother's treachery and assurances of her former betrothed's fidelity. Aided by his American friend, Hopper, Ivan plans Katinka's escape.

She flies to Stamboul with Hopper, for the young man is married and has a convenient passport. In Stamboul, however, the real Mrs. Hopper is awaiting her husband. There is the usual musical comedy misunderstanding. Katinka, still pursuing happiness, obtains entrance to a harem where the first wife of Boris is said to be living. By mistake Mrs. Hopper is also whisked behind the iron doors, but she believes, in accordance with her husband's wishes. Boris on his bride's trail arrives in town. The marital complications momentarily and mysteriously subside to permit Mr. Rohlns, a remarkable ventriloquist, well known in Boston, to present his act, "The Walking Music Store," familiar to many whom he has entertained in vaudeville houses.

The third act brings satisfactory solutions. The lovers are united. Mrs. Hopper's confidence in her husband is restored.

The scenes laid in Russia, Turkey and Vienna are elaborate and handsome. Local color is not lacking. The costumes of principals and chorus are in harmony with the lands in which they find themselves.

Mr. Friml's music is tuneful, amiable, easily forgotten. His score is fragmentary as though the composer had gone to his store house of melodies and selected at random. His Egyptian ballet music for the piano was introduced as an overture for the second act. On the other hand "Racketty Coo," sung by Miss Maple, is alreadp popular. "Four Photo" has character. There are other pleasing songs, while the concerted numbers are effective.

Mr. Barnes was warmly welcomed. As Mr. Hopper he was breezy and irresponsible in his own familiar manner, and his general behavior was that expected of a musical comedy American on his travels.

Miss Maple as Katinka was a charming apparition. Her blond beauty was radiant in various costumes. Disguised as a Circassian dancing girl the veil and trousers were becoming. She sang expressively and was realistically girlish.

Dashing Miss Meade as Mrs. Hopper at once excited the admiration of the audience. Her voice, unusually fresh, was skillfully used, while her high spirits were delightful. Fleetfooted, she danced gracefully.

Mr. Heck was picturesque and stalwart as Arif Bey. Other minor characters were capably taken. There were Russian and circassian dances by Miss Thompson and Walter Manthey, and, in the third act, a waltz by Miss Thompson. A very large audience was evidently pleased. Many numbers were repeated.

Miss Mildred Macomber Heads Company Giving an Effective Act at Keith's Theatre.

Miss Mildred Macomber, the gifted Newton dancer, returned to Keith's this week with a series of interpretative dances, staged in a most ingenious and effective fashion. "Holiday's Dream," the title around which a bit of a plot is woven as a background for the dances, concludes a bill of more than usual good, side-splitting comedy, interest and variety.

Miss Macomber, who has appeared frequently in Boston in Mrs. Butler's annual May day festivals, has as a dancing partner Willard Foote, who formerly appeared with Ruth St. Denis. The fantasy is captivatingly costumed, and the graceful statues of "near" marble which adorn the garden at the opening of the number, after diving into the pool in the centre of the stage, reappear clad in costumes extremely like those worn in Helen Dryden's colorful Vogue covers.

Harry P. Lester gives a number of clever imitations of musical comedy favorites, and his interpretation of the part of "Nobody" in "Everywoman" was exceedingly well done. Aveling and Lloyd made an immense hit with their nonsense, and Isabelle D'Armand and Booby O'Neil have a most amusing little half portion sketch, entitled the "Demi Tasse Revue." J. C. Booth and Happy Gus Van and Joe Schenck, who claim pennants in songland; Leander in bicycle stunts, Frisco, who is a clever manipulator of the xylophone, and two one-act plays that are entertaining and carefully staged, make up an evening's entertainment that is very well worth while.

Mon 20 1916

BRAVESFIELD—Nat C. Goodwin in Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice."

Kub

Antonio	Louis Leon Hall
The Duke of Venice	Charles Webster
Bassanio	Wallace Worsley
Gratiano	Frederick Forrester
Salanio	Girard Collier
Salarino	Albert LeRoi
Lorenzo	Oliver Hinsdale
Shylock	Nat C. Goodwin
Tubal	Frank Bertrand
Launcelot Gobbo	Robert Lee Allen
Old Gobbo	William George
Portia	Julia Taylor
Nerissa	Mabel Carruthers
Jessica	Betty Boutan

Owing to unforeseen difficulties it was found necessary to give the play with as few changes of settings as

possible. There were, therefore, changes in the order of the scenes. With this exception the performance, once started, moved smoothly. Care had been taken in the matter of costumes. The Weber Quartet sang glees. An orchestra played incidental music.

Mr. Goodwin was in fine form. He has his own concepton of the part, a conception pitched in a definite key and well sustained. His Shylock is intensely vindictive. He hated the Christians and drove a cunning bargain with enjoyment and the hope that Antonio would be his victim. He was a stern father, a hard master, an implacable enemy. He was moody, sullen, explosive rather than pathetic, subtle, diginified. Throughout Mr. Goodwin acted in a straight-forward manner, displaying the knowledge of routine of the experienced actor and at times considerable dramatic force.

Miss Taylor's Portia was modern in spirit. She read her lines in a lively fashion not always free from flippancy. Mr. Hall was a picturesque and grave Antonio. Mr. Allen's Gobbo was amusing, not too clownish. Other members of the cast gave adequate support. There was an interested audience of fair size.

The performance will be repeated tonight and tomorrow evening.

Sept 3 1916

NATIONAL AMENITIES

The Roumanians are reproached for their late entrance into the war. They are accused of greed and the timidity that feared the loss of territory or independence. Even some most eager for the success of the allies abuse the Roumanians roundly as a people in time of war or peace; they are inherently false and treacherous, in this respect only a little below the Greeks. On the other hand the Bulgarians are praised; their ancient history is recalled from the days of the Byzantine empire, when they were a people, to use Finlay's words, "who looked on war as the most honorable means of acquiring wealth, and they had long pursued it with profit." As far back as the ninth century they were the most civilized and commercial of all northern barbarians. They supplied the greater part of Germany with necessary commodities from Asia and with Byzantine manufactures. All this is true. No doubt the Bulgarians are a finer race than the Roumanians, but did the Bulgarians choose sides in the present war for any high and holy reason?

All the Balkan nations have in turn been condemned by foreign travelers. Beatty-Kingston, for example, could find little that was good to say of the Serbian government and Serbian manners and morals, and he had known many men and cities. It is not surprising that neighboring countries should say harsh things one of another. Is it any better on the European continent as the phrase is generally understood? It was a Berliner who characterized the Bavarians as the connecting link between the Austrians and men. For years France made faces at "perfidious Albion" and Englishmen likened Frenchmen to the highest grade of monkeys. The old books of English proverbs give amusing illustrations of the contempt of one English county for another. If villagers in New England are to be believed the people in the adjoining townships are shiftless and irresponsible. Is not the United States today regarded by many Europeans—allies and supporters of Germany, Austria and Turkey—as a grossly commercial nation, with a pocket for a heart, without ideals?

The Roumanians as a nation going to war are no more to be censured than the Bulgarians. The future historian inquiring into the causes of the terrible conflict will find them not so blameworthy as far more powerful nations that had much to say about honor, humanity and Kultur.

It was a rare privilege to be associated with Mr. Herkimer Johnson for a trip of a fortnight. We felt like saying with Maj. Veritas, "We have ripped with Euripides and socked with Socrates." There was a golden thought for every hour. There was a lesson drama from the most trivial occurrence. Mr. Johnson was an admirable traveling companion. He knew what he wished to do, and we were, therefore, relieved of responsibility. We noted each day little details of his simple life. These notes published after his death—may it long be deferred!—will entertain the worshippers of the eminent sociologist. Even his manner of eating soft-boiled eggs should not be forgotten. He prefers the old-fashioned way—a large glass, with salt, pepper and butter. Nor is there afterwards a betraying splash of yellow on his chin or waistcoat.

But there are correspondents knocking at the door. Several letters concerning the drama and music are published in the Herald this Sunday.

Catullus and Burns.

How many are there who have read daily a little Latin since they left college? We came across a lover of Catullus last week, one that not only reads this poet in the original but in the few spare moments of a busy week translates in prose and verse. What is even more noteworthy, he can quote Horace with reference to matters of today, nor is he disturbed by the saying of Mortimer Collins that Horace wrote for the purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons. He ranks Catullus for grace and tenderness above him.

In the poem of Catullus, "Ad Furinum et Aurelium," otherwise known as "A Parting Insult to Lesbia" (XI. in any unexpurgated edition) our friend found a thought of Burns anticipated. The poem of Burns begins:

Wee modest crimson-tippet flower,
Thou 'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the stour
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem, etc.

The stanza of Catullus is as follows:

Nec meum respectet, ut ante amorem,
Qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati,
Ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam,
Tactus aratro est.

Our friend's translation runs:

Naught careth she that my love lies dying
Crushed to the earth by her careless heel,
E'en like the flower of the meadow lying,
Struck by the passing ploughshare's steel.

This may be compared with the version of Sir Richard F. Burton, which seems to us affected:

My love regard she not, my love of yore,
Which fell through fault of her, as falls the fair,
Last mealow floret whenas passed it o'er
Touch of the share.

The same thought is in Virgil, Aen. IX. 435; also in Lotichius, Lib. IV. 5, 97.

The motif of the poem of Catullus is a spiteful one and poor Lesbia is abused in a shockingly frank manner, with more poetic license and extravagance than are allowed. Perhaps the lines of Landor are the best excuse:

Tell me not what too well I know
About the hard of Sermio.
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are * * * as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.

Dana's Error.

As the World Wags:

When I was a youngster of 13, a friend made me a present of "Two Years Before the Mast," which fairly entranced me. In the 60 years which have passed since then I have read the book with enjoyment more than once and so far as my judgment goes it is the best work of the kind ever written. In a recent re-reading of the book I noticed what seemed to me rather a strange error, for the edition had evidently been edited with great care. In the diary is the following entry:

"Friday, Dec. 25. This day was Christmas, and * * * the captain gave us a holiday. The Russian brig, following the Old Style, had celebrated their Christmas 11 days before, when they had a grand blowout."

Now the Old Style is later than our calendar, not earlier. The Russians have many feast days, and one may come before Christmas, which Dana confused with Christmas. He must have known better later, but probably preferred to leave the entry as originally made.

Malden. B. B. E.

In the Russian calendar of today our Dec. 25 is their Dec. 13, not Dec. 14, as one might infer from Dana's remark.—Ed.

That Horned Moon.

In the Herald of Aug. 13 a correspondent pointed out the ignorance of Coleridge concerning the heavenly bodies as shown in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." We have received the following letter in reply:

As the World Wags:

I venture to inquire whether "The horned moon" does not climb "above the eastern bar" every morning after it passes the third (3d) quarter till it meets the sun, and passes to become "new moon," the crescent being the same at corresponding intervals of time, before and after its passing—except that the "old" moon turns its horns towards the eastward. The "new" towards the westward, that is, towards the sun in either case.

Pardon my trespass on your attention. I have watched the "new" moon grow, and the "old" moon wane, a great many times, and I am old enough to resent the "Ancient Mariner" being accused of ignorance.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

Waterford, Me., Aug. 14.

Three Problems.

As the World Wags:

The problems that I submit at this time for your discussion, the solution of which will materially conduce to the joy of living, and so ultimately to the welfare of humanity, are these:

1—Why are perforations made from the toughest of all known paper material so that postage stamps tear anywhere rather than at the perforated points?

2—Why, even at first-class hotels and restaurants are waiters and waitresses trained to attempt the sweetening of your coffee with their own hands? Everything else is passed to you to do your will with, but at the coffee point the waiter stands with a lump of sugar poised, and gently but firmly demands a statement as to your habits in sugar, and is specially insistent when you are just at the vital moment in expounding a position or rounding out a story. I have nothing against waiters as a class. Indeed, my regard for their general excellence leads me to make this attempt to save them from the grievous breach of table manners and betrayal of worthy service. It is an abuse from which I have suffered much and I know no one so able as you to correct it.

3—Why the latter-day practice on the part of publishers by which leaves remain uncut at the bottom of the page? Commonly the uncut leaves were at the top. Does the publisher realize what is inflicted upon the reader by the change? Either he must cut towards him, a thing which cannot be accomplished with comfort and satisfaction, or he must cut with the book upside down. Unless gifted, as was Dr. Peabody of blessed memory, with the ability to read either way (and few are thus gifted), the reader loses the fleeting and precious joy of words, and sentences here and there through the book, as he pursues his cutting activities. And it is a sad loss, as every reader knows, this foretaste of what is to be at the moment when the new book is taken in hand.

Andover, Me. PYNELIS.

Early Instances.

As the World Wags:

Somebody recently inquired when the practice of duplicating the conjunction "that" in introducing the subordinate clause of a sentence originated, and stated that an instance of it occurs in Shakespeare's works. I suppose that the reference to Shakespeare's works is to his play of "Hamlet," which was first published in 1603, and in which an instance of the duplication of "that" occurs. An instance of such a duplication of "that" is to be found on page 106 of the Rev. William Hubbard's work entitled "A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians of New England," etc., which was published in 1677. The passage in Hubbard's work which contains that instance of the duplication of "that" is on page 273 of volume 1 of the edition of the work which was edited by Samuel G. Drake. In the 1775 edition of the work the second "that" is changed (page 183) to "and," which renders the sentence incomplete. Yesterday, in looking over "Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War * * * With Some Account of the Divine Providence Towards Benj. Church, Esqr.," a work which was written by Thomas Church from minutes furnished by his father, Benjamin Church, and which was published in 1716, I noticed three instances of such a duplication of "that," viz., on pages 21, 40 and 45.

Brookline. OBSERVER.

Certain Winds.

As the World Wags:

On my vacation I have been interested in your recent comment on the Latin names of winds. I believe the complete list of them is as follows:

Septentrio—The north wind.
Boreas—The northeast wind.
Soleus—The east wind.
Eurus—The southeast wind.
Africus—The south wind.
Auster—The southwest wind.
Zephyrus—The west wind.
Aquilo—The northwest wind.

With regard to the early use of words in a sense which we regard as modern, may I call attention to the following sentence in Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" (Book IX., Chapter XLIII.)?

"And then anon that damosel piked her away privily, that no man wist where she was become."

Did not Hamlet inquire about the child players of London, "And do they come away with it?" in exactly the sense of our idiom, "Get away with"?

ROBERT M. GREEN, M. D.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 14.

Some time ago a correspondent quoted from Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" a word which he said was the Latin name of a wind, and he asked whether "Caucus" might not be derived from it. Were the lines these?

Where naught but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow.

Is the word as given by our correspondent a misprint for caurus, of which "corus" is a varlant?

Caurus is the northwest wind. Boreas is often used for the north wind. The only "soleus" known to us is the femoral muscle of the leg. The word for the east wind is "solanus." Is not "Africus" the west-southwest wind? "Auster" the south wind? And Aquilo the north wind, also the north-northeast wind?

The verb "pike" is still in English dialect. The reflexive means to go away quickly, to be off. The intransitive form means to depart; also to die. The slang phrase to pike it is very old. Some think the verb is derived from the idea of one furnishing one's self with a pike or pilgrim staff. Others think it comes from the French "piquer," to spear.—Ed.

The Same Today.

A correspondent sends us an extract from Good Company (1888), which is pertinent today.

"The young Emperor seems rather a pugnacious chap. It's a bit queer that he should send his message to his army and navy before he had a word for his peaceful subjects. He calls himself a 'War Lord,' and seems to like the sound of it.

" 'Not one stone of what we have won will we give up! No, sooner than that 42 battalions or some such and 40,000,000 will be left on the battlefield!' It is a young Emperor who speaks like that, the war lord who has succeeded to the throne of Germany. The man of blood and iron must be proud of his pupil. 'Were their subjects wise, war is a game that Kings would not play at.' The Germans, surely are not wise, or they would hush his braggadocio with a storm of indignation. This young fellow's noble father said: 'I hate war with all the strength of my soul!' Alas! that great soul has passed away."

Here is an example of continuous service. We quote a "news item" from Naples, N. Y., published in the Ontario Co. Times:

"During the absence of the pastor's family, the ladies of the Baptist Church are having gas put in the parsonage."

An Old Magazine.

We have received the following letter from the headquarters of the 2d infantry, Massachusetts national guard, Columbus, N. M.:

As the World Wags:

Out of a Red X box came a Cosmopolitan of ancient vintage (December, 1893) and among its contents I note an article on the Chicago Fair by Paul Bourget, typically Bourgetian (pardon the liberty but the coiner of Shavian is responsible); the story of an old priest's celibacy, by Guy de Maupassant, fitting illustrated by (une?) Vierge and an article in French, IN FRENCH!!! To be sure the French followed the translation but it was le bon francais of Francisque Sarcey. Moreover Camille Flammarion discourses on "Nature"; Walter Besant chats feelingly on America; and completing the galaxy (I trust the word is well chosen, dictionaries are not a part of the "field equipment") come William Dean Howells, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen and Robert Grant. The last is an author n'est-ce pas?

Among the illustrators are Gibson, F. H. Smith, Remington and Dan Beard.

Do you know I was glancing over the pages of a current number of the same publication and—

"Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan"?

By the way the Punitive Porcellian-Lentilian Club is to have another session Sunday morning at 8 o'clock in the new officers' club installed at the Moore ranch. Will you be with us in spirit?

CAPT. ROGER ASKEM.

P. S. How is my old friend Brownell? Did he see the scoop the Massachusetts boys pulled on the other soldiers here in making a corner in frijoles. R. A.

The announcement is made that the Kneisel Quartet will give its concerts in Steinert Hall this season on Tuesday afternoons instead of evenings. Whether larger audiences will thus be attracted remains to be seen. "More profitable" might be substituted for "larger." A concert hall that is well filled does not always mean in these days a box-office success.

The Kneisels gave unusually interesting concerts last season, and they

played with more spirit and a finer sense of euphony than were shown in the year before. They deserve large, attractive and paying audiences, but is the public of this city inclined to support chamber concerts?

There was a time when it was the fashion to attend the Kneisel concerts. There was a constant demand for seats. And in the same years it was the fashion for women, old, middle-aged and young, to wax enthusiastic at recitals of pianists, violinists, singers. The word was passed by some one in authority. "You must go." A recital was then a "social function." How the character of the audiences has changed within the last 15 or 20 years! The "society reporter" now finds little material at chamber concerts or recitals for the Sunday page.

Take the case of the Flonzaley Quartet. These admirable players finally won great success. Jordan Hall for a few seasons was crowded. Then there was a decline in the public interest. Although the Flonzaley concerts were not given at a loss last season, the players hesitated about coming here again. "If the Boston public does not care for our concerts, why should we come? There are many towns where we are heartily welcomed and sure of success in every way." It would be a pity, not to say a shame, if the Flonzaleys and Kneisels were at last discouraged by lack of appreciation in a city that has loudly boasted of its "musical culture."

There will undoubtedly be many concerts by visitors. Young and unknown singers and pianists will give recitals to empty seats or to deadheads for the sake of newspaper notices which, they fondly hope, will impress managers and win audiences in towns west of the Hudson river. Even the most self-confident do not expect to pay expenses, unless some "patroness of art" buys many tickets for distribution among her friends. Of course Mr. Kreisler and Mr. McCormack will draw crowds to Symphony Hall. Hearing either one of them is a habit with thousands.

Dr. Muck is hampered in his choice of programs by the fact that it is not easy to obtain orchestral parts from foreign publishers, even the parts of classic works. There is a set of variations by the Italian Bossi, which Dr. Muck wishes to put in rehearsal. He is greatly impressed by them; but the parts are published in Germany.

George Allen and Unwin Ltd. of London publish for the Polish information committee a book of 44 pages: "The National Music of Poland: Its Character and Sources," by Mme. Marguerite Walaux. There is an introduction by Emil Mlynarski, formerly conductor of the Warsaw opera and now the conductor of the Scottish orchestra. Mr. Mlynarski says that this brochure is "very informative." He deplores the fact in England "far too little is known of the wealth of Polish music."

We find little that is new in Mme. Walaux's book. There is naturally a great deal about Chopin, with the expected, inevitable quotations from Liszt, Ehrlert, Niecks, Huneker and others. We are told again that in the music of Polish composers, especially Chopin, Moniuszko and Noskowski, the soul of the heroic people is shown "in all its individuality, agonies, joys, hopes, aspirations, loves and hates, and in its most marked peculiarities." She mentions two characteristic songs: Wibicki's "Poland Not Yet Lost" and Ujejski's "With the Smoke of the Fires." "These songs express the despair of the younger race at seeing the hopes of Poland brought to naught, and reflects the lofty, burning earnestness, the love of country, as a religion. Wibicki's song, the expression of the bright hopes of the race, even after the blow of the third partition has fallen, is an extremely careless, merry song, the ballad of heroic thoughtlessness, joy to live, to sing, to fight. The first is a psalm, the second a march which approaches a mazurka. It ought to be borne in mind that in Polish music melancholy never leads to despair. There is always something hopeful in the most intense sadness."

Mme. Walaux quotes from Sowinski's book on Polish musicians in her short sketch of the history of music in Poland. There is a description of the polonaise, the mazurka, the cracovienne, the dumyr dumki.

The little book is written in a pleasant manner, but it is valuable chiefly as showing patriotic enthusiasm and devotion.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The recent allusion in the Dramatic and Musical Review of the Herald to E. L. Davenport as Damon in "Damon and Pythias" recalled to my mind the fine scorn with which that admirable and scholarly actor uttered the line, "The pliant willow, Damocles," in the play mentioned. Mr. Davenport was as versatile as Garrick, and he could play Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" or William in Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan" with equal faithfulness to their author's conceptions. But, alas, he did not have "little Davy's" business sense, instinct, or what you will, and, therefore, made little money, though he managed theatres, notably the Howard Athenaeum of this city and the Chestnut Theatre, Philadelphia, after a fashion that completely satisfied the theatregoers of his day. It was at the former playhouse under his direction that "The Octoroon" was first seen in Boston with a cast that has never been surpassed in my estimation.

But to hark back to "Damon and Pythias." It reminded me of the play of "Gissippus" by Gerald Griffin, which, like John Banim's piece, was founded on a classical story. It never saw the footlights until two years after its author's death as a Christian Brother in a house of his order on the banks of the river Lee in Ireland, and when it was produced for the first time it was greeted with great enthusiasm by theatregoers and received warm praise from the dramatic critics of the London papers, though it had been neglected for years in the dusty collection of unacted plays at Drury Lane Theatre. William Charles Macready and Helen Faucit added to their dramatic laurels by their assumption of the leading characters. Griffin tried vainly for recognition as a dramatist before he retired from the world, and suffered abject destitution before he reverted to writing stories for a livelihood, and produced that stirring Irish novel "The Collegians," upon which Dion Boucicault founded his drama of "The Colleen Bawn." In the days of Banim and Griffin and before, the art of reading blank verse correctly and impressively was cultivated upon the stage, and as much criticism was bestowed upon the delivery of a speech as there was upon the action, but other times, other manners. Now our players cannot, as a general thing, read Shakespeare or the lesser poets and dramatists with any regards to the rhythm or proper emphasis of the lines. They reduce naturalness to the commonplace, and never produce a thrill by their recitations. Therefore in the dumb show of the "movies" they shine better than they do on the legitimate stage.

I believe Macready produced "Gissipus" in Boston during his first visit here in the early Forties, though that was before my time. His last engagement in this city was just after the Astor Place riot and he was then seen at the Howard Athenaeum. The play was in the repertory of more than one dramatic star. George Vandenhoff in "An Actor's Notebook" refers to J. R. Anderson's performance of the title part at the Broadway Theatre in New York in 1847, the first year of its existence, when Vandenhoff played Fulvius to Anderson's Gessipus during a joint star engagement which drew great houses.

"The Cataract of the Ganges!" Well, I saw it in 1859 during its revival at the Boston Theatre while Thomas Barry was still its manager. It had been a great hit at Drury Lane Theatre, London, as far back as 1823, and its presentation at our "Loftier Academe" was as comparatively successful. I remember little definite concerning the piece except Dan Setchell's singing, if I recall correctly, to this effect:

Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe,
Why did he go for to do so?
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat,
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!

The relevancy of the verses might be questioned, but they were very popular in their day, and might have suggested a song on the same subject of a later time. Poor Setchell! He found a watery grave, like the elder Tyrone Power and Gustavus Vaughn Brooke, that fine romantic player, who married Avonia Jones, so well known from her association with this city and its people.

But horse pieces have had their day on the regular stage. They were always somewhat out of place. I have seen many besides the one in which the lady rides up the cataract, including, among others, "Mazeppa," "Putnam, or the Spirit of '76," "Mike Martin" and "Dick Turpin." The steed, fiery or otherwise, never seemed quite at home in the glare of the footlights. He is happier in the fluttering light of the films.

As for "The Stranger," to which Mr. Hale also refers, I was surfeited with Mrs. Haller before Madame Vine came upon the scene in "East Lynne" with Lucille Western as the repentant mother. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I have seen in all forms and shapes since the Boston Museum first produced it in this city with Helen Western as Eva and Miss Gazinski as Topsy, in which part she made a hit, a palpable hit, though she had been known previously in dancing specialties alone. Bless my soul, that must have been between 60 and 70 years ago, and the players who took part in this dramatic version of Harriet Beecher Stowe's story are, let us hope, recalling earthly triumphs in mansions more durable than day.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The character on the ladder in the play "Still Waters Run Deep," of which the editor of As the World Wags has youthful recollections, was not "doing something with a hammer," but painting a trellis green, "Gr-reen," as the polished villain (Capt. Hawksley?) meaningly suggests to the other members of Mildmay's family, being a color appropriate to the supposed unsophistication of Mildmay. Perhaps, though, the local amateur you saw found a hammer a more convenient "prop" than a paint brush. If so, it must have cut the captain out of a malicious line. Nowadays he could vamp in something about "knocking," but such an allusion would not have had meaning then. Or would it? Some current slang is very respectably old. Speaking of early impressions of enchanted stageland, those who have forgotten Charles Lamb's essay, "My First Play," may (or should) reread it with pleasure, and those who have never read it and its companion papers (there are such, unfortunately) ought to start at once on a complete course in the delightful essays of Elia. That particular account of a little boy's impressions always raises a responsive thrill when I read it. I recall the half-filled house, the green baize curtain dimly lighted by the downturned gas footlights. I detect the faint and mystic odor of escaping gas. I hear the slamming of seats, and, from distant subterranean regions there is borne to my ear the mellow tootling of the clarinetist limbering up his instrument and his pucker with delicious runs and ripples of sweet sounds. Delightful, almost unbearable moments of expectancy!

I never smell gas (the illuminating, not the sewer variety) without being transported into the gallery of the Museum (rush seats, take the best seat if you can get it), or into the back row of the Boston Theatre parquet, awaiting the coming up of the orchestra, one man at a time, through the little door under the centre of the stage. Who remembers "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," with which Frank Chanfrau year after year used to open the season of the Boston Theatre? I am sure that C. Leslie Allen and Dan Maguinness were very good indeed. And "The Cataract of the Ganges," in the crucial act of which the heroine made her escape on horseback up a fall of real water—up, up, to the very top of the rear part of the stage? I afterward learned that a male acrobat took her place for that scene; but at the time I thought the lady wonderfully daring as well as very beautiful. I am glad I didn't know too much.

Boston. OWEN COYNE.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The letter, "His First Play," in As the World Wags of Aug. 14, interests me much. Balfe's opera, "The Enchantress," was heard by me in the winter of 1862-63 in Washington, D. C., while serving as a medical cadet in Judiciary Square General Hospital. Like "G. F. D.," I was entranced by the pirates chorus. Later, the air haunted me, but I had forgotten the title of the opera and the name of the composer. A few years ago it was revealed in the college song of the University of Michigan; the score is not with me, so I cannot be sure that the source of the air is indicated upon it. BURT G. WILDER.

Siasconset.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I have a play bill of "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" as enacted here in Springfield by local veteran talent. Also I saw, and have the play bill of the "Enchantress" (among my collection of old bills), acted at Boston Museum, 1860 or 1861, by Mr. Peter Richings and Miss Caroline Richings, as spoken of by your correspondent, G. F. D., in today's Boston Herald. The first great performance I saw was at Boston Theatre, 1857 or 1858, was Shakespeare'a "Macbeth," with Joseph Proctor, as Macbeth; E. L. Davenport, as Macduff, and Mrs. Abbot, as Lady Macbeth; shall never forget that night's performance.

I have seen most all our great actors. Forrest, Booth, McCullough, Barrett, the Wallacks, Irving, Samuel Phelps, Couldock, Wyseman Marshall, Barry Sullivan, Fechter, Hackett, Wheatly, Owens, Jefferson, Edwin Adams and many others, and consider E. L. Davenport the best of all. His Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Damon, Sir Giles, Bill Sykes, William, Brutus, Dan'l Druce, Benedict, could not be surpassed.

D. F. LEARY.

Springfield, Aug. 15.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Reading G. F. D.'s recollections of his first play as he gives them, tempts me to try and perpetrate some of the same kind of personal recollections of my own on your confiding readers.

Having been born and raised in a newspaper atmosphere as it were, where complimentary tickets were one of the perquisites of the family, my first recollections of the theatre go back to the Lyceum days and old Liberty Hall in New Bedford, Mass., in the 60's where we were privileged to hear some of the finest lectures and musical performances of those days, and there were no better in those days not even in critical Boston, although that is another story as Kipling says.

Among the old actors we had McKean Buchanan and Mrs. Buchanan, who were great in "Macbeth," and Edwin Forest in "Jack Cade," and Edwin Booth in his classic Hamlet and Richelieu, and then occasionally, William Warren and Mrs. Vincent and the immortal Museum stock company players, of whom nothing in the later days has ever taken their place, in our hearts. But to repeat names is but giving a catalog of what we enjoyed later in the old Museum in Boston and in the Howard and the Boston, but comparison they say is invidious, but I would not omit from the list the Morris brothers minstrels and Dollie Bidwell, and Myers in the "Ticket of Leave Man," and so many others which memory fails to recall, "lost to sight but to memory dear," which shows we are getting old ourselves, but the blessed recollections of memories storehouse.

We shall always have with us, God willing, until the end, and even the recollections of later days cannot blot them out completely; not even the host of revered names such as Roland Reed, Charles Fechter, Richard Mansfield, Sir Henry Irving, Nat Goodwin, whose caricature of the mannerisms of Sir Henry so many of us remember, as we do the Divine Sarah, which even our lack of friends could keep us from seeing and appreciating; but now all we have is the recollection, which surely should be enough, as it softens all in lines and angles, and leaves only the perfect chef-d'oeuvre of recollection. Well the old Liberty Hall which rang with so many patriotic appeals in civil war days went up in smoke one cold night in winter, and was succeeded by another which was unhallowed by the recollections of the old place, but except for lack of fire-escapes answered the same purpose; but the old place was enshrined in our hearts as the "Cradle of Liberty" is in the hearts of all Bostonians, with the old Museum, and other old landmarks of which, alas, there are too few left.

ARTHUR W. MARTIN,
National Soldiers' Home, Mo.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The question was recently asked in the Herald:

"Does anyone remember 'The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.'" One of the few plays which it was my privilege to see in Springfield, Mass., during the early 70's, was "The Drummer Boy." The New England father of the drummer boy was J. C. Spooner, a well-known citizen of Springfield, while the unenviable part of the cruel rebel colonel was carried to perfection by John L. Rice, afterwards postmaster of that city.

The terrible prison scene was one never to be forgotten and it was hard for a boy of my age to believe, as he met Mr. Rice on the street after the play, that he was not really as heartless as he had appeared. In the final scene, after the close of the war, the New England family met together for a reunion — all but the missing drummer-boy—and one must have been more hard-hearted than the rebel colonel, if he could hear without emotion that ever beautiful song, which the family sang:

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair, etc.

The drummer boy and possibly a few others in the cast went about from place to place, but most of the players were local talent G. F. B.

Hyde Park

To the Editor of the Herald:

If any one is still wondering why opera failed in Boston let him make the rounds of the movies. Apparently the more music a Boston audience gets while the curtain is up the more it simply must have between the acts. Grinding out the Fifth Symphony during the intermission in "Trovatore" might have saved the day. C. T.

Newton Centre.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Reading the letter of "G. F. D." of Aug. 14, regarding his first play, impels me to ask whether any one remembers my first play, "The French Spy." This was given in the country town where I lived by a traveling company, and there was an afterpiece, "The Wandering Minstrel," in the course of which was sung "Villikins and His Dinah." It must have been nearly or quite 50 years ago. I remember well the daze of emotion left by the Spy, even though I failed wholly to understand the story. "The Wandering Minstrel" was long my ideal of compelling humor. From my faint recollections I think "The French Spy" must have been a story of the French in Algiers. I do not remember the names of any of the actors.

Later I saw "The Drummer Boy," of which you speak, though in my version I think it was "The Drummer Boy of the Shenandoah" not Shiloh. This play, I think, was generally given by local talent, and they varied the title to suit the audience. E. A. PACKARD.

Boston.

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

The House of Commons section of the London Appeal Tribunal has decided that picture theatres are not necessary to the national interest. We quote from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"The first applicant for exemption from military service yesterday was a cinematograph film renter, who appealed on the ground of exceptional obligations. He said he had invested about £2000 in the business, and his stock was worth a similar amount. His business chiefly consisted of buying films and renting them out. He had taken over four variety cinematograph theatres, several of these being in the provinces. He was allowed a month in which to arrange his affairs. The second case concerned a departmental manager, for whom Messrs. Pathe Freres (English) appealed. It was stated that the man's duty was to arrange for the whole of the serial films issued by the firm throughout the country. One hundred and sixty employes of the English company were serving, and they were only

claiming exemption for heads of departments. In this case a fortnight was allowed."

Rodolphe Berger, composer of operettas and waltzes, killed himself at Barcelona early last month. An Austrian by birth, he was the most Parisian of Parisians. His three brothers were naturalized and two are now in the French army. Although he lived in Paris since he was 9 years old—he died when he was 52—he never took the oath of French allegiance, so when war broke out he went to Spain to escape imprisonment. His large fortune was left to a prominent milliner in Paris.

Raymon Moore, tenor and song writer died on Aug. 15 in the Coney Island Hospital. With Cy Warman he wrote "Sweet Marie."

Edward Sheldon's play "Romance" was performed for the 350th consecutive time at the Lyric Theatre, London, Aug. 14.

Robert E. Keane succeeded Raymond Hitchcock in "Mr. Manhattan," when that piece was played on Aug. 5 for the 151st time at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

There is talk of producing d'Indy's "Saint Christophe," Magnard's "Guercoeur" and Granadd's "Goyescat" at the Opera Comique, Paris, within the next year.

Rutland Boughton's music drama, "The Round Table," was performed at the Glastonbury Festival last month. "This work shows the young Arthur overcoming internal dissensions in his kingdom by sending the knights on the quest of the Grail. It also shows his weakness in warcraft, one of the factors in his ultimate downfall." Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, a daughter of the baritone, took part in the performanee.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh will begin a tour of the principal English provincial theatres tomorrow with a new play by Henry Arthur Jones bearing title "We Can't be as Bad as all That!"

A new play of modern life by Henry Hamilton and the late Cecil Raleigh will be produced at Drury Lane about the middle of this month.

London newspapers published on Aug. 14 a dispatch from Melbourne saying that Mme. Melba was suffering from a bad attack of influenza.

Tracing the moral degradation of the theatre to Ibsenite influences would imply that the Norwegian dramatist is the author of most of the bedroom farces now exhibited on Broadway.—New York Evening Post.

A curious an drather pathetic little literary auction took place recently. It seems to have occurred simultaneously to the two distinguished Italian composers—Puccini and Mascagni—that Ouida's story, "Two Little Wooden Shoes," would provide a good libretto for an opera. The English publisher was approached on the matter of copyright, but he was powerless in the matter, Miss de la Ramee having died intestate at Viareggio, the right of the disposal of her property passing into the hands of the town clerk. That individual put the copyright up to auction, and the rival publishers who backed the composers, bid against each other for it. Mascagni's publisher secured it for f.6000.—London Daily Chronicle.

Harry Lauder's play was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, Aug. 5, after its performances in this country. "Mr. Lauder has attempted little more than to extend a string from which will hang revivals of his own Scottish creations and his own Scottish songs." As he had other engagements his part was taken by J. H. Scotland.

John Spencer Curwen, president of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, died last month. There is a movement in England to commemorate the centenary of his father's birth, Nov. 14, for the Rev. John Curwen did more than others to develop and popularize this system of teaching. There will be a service for children in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, with a choir of several thousand youngsters.

Sir Thomas Beecham will resume operatic performances at the Aldwych Theatre, London, next month. He is proud of the fact that he has conducted opera for 36 weeks in war time.

"He went further, and declared that, in his opinion, such a record would have been well-nigh impossible before the war. Here was no paradox, or, as Sir Thomas was careful to explain, it was only after recent experiences had conclusively proved the contrary, that the London public renounced their old, and deep-rooted, conviction that native singers were useless for the needs of the operatic stage. It was too early, he said, to attempt to predict what might happen after the war. But at least he ventured to hope that opera in the vernacular was now firmly rooted in our soil, and would grow into something that the public would never allow to languish for want of adequate support."

We are a long way, happily, from those days when the opinion was widely held that nothing good (musically) could come out of England. Time was, as many of us still remember, when native singers even were not above concealing—or trying to conceal—their nationality by appearing in public under a foreign-sounding name. (Was not that true Irishman—from Tipperary—and popular bass, Allan James Foley, known far and wide as "Sig. Foli"?) And of course there have been other similar instances. Probably out of a settled conviction that everything bearing a foreign label was likely to meet with greater acceptance than anything frankly British arose another ridiculous fashion, which developed into a lasting convention. This was the absurd habit adopted by native composers of giving a foreign title to their works, even the least pretentious. Thus a "Melody" was not reckoned an attractive enough designation for some little piece of simple sentiment; so it was christened a "Mélodie." The habit endures to this day. Thus, in a recent list of publications we find native compositions bearing such titles as "Souvenir de Printemps," "Chant Sans Paroles," "Chanson de Nuit," "Minuet Nuptiale" and "Reve d'une Colombine." What on earth is amiss with "A Spring Memory," "Song Without Words," or "A Song of Night"? And is there any conceivable reason why a composer should choose such a title as "Minuet Nuptiale" except his ignorance of the French language and his dislike, seemingly, of his own? As for "Reve d'une Colombine," it is, of course, merely mongrel. Cannot these affectations—or call them what you will—be dropped? The thing is absurd. But worse than absurd, we venture to suggest, at a time like the present, is the kind of aberration that prompts a British composer to publish some pieces under the style and title of "Fantasiestuscke." Does he really imagine that his compositions will have a better sale because they bear a German label?—London Daily Telegraph.

"The Sister-in-Law," a new "light comedy" by Cyril Hallward, was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, Aug. 3.

"There are such good things in it that one would probably say, 'How very little would make it a popular work-a-day success.'" This, in case the comedy had been produced at a "trial matinee."

"But when it is produced straight away for an after-dinner West end run, one realizes that what is wanted under these circumstances is complete achievement, however small, rather than promise, however bright. Accordingly, one must confess to one's doubts about 'The Sister-in-Law.' It has a capital idea at the back of it, and plenty of happy dialogue; but it suggests cleverer things than it fulfills, and it finishes off in a long, needless, and foolish irrelevance, which is neither funny nor true, and logically of no particular interest to anyone—except, possibly, the author himself and a much-respected dramatic critic." The story is told by the Pall Mall Gazette:

"The fact is that 'The Sister-in-law' sets out to be a comedy of character, but the characters do not develop, and we are left after the opening to do the best we can with what would be very makeshift stuff even as farce. We are invited to the flat of a playwright (Mr. Nigel Playfair), whose wife (Miss Christine Silver) has had her sister staying there for something over two years. The sister-in-law, who is quite a charming young person, dominates the household—is, in fact, a variant upon the mother-in-law of commoner tradition. The playwright has, however, a dragon-like sister (Miss Marie Illington) who does her best to drive the sister-in-law away by sheer rudeness. The playwright tries adroiter methods by inciting a stockbroker (Mr. Sam Sothern) to propose. The stockbroker's ardor, unfortunately, anticipates his intended proposal. He gets a box on the ear, and there is no end of a quarrel, in which the playwright himself becomes involved. The quarrel ends in the stockbroker offering to marry the sister-in-law and to allow the playwright's wife to live with them. This arrangement, to the stockbroker's own consternation, is accepted. So we get to the last act, with the sisters in the stockbroker's flat, and the situation reversed. Upon this, unfortunately, having been unable to hit upon any really fresh and clever 'resolution' to his plot, Mr. Hallward treats us instead to a piece of belated semi-'spoof,' by which the playwright is supposed to have written a play, and this is the play the playwright wrote, while the playwright's sister proves to be married to the dramatic critic of the 'Morning Post' (which is rather hard upon Mr. G. E. Morrison, who is married already!) and at curtain-fall they all go off to the theatre. The play is exceedingly well acted; indeed, the company could easily have made a big success with any play that had given them anything like a chance. Miss Mary O'Farrell, a young actress who recently distinguished herself in a Stage Society performance, could evidently have made a character out of the sister-in-law if there had been a character to make. But there was none. We start out hoping that there is. In the end, however, the sister-in-law becomes a mere repetition of the wife, and Miss O'Farrell has nothing else to do but look bright, which is always a strain when there is an absence of anything in particular to look bright about. In the playwright's case also the character is that of a mere 'boob' (as the Americans say), who would never have written a play worth looking at for two minutes, and Mr. Nigel Playfair did not appear bent on dispelling the impression. Mr. Sam Sothern, Miss Marie Illington, and Miss Christine Silver were all as good as could be, and so was Mr. Hignett as a last-act butler."

The University of Pennsylvania has recently come into possession of manuscript plays, poems, letters, and miscellaneous papers by Robert Montgomery Bird, an American dramatist, born in 1806, whose piece "The Gladiator" was played by Edwin Forrest, for whom it was written, and has since been played by John McCullough and Robert Downing. Other of his plays which found producers were "Oraloosa" and "The Broker of Bogota." Complete and fragmentary manuscripts of 12 plays come to the institution from which Dr. Bird graduated. The letters are from leading men of letters and players of the time. What part of the manuscripts will be published, and when, we are not told.—New York Evening Post.

"Howard and Son," a little play by J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond, was produced at the Coliseum, London, Aug. 14, by Sir George Alexander, who took the part of Sir Anthony Howard, a business man, "gray, slightly bald, but debonair, quite like Throgmorton Street." His firm is failing on account of the war. His only son is wounded at the front. There is one hope of safety: "Biggin, an engaging soul," will pay the firm £25,000 if it will frank a cargo of "steel castings under its name to Sweden, but the phrase "steel castings" is a blind for copper ingots designed for trans-shipment to Germany. Sir Anthony orders Biggin to leave the room. Biggin taunts him with approaching failure. "There is a firm even older than Howard and Son," the old man answered, "and that is—England." "What of your son?" says Biggin. "My son," replied Sir Anthony, who has just opened a telegram, "is dead."

"Hamlet" was performed on Aug. 11 by Miss Baylis's repertory company from the Old Vic at the Shakespeare Festival held at Stratford-on-Avon. The Times published this review: "The production included act IV., scenes 2 and 3, which are rarely seen on the stage, and there were one or two notable points in the stage 'business.' In the mad scene an attempt was made to get back to the first quarto stage direction: 'Enter Ofelia, playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing,' instead of following the usual modern way laid down by Rowe: 'Enter Ophelia, fantastically drest, with Straws and Flowers.' The flowers which she distributed existed only in her fancy, and one was spared the spectacle of an Ophelia who looked like a Piccadilly-circus flower girl. Again, when Miss Beatrice Wilson entered as the Queen with the news of Ophelia's death, she carried in her hands the drowned woman's dripping garment. Mr. Stack's make-up as Hamlet vividly suggested the portrait of Edwin Booth in the part in the Memorial picture gallery, and after all had left the grave, he returned and dropped into it a rose—a touch which is traditionally reputed to have been devised by Charles Kean."

"Till Eulenspiegel" as a Russian Ballet

Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," generally considered one of the most significant works of contemparary musical compositions, is to be used as the basis for a new ballet which has been worked out by Waslav Nijinsky, the Russian dancer, and will be used by him during the coming season of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe. It will be seen for the first time in the opening bill of the ballet at the Manhattan Opera House on Oct. 9.

In musical circles the event is likely to cause more discussion than any similar one since Isadora Duncan announced her intention of dancing to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, with the difference that in this case the composer of the music is alive and capable of expressing his views on the matter, and is said to have given the project his approval, and even to have gone to the extent of offering to rewrite portions of the music, which Nijinsky is declared to have told him was unnecessary.

The Russian dancer is now at the Malvern in Bar Harbor, where Robert Edmund Jones, the American scenic painter, who has been selected to design the costumes and settings for this ballet and others has gone to confer with him. Word of their plans for "Till Eulenspiegel" has reached this city.

Concertgoers who are familiar with Strauss's famous work will be interested in hearing that as Nijinsky has devised the choreography for the ballet, many of the incidents which appear in the composer's elaborate "program" for his music are to be translated almost literally to the stage, and that the general spirit of the work is to be rigidly adhered to, according to the plans of the producers.

Nijinsky will appear as Till in his various disguises, and the other principal characters will be: A noblewoman, clergymen and professors. The scene will be a market place with courthouse in a city of the middle ages. Mr. Jones will carry out the 13th century idea in the costuming, and the stage setting will be atmospheric and fantastic.

The dancer has devised the following story to embody the program of Strauss's music as nearly as possible in the terms of ballet:

Till enters among a crowd of villagers dressed as a buffoon. With many quips and practical jokes, he causes confusion and turmoil among the peasants. This is Till Eulenspiegel in his proper person of a "merry rogue" as he was described in the old German folkbook from which Strauss derived the "program" as the basis of his music.

On the arrival of a group of clergymen Till vanishes to reappear as a clergyman and make fun of the cloth. He later returns dressed as a chevalier. He pays elaborate court to a young noblewoman who comes through the market place, but he is repulsed. He takes it hard and vows that thereafter his wit shall be tinctured with malice.

He has an opportunity for this directly, for a group of professors arrive on the scene. Till appears garbed like one of them and proceeds to put a highly involved problem in metaphysics before them. They wrangle over it, Till shyly aiding first one side then the other until each is in a frenzy of verbal combat, while he makes it plain to the crowd that he is simply interested in having the professors furnish amusement for all of them.

As they see through his purpose and attempt to lay hold of him, he again disappears. The next time he returns, it is in his garb of a buffoon. He now makes inflammatory speeches to the populace and stirs them to wild excitement. He is arrested by the clergymen and the professors come down out of the courthouse to sentence him to death. As they take him away for execution the crowd is sad and silent. But the spirit of Till appears to them, again his gay self. He will live forever, and the crowd is glad and takes up its merrymaking again.

The story is told that Nijinsky composed the ballet during his internment in Austria last year, the idea being brought to his mind by hearing the work performed at concerts. After he had worked out a ballet to go with the music he communicated with Strauss, and the later visited him. Strauss had written a ballet, "The Legend of Joseph," for the Diaghileff company, though this was not produced while Nijinsky was connected with the ballet. He is said to have expressed himself as delighted with the proposed conversion of "Till Eulenspiegel" to ballet uses. Nijinsky told him he had been able to visualize the whole action from the score as it existed and there would be no need of changes which Strauss is said to have offered to make.—New York Times, Aug. 27.

Frank Harris's Appreciation of Maud Allan

When Miss Maud Allan, loudly heralded as the darling of Europe, the pet of crowned heads and aristocracy, made her first appearance in Boston, the beauty of her arms and hands excited enthusiasm. Frank Harris, joining the band of titled gushers, laid his tribute of jewelled words at the dancer's feet in a recent number of the Musical Courier:

"In the second renaissance of art, which may be said roughly to have begun with the 20th century, dancing holds an honorable place. The Russian ballet taught every one that the classic dancing of the French and Italian stage had come to life again—a diviner life.

"Side by side with this revival, the genius of the individual has manifested itself just as triumphantly. The dancing of Maud Allan is as significant as the rebirth of the ballet. Alone and unheralded she came to London in 1908 and took the town by storm. All art is personal in appeal, and I may therefore be allowed to describe the impression her dancing made upon me. I had seen the Russian ballet in St. Petersburg and Moscow; had enjoyed the gitanas dancing in Seville, and the nautch girls of the East, and in Fez and Biskra had learned how magically tense a sensualism could express itself in pose and gesture. Yet the dancing of Maud Allan enlarged my conception of the possibilities of the art. She appeared first in the 'Waltz Caprice' of Rubenstein, and took my breath. Here was joy expressed as I had never imagined it could be expressed, pure joy, the happy gaiety of a child, tripping, bounding hither and thither, out of sheer lightheartedness. I could not help smiling; every one was smiling with innocent sympathy.

"The music quickened and the dancer's movements thrilled, took on a touch of wildness—the happy girl child became a faun intoxicated with the delight of life, whirling, pirouetting, floating, springing on the exultant notes, palpitating with pleasure—a human mote in a sunbeam of joy.

"The end left us all with hot cheeks, breathless.

"And so Maud Allan lives in my memory—as a sort of Shelley creature; an unbodied joy whose race has just begun, and also as a tragic masque of woman's passion that can embrace death itself, lend warmth to his clay cold lips."

THE MUSICAL HOUR

A celebrated string quartet purposes to give its concerts in Boston this season in the afternoon instead of the evening, hoping thereby to attract a larger number of paying hearers. The experiment will be watched with interest. Will excellent music, admirably played, be more pleasing to the ear and a more powerful magnet at the box office than when it is heard at night? Sing-

ers, pianists, fiddlers giving recitals. Have long preferred the afternoon, although they admit that they are in finer fettle after dark.

A few years ago there was an effort in Germany to bring about a reform in concert halls. Many articles were written urging the necessity of unseen orchestras and choral societies, the advantage of a dimly lighted hall. Some writers went so far as to say that a solo singer or player of an instrument should not be seen by the audience that there might not be any disturbing element of personality. A few argued that all concerts should take place in the morning, because the mind of the hearer was then fresher and more receptive than later. The music would be heard before the ear was dulled by its relation with a stomach suffering from the enormity of a luncheon or a dinner. It did not occur to this little band of reformers that a large number of men and women value music chiefly as an aid to digestion. Hence their fondness for musical comedies. Desiring music at dinner in hotel or restaurant, they thus hamper the digestive process before the rise of the curtain.

Will the program of a string quartet, however excellent the players, be a stronger attraction than luncheon with bridge? The greater part of an afternoon audience will necessarily be composed of women. During the last seasons there has been a falling off in the size and quality of afternoon audiences at week-day recitals. Now and then a pianist or a singer may be fortunate. Few visitors do more than pay expenses. And chamber concerts, which are supposed to gratify the higher order of music-lovers, have not been well supported.

There have been morning concerts here, concerts in which artists of acknowledged worth took part. Last season they were not pecuniarily successful. Only the melomaniac in a city of business wishes to hear music before noon. The question now comes up, How many in Boston are disposed to hear music in the afternoon, or even in the evening? We do not refer to certain civic "institutions," as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Apollo Club. As for Messrs. Paderewski, Kreisler, McCormack, people go to hear them as a matter of course, as many make a point of visiting New York once a year.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "The Melody of Youth," a romantic Irish play in three acts, by Brandon Tynan. First performance in Boston.

Cathleen Linnett .....Florence Martin
Mary Powers.....Rea Martin
Alice.....Mary Forrest
Sarah Ann Powers.....Lizzie Hudson Collier
Henry Sligo.....Charles McCarthy
Phil O'Grady.....William Harrigan
Lord Kiltartan.....William J. Kelly
Miss Elizabeth Hilperty.....Mary Shaw
Pastor Paul Nugent.....Harry Harwood
Anthony Beresford.....Brandon Tynan
Lionel Mayne.....Harry Neville

For many years romance and comedy in an Irish setting have been synonymous for success in theatrical annals, and Mr. Tynan's play, given for the first time in Boston last Saturday evening at the Hollis Street Theatre, deserves a similar fate. The author has not found his inspiration in the grim little tragedies or the poetic allegories which were conspicuous in the repertoire of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre. Guided by a simpler muse and with the Ireland of Boucicault, Andrew Mack, Chauncey Olcott, the Ireland of harps, shamrocks and sentimental ballads, he tells the refreshing story of Cathleen Linnett, the Dublin coquette, and Anthony Beresford, a divinity student.

Cathleen has many suitors. She is fickle and her flirtations are the despair of Pastor Paul and others who would control her destiny. Her capricious affections are finally centred upon Lord Kiltartan, "a divorced man with Don Juan tendencies." She accepts his ring and a secret betrothal.

Returning from an escapade at a masqued ball, dressed as Rosalind, she finds young Anthony Beresford, a divinity student, awaiting her. Exasperated by her pranks, Cathleen's Dublin relatives have sent for him to take charge of her. By the terms of a will made by a knowing and provident father she must live until her marriage under the same roof as her guardian. Young Anthony thought he knows of his knowledge of women, quickly succumbs to her arts. Cathleen, attracted in spite of herself and amused at the thought of a new toy, agrees to put an immediate end to her gayeties and go with her guardian to live quietly in the country.

Here Cathleen teaches him love, the melody of youth. He is an apt pupil and his ecclesiastical sobriety soon fades. A newspaper account of Cathleen's relations with Lord Kiltartan put ends the romance, and that gentleman himself comes to claim his future bride. Cathleen returns his ring and Anthony strikes him. Hot-headed Phil O'Grady urges Anthony to a duel with his rival. Pastor Paul, fearful for Anthony's career, orders him back to Rome. This hastens the lovers to disclose their feelings and the wish of Cathleen's father is accomplished.

In spite of its slender theme the play holds the interest of the audience to the end. The character drawing is clever, shrewd, realistic. The lines are amusing. Ireland of 1830 provides an opportunity for quaint costumes and picturesque scenes. The piece is excellently cast.

Miss Florence Martin, remembered for her performance of the title role in "Peg o' My Heart," has another congenial role. There is marked improvement in her work. She has lost the stiffness, the mannerisms which, unfortunately, are sometimes the result of too long a period spent in stock companies. She now has spontaneity, authority and skill in characterization. She was charming in scenes of coquetry, petulance, sentiment.

Miss Shaw gave a remarkable impersonation of Elizabeth Hilperty, the pessimist and busybody, with her abiding joy in a handsome corpse and a nice genteel funeral. Capitally made up, she presented a familiar type with uncommon intelligence, humor and finesse.

Mr. Tynan played Anthony acceptably, with becoming severity in the earlier scenes, and the requisite dash and buoyancy when his thoughts turned from the church to romance.

Mr. Harwood as the other colonist, Pastor Paul, was an amusing companion picture for Mrs. Hilperty. Once or twice the actor lost his lines and this weakened a scene. This will, no doubt, be corrected at future performances.

Mr. Kelly, Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Harrigan were respectively excellent. They acted in a high spirited manner and contributed an important dash of local color. Other members of the company were efficient.

There will be an extra holiday matinee this afternoon.

Sept 5 1915

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE: "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," a farce in four acts written by George M. Cohan from an idea suggested by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. Produced at the Astor Theatre, New York, Sept. 13, 1915.

Billy Holliday.....Fred Niblo
Rev. T. B. Holden.....Thomas Irwin
Rex Granger.....Mac M. Barnes
Dean Granger.....Purnell B. Pratt
Burr Jayson.....John D. O'Hara
Chief Crandall.....Edgar Halstead
Jed Cusick.....Joseph Allen
Sam Stallings.....Frederick Maynard
Joe Curtis.....Thomas Williams
Pete.....Harold Grau
George B. Hendricks.....C. R. McKinney
Smith.....Thos. Magrane
Jones.....Al Gilmore
Edith Holden.....Hazel Lowry
Mrs. Temple.....Lorena Atwood
Anna.....Laura Bennett

The story is a simple one. Holliday is engaged at a salary of $100 a week to tend bar at Granger's new hotel in a country town. Going into Jayson's temperance hotel to be shaved, Holliday is disgusted by the behavior of young Granger, a cub, becomes interested in Mrs. Temple's work for prohibition and and more interested in Edith, who is a manicure to help her father, an Episcopal rector who talks of prayer meetings. For these reasons he delivers a flaming speech against the Demon Rum at a public meeting and at once becomes famous. His speech with his portrait is published in the New York newspapers. He receives invitations to deliver lectures, Proprietors of cinematograph shows and publishers demand his services throughout the land. As he endorses a temperance drink "Nearly Beer," manufactured by Jayson, orders pour in for the beer. The three last acts show how he discomfited Granger, drove him out of his business as a brewer and compelled him to make Jayson an offer for co-partnership in manufacturing the moral beverage. At the end he weds Edith. Her father reads the marriage service as the guests go into dinner and the curtain goes down.

The farce is amusingly nonsensical, written in a slap, dash inconsequential style and acted swiftly. The character Billy Holliday was evidently suggested by a famous revivalist, but Holliday's ideas, opinions, manner of speech are those of Mr. Cohan the actor. It is true that Mr. Holliday does not dance in a surprising manner, but he waves the American flag—not in the sight of the audience but at the meeting which is described, not put on the stage, for the classic maxim, "Let not Medea slay her children before the audience," is rigidly observed. It is not necessary to inquire anxiously into the sudden conversion of the barkeeper. Mr. Cohan is not a psychologist. He does not spend time in developing character. He has no high and holy mission. Indeed, Holliday leaves us in doubt as to his sincerity, for in the third act, when no one is looking, he takes a pull at the flask handed over by Cusick, the expressman, who had been turned from strong drink by Holliday's eloquence. It must be confessed that the subject of prohibition is treated lightly, as it was in Mr. Niblo's little speech before the curtain.

Mr. Niblo's spirits are unflagging. He is continually vivacious, but not in a noisy and aggressive manner. Mr. Allen was a droll expressman, very funny in an original manner. Mr. Pratt was excellent as the disagreeable young Granger. Miss Lowry was appropriately simple and naturally girlish.

The first act, with the talk in the barber shop of the temperance hotel is the best. The remarks of the two barbers, the game of checkers, the scene between Holliday and young Granger—these are in comedy spirit. The remaining acts are extravagantly farcical, with dialogue that is generally amusing, and often nimble witted. The play was greatly enjoyed by the audiences that welcomed the opening of the Park Square Theatre under the management of Mr. Wright.

Tremont Theatre. Thomas H. Ince's cinema spectacle "Civilization" by C. Gardner Sullivan. First performance in Boston.

The King of Wredpryd.....Herschel Mayall
Queen Eugenie.....Miss Lola May
Count Ferdinand.....Howard Hickman
Katheryn Haldeman.....Miss Enid Markey
The Christus.....George Fisher
Luther Rolf, the Peace Advocate.....J. Frank Burke
The Prime Minister.....Chas. K. French
The Blacksmith.....J. Barney Sherry
His Son.....Jerome Storm
His Daughter.....Miss Ethel Ullman

Completely rebuilt and in attractive dress the Tremont Theatre opened yesterday afternoon with Thomas H. Ince's cinema spectacle, "Civilization." The program stated that the production is "dedicated to that vast, pitiful army whose tears have girdled the universe—the mothers of the dead."

Aside from its impressiveness as a spectacle no more impassioned argument for peace could be imagined. With every means at his command, well versed in the craft and cunning of modern motion photography, Mr. Ince has depicted in relentless and bloody realism the horrors and carnage of war.

From peaceful scenes in the kingdom of Wredpryd where peasants cultivate their land and honest workmen ply their humble trades, the pictures change to the streets of the capital. Here the King of Wredpryd, a haughty monarch on conquest bent, signs the decree which will send thousands to their death. The declaration of war has its effect on populace and nobility. The aristocrats, sure of victory, send their men to battle with cheers and waving banners. The country people, realizing the full value of the calamity, have only tears and anguish.

The pictures of actual fighting that follow immediately are but one evidence of Mr. Ince's skill as a producer. Every phase of modern warfare is represented. There are trenches stormed by infantry, mad dashes by cavalry, whirring aeroplanes on their missions of destruction. Ghastly scenes on battlefields show tortured men writhing with hopeless wounds. There is the destruction of field hospitals. Red Cross nurses are slain at their posts. Dead and dying men are shown horribly mutilated.

Among the most touching pictures are those in which unwilling citizens are dragged from their dependent families by stern soldiers to swell the rapidly dwindling ranks. Helpless invalids are left to shift for themselves. Mothers and sons, fathers and daughters, sweethearts and lovers are torn apart.

Then there is the romance of Count Ferdinand, the inventor of a new and deadly submarine, and Katheryn Haldeman. His betrothed would make the young man heed the call of humanity, but he is loyal to his King and leaves to fulfil his command. Katheryn's words have, however, had their influence. In command of his submarine bound to destroy a liner, Count Ferdinand sees as in a dream the accomplishment of his bloody purpose. He countermands the order which doomed the vessel, holds his men, eager for blood, at bay, and sinks his submarine. Rescued, he preaches peace. Bidden to live by his King, he is now condemned to death, which overtakes him in his cell.

The outraged monarch coming to look at the body sees Christ in a vision. The Saviour forces him to contemplate the wasted lands, the human beings butchering each other at his command. Repentant, he signs a treaty of peace. There are scenes of home-coming and rejoicing.

The work of the aeroplanes dropping their deadly bombs on the capital with appalling results; the submarines on their errands of destruction. Count Ferdinand's vision of the sinking liner, the burning of cities and villages: all these are features of the spectacle. The principals in the cast are competent actors. The King and Count Ferdinand are excellently played by Mr. Mayall and Mr. Hickman. The Christ is reverently portrayed by Mr. Fisher. Crowds, mobs and soldiers have been grouped and directed by a master hand.

A large orchestra played appropriate music and there was singing by a chorus. A large audience was interested and appreciative.

VICE UNMASKED IN 'THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR'

Under the euphemistic title, "The Little Girl Next Door," the life of the underworld existing in the cities of Illinois before the vice commission began its work there and in many cities of the country today is graphically depicted in the film which began an indefinite run at Loew's Globe Theatre yesterday afternoon. The picture is not a romance, the producers declare, and indeed romance of any sort seems conspicuously absent. The picture is unquestionably stern realism. The attitude which Boston will adopt toward this unmasked portrayal of a side of life the details of which many believe should be suppressed is problematical.

The picture is decidedly unusual both in plot and conception. It marks the first time in history that a legislative body has voted to present its deliberations in this form, and many prominent national figures appear in the film. The Illinois Legislature has surely found a means of recording its work more likely to reach the public than the usual dry, statistical legislative reports.

Unfortunately, the sordid story of the little girl who lived next door to Mayor Edmund Beall of Alton, Ill., is not without its parallels. An attractive little schoolgirl, who had led the sheltered life of the child in the small town, becomes a victim of the system which exists in some cities for recruiting innocent girls to the ranks of the street. The death of her father brings her back to the small town and to a realization of the uncompromising attitude of society toward her kind. The tragedy of her life so aroused Mayor Beall that he sought and secured re-election to the state Senate and immediately drafted a bill calling for a vice investigation.

All the incidents of the life of the underworld with which innumerable plays, books and reformers' pleas have helped to familiarize the public are presented in capsule form in the scenes which follow. There is every plot which the fertile brain of a scenario writer could conceive, in the life histories which the denizens of the demi-monde relate in testimony to the members of the commission. In the picturization of these life stories moving picture actresses are, of course, substituted for the unfortunates, but the facts of their lives are faithfully portrayed.

Those who hold that the picturization of such conditions will have a marked influence in arousing public opinion to a realization of conditions here in Boston are actively supporting the production of "The Little Girl Next Door" here. As a result of the Illinois investigation, about 60 per cent. of the segregated districts in the cities of the United States were abolished.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," a play in four acts by Eugene Walter, founded on the book of the same name by John Fox, Jr. First performance in Boston.

Chad.....George Dunn
Jack, the dog.....By himself
Sheriff.....George Sylvester
A Neighbor.....Frank Twitchell
Another Neighbor.....Miss Doris
Nathan Cherry.....Mark Price
Caleb Hazel, the schoolmaster..Harry Hadfield
Red Fox.....Wallace Owen
Melissa.....Orrilla Smith
Little Tad Dillon.....Gardner James
Haws Dillon.....Cole Carrol
Tom Turner.....R. H. Barrat
Rube Turner.....Frank Gerbach
Dolph Turner.....Thomas Quinn
Mother Betsy Turner.....Jennie A. Eustace
Sintha Turner.....Crosby Little
Maj. Calvin Buford.....Brigham Royce
Joel Turner.....Daniel Ross
Squire.....Joseph R. Mann
Old Tad Dillon.....Robert Forrest
First Juror.....Henry Vancleft
Second Juror.....Herman Bernhardt
Third Juror.....William Wilson

Like "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," also dramatized by Mr. Walter, the play given yesterday at the Plymouth Theatre for the first time in Boston concerns mountaineers of Kentucky and their feuds. It is the story of two waifs and a dog.

Chad, the little shepherd, an orphan, has no friends but his dog. He is bound over to work for old Nathan Cherry for seven years. Nathan does not like dogs, so Chad runs away. He meets Melissa, like himself a waif, but who lives with the Turners. They provide a home for Chad and his pet. The Dillons, thinking to spite their enemies, the Turners, accuse Jack of sheep-killing, but the prompt intervention of Maj. Buford and Red Fox not only causes the dog's life to be spared, but unmasks the villainy of Nathan Cherry. His claim on Chad is proved to be false and the old man is carried off to jail. Chad, Melissa, Jack go to live with Maj. Buford.

The characters are taken from life. They are simple children of nature

rude, untutored, emotionally uncontrolled, knowing no other law than that enforced by their guns. Chad is lovable Melissa precocious Red Fox, omitted from the story in Mr. Walters dramatization of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," is introduced. The old man, who could "see the truth years ahead and years behind," is an important element in the unfolding of the play and provides the clue for its satisfactory conclusion.

Mr. Walter, a resourceful dramatist, has adapted the story in a manner to maintain the interest of the audience in the destiny of children and dog to the end. His opening scenes are effective, especially that of the first act. As the curtain rises, Caleb Hazel, the schoolmaster, is heard, though unseen, reading the committal service over Chad's aunt and uncle, whose death has thrown the little boy upon his own resources.

The play is well cast. The types have been carefully selected. Master Dunn is genuinely boyish and acts with delightful absence of self-consciousness, Miss Smith is a sympathetic Melissa. Mr. Owen as Red Fox does some excellent character work. Miss Enstance is hospitable and motherly as Mrs. Turner. The members of the warring families are impersonated with spirit. Jack, a handsome collie, at once enlists the sympathy of the audience. An audience of fair size was entertained.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: The Bryant Production Company presents "Her Naked Self," a "mystery" drama in four acts by Edmund Francis Hackett. First performance on any stage. The cast:

Sato.....Jack Walsh
Robert Borglum.....William A. Mortimer
Inspector Sheehan.....Eugene Frazier
"Buck" Hughes.....J. M. Burns
Wyndham Waring.....Harry Cowan
Jim Clancy.....Roy Hair
Mrs. Craven.....Mabel Montgomery
Kitty Thorne.....Doris Hardy
Ruth Craven.....Frances Woodbury
Mary.....Maud Williams
Carter Craven.....Frank Hersome
Coroner's Physician.....George McNamee

The Castle Square Theatre, for years the home of the Craig Players, entered upon its new policy yesterday. There will be a change of bill every week, provided by traveling companies booked under the International circuit. Last evening there was a large audience, much enthusiasm, and it may be said that the new plan was launched auspiciously.

The title of the play is misleading, and those thinking to view the principal female character in a pneumonic costume will be disappointed. The caption is merely symbolical, prompted by the unloading of a fickle woman's soul. Mr. Hackett's new play is ultra-melodramatic, and it is not too much to say that in its daring treatment, in the speed of its development and in its thrilling and abundant climaxes it would make many of the more pretentious movie thrillers suffer in comparison.

The story is simple. Borglum had been found apparently murdered in his apartment. Mrs. Craven, who sells herself and leaves a good man that she might soar as a social butterfly, was ushered into the apartment of the dead man five minutes before the murder. Inspector Sheehan, with the keenness of Javert, traces the woman to her apartment. Frightened with the damaging evidence of Sheehan and his browbeating, the woman decides to tell her story. Thus the stage is darkened for a minute and the developments that preceded the murder are enacted. Borglum has used Mrs. Craven as a toy and by insinuation goes so far as to say that her daughter, who is to be married to a young newspaperman, has yielded to him in an unguarded moment when she was enticed to his room on the pretext that there would be other companions present.

Borglum, who would prevent the remarriage of Craven and his former wife, has in his possession passionate letters from Mrs. Craven, which the latter seeks, and this is the real purpose of her visit to Borglum. The latter protests his love for Mrs. Craven's daughter, incidentally confessing that nothing wrong transpired in his room on the night of her daughter's visit. There is a struggle for the papers, Borglum is killed. By whom? That would be spoiling a treat for future audiences, and if we do not mistake, there will be packed houses for the remainder of this week, after yesterday's audiences commence to discuss the play.

Mable Montgomery, herself a member a few years ago of the Castle Square company, was featured in the role of Mrs. Craven. She played her emotional scenes with fine intelligence and there was no tendency to overdo the part. An uncongenial role, she reviewed her life with her child at her feet, as if from a sincere awakening.

Eugene Frazier as Inspector Sheehan got a heavy hand from the audience.

Next week: "Mutt and Jeff's Wedding."

NAN HALPERIN HEADS NEW BILL AT KEITH'S

Is Surrounded by Wide Variety of Interesting Acts.

Nan Halperin, who is as piquant as her name indicates, reveals the inner workings of the feminine mind in her headline feature at Keith's this week. To be sure, it isn't exactly the unsophisticated sort of young woman that the title, "Five Stages of Girlhood," might indicate, for from the appealing youngster who takes the audience into her confidence regarding the lamentable lot of the youngest child in the family to the cynical divorcee, who gives her "reasons" in a telephone conversation with Mrs. Grundy, the girl Nan Halperin depicts is a wise young creature. She is beautifully gowned, shrewd and irresistibly funny.

Jim Cook and Jack Lorenz, who might have been imported from a bench in the Common, are a pair of philosophical millionaires; a clever little farce, "Rocking the Boat," is written around one of the usual marital mix-ups; Harry Antrim and Betsey Vale have several very amusing new songs; Morris Cronin's Merry Men keep the audience in a perpetual state of bewilderment by their rapid reappearances and disappearances, and Katherine Dana's fisher folk sing several favorite songs and a number of new ones. There is a tumbling act presented by twi tomboys. Hans Hanke is heard in piano solos and Marie Lo and her company present reproduction of famous masterpieces in Dresden and porcelain.

Sept 6 1916

'POP' CONCERT

The new season of Pop concerts began auspiciously last evening at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

March, "Loraine".....Gangne
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas
Waltz, "Freut euch des Lebens".....Strauss
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1.....Bizet
a. Aria, from "Tosca".....Puccini
b. Aria, from "Aida".....Verdi
Miss Dora Gibson.
a. Aria, from "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
b. Toreador's Song from "Carmen".....Bizet
Mr. Constantin Nicolay.
a. Benediction from "La Gioconda"..Ponchielli
b. Aria, from "Samson et Dalila"..Saint-Saens
Miss Lillia Snelling.
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Selection, "La Boheme".....Puccini
March, "With Banners Flying".....Blon

Many patrons of the annual spring concerts were pleased by the introduction of operatic music given by experienced singers. This innovation, which lends variety to the programs, is a pronounced success.

Mr. Pasternach, an able conductor, already known in Boston, directed the admirable orchestra with spirit and discrimination. The pieces played were of a popular nature. The operatic arias were both pleasing and familiar.

Miss Snelling, an American contralto, began her career in the opera school established by the late Heinrich Conried of the Metropolitan Opera House. She has sung in opera both abroad and in America. Her singing shows skilful training and she is by nature emotional. Miss Gibson created a leading role in "The Children of Don" and that of Queen Yasbeau in "Joan of Arc," given during Raymond Roze's season at Covent Garden. Her voice is powerful, suited to dramatic expression. Mr. Nicolay, a Greek, one of the principal basses of the Chicago Opera Company, sang with the customary animation of the opera singer in concert. Recalled, he gave "The Two Grenadiers."

There was applause for orchestra, conductor and singers. Songs and pieces were added to the program.

This evening Dora Gibson, soprano; Lillia Snelling, contralto, and Constantin Nicolay will again be the soloists, each singing twice in the second part, while there will be a complete change of program as follows:

March from "The Queen of Sheba"....Gounod
Overture, "Zampa".....Herold
Waltz, "Puppenfee".....Bayer
Suite, "Nutcracker".....Tschaikowsky
(a) "Voi Lo Sappette, O Mamma," from "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
(b) "Pleurez, Pleurez, Mes Yeux," from "Le Cid".....Massenet
Miss Dora Gibson.
(a) "Non Piu Andrai," from "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
(b) Ballade, "The Calf of Gold," from "Faust".....Gounod
Mr. Constantin Nicolay.
(a) "Connais-tu Le Pays," from "Mignon".....Thomas
(b) "Habanera," from "Carmen".....Bizet
Miss Lillia Snelling.
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Overture, "La Dame Blanche"..Boieldieu
(a) Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
(b) Spinning Song.....Mendelssohn
Selection, "Faust".....Gounod
Rhapsody, "Espana".....Chabrier

Sept 9 1916

A PURLOINED LETTER

There is mourning in Baltimore over the disappearance from a safe deposit vault of the autograph letter of Gen. George Washington to the Catholics of the United States. It is thought that the letter has been stolen by "some overzealous historian, antiquarian, or collector of documents." The Catholic Review hopes that the thief—or borrower—will return the letter to the archives of the Cathedral of Baltimore, "where there will be joy over one antiquarian doing penance."

"Theft" is a term that grates harshly on a collector's ear. In his dictionary this word is not to be found. The true collector of books and autographs recognize no difference between meum and tuum. Books and autographs are thus put in a class with the umbrella: "'Twas mine, 'tis his," a thing to be passed on. A book mark or the owner's name is no protection. Schoolboys for years have recognized the fact; hence the doggerel scrawled on a fly-leaf:

Steal not this book,
For fear of shame;
For here you see
The owner's name.

There are variants of these lines, but they all breathe suspicion and fear. Every now and then there are contributions to the Conscience Fund of the United States treasury. Money may be returned; a book or an autograph letter never. The hope expressed by the Catholic Review is pathetic. Did anyone ever hear of an antiquarian with a prickly conscience? Does one see him "doing penance"? Does he not glory in his shame?

Bibliophiles are, as a rule, the most amiable of men. They are often shy and timid in their relations with the world except in the pursuit of their mania; then they are as cunning as the fox, as bold as the lion. They would not for the world let the butcher, baker, washerwoman, go unpaid; they would be scrupulous in the repayment of a loan; but in another's library or in a book shop they lose moral sense. Nor is the insane desire to purloin awakened merely by the peculiar value of a book. The volume may be shabby, shopworn, foxed, loose covered. The owner paid a trifle for it at a stall. The collector spies it; he does not own it; Jones does not appreciate it; he does. And so he borrows it, knowing full well that Jones will see it no more; or he hurriedly puts it under his coat when the owner of the house is not looking. The collector of autographs is a fellow-kleptomaniac. But in this instance at Baltimore, how did he gain access to the vault?

Sept 10 1916

FOR THE NERVES

Whistling for cabs between 10 P. M. and 7 A. M. has been prohibted in London, and not only on account of the hospitals and nursing-homes for wounded soldiers. Now that the Home Office has acted, London journals declare that the whistling was a petty social ill which a wise community would not have tolerated for a moment. Schopenhauer in an essay on noise inveighed bitterly against the cracking of whips in Frankfort. He was spared the torment of taxi-cab whistles and wails and blasts and screeches of automobiles.

There was a time when Boston was a quiet city, not like the town of the sybarites where no hammer was heard, where no sound of a handicraftsman broke the stillness, but a city reasonably peaceful. Today it is noisy, unnecessarily, hideously noisy. In the Back Bay there are roaring railway trains and the crash of freight cars shunted. The subway gives some relief from surface tumult, yet there are the huge street cars pounding their way over lightly constructed road beds. In the West end the once restful Charles street reminds one of a boiler factory. In the South end there is the elevated railway, in the North end there are the cries of hucksters. Everywhere is the tooting of the automobile horn. Citizens of Boston visiting New York above Washington square are struck by the comparative quietness. Only on the extreme west is there a reminder of railways.

In dreams the Bostonian sees cars from the South station drawn by electric locomotives through Back Bay. He no longer hears the terrible approach and thunderous passing of the surface cars. He is able to talk and listen as he walks on Boylston street. But he is soon noisily awakened, not by the sound of a musical instrument, as the young Montaigne at the command of his educative father.

It is not easy now to find absolute quiet in remote hillside villages or along rough seashore roads. The prying automobile sounds its warning, or its joy as an adventurer. When a wanderer at last is at rest, when his ear is not stabbed, his nerves rasped, the stillness is disconcerting, overpowering. He misses noise as the dram drinker his accustomed draughts. M. Adolphe Rette once dreamed that Mr. Noise was dead and there were invitations to the funeral. It was a pleasing fancy, wittily elaborated. They that read it laughed and went out to join in the din, to add to it.

Correspondents interrupted us last week in our description of Mr. Herkimer Johnson as a traveling companion. In one respect he surprised us. In letters to the Herald he had often spoken in praise of the simple life, especially the simple breakfast—fruit, dry toast and a glass of water; occasionally an egg. We stopped overnight at an old-fashioned village inn, with a rickety billiard table on which the butcher showed singular skill, and with a little den where the landlord kept bottles of whiskey, gin and rum for guests who were suddenly faint, also for neighbors who felt the need of a stimulant for political discussion. There was an old-fashioned breakfast, one that was provided for us when, suspended from college, we studied with the minister at Conway in this commonwealth; beefstead and fried potatoes, Johnny cake, griddle cakes, doughnuts, and two kinds of pie. Mr. Johnson not only ate heartily of these, but he called in a clear, bell-like voice for thtree fried eggs. He drank two cups of coffee, or what was known there as coffee. We did not dare to question or remonstrate; we looked on and wondered. At the end of the meal, he courageously lighted a cigar, bought at the desk, and said:

"A sociologist should accommodate himself to all circumstances." He then whispered in the landlord's ear, went away with him for a few minutes, and returned a breath smelling of fireworks.

We also admired Mr. Johnson when we found him shaving himself in the morning. He took the opportunity of quoting Sir John Sinclair's friend, who said that the first thing he should teach his son in early manhood was to shave with cold water and without the aid of a glass.

Going from this village to a large city, he insisted on traveling in a drawing-room car, merely to learn what sort of people were willing to pay a higher price for less comfortable seats. "Observe," he said, "this chair. See how ingeniously it is designed to prevent a sitter from resting his back. Turn and twist and squirm as he will, he cannot possibly be at ease. His only relief is to walk up and down the aisle, or stand at a door."

In New Hampshire we stopped over night at an inn from which was a beautiful view of justly applauded mountains. It was an hour before sunset when we arrived. The play of lights and shadows on the hills was not soon to be forgotten even by a statistician or a leading member of the Home Market Club. To our amazement, Mr Johnson, entering his room, pulled down the window shade. "I can't bear the sight of mountains. They depress me. They get on my nerves. I have only one form of nightmare: I see mountains, or I am climbing them, or they are about to fall on me, although I do not then cry to them as the unfortunate beings mentioned in the Scriptures."

On a rainy afternoon he picked up Mr. Rupert Hughes's last novel and raced through it. "An entertaining book, but too long drawn out. I have noted one line which I may introduce in my colossal work, 'Man as a Political and Social Beast,' and thus give it immortality. It is this: 'He was a well-meaning young man, but he was one of those who say 'joking aside.'"

And the afternoon he translated for our benefit a passage in Henry de Courmont's essay on George Meredith. It seems that in Meredith's later years when at last at last were recognition from the English public he talked freely with a visitor M. Constantin Photiades. He spoke much of France and French art. He insisted that without the leaven of Normandy the Anglo-Saxon would not have amounted to much. "I am all Celt. Welsh on my father's side, Irish on my mother's. The Englishman brutalized by his wealth, will never wake up unless there is a German invasion, without a good butchery on the north coast."

Mr. Johnson was amused by meeting an American who affected an English accent and could talk of nothing but London and English country places. He spoke familiarly of Sir George Alexander as "George"; he had breakfasted with Mary Anderson; he thought cricket a more interesting game to see than baseball. Mr. Johnson, after this amiable ass had gone into the smoking car for a pipe, said: "He probably spells 'check,' 'cheque'; but in England 'check' is the older, and, therefore, the more correct form." And then he said without any hesitation, glibly as a schoolboy reciting his lesson: "From being the name of the counterfoil of an exchequer or other bill, the purpose of which was to check forgery or alteration, the name appears to have been applied to any bill, note, or draft, having a counterfoil, and thus to its present sense, where a counterfoil (though usual) is not even necessary." Again we marvelled at his store of information. Later that day he handed us the last number of Notes and Queries, pulling it from an overcoat pocket. We found that he had quoted a paragraph word for word from that issue.

Of course, the war was discussed. Mr. Johnson is all for the allies. He sees no hope for the German Emperor since the Occult Review has read the handwriting in the sky. The planets threaten poor William: "Saturn coming to the conjunction of the Dragon's Tail (the moon's south node) close to his ascendant in September, and the sun arriving at the conjunction of Neptune in his horoscope by primary direction a month or two later." Perhaps William's court astrologer reads the stars otherwise.

Harum and Others.

As the World Wags:

Reading in today's Herald of the death of Mr. Withee, "Maine's David Harum," reminded me that several have been hailed as the original of the celebrated novel of that name.

I recall, a good many years ago, an old gentleman named Sayres, since deceased, with whom I have had many a pleasant chat and social glass at a quaint place which stood, if memory serves, and for all I know may yet flourish, on Hanover street, corner of Union. "Bixby's" it was called—a small, square room without any bar, but with many shelves whereon reposed seductive bottles, round and square, of old ports, skerries, rum, gin, whiskies, and even Madeiras, a keg of excellent ale always on tap, a worthy cheese on a little table, lemons, sugar and hot water hard by. Here we were wont to serve ourselves, dragging forth our favorite flagon, and on departing paying the handsome and courteous young bartender (who was more of a cashier, although a capable mixer when his services were asked), who charged you for what you said you had consumed—but who nevertheless had an eagle eye for the very rare customer who tried to double-cross the house. Fat, pink marketmen in white aprons were always to be found here, and a number of old Boston artists and newspapermen made of it a sort of club, or surveyed the ravages of time in the mighty mirror which hung in the wholesale department, and which, when first brought over by packet from France was a nine days' wonder. Here I used often to chat with Mr. Sayres among others. He was an old Boston horse dealer, and while he never claimed that he was the original David Harum, he felt certain that he was one of those who went to make up the composite photograph. The author, under the pretence of wishing a good driving horse, spent several days in his company, driving about Boston. After the author's death Mr. Sayres received a complimentary copy, his name having been put on the list of those so favored, filed with the publishers. Then for the first time he learned that his acquaintance was an author, and in quest, not of a horse, but a horseman. "But he left out my best stories!" Mr. Sayres used to mourn. 'Those he used were not my own personal experiences, but stock tales one can hear in any livery stable!" I wonder if any reader of this column recalls "Bixby's" and any of its worthies. The "Bell-in-Hand," another curious Boston landmark, I suppose, must of course be in existence. Here, as it used to seem to me, the patrons were either newspaper men in a terrible rush, or a species of seedy, expatriated Englishmen in no hurry at all. I am tempted also to recall Early's place on Lagrange street—the very first attempt at a cabaret New England had. Every bartender had to be a musician as well. a knowing a . . . must live until he.

I recall the matronly Mrs. Early at her desk the choleric white bulldog, the hundreds of sporting prints, many excellent. All gone, I believe, save the location and a part of the prints.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

For Boys and Girls.

As the World Wags:

I noticed in a recent Boston Herald an article by Mr Herbinner Johnson, speaking of the magazine, the Schoolfellow, as a very early magazine for children. I have in my collection of books a number of volumes of the Robert Merry's Museum beginning with 1851. This magazine was first issued about 1840. I remember with what eagerness I looked for the coming of this magazine when I was a small boy. I supposed that this magazine was one of the very earliest.

Norwich, Vt. HENRY B. OLDS.

Good and Bad Eating.

As the World Wags:

"If there is anything brings contentment to the soul of Silas Wegg, it's a 'weal and ammer.'" So say all who are acquainted with that kind of a pie, accompanied of course by a pint of "half bitter." When I go into a place here in Boston or, I may say, almost anywhere in this broad and bountiful land, I still miss the many little side dishes I could secure for small compensation at home. In the "tight little isle," so-called before the days of Zeppelins, a favorite dish of mine was a Yorkshire pudding made up and known locally as "Toad in a hole" or Savaloy. Even fagots when properly flavored (with a pint of Allsop's) are not to be despised. Having in the East acquired a taste for such things, a little chutney, punjab makes a good accompaniment if it can be obtained, lacking which we can use mushroom or walnut catchup. These things cannot enter into the lists for a really good dinner, and are only snacks to be partaken of between meals or when out on a walking excursion. As an appetizer sherry and bitters is the proper form. Gin and bitters, even Old Tom, is too spirituous and heady, and should be used only as a pick-me-up early in the day. Few of the dishes I have tried in America just appeal to my taste. Fried chicken, San Antone style, with a liberal allowance of chili colorous, is very good, but is in no sense indigenous to Texas, probably a survival from Andalusia and lacking the native wine of Xeres. Philadelphia scrapple is a fried dish, not to be thought of and inclined to be greasy. Boston baked beans—I suppose I am anathema for saying so, are flatulent and indigestible. But you have one dish in New England that if properly prepared is fit for the gods. Of undoubted Indian origin, succotash is fine, but it should be made just right and of the proper ingredients: Golden bantam corn just in the milk, but add no milk to the dish; golden carmino beans just colored, and a small piece of the very best salt pork. The best is found in Maine in the sweet corn belt. Russet cider properly kept is the true drink with it.

TIMOTHY TITMARSH.

Westminster.

Pike and Piker.

As the World Wags:

As to the verb "pike," and origin of its meaning, is it not possible that it comes from the old English verb "piker," to select, pick and, naturally, to steal? If this be so, then the passage which Dr. Green quotes from the "Morte d'Arthur" means "the damsel stole herself (away) privily, that no man wist where she was become." Surely this meaning for the verb is admirably adapted to the lines under consideration—far better adapted than the modern sense of "pike," to go away quickly, to be off. "To steal away privily" makes admirable sense; "to hasten" or "be off" privily is less easy to visualize. That "piker" was used in the sense of "steal" is sure. Chaucer in the "Legend of Good Women" (line 2467) says that Demophon "piked" Phyllis "of all the good he mighte," or stole from her all that he well could. It is not hard to believe that the modern sense of "pike" grew up from this use for "pluck" or 'steal," for 'to pike oneself" would mean "to steal oneself," to absent oneself stealthily as the damsel did, and from such phrases might easily arise the modern meaning of the verb.

Might not such a derivation of sense be as easy to accept as those which refer to the noun "pike" or the French "pique"? And might it not be possible to connect our modern "piker" with Chaucer's verb "piken" to "steal"?

KENNETH B. MURDOCK.

Chestnut Hill.

The London Daily Telegraph is amused by the American "hysterical criticism" of Mr. Percy Grainger, his playing and his music. "Perhaps the day will come when Mr. Grainger will feel that he has had a surfeit of adulation and return to England, which we had always thought was his home. Meanwhile he might well exclaim, 'Save me from my friends' (on the Press). At least it is difficult to believe that any artist can really relish the kind of fulsome gush of which this particular star of the musical world has been made the 'victim' since he settled down in the land of the dollar." Then follow quotations from reviews published in certain newspapers unnamed. Here is a fine flight: "Grainger's muscular strength literally takes the bit between his teeth and plunges away in a kind of acrobatic extacy (sic). To have Grainger tossing great masses of tone about and beating great chords out of the piano is to think irresistibly of some rather impertinent young god wallowing with a superb contempt for peril in huge, rolling waters." The Daily Telegraph comments sarcastically on these "appreciations," also on the statement that Mr. Grainger's new orchestral suite is "music which will set the old fogies wagging dolorous heads, for three or four movements are very brisk and lively, distinctly of the foot-tapping variety, and Mr. Grainger never shies at melody."

No doubt over-enthusiastic articles have been written in this country about Mr. Grainger. We do not believe that he has yet had "a surfeit of adulation." Pianists, composers, even folk lorists, are after all mortal, and they like praise to be hot and strong. They might well say: "Go on, dear boy; I like it. Lay it on thick. Lay it on with a trowel." This, however, is to be said in Mr. Grainger's favor, whatever may be thought of him as a pianist and composer, unmeasured, extravagant praise has not turned his head. He is still amiable, modest, simple, a pleasant and intelligent companion. Even the fanfares in his honor sounded by the New York Evening Post have not led him to take himself too seriously.

But have there been no exhibitions of hysteria over Mr. Grainger in England? Mr. Cyril Scott, who was deeply moved by seeing Mr. Grainger's delight in the efforts of sweating piano movers on a narrow, cramped stairway and wrote at great length about Mr. Grainger in the last number of the Music Quarterly, is not an American.

And what is to be said of the August number of the Music Student, edited by Mr. Percy A. Scholes and published in London? It is a "special Elgar number." An introductory sketch by the editor, "Sir Edward Elgar," is followed by an interview "Sir Edward Elgar at Home." Then follow these articles: "Elgar's Choral Music: An Appreciation," "The Elgar Symphonies," "Elgar's Shorter Orchestral Works," "Elgar's Violin Concerto," "Elgar's Shorter Violin Works," "Elgar's Songs," "Elgar and the War," "Elgar as a Writer of Church Anthems," "Elgar's Organ Sonata," "Elgar's Personal Note," "Complete List of Elgar's Published Compositions," ending with "England: Aug. 4, 1914," a sonnet by Lady Elgar. There are pictures of Sir Edward and Lady Elgar, Elgar as bassoonist, Elgar with his brother, Albert Sammons, interpreter of Elgar's violin concerto; a picture of the church where Elgar was once organist; reproductions of music that Elgar wrote and music that "awakened him," also Sir Edward's autograph. "Elgar as bassoonist!" As he played the organ, piano, fiddle, violin and 'cello, there should be five more portraits. As he wrote quadrilles for the band of a lunatic asylum and scored Christy Minstrel songs in his younger days, why are pictures of the lunatics and minstrels in effective groups now lacking?

Elgar's biographer, Mr. Buckley, is quoted as saying there are several Elgars "according to the clothes and circumstances in which you see him." Thus there is Elgar in evening dress "pacing the corridor of a concert room"; Elgar in rough tweeds and leggings, with a spirit lamp ready to make tea under a hedge; Elgar wearing an "elaborato waistcoat" and smoking in front of a grate; Elgar with a battered Panama hat pulled down to his chin; Elgar in a customary suit of solemn black, the Elgar that "ambulates lento, as though weary, in the precincts of a cathedral"; Elgar crowned with a tall silker, "crushed down on the forehead," "giving the impression of a distinguished general home for a year's holiday, and at present attending a funeral." Mr. Scholes knows still other Elgars: Elgar, the lover of poetry; Elgar, the amateur chemist; Elgar, the mechanic (but not as seen in his music), Elgar, the lover of horses.

Not one of these Elgars is portrayed to the reader's eye in The Music Student.

Mr. Scholes thinks that the star of British music set with the death of Purcell in 1695 and rose with the birth of Elgar in 1857. "Our encouragement of the great ones of other nations is much to our credit, and patriotic regret chiefly concerns the matter of our own non-production. Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Russians, all these and others might turn out their many masterpieces—we never a one!" Nor was Elgar appreciated in England until his "Dream of Gerontius" had excited attention at the Lower Rhine Festival. Mr. Scholes quotes Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who, attempting to demolish the "moral fear of death," wrote:

"No better illustrations of this moral fear can be found than in Sir Edward Elgar's inspired setting of Cardinal Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.' Here the theme is death, the protagonist a dying man. I know no demonstration of the fear of death so poignant as Elgar's setting of this horrible poem." To which Mr. Scholes answers: "All I can say is that personally I find nothing morbid either in Newman's poem or in Elgar's setting of it, but that is a matter of temperament. Leaving this question aside, however, and considering the work in a more technical way, it must, I think be admitted that the composer has, in a very wonderful manner, grasped and intensified the feeling of the poet. From the expressively beautiful prelude to the magnificent and triumphant setting of 'Praise to the Holiest in the Height,' and on to the lovely 'Angel's Farewell' at the end, the work grips one powerfully. It finds its most proper home in a great cathedral, and there it is frequently given, such substitutions as 'prayers' for 'masses' and 'Jesus' for 'Mary,' being apparently necessary to satisfy the scruples of deans and bishops, though they leave whole passages intact which, from the Protestant point of view, are far more deadly."

The father of Elgar was an organist and therefore Mr. Scholes says that Sir Edward, like Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, had the advantage of musical parentage and environment. Mr. Dunhill writes in an exalted strain about the "Dream of Gerontius":

"We do not wish to analyze our impressions. We do not care how it is done. But we know that poet and musician have together prepared for us an experience that seems to bring us closer to the mystery of a quickening and consuming Presence."

In "The Apostles" Elgar's musical portrayal of Judas Iscariot is in accordance with the view of the character lucidly expounded by Archbishop Whately. Judas is represented as a clever, worldly and ambitious man; he believes, as the other apostles believe, that the earthly sovereignty of Christ will ultimately be proclaimed before all the world. He accepts the bribe to betray chiefly because he believes that it enables him to bring about more quickly the consummation of the desires of the apostles. But putting his Master into his hands of His enemies, he must force Him to make such a display of power as will at once lead to His being triumphantly seated on the throne of David as a great and powerful prince."

These oratorios with "The Kingdom" are "works which stand alone, and they must inspire every intelligent hearer with a sense of reverence in which the ordinary commonplaces of criticism have no rightful claim to existence."

We are informed that Sir Edward, speaking of his father as owner of a music shop and as a musician, said: "A stream of music flowed through our house and the shop, and I was all the time bathing in it." He was awakened to the possibilities of music by reading the Scherzo of Beethoven's first symphony. Looking over a fugue written by him at the age of 15, but left unfinished, Sir Edward remarked: "Quite good stuff." He told Mr. Eller, when he was at work on "The Dream of Gerontius": "I do not know what fate has in store for this work, but this much I can tell you. it is good." This reminds us of a remark made by the Lord in an early chapter of Genesis.

Sir Edward finds his ideal of piano playing in the performance of Paderewski and Busoni "in their best days." "I'm not sure that the pianola is not our best means of hearing piano works well performed today. Paderewski and Busoni are not always at hand, but we can domesticate good pianism in the pianola. The state of things as it used to be has been curiously reversed. Some years ago the pianists had the beautiful touch and the pianola the hard one. The pianola maker in those days was trying to imitate the touch of the pianist. Nowadays the pianist seems to be trying to cultivate the touch of the early pianolas. Complaints are sometimes heard," we reply, "that the pianola touch is hard and unvarying." "That," says Sir Edward, "is a matter of control. Properly used the pianola can play with a very beautiful touch—the Schumann things, for instance; some of these come out magnificently."

He also thinks highly of the gramophone.

Mr. W. W. Cobbett contributes a rhapsodic article about the violin concerto in which he speaks of the voice that haunted Socrates and uses the word "sololzing." This reminds us that Mr. Dunhill in "Elgar's Choral Music" mentions the undiscovered "bourne from which no traveller returns."

Mr. Cobbett exhausts the vocabulary of praise. In the concluding paragraph his wings droop and he sinks, alas, to a commercial earth.

"A violinist said to me the other day, 'The Concerto is too long.' Strange to say the idea had never occurred to me before. I regard it, and I think that audiences of the right sort regard it, as music of the inevitable, unchangeable kind. If the composer's conception had been a work timed to play 15 minutes, of a Phantasy for instance, it would be equally inevitable and unchangeable. With rare exceptions—Schubert's C major Symphony is one of them—a fine work is neither too long nor too short. But I do not wish to dogmatize. I can even see that if it were felt desirable to attract audiences of another sort in towns where trained musicians are few, and the idea were not repulsive to the composer, an abbreviated edition would prove useful and contribute to a more general appreciation of the work. A step in this direction has been made by Albert Sammons who, with Sir Henry Wood's orchestra, has made four graphophone records, of the three movements and the Cadenza, each lasting four minutes. This is

democratizing the art with a vengeance, but it may be surmised from some of the music which Elgar has written, that he is a man of democratic tendencies (or shall I use the fearsome word invented by a recent novelist, and say aristodemocratic), and that he would not willingly withhold joy of any sort from the people, unless he thought that the interests of his art were endangered. In any event, settlement of the question is best left in his hands."

Dr. Simon N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania is no doubt an able economist; his attempts to rewrite hymns are not praiseworthy in spite of his object, or perhaps in consequence of it: "To avoid the expressions relating to war, depravity, and woe with which the earlier hymns secure many of their emotional effects. The new hymn he would have tell of the world that is to be rather than that which has been—to emphasize the future rather than to celebrate the past glory of the prophet or the cross." And so in Dr. Patten's "Advent Songs" (Huebsch, New York.) We find.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain.
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?

Amended as follows:

The Son of God goes forth in love,
Who follows in his train?
All ye who put world peace above
What war or greed may gain.

As the N. Y. Evening Post says: "This may please the pacifists, but it will hardly appeal to those who realize that a rich piece of imagery and vigor of poetical march is sacrificed to the spirit of too exact literalness." Dr. Patten "fails to realize that the great hymns he has chosen owe their commanding position to two factors; they are great poetry, and upon them has gathered a deep encrustation of sentiment, so that few would have a single word altered. The exact bent of the writers' minds may have been in some instances hardly of the sort to please the modern pacifist or meliorist. But the Christian world has for generations assumed this bent to be proper, or at least harmless—as it invariably is, despite Dr. Patten's remarks—and taking this assumption for granted, has been stirred by the real feeling and beauty of the hymns. It will always prefer—

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile,

to the version in which Dr. Patten apostrophizes the spirit which will lead him on, intent to serve the commonweal till life is done."

Mr. A. Otis Chamberlin of Cambridge writes that he read with much interest the various communications about old plays that were published in The Herald of last Sunday. He incloses his own verses, "Retrospective, with Apologies to Dr. Holmes, Dexter Smith, Barnabee and others." We quote a part of his poem. He modestly says that, though the lines are "of no literary merit, they may strike a responsive chord in your memory."

For sixty years, altho' we're not a Sage,
We've paid our loving tribute to the Stage;
As distance lends enchantment to the view,
To us the Old seems better than the New;
And we harken back to those "Palmy days"
With its brilliant Stock, and Five-act Plays,
And we scarcely realize the lapse of time,
Since the Melodrama has reached its prime.

When William B. English and John Moran,
Ran the good old "Naish" on a lavish plan;
With a brand new play from English's pen,
And Lucille Western in the Three Fast Men;
We linger long in those days gone by,
Of the Dumb Girl of Genoa and Brave French Spy;
And many others too numerous to name,
Played by Helen Western of "Little Eva" fame.

The Boston Museum and those halcyon days,
Where Church folks could listen to good moral plays;
In lurid Melodrama where vice gets in its grip,
And the Noble Hero gets the Villain on the hip;
There's one that we remember o'er which our fathers raved;
The Drama of the Drunkard or the Fallen Saved.

Then we dream again of those days of yore,
And the magic spell of the Old Stage-door,
Where fair and gushing maidens vied with each
For a nod, or smile, from E. Frank Keach.
Then the Howard Athenaeum where Marsh's troup was seen,
When Georgie Marsh played "Toodles" and "Snaps" in the Nalad Queen;
Those stirring times with Davenport in sixty-one and -two,
When LeMoyne, Jones and Barrett put on the Union blue.
The brilliant Boston Theatre jumped quickly into fame,
With as fine array of talent as anyone could name;
In Forrest, Booth, McCullough, the ever genial John,
For on the far-famed Boston hoards, their royal spurs were won.
Next came the Negro Minstrels, those imitation Mokes,
With their ever-welcome singing, and Fourteenth Century jokes;
The Buckleys, and Oxdway, with the famous Morris Brothers,
In their "Trip Around the World," they distanced all others.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

"Labergette," a new French farce by Georges Goffin de Warfaaz and G. C. Desplas, was produced at the Garrick, London, Aug. 15. The Pall Mall Gazette said if it were to be transmuted into English, it will need a great deal of transmuting: "Probably the only thing to be done with it would be to take its main idea, which is not at all a bad one, and write an entirely new play around it. As things stand, the farce is a very rough and ready affair, and frankly 'shockeeng.' It has the merit of being based on no less a scheme than that of 'The Comedy of Errors.' Some even of its minor characters could probably boast one way or another of Plautine ancestry. Still, there is no harm in that! Also, it introduces our cheery little friend, M. Desplas, recently of the Belgian company, both part-author and as actor. One may at least say that he proves brisk in both capacities. The scheme is that a theatrical 'star' named Labergette should turn up at a provincial municipal theatre too drunk to appear, and that his dresser (who is supposed to be his exact double) should both play his part and take his name. The public (not to mention the President of the republic, who is visiting the town) are completely deceived, and the 'show' is a great success. Matters are complicated, however, by the arrival of a detective to arrest the real Labergette, and also of a deserted fair one in similar pursuit. Ultimately everybody goes off to a hotel at Lyons, where there is a regulation 'Oh, what a night!' scene, with an abundant display of deshabille. Here the detective puts on a flowered nightdress, makes love to a supposedly comic roue and finally gets arrested himself. There is certainly some genuine humor in the notion of an actor's dresser making a tremendous success and receiving the congratulations of the President, while the real man lies, as one might say, in the arms of Bacchus; but the whole of the last half of the play could be completely altered with advantage in any English version. Nor, for the humor of the thing, is there very much need for the countless improbabilities attendant upon the idea of actor and dresser being exact doubles. In point of fact, it would rather add to the point if they were noticeably different. A new plot might be constructed on that basis. In such case, however, the characters would miss yesterday's opportunity of being both acted by M. Desplas, who was blithe and good-humored as ever, though one could have wished for a finer distinction between the two characters. Mlle. Blanche Dargel deployed an extremely pretty and fresh and pleasing personality as Labergette's lady, and managed one sincerely appealing little scene with a quondam dramatist who had fallen on evil days and become a hotel night watchman."

Dr. Boas's statement in his report to the L. C. C. that the present form of the first line of the National Anthem originated after the accession of Queen Victoria, and was "doubtless due to the youth and sex of the new sovereign and the difficulty of introducing the name 'Victoria' into the line," is scarcely accurate. The difficulty cropped up on the accession of William IV. Until then the first line ran.

"God save great George, our King,"

but the coming of a William made drastic alterations necessary. George IV. died on a Saturday (June 26, 1830), and on the following Monday an opera company performing at the old Adelphi Theatre sang a revised version of the national anthem, beginning:

"God save our noble King,
William the Fourth we sing."

Several other somewhat similar versions were sung at other theatres the same night, but the one which took the public fancy was the following produced at the King's Theatre:

"God save our gracious King,
William, our noble King,
God save the King."

This was published in 1830, seven years before the accession of Queen Victoria, and in sbsequent editions the rather clumsy second line was altered to its present form: "Long live our noble King."—Daily Chronicle (London).

Mlle. Cecile Sorel of the Comedie Francaise is one of the most dignified figures on the French stage. Her views on dress and personal appearance are looked upon as law in the best society circles, while her deportment would make even the most dowager of duchesses look small. It is no wonder then that the fair Cecile should get angry at the audacity of a mere summer open-air cafe concert in caricaturing her in no tender fashion in its review. Live and let live is no motto of Mlle. Sorel, when her amour propre is in question. So she sent a man of law to duly set forth in correct legal phraseology the indignities to which she is subjected in the person of some unknown understudy, and on the strength of his report is applying to the courts for both damages and an injunction. The officer of the court found that Mlle. Sorel was in good company, being in a skit with Rostand and Richepin; but he asserts that all three were made to look absurd, and says the performances wound up with a dance which he does not trust himself to characterize. Taking the entertainment as a whole, he describes it as full of the crudest expressions. He concludes that it is not the sort of entertainment a daughter would care to take her mother to, and that Mlle. Sorel has a right to feel anything but flattered at the role she is made to play in it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Some of the straw-hat audience at former promenade concerts in London now write from France and Egypt to ask for this season's programs. "One man wrote that he could near all Beethoven's symphonies in the trenches as a result of his Friday nights in past years." The aim this year is to plan programs which will give cheerful recreation to hard-worked people. The concerts began this season Aug. 26 at 7:30 and the programs were shorter than usual. Wagner still dominates the Monday programs; Bach, Mozart and Beethoven those of Friday. There is a symphony on Wednesdays. Except on two Mondays and three Fridays there is at least one English composition for each concert. Women are in the orchestra.

English journals speak of a "wonderful" new invention, the piano typewriter, which, attached to a piano, prints the music as played. The words can be added by using the machine as an ordinary typewriter. The inventor is an Italian.

An Association of Musical Conductors has been organized in England. One of its rules is: "The association is formed for the mutual protection of the professional interest of its members, who shall consist of British subjects who have been musical conductors in this country for a period of not less than six months." Mr. Legge, the music critic of the Daily Telegraph, notes that practically all the names of the members are those of London musicians. "Are we to suppose, then, that here are no conductors, save only Messrs. Maclean and Julian Clifford, and one or two more, in the provincial theatres, cinemas, and music halls? Of course there must be. Surely Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leeds, Sheffield, and so on and so forth, possess musical directors of their own? It should be noted that the reference is wide, to musical conductors, not merely to orchestral conductors; a somewhat significant point as I think. Who, then, are these conductors? Let us take it for the moment that orchestral conductors are meant. In London the council aforesaid and most of the others mentioned are well known, as no doubt they are also in England generally; but nevertheless in England generally they are surely known as Londoners. Moreover, their position is assured. They are orchestral conductors pure and simple. But what is, or is to be, the position of the man in a variety show who directs the music for a day or a week or a month, or for the run of such and such a piece, when at the end of the run he reverts to type, as it were, that is, he returns to his old familiar place as a member of the orchestra, which temporarily he has been conducting? Does he become an orchestral player temporarily promoted, and if so does he come under rule 2? Or, when he rejoins his orchestra as a player therein is he a musical conductor temporarily debased? (I use this word in no offensive sense, of course.) * * * If it is a fact that before the war practically all the conductors of musical plays and comedies in London were foreigners (save in the case of Mr. Courtneidge, who, I believe, never has engaged a foreign conductor), then it is high time that a change were made. But here we are again, back in London, while the action of the Association of Musical Conductors and of the Orchestral Players' Union is not intended to be applied only in London. Is there not a sign of the danger that is always with us, which I have pointed out times without number, that London is a little too apt to regard itself as England? This is a much stronger point than is popularly supposed. But for the time being here I may stop. There is no question of the importance of these unions or associations, and therefore it is as well to get to bed-rock bottom at the beginning, that the good remain, and the bad be removed ere yet it has time to work mischief."

We mentioned the performance of Rutland Boughton's music drama in three acts, "The Round Table," at the Glastonbury festival. "The Sumida River," a one-act opera by Clarence Raybould; Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," Boughton's "The Immortal Hour" and "Everyman" were also performed. The London Times recalls performances during the past two years. "We recall this because a great many people who have not been to see and hear for themselves still think that the Glastonbury dramas are the result of a fad about musty old legends remembered vaguely through early readings of 'The Idylls of the King,' something dull and faintly religious and supplied with music which would probably be like Wagner with the plums picked out. The account we have given of 'The Round Table' will perhaps do something to dispel this last idea, and the list shows that if the Arthurian legends are the raison d'etre of the scheme, Mr. Boughton, to whom the scheme owes its vitality, is not devoted exclusively to them either in his own work or in his choice of other material. The fact is that the Glastonbury festival has gathered strength by having to fight every inch of its way. Since the prospect has vanished of a ready-made theatre in which anything could be done with a ready-made company who could do anything dreams have had to be shaped to possibilities. And now the cheerful band of enthusiasts at Glastonbury realize what a good thing this has been. The elaborate choral writing of Mr. Boughton's first drama has given way to a more direct style; the drama planned by Mr. Buckley is being moulded to a more practicable scheme. Citizens of Glastonbury who never trod the boards before are learning to sing, to act, to speak. Miss Christina Walshe takes a piece of colored linen, paints it with a bold design, and in a trice it becomes a queen's robe; Miss Margaret Morris and her lieutenants have discovered the children of the town to be fairies, nymphs, watersprites and elves. All these transformations are busily prepared for weeks before the public performances begin. Then the professional singers from London and elsewhere arrive, not to strut about and parade themselves as supermen and superwoman who just deign to attend a final rehearsal, but to join in the life of the thing, to learn, to make suggestions, and very direct ones, too, about their own parts in the whole. So the work gets built up; essentials are kept steadily in view, accessories are made to fall into their places. In every case the character of the work is the thing which all combine to realize, whether it be the pure classical lines of Gluck or the shrouded mysticism of 'The Sumida River' or the high romance of 'The Round Table.' If all this devoted work is to hear permanent fruit, however, it cannot long remain in the present cramped conditions of the assembly rooms. It may be carried on there for another season or two while the war lasts, but then it should be given a chance of expanding. A real stage and a real orchestra are wanted, and both could easily be provided in a temporary building at a cost which seems ridiculously small in comparison with the benefit which it would bring. When one considers what has been spent in the past on provincial festivals lasting three or four days every three years, it is impossible to believe that a far smaller amount could not be found for a genuine artistic industry of this kind. Among the works produced since 1914 are 'Oithona,' an opera by Edgar Bainton, now a prisoner in Germany; 'Bethlehem,' a setting of music by Boughton to the Coventry mystery play; Purcell's 'Dido and Aeneas'; scenes from 'Parsifal' and 'Tristan,' and spoken plays ranging from Lady Gregory's 'The Traveling Man' to scenes from Euripides."

Arthur Hervey's new tone poem "The Roll Call," has been produced at Harrogate by the Municipal Orchestra led by Julian Clifford. We quote from the Yorkshire Post: "A quotation from Byron points to the mourning mingled with triumph over the hero's grave—a theme which has given the composer the cue for an impressive little tone poem. Martial rhythms are succeeded by a plaintive elegy, and then a broad lyrical melody swells to a song of triumph that brings the piece to a brilliant conclusion. Mr. Hervey conducted his piece."

Publication in Braille of Classic Compositions

The London Times recently published an account of attempts to improve or rather to enlarge the usefulness of the musical department of the National Institute for the Blind. H. C. Warrilow, blind, formerly organist of St. Barnabas Church, Oxford, has been appointed musical director. The new organ is a replica of the one at the Royal College of Organists. "Mr. Warrilow pointed out to the writer in a recent talk that there are two distinct types of blind musician. There are the highly-talented men and women who would make their mark in the musical profession in all circumstances, and there are those who, though they have a certain aptitude for music, would probably not have taken to it had they had sight. These latter have taken up music because of their blindness, and they have received a special education in it which people of similar aptitude who had their sight would not get. They may do very useful work as organists of small country churches, as teachers and tuners, especially if, as is hoped, in the future some system of small grants can be made to pay for their work. Take a common instance. It often happens in country places that the schoolmaster or mistress plays the parish church organ because he or she can form the choir from the school children, and the duty of playing is even included in the salary of the teacher. If a separate salary were provided for a blind organist and the teacher concentrated upon the work of choir training, the musical result would often be improved and a new opening created for the blind musician.

"But there is another and most urgent department of work now going forward at the National Institute, and that is the publication of music in Braille. Hitherto the blind musician's library has been very limited. One of the first duties with which the musical director is charged is to form a comprehensive scheme of musical publication. The classics are to be the groundwork. Bach's organ works, Mendelssohn's sonatas, preludes and fugues for the organ, Bach's '48' for the piano, Beethoven's 32 sonatas for the piano, are all to be gradually completed in Braille. Meantime there are long lists of organ and piano music and songs, in fact, a fairly large recital repertory, to be proceeded with. The organ music contains modern things, such as pieces by Cesar Franck, Parry's new 'Choral Preludes' and many arrangements of overtures, etc.; the piano

[illegible] relative large selection of [illegible] Chopin and Debussy.

The system of transcription [illegible] presents many difficulties [illegible] in the case of complex modern music. The Braille system cannot represent a score, the blind reader's fingers have, so to speak, to collate the parts. In the case of a piano piece, what the right hand plays must be first described, then what the left hand plays. The memory must do the two together. How best to help the memory, how much of each to give at a time, is the problem of the transcriber. Whereas formerly a long phrase, say 16 bars of the right-hand part, would be given before the left was begun, now it is found best to dovetail them together as closely as possible. At the institute there are blind transcribers with sighted readers beside them busily engaged in this intricate process.

One practical advantage, however, the publisher of Braille music has over the ordinary music publisher. The processes of stereotyping and printing music are precisely the same as those from Braille books. The same staff and the same plant can be used for both once the transcription is made, and that partly accounts for the extraordinarily low prices at which the institute is able to supply music to the blind. Musicians may feel quite envious when they find that a song which they buy from the publisher at 1s. 4d. can be bought in Braille for 4d. The institute, of course, being a philanthropic undertaking, sells to the blind at something below the bare cost of production. Publishers can feel no grievance in this, for Braille music is useless to anyone who can read the ordinary notation. We may suggest that publishers should as many do, help by allowing the free use of their editions for transcription into Braille. It will even be to their profit to do so, for blind musicians often teach pupils with sight, and they will naturally wish their pupils to use the editions which they can themselves use. We may close this sketch with the mention of the Braille Musical Magazine issued bimonthly from the institute, which contains all the usual features of a musical periodical with several pieces of music as insets. It is now in its 13th volume and a specimen copy before use contains Sir Charles Stanford's song, 'Drake's Drum,' a part-song by Havergal Brian, and Debussy's Ballade in F. It is first-rate evidence of the institute's enterprise in music."

The following paragraph by the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, Aug. 17, may here be added: "Anatole France's present literary work is supervising the compilation of a dictionary of the French language by the young writer, Du Costal. This is the dictionary for blind soldiers, in raised characters. Anatole France himself directs the work, the necessary conditions of which are condensing and precision, as space can be afforded for only one line for each word. The dictionary will be printed by Ernest Vaughans. Each character of type has an ordinary letter at one end and a Braille letter at the other, so that the type can be set up by those who do not know the blind alphabet."

British Light Opera and Foreign Rivals

For many years past the writers of light music in Germany and Austria have regarded England as a stronghold of their own, a sort of home from home wherein they were always sure of a ready and generally very remunerative welcome. No one, of course, will grudge them a reasonable amount of their success in the past. We were all of us grateful to Franz Lehar for the delights of "The Merry Widow," and to Oscar Straus for the charming melodies of "The Waltz Dream." But when they took upon themselves the role of the cuckoo and set about ousting the home bird from its own nest it became another matter altogether. For British composers, as has been pointed out in these columns time and time again, can write light music very well indeed; as a matter of fact, they are a great deal better at it than they are at writing the symphonies and the symphonic poems in which their souls have only too frequently delighted.

But the days of the German and the Austrian are fortunately over, at any rate for the moment, and it is hard to believe that they will ever be as welcome here as they were in the past. The opportunity of the British composer has arrived, and it only remains for him to grasp it with both hands. And there is every sign that he is not being backward in so doing. Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard, Mr. Robert Evett and Mr. Robert Courtneidge, are all of them staging musical plays of the home-made variety as fast as they can and perhaps the best piece of news of all is that recently announced in the Daily Telegraph—that Mr. Courtneidge is soon going to give us a real comic opera by Capt. Basil Hood, Mr. Hubert Bath, and Mr. G. H. Clutsam. Capt. Hood, of course, we all know well, and he can be trusted to write a "book" that is free from the inanities of musical comedy. Mr. Bath and Mr. Clutsam we also know, though not in this form, and those who are acquainted with their work are surely justified in hoping for great things from them. For they are both musical humorists of high rank, and it is in musical humor that the scores of most of our younger writers in the lighter vein have been conspicuously lacking of late.

Who, for example, that has heard Mr. Bath's "Wedding of Shon Maclean" will soon forget the quaint quips and cranks that have set many an audience laughing as music rarely makes them laugh? Several of them were little masterpieces of whimsicality, extremely neat, yet sufficiently obvious to be enjoyed even by the least expert musician. Mr. Clutsam is a humorist of a rather subtler type, and has hitherto chiefly enjoyed himself by pulling people's legs. He once, for example, wrote and got a well-known singer to produce so perfect a parody of an old Italian aria that, with regret must it be confessed, he deceived even the most erudite critics. On another occasion he took a famous nursery rhyme and turned it into a modern ballad, and so cleverly did he do it that he would never have been found out if he had not himself confessed to the deception. It is pleasant to be able to record that the ballad proved immensely popular. It richly deserved to succeed. Rumor also speaks very highly of a more elaborate but less recondite musical joke which he has lately perpetrated, and which is shortly to be produced on the music halls.

Most sincerely it is to be hoped that other of our composers who are now stepping into the breach will cultivate their sense of humor. They could not have a finer model and ensample for their purpose than Sullivan, whose scores were never lacking in wit. It would surely be impossible to find two happier pieces of musical parody than his Handelian airs, "This helmet, I suppose," in "Princess Ida," and "And now, Sergeant Bouncer," in "Cox and Box." They are indeed gems of their kind, the more so because they are such uncommonly good songs that even he who does not know his Handel can enjoy them, while the expert, of course, gets a double measure of delight. All his quips, of course, were not on such an ambitious scale as this, but one does not have to search very far through any of his scores to unearth some merry jest or quaint whimsy. They sparkle irrepressibly through all his operas, and one of the reasons why the public are always so glad to return to Gilbert and Sullivan is that it is good to be reminded of these capital jokes that one had forgotten. There is very little of this kind of thing in the music of the Germans and the Austrians. The scoring of the latter, of course, has a snap and sparkle peculiar to itself, but it is seldom, if ever, humorous.

To be a musical jester a composer must, of course, be a fine musician, but it is an indisputable fact that the standard of the musicianship of those who are engaged upon the lighter side of their craft has risen very considerably in recent years. The days when a "composer" would whistle an air for a hack to take down and orchestrate, if not over, are, at any rate, on the wane, and the number of those who can score their own music, and score it exceedingly well, is rising rapidly. The music-halls, with their big revues and their often inadequate bands—I do not, of course, include any of the big West end variety theatres—have proven by no means a bad training ground for them, and by the need for exercising much ingenuity in making a small orchestra do the work of a big one, they have learnt much about the art of scoring that they would never have learnt otherwise. There is no doubt that we have plenty of first-rate material today, though we should have more if some of our schools and colleges did not think it infra dig., apparently, to teach composers to write light music—if, indeed, that art can be taught. All that native talent needs is the opportunity, which it certainly has got now, and the will to grasp it, which is sure to display.—London Daily Telegraph, Aug. 19.

Handelian Myths Exposed by the Daily Telegraph

One of these days, perhaps, some industrious writer, with a taste for research, will bring out a volume on "musical myths." The subject should offer a tempting field, looking at the number of truly fearful and wonderful legends that have grown up round the names of famous musicians. The Handel myths alone would easily fill several chapters. Not a few of them relate to the composer's connection with the ducal domain of Canons, and most famous of all, of course, is that which ascribed a highly picturesque origin to the so-called "Harmonious Blacksmith" air and variations. That magnificent example of mendacity, so long persisted in, though often exposed, was dealt with in full in a pamphlet by the late Dr. Cummings, published last year, and referred to at the time in these notes. It was an anonymous correspondent in the Times of April 17, 1835, who gave birth to that delightful story about Handel taking shelter from rain in a blacksmith's forge in the village of Edgware, and deriving his inspiration for the famous air from a song sung by the blacksmith to the rhythm of his hammer as it struck the anvil. The point, of course, is that the name by which Handel's tune became known was not invented until more than half a century after the composer had been in his grave.

One is reminded of this and of other Handelian apocrypha by the festival held this week in memory of the great composer at Whitchurch, and also by the appearance—which, by a coincidence, preceded that festival by a few days—of an interesting little book by that well known Handel authority, Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, called "Handel, Canons and the Duke of Chandos," and issued by the Chiswick Press. In this most informing brochure Mr. Streatfeild—of whom it may truly be said that what he doesn't know about Handel simply isn't worth knowing—has been at pains to lay bare the various misconceptions that have arisen in connection with the composer's associations with the stately palace built near Edgware by the Duke of Chandos. One grave error, he points out, into which many modern writers have fallen, in defiance of contemporary evidence, is to describe Handel—and before him the German musician, Pepusch—as the duke's organist. The post that each held in turn was not that of organist, but of Kapellmeister, or maestro di Capella; i. e., conductor of the duke's private band.

"The point of difference," this authority goes on to explain, "is this: that the Kapellmeister and the band were attached to the duke's person, their main duty being, as Macy tells us, to play to him while he ate his dinner. They were therefore in attendance upon him wherever he happened to be, and, as we know from contemporary records that the duke lived for a great part of the year in one or other of his town houses, it is a practical certainty that neither Pepusch nor Handel resided permanently for any length of time at Canons. . . . In Handel's case, even more assuredly than in that of Pepusch, we can be certain that there was no question of a permanent sojourn at Canons." By way of substantiating this statement Mr. Streatfeild recalls facts connected with the composer's duties in London and a visit by him to the continent whereby he accounts for nine months in 1719 and six in the following year "during which it was impossible for Handel to have lived at Canons; and the legend of his prolonged residence there, and of his permanent engagement as organist at Whitchurch must be irrevocably dismissed."

On the other hand, as Mr. Streatfeild readily admits, there is no question that Handel frequently played upon the organ in the parish church at Whitchurch (where the duke, between 1716 and the opening of the private chapel at Canons in 1720, must have attended the services), and Handel's famous Chandos anthems were no doubt composed during that period, "and performed in the church with all available splendor and completeness under his direction." But Mr. Streatfeild ridicules the statement inscribed upon a brass plate on the Whitchurch organ that "Handel was organist of this church from the year 1718 to 1721 and composed his oratorio of 'Esther' on this organ." As he says, "musicians do not compose oratorios 'on the organ.'" Undoubtedly the work in question was composed for the Duke of Chandos, and possibly during one of Handel's sojourns at Canons. But "Esther" had nothing to do with the church, was certainly not performed there, and in its original form, moreover, was not an oratorio at all, but a masque, intended for performance on the stage.

Sept 12 1916

TIPS AGAIN

The question of tipping has come up again; not whether there should be tipping, for the evil is firmly established; but there is discussion concerning the proportionate amount to the bill in a resturant, the expected percentage. The oracles are consulted. One of them, a head waiter in a celebrated New York hotel, says that any waiter should be satisfied if he were to receive on the average a tip of 10 per cent. Having made this statement, the excellent head waiter, Mr. Tossatti, a student of human nature as befits his calling, comments on the foolishness, the extravagance of men. He knows one that gives a waiter a dollar and a half for serving him a drink. It seems that the race of splurging idiots did not become extinct with the death of Coal-Oil Johnny. But another waiter expects from a 10 to 25 cents tip for breakfast, the same for luncheon, and from 40 to 50 cents for two persons at dinner.

Since the evil of tipping is now widespread, there should be uniformity in the practice. As Mr. Tossatti says, the ostentatious and foolish tipper spoils the waiter and does grievous injury to other guests. The extravagant tip, however, may be only an exhibition of shyness on the part of a visitor from a small town. He is in the great city and wishes to be taken for a citizen of the world. Above all he is unwilling to be considered ignorant or mean. He therefore errs on the side of generosity. His case is different from that of the bounder, who wishes to attract attention, to be constantly in evidence, and so throws his money right and left. The bounder begins by tipping the moment he enters the restaurant; even before that, by tipping the boy that opens the carriage door. Crossing the Styx, he would insist on Charon accepting more than the imposed fee. It is he that causes waiters to wax fat and kick; to be negligent and even insolent towards guests of more modest bearing.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Gus Hill offers "Mutt and Jeff's Wedding," musical comedy in three acts. Book by Frank Dumont; music by William C. Henderson; produced by Frank Tannehill. The cast:

Mutt	Earl Redding
Jeff	Jerry Sullivan
Charlie Cash	Harry Hoyt
Frank Rubber	Fred Roberts
Pasquale Salami	Sig Marius
Sadie Castle	Ralleti Bertram
Gloria Castle	Rose Kessner
Lucette Roundheart	Katie Rooney

Hundreds were turned away last evening unable to get tickets. Long before the performance a serpentine line of anxious ticket purchasers completely blocked the sidewalk in front of the theatre. The audience was an expectant one, for Mut and Jeff were in the air, and there was whistling and cat calls; everyone seemed anxious for the play to commence. And finally the idols of the printed page, visualized and vitalized, dropped before the footlights "from an aeroplane" and there was the wildest greeting, uproarious laughter and vociferous applause.

The piece would be more appropriately named a burlesque, and there is a surfeit of gagging and horseplay. The play, too, is episodic, for each act might be regarded as a complete sketch in itself. The attempt at unbroken continuity is obviously strained. Like many of the burlesques of the present day, one whole act is given over to specialties by the principals of the cast. Many of these are entertaining by reason of their oddity, and there is a dancing specialty that is not without merit. The music is for the most part of the "jingle" variety and is soon lost to the memory.

An aunt with a vitriolic tongue looks coldly on the prospective marriage of her niece and Charlie Cash. Frank Rubber, jealous of the latter, and persistent, thinks his chances better if the aunt is out of the way. He represents the aunt as rich to Jeff, and the latter dreams of a life of ease. Mutt, too, falls into the trap. Marriage, disillusionment, despair and final reconciliation form the rest of the story. The niece and Charlie Cash marry and there is punishment meted out to Frank Rubber.

No doubt many were surprised at the remarkable similarity of Mutt and Jeff to their namesakes of the printed page. Earl Redding as the former, was the angular, vacuous and yet sympathetic boob. In a part that is hard to play and render convincing, he was all that could be desired in stature, make-up, speech and repose. And the same may be equally applied to the Jeff of Jerry Sullivan. He was the great big hit of the evening. Even his walk evoked applause.

He was alert; his facial play was something more than mere grimacing, and he offered an abundance of "business" that was as good as it was relevant. Nor is it easy to forget his appearance in pajamas or his hurried dressing as a "lady."

Many of the others in the cast gave pleasure, as did the Lucette of the vivacious and irrepressible Katie Rooney, the daughter of Pat Rooney.

KEITH'S BILL IS ONE OF THE SEASON'S BEST

Nan Halperin Continues Success —Other Acts Score Hits.

Four acts of widely different character, yet with each measuring up to the best in its own particular line, give patrons of B. F. Keith's Theatre this week a bill that cannot fail to interest even the most jaded appetite in amusement seeking.

Nan Halperin in her second week is as popular as ever. In her cycle depicting five stages of childhood in song she is at her best. Her reception at yesterday's performances was even more enthusiastic than that of her opening performance last week.

Sharing honors with her on the bill is Al Herman, known as the Assassin of Grief and Remorse. With his enormous

voice and his inimitable manner of springing jokes he took yesterday's audiences to himself. He is funny in a way of his own, despite the fact that several of his jokes first saw the light of publicity years before he was born. He was a distinct hit.

Sidney Jarvis and Virginia Dare, musical comedy favorites, brought to Boston a new and amusing, if somewhat overdrawn, musical sketch that instantly caught on. Their singing is good, but their acting better, especially the work of Miss Dare, who, as the bride with a temper, puts much ginger into her work.

Vivian and Genevieve Tobin in the New York vaudeville success "The Age of Reason," have a vehicle that is full of comedy. They are a sure-fire hit. The supporting company of four gives them the best of support.

Others who make the bill one of the best of the summer season are Fridkowsky's singers and dancers, who come to the Keith circuit direct from European successes; May Naudain in songs composed for her by Anatol Friedland, who plays her accompaniments; J. C. Nugent in "The Meal Hound," with Jule York; John Cutty in a novelty musical act, and the Retter brothers in a sensational ground tumbling act.

Sept 17 1916

"CARMEN" NIGHT GIVEN AT THE POP CONCERTS

Miss Sharlow and Mr. Hackett Heard in Scenes from Opera.

The program of the Pop concert at Symphony Hall last evening was as follows:

Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Overture, "Si j'etais roi".....Adam
Page's Song from "Les Huguenots...Meyerbeer
Miss Snelling.
Waltz, "Die Fledermaus".....Strauss
Scenes from Bizet's "Carmen."
Miss Myrna Sharlow, soprano.
Arthur Hackett, tenor.
(Their first appearance.)
Preludes to Acts II., III, and IV.
Micaela's Air, Act III.
Miss Sharlow.
Duet of Micaela and Don Jose, Act. I.
Miss Sharlow and Mr. Hackett.
Flower Song, Act II.
Mr. Hackett.
Prelude to Act I.
The Star Spangled Banner.
Selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana".Mascagni
Quartet from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Miss Myrna Sharlow. Miss Lillia Snelling,
Arthur Hackett, Constantin Nicolay.
March, "The Ameer".....Herbert

Miss Sharlow and Mr. Hackett made their first appearance at these concerts on the occasion of "Carmen" night, last evening.

The second part of the program was devoted to excerpts from Bizet's popular opera. Miss Sharlow, remembered here as one of the younger members of the Boston Opera Company, is now a soprano of the Chicago Opera Company. She has made marked progress. Her voice has youthful freshness, while she sings both with spontaneity and a fitting sense of reserve. Mr. Hackett, also known in Boston, has a manly voice which is skilfully controlled. He gave an excellent performance of the "Flower Song," and in the duet his voice and Miss Sharlow's were sympathetically blended.

Miss Snelling, too, was heard in the Page's song from Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," while the quartet from Verdi's "Rigoletto" was a feature of the third part of the program.

Mr. Pasternack conducted with his customary spirit, intelligence and discretion.

Another program of interest has been arranged for the Pop Concert tonight. This will be devoted largely to excerpts from Gounod's "Faust." A considerable part of it will be taken from the second act. In addition to this Mr. Nicolay will sing the Serenade from act 3, and the closing trio will be sung. Mr. Hackett, Miss Sharlow, Miss Snelling and Mr. Nicolay are all on the program, which will be in full as follows:

March, "Old Berlin".....Blon
Overture, "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Waltz, "Roses from the South".....Strauss
Ballet Suite, "Egyptienne".....Lulgini
Scenes from Gounod's "Faust"—
Prelude to Act I.
Siebel's Flower Song, Act II.
Miss Snelling.
(a) King of Thule, (b) Jewel Song, from Act II
Miss Sharlow.
Mephisto's Serenade, Act III.
Mr. Nicolay.
Love Scene, Act II.
Miss Sharlow and Mr. Hackett.
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Overture, "The Bohemian Girl".....Balfe
Trio from "Faust" (Last act).....Gounod
Miss Sharlow, Mr. Hackett, Mr. Nicolay.
March, "The Wizard of the Nile".....Herbert

Sept 14 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

The guests on leaving swear that they've had a delightful time; the host and hostess, like the couple in the nursery rhyme, begin to compliment and grin. After the parting there is a feeling of relief, followed by a curious state of depression.

A friend who was connected with the Herald for many years, a paragrapher whose wit and brilliance were recognized and applauded throughout the country, suggests that a dictagraph should be put in every guest chamber of city house and summer cottage. Then the host would know what his guests really thought of him and his hospitality, and he would be guided in the matter of future invitations. Let us develop our friend's happy thought.

Mr. and Mrs. Sonnberger spend a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Golightly. After their departure the dictagraph is consulted. The Golightlys then learn what Harold and Maria said in supposed privacy:

"What a pompous ass Eugene is!"

"Yes, and did you see him drink at dinner? He must have put down a quart of champagne besides the cocktail, Rhine wine and cordial. No wonder his nose is red and he is generally puffy. Gwendolen smokes too many cigarettes. My, what a breath!"

"Eugene is not a bad fellow after all, but why the devil did we come here? Did you notice that the soup was cold and the bird high?"

"I am disappointed. I was told that Mrs. Van der Peyster was to be here and I thought I would make up to her. You know she's of the real old stock, and she could be pleasant to me in New York. What a boresome crowd it was!"

"Cheer up; we're going away Monday. How much do you think we ought to give the ladies' maid, my valet and the butler? I don't see why we should tip the chauffeur. He's a reckless driver, and so cocky. I didn't like the way he looked at that cigar I gave him. What if the wrapper was cracked a little? I wonder if the valet noticed my other set of underwear was ragged. You know how Eugene's grandfather made his money: his ships carried out rum and brought back black ivory. They say Eugene has lost a lot in the street. Perhaps that's why he's lushing."

"Gwendolen has lost her figure, that's certain. Poor thing! She'll be a sight soon. I wish they would not have breakfast at such an ungodly hour. The coffee isn't fit to drink."

Unfortunately the Sonnbergers will never know what Eugene said to Gwendolen after he began: "What induced you to ask that couple to visit us? Sonnberger is impossible, and as for his wife, didn't you know that last summer she—"

The "Economy" Sum.

In arithmetics of our boyhoods. A walked miles in an incredibly short time, B ploughed, C lifted, and X—, why, X outdid the Admirable Crichton; there was nothing he could not do. It appears that ingenious sums are still given out in England. The "Economy Sum" vexes the pupils at a suburban school.

A buys a dozen match boxes at 8d. B buys the same number at 6d., but his matches are poor, so that on an average he must strike four to obtain a light, while A gets a good flame from every match. Each box contains 72 matches. State B's exact profit, or loss, compared with A if each one purchases a dozen packets of 12 boxes each at the prices mentioned above.

The Poet's Moon.

As the World Wags:

As to the "Horned Moon," Mr. Douglas is quite right—as far as he goes, but the preceding stanzas of the poem give the idea that the time is not early morning, but soon after sunset.

But the greater error is the "star within the nether tip." This is an astronomical impossibility, there being no star between us and the moon, where it would have to be in order to be visible against the dark disk of the moon.

A variation of this stanza I find in "Masterpieces" (New York, Fowler & Wells Co., 1889), which reads: "With one bright star almost between the tips." I do not know the history of the variation. Perhaps Coleridge discovered his error and changed the line. A. F. F.

Boston, Sept. 11.

As the World Wags:

May I inquire if the correspondent from Maine is not mistaken in saying that the new moon turns its horns towards the westward, and the old towards the eastward? I stepped out this evening and gazed on the new moon which is rapidly nearing the first quarter. Surely the horns of that moon are turned towards the eastward.

May I express the hope that your park commissioners will continue to exclude the ever present automobile with its honk-honk, its rasping sirens and its careless drivers from your wonderfully beautiful Arnold Arboretum.

RHODA A. HYDE.

East Kingston, N. H., Sept. 3.

A Correction.

As the World Wags:

In printing my letter suggesting a derivation for "pike" and "piker" I am sorry to find that you spelled the old English verb to which I referred, "piker" instead of "piken," as I wrote it. I regret that the illegibility of my handwriting or the haste of the printer makes the correction necessary.

KENNETH B. MURDOCK.

Chestnut Hill.

'POP' CONCERT

Last evening was "Faust" night at the Pops. There was a varied program, the principal features being excerpts from Gounod's opera. The soloists were Myrna Sharlow, soprano; Lillia Snelling, contralto; Arthur Hackett, tenor; and Constantin Nicolay, basso.

All of the singers gave pleasure. Mr. Nicolay was especially good in his interpretation of Mephisto's serenade. A song that lends itself more particularly to the surroundings of the opera, its sinister significance is often lost on the concert stage. But Mr. Nicolay was in the mood, and he sang as if on brimstone corner.

Pasternack Conducts.

Mr. Pasternack conducted with warmth and authority. There was a careful regard for nuances and his delicate touch was always in evidence during the solo numbers.

Tonight will be the second "Carmen" night, with the same soloists as last evening. The program will be as follows:

March, "Baden-Baden".....Kral
Overture, "Orphee aux Enfers"...Offenbach
Page's Song from "Les Huguenots"....
Meyerbeer
Miss Lillia Snelling.
Selection, "It Happened in Noordland"
Herbert
Scenes from Bizet's "Carmen."
Miss Myrna Sharlow, Soprano.
Mr. Arthur Hackett, Tenor.
Preludes to Acts II., III. and IV.
Macaela's Air, Act III.
Miss Sharlow.
Duet of Micaela and Don Jose, Act I.
Miss Sharlow and Mr. Hackett.
Flower Song, Act. II.
Mr. Hackett.

Prelude to Act I.
"The Star Spangled Banner."
Overture, "Hungarian Lustspiel".....
Keler-Bela
Quartet from "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Miss Sharlow, Soprano.
Miss Snelling, Contralto.
Mr. Hackett, Tenor.
Mr. Nicolay, Basso.
March, "Hoch und Deutschmeister"..
Ertel

Sept 15 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Can any one of our readers give the title of the song in which this line occurs: "One of his legs is longer than it really ought to be"?

A Sad Story.

As the World Wags:

My grandfather, who lived to be nearly 100 years old—he died 40 years ago—was a minister and an inveterate tobacco chewer. He acquired the habit at college and could never break himself of it, though he labored strenuously to do so. Alas! the flesh was weak. He determined that his sons should never acquire the filthy practice. So as soon as they were out of the cradle he gave them tobacco, to make them so sick they would never look on it again. Strange to say, they took to it and chewed tobacco whenever they could get it. When they became men one of them gave up the habit through sheer force of will, another lost it during a long illness, but the third chewed until his death at 85 years of age. H. T. F.

In the early sixties there was a clergyman, a man of sturdy frame, in Northampton, who was passionately addicted to chewing (or "eating") tobacco, plug or fine cut. More than once we have seen him take out his cud and put it on the pulpit near the desk for the sermon before he began the long prayer to which we listened standing on a cricket, rejoicing when the prayer for the "sister churches" showed us that the end was approaching. It is our impression that he chewed fine cut in preference to plug—probably "Solace," which was strong and dark. "Mayflower," if it was then in the market, would have been too mild for this minister, who took a gloomy view of life, and in his sermons recalled at times the Rev. Mr. Chadband, to whom he bore a physical resemblance.

"H. T. F.'s grandfather acquired the habit of chewing in college. When the class of '76 at Yale entered only three or four chewed. They were southerners. When the class was graduated, between 70 and 80 chewed. They were driven to this habit by the lectures of Dr. Noah Porter on the human intellect. Only tobacco and the process of chewing it kept them awake.

In Vacation

We are informed that a good many college students who are accomplished dancers and of an agreeable presence in vacation are invited by landlords of summer hotels to become guests without cost. They are expected to be sociable, attentive to the women and ready to exhibit their skill in the ballroom. In some instances they are paid in addition to their board, so that young women will not complain of a lack of men and consequent dulness. Surely, this is a pleasanter occupation for the young men than waiting on table and being disappointed in the tips.

We are also informed that in this city young men busied during the day as clerks or stenographers, are paid by certain landlords to dance nights with a leading woman dancer who is also paid. Their ability excites the rivalry of others who might otherwise be indifferent and lazy on the ballroom floor. One young man, we understand, thus earns about $100 a week in addition to his regular salary as a stenographer.

An Aggressive Leg.

In New York Mr. John Osbell, excited, pulled off his right leg, which was of wood, and waved it in the air. When a policeman courteously asked him to put on his leg and keep both feet on the ground, Mr. Osbell bashed the policeman with the leg, which he then threw at the crowd. It may be remembered that the lamented Miss Kilmansegg met her death by the count, her husband, braining her with her magnificent leg of gold. In connection with this it may be observed that M. Abel Hermant, a brilliant and cynical novelist and dramatist, recently took Parisian dressmakers to task. "Why," he asked, "do they not study the poets? It was Musset who wrote 'the leg can be guessed at from what you see of the ankle.' With the present short dress there is no necessity to guess." M. Hermant also observes that Lord Bertie of Thame, British ambassador to Paris, is the only man left there to wear a silker; nor does M. Hermant think that things will be greatly changed after the war. "There will be as many snobs as ever. A new class of them has arisen with the war millionaire."

War Notes.

There are Londoners that object to the word "aeroplanes" as a clumsy term. They prefer "flys," and for "air men" they suggest "high-fliers."

In 1874 Moltke declared that Roumania had no need of a large standing army. Ten thousand men would be enough for peace. In war this force should be increased to 25,000. The army's only task would be to preserve order at home. Congratulating Roumania on her good fortune in being thus spared vast expense, he said: "How happy should we be if we were not forced to keep up so large an army, and could employ the hundreds of millions for other purposes."

Sept 16, 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Many have regretted that famous voices of singers and orators were choked with dust before the invention of the gramophone. What would not one give to hear Faustina or Cuzzoni, Farinelli, Catalani, Malibran, Rubini or even the clumsy Brignoli, who waddled on the stage! How eagerly one would listen to Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke, Webster and Rufus Choate.

That illustrious sons of clay and noble dames died before the invention of moving pictures and film dramas is still more deplorable. What is Miss Pickford in comparison with Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary Stuart or the great Catherine? Fortunately for the world to come Col. Theodore Roosevelt has been "filmed" with all his gestures, smiling his celebrated smile. At first, we are informed, he was comparatively sluggish; he lacked "pep" in action, but he responded nobly when the manager ordered him to "Wake up!" for campaign purposes.

Sir Thomas Browne in a description of rarities named pictures of three passionate looks; one was of Bajazet in his cage; one was of the father when told that he had eaten his children and thus furnished material for Greek tragedies; the third we have forgotten, and the third volume of Sir Thomas's complete works is not now at hand. What are these draughts of passionate looks to the film of the tumultuous colonel with all his glaring teeth?

The Terrible Door.

A woman of the neighborhood, seeking a divorce, swore before the judge that her husband was unsympathetic, even cross. "He banged the front door whenever he went out or came in." Yet

there are sympathetic men and women, also innocent little children, who have never been taught the accomplishment of shutting a door gently. They are found not only in their own homes, they are guests in private houses and especially in hotels and in clubs with bedchambers. It was an old saying of these wretched ones: "They were brought up in a saw mill." Artemus Ward said of his wife when on a memorable occasion she did not fully appreciate a humorous remark "She closed the door in [illegible]." Parents are at fault in this as in other matters of elemental education. They themselves are shocking examples. Occasionally a nervous mother may say when a visitor is in the parlor and her dear little Algernon has been exhibited "Now, dear, run away and don't slam the door," but the door has already been slammed.

Goethe's Prophecy.

There was once a wise German named Goethe, who wrote voluminously in verse and prose. Few of us have read an unfinished work by him, "The Awakening of Epimenides." We are indebted to M. Joseph Reinach, who contributed to the Figaro an article in which he quoted a verse from Goethe's fragment. This being translated into English runs as follows:

"Cursed be he who, by pernicious counsel and insolent audacity, shall try to recommence as a German the enterprise of the Corsican Frenchman! Be it soon or late, we shall feel that there exists an Eternal Right! Great as may be his power and whatever be his efforts, it shall go ill with him and his."

There is peculiar force in this quotation. According to the legend, Epimenides, a Cretan shepherd and prophet, slept for a century and awoke in the 101st year. This verse was written in 1815, the year of Waterloo, 101 years ago. The Emperor William's detestation of Heine and his childish persecution of Heine's memory are already traditional. Will he now couple Goethe with Heine?

Croesus and Tobacco.

England is now depending for tobacco on the United States and Havana, for no tobacco is arriving from Turkey, and little from Egypt. A leading tobacconist of London, a specialist in cigars, who has hundreds of men of title among his patrons," says that of late connoisseurs have taken to cheap brands. "An outstanding case is that of a duke among his customers, who has abandoned 1s. 6d. cigars in favor of certain cigarettes sold at 10 for 4d., and now smokes nothing else. The tobacconist, though he loses by this, speaks of it as a splendid example of self-denial in the interests of patriotism."

We have known men of ample means in this city who really preferred cheap and rank brands of cigars. They would hand out one with an air, and say: "Now, guess what this cost me." To humor them the wretched victim would answer: "Three for a quarter." "Guess again." The victim, having lighted the cigar, enveloped in the infernal fumes, attempting to smile, would finally murmur: "I have no idea." Then Croesus would shout triumphantly: "Three cents apiece. You can get them a little cheaper by the hundred. Now, tell me on your honor, are they not better than those sold at this club for 10 or 15 cents straight?"

Sept 7 '16

Mr. Montrose J. Moses has written the life of Heinrich Conried. The publishers are Thomas G. Crowell Company of New York. There are about 20 illustrations, pictures of Conried as actor, citizen and lecturer; pictures of some associated with him, as Mrs. Conried, Sonnenthal, Caruso, Agnes Sorma, Mme. Eames, Mme. Farrar. The book unfortunately is not provided with an index. As a book of reference, its value is therefore seriously impaired. We also miss a tabulated record of plays, operas and operettas produced by Conried.

The last time we saw Mr. Conried he was not in the best humor. He was disappointed in Boston. This "centre of musical culture" had not appreciated, he said, the quality of the performances at the Boston Theatre during the week. Yet one night we found him radiant. He was standing alone, looking intently at the stage through the glass of a door. We did not interrupt his meditation. At last he exclaimed, unconscious of any one near him "My God, what a beautiful stage setting!"

Mr. Moses, as a biographer, follows in the footsteps of John Aubrey and Marcel Schwob. He shows us the impresario playing pinochle with Joseffy or Mr. Alexander Lambert; a "little man, with his high-heeled suede boots, his nervous, artistic hands, his keen, penetrating eyes, and his broad, sharply marked German face" receiving a snuff-box from the Emperor William, who said: "It is men like you I need!"; cooking goulash in the oven at Fleischmann's farm in the Catskills, bringing black bread, "reminiscent of his earlier days," and helping himself plentifully to beans; rigid in his parental discipline, superstitious about making a will, looking on the fashion of young girls going to the theatre unchaperoned with boys as outrageously bold; smoking atrocious cigars, named after him, at the rate of 15 a day; an early riser, thinking six hours of sleep enough; fond of talking with medical specialists and accumulating vast quantities of drugs, always speaking German to his son and his dogs, prodigal in giving jewels to his wife, hunting old furniture and German manuscripts, disgusted at the roughness of football, inventing a clasp for the old-fashioned pocketbook and a clasp to hold elevated railway tickets, fussy about hot water and hot cream for his coffee, telling the Emperor William that "the future of the Germans in America lies with Americans, not with Germans," which William noted in a report and then wrote in the margin: "A speech which one of my consuls should have made long ago"; wearing his decorations in Austria and Germany, so that he might obtain better railway service. In his introductory remarks Mr. Moses quotes Lewis Carroll as saying that autobiography is what biography ought to be. Mr. Conried left little material for a biographer, and Mr. Moses is often obliged to rely on second-hand information.

Conried's name was Cohn. Born in Bielitz, in Austrian Silesia, he was the son of a weaver, or the proprietor of a yarn factory. He worked amidst looms, yarns and reels, but his mind was on the theatre. Going to Vienna, where he had previously been at school, he became a clerk in a banking house, but he frequented theatres and cafes where actors loafed. He met Dr. Strakosch of the City Theatre, and later Foerster of the Burg. At last his ambition was realized: he was a play actor. His family considered his choice disgraceful. This was in 1872-3, when he was about 17 years old. He had played as a strolling actor through Austria and Germany in farce and tragedy. "I was pretty bad, but the others were worse—they must have been awful." At first he was a "supe" at the Burg, "but with such a persuasive pose about him that his manner would have led a stranger to believe he was engaged for some prominent character role." He imitated in more important parts the popular actor Josef Lewinsky. In 1874 he played character parts at the Berlin National Theatre, where he was known as Robert Buchholz. In 1876 he was playing in Leipsic and had a curious experience as Iago with Barnay as the Moor.

Hardly 21, Conried was appointed manager of the City Theatre in Bremen. It was then he began to realize "his managerial capabilities." Madame Cottrelly was then associated with him. His success was so great that Neuendorff engaged him for New York, promising him a salary of $200 a month. To quote Mr. Moses, Conried "left Germany with German idealism thoroughly impregnating his make-up, and with thorough belief in himself. And these two elements were a large part of the character of Heinrich Conried." At the end of the book he says: "Talking with friends who knew Conried when he first arrived in America, we are able to conjure up in our minds a picture of the little, young man, speaking exquisite German, but wearing execrable shirts, which he bought in large quantities."

The chapters "In New York Under Neuendorff" and "The Irving Place Theatre" are, on the whole, of more interest to students of the New York drama than to the general reader, yet there are some entertaining anecdotes and old playgoers may find spurs for pleasant recollection. Mr. Moses thinks that Conried arriving in 1877 came at a propitious moment. "There was a body of German-American citizens who still had within them the indomitable spirit of '48. * * * Had Conried been the director of the German Theatre today, he would not have found his task so easy, and he would not have found the German audiences so loyal. The national spirit is American, not German, and the new generation of Germans no longer thinks in the mother tongue." This statement is surprising, not to say incredible.

Indebted to Mr. Albrecht, Mr. Moses gives a short sketch of the rise of German theatres in New York. The story of Neuendork is told, how he came as an emigrant from Hamburg, played the fiddle and the drum, then rose to be concert master, assistant-director, director. Conried had been engaged for the Germania Theatre as director and character actor. He made his first appearance there as Gringoire (1878). On a tour in 1880 he began to speak English. Anxious to make ends meet, he managed Hubermann, the violinist, but did not add to his wealth. Madame Cottrelly tells how Conried joined others in producing operetta, and had their first success with "The Merry War" at the Thalia Theatre. Making nothing in the end he taught at a private school and coached amateurs. The story of the Conried opera company is told, also Conried's relations with Amberg and Rudolph Aronson. Francis Wilson and Jefferson de Angelis contribute anecdotes.

As manager of the Irving Place Theatre—which he took in 1892 with the help of William Steinway—Conried brought out new and striking plays. He constantly added new blood to his stock company, and brought over as guests Sonnenthal, Barnay, Kainz, Bonn, Engels, Agnes Sorma, Helene Odilon. As a manager of this theatre he gained deservedly a high reputation, one that may be more enduring than that of his directorship at the Metropolitan Opera House. For the chapters concerning his career as a theatre manager the absence of an index is deplorable.

There is a chapter entitled "Conried and the University", how he lectured, gave benefit performances, was honored by Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Vassar and other institutions.

As manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, Conried startled the people by announcing the production of "Parsifal," but he had much to do in preparing the opera house for the proper production of this and other important works. It is a pleasure to find Mr. Moses in discussing the policy of the Metropolitan under Conried and his predecessors paying a just tribute to Mr. Hammerstein. "There is no telling how many years would have passed before America heard 'Pelleas et Melisande,' 'Thais' and 'Louise' had it not been for Hammerstein, although we are assured on good authority that Conried refused such operas because he was convinced they needed an intimate treatment which the size of the Metropolitan prohibited."

We are told how Conried "discovered" Caruso for this country—"those who knew Mr. Conried declared that he never thoroughly enjoyed opera unless Caruso sang." In a letter Mme. Sembrich complained of undue favoritism: "You may, Director, expect much from Caruso, and rightly, too. But Sembrich is Sembrich and the public comes to hear the opera 'Elisir d'Amore' with Sembrich and Caruso." There is a grateful letter from Martin, the tenor. In 1906 Conried asked Mme. Eames if she would like to take the part of Selika and he wrote to Mme. Farrar that in case he could come to terms with Strauss, who asked "ridiculously high terms," he would be very much pleased to have her create Salome. Later he wrote to her: "It seems I cannot come to terms with Strauss about 'Salome.' He wants the earth and a small piece besides."

Discussing Conried's policy, Mr. Moses speaks of the difficult task of my impresario. "He is given the job of looking for perfection. He must secure the new 'stars' abroad just at the time of their perfect flowering. And he must get them at all costs! Hammerstein snapped his fingers at such a policy. So did the Boston Opera Company. But where are they today? They were willing to take the voice in the making." The criticisms against Conried are considered. Here it may be said that one or two references to Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel are, to say the least, ungracious and in poor taste. Mr. Krehbiel was by no means the only one to find fault with productions under Conried when they were disappointing. The answers of Conried to those objecting to "Parsifal" and "Salome" are given in full. They are good reading, and his arguments concerning "the latter" could not be controverted. "It was said," adds Mr. Moses, "that Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, had used her influence with her father for the withdrawal of the opera."

The remaining chapters are entitled: "An Impression of Conried," in which there is an account of the San Francisco earthquake as affecting the opera company, also his views concerning a national theatre and his connection with the New Theatre; "The season of 1906-07," with the story of his production of "Salome;" "The End of Mr. Conried's Regime" and "Heinrich Conried, the Man." Again the need of an index is sadly felt.

There are a few misprints. On page 173, "C. E. Ellis" should be "C. A. Ellis." On page 216, for "Constantineau," read "Constantino."

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Stage

The Promenade Concerts in London began Aug. 26. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "Mr. Grainger's new work was not nearly so exhilarating as one expected. It was a clog dance called 'Handel in the Strand,' though why Handel should have worn clogs and still less danced in them deponent said not. Anyhow, the dance was a feeble imitation of the same composer's 'Mock Movies,' with some reminiscences of the Jaernfelt 'Praeludium' to give it savor. In spite of that, it was a feeble production, without any touch of Handel's invariable antiseptic vigor." The same reviewer said of a revised scherzo by Mr. Phillips: "It is within everyone's experience that less originality is required from a speaker who deals lightly with his subject than from one who elects to be impressive. In music, which so accurately reflects life, the same maxim holds good. When Mr. Montague F. Phillips is pompous, his use of trite material makes him tedious. Last night (Aug. 30) he gave us a revised version of a Symphonic Scherzo, which secured him a medal at the Royal Academy 10 years ago, and although it could lay no strong claim to newness, its deftness and fluency, with the help of some neat orchestral touches, made it very palatable fare." The Daily Telegraph found the Scherzo full of "the sparkle and jollity of which we can never have too much." Mr. Phillips, the reviewer says, "is not one of those composers who, as a cynic once phrased it, are constantly digging up their souls by the roots to see how they are getting on. He is content to take things in a mood of cheery optimism, and that is the mood of his scheme."

George Graves, a popular London comedian, was shot in the face late in last month, not by a disappointed spectator, but while he was out shooting grouse.

Miss Mary Forbes, who was last seen in Boston as the heroine in Anatole France's comedy "Androcles," appeared as Jennie Fairway in a little 1840 period comedy, "A Court of Enquiry," by Malcolm Watson, produced at the Coliseum, London, Aug. 28.

"High Jinks," a musical comedy, was produced successfully at the Adelphi, London, Aug. 24. The program gave credit to an adapter, "four contributors of four additional numbers"—Messrs. Rubens, Talbot, Kern and Tate—four lyrists and a musical director; but there was no mention of the original author or the original composer. The story is founded on the well-worn idea of an elixir, taken as drink or scent, so powerful that any one sprinkled with it is at once disposed to high jinks. "It is a capital notion for a musical comedy, especially as it gives an excuse for everyone breaking off into song and dance at any time at a moment's notice. The one trouble, if it can be called a trouble, was that we should have enjoyed even more sprinkling than we got. The other details of the story were, in truth, neither very clear nor in themselves highly exhilarating. There appeared to be a middle-aged doctor, who drank half a glass and promptly ran off with a Spaniard's wife; also a stout American timber merchant, who, on a light sprinkling, ran off with a French charmer; also the wife of the American timber merchant, who had not seen him for 23 years, and had a pretty protege, whom she passed off as his daughter; also a festive colonel, who paid attention to the middle-aged doctor's wife. Of course, they all met at a French watering place, where there are the inevitable predicaments, all resolved by the young inventor sprinkling everyone with the elixir—audience included." The hit of the piece was Miss Nellie Taylor, who took the part of the timber merchant's daughter.

"Baize" writes, with reference to a once famous play that has been mentioned by several correspondents: "Madame Celesta, I believe, brought 'The French Spy' to this country. At any rate I saw her in this play at the National Theatre in this city when I was a boy. She also appeared in 'The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish.' What a fine pantomimist she was! She surely spoke though she said nothing. Later Maggie Mitchell appeared in the same dramas and I saw her in the latter one about 1858 at Burton's Theatre on Broadway, New York. This was, of course, before she attained fame in 'Fanchon.' There were many other French spies."

It is said that the longest theatrical poster of its kind in the world has just been erected outside the London Opera House. "Few theatres can boast of the magnificent frontage possessed by the London Opera House necessary for the display of such a sign, the dimensions of which are 249 feet long by 10 feet deep."

The death of Basil Hallam Radford, known on the stage as Basil Hallam, has been already reported. He was killed at the front. Last summer he joined the kite balloon section of the royal flying corps and quite recently he was promoted commander. He was, says the Daily Mail, a Charterhouse boy, who sung and danced himself into the hearts of London theatre-goers after an apprenticeship served under Sir Herbert Tree. Born in 1889, he made his first stage appearance in April, 1908. He played in Shakespeare and (in New York) in "The Flag Lieutenant," till "The Blindness of Virtue" gave him his favorite part of Archie Graham.

But these and other parts were but preliminary to the success he scored when in April, 1914, he appeared as "Gilbert the Filbert" at the Palace Theatre. Never perhaps was there such a happy combination as that of "Gilbert" and Miss Elsie Janis.

"As a soldier," he said, "I have my limitations, for as the result of an old injury to my foot a bone was smashed—I am incapable of long marching and have to use the support of a steel plate."

His parents have already suffered the loss of his brother, an officer in the Berkshire regiment.

It is said that thousands of English actors are in the firing line, and 2000 left for the battlefield before the conscription in England. This is shown in a measure by the Era. "During the last 75 years many actors and actresses have waited for space on this front page, but the war has depleted the 'motley' ranks, and this week the 'actor's Bible,' as the Era has always been called, appears with literary matter in two out of the five columns into which its front page is divided."

Shakespeare on the Side of the Allies

To the zeal and industry of Francis Colmer, an English student of Shakespeare, the bard has yielded no less than 170 pages of comment on the war in Europe, "Shakespeare in Time of War" (Dutton). The search for apt quotations is likely to turn out a mechanical performance, but if Mr. Colmer made use of concordances and lexicons, he also shows a happy fancy of his own. The propriety of his citations is sometimes startling. The predominating vein is serious, but there is much satire and a sly laugh or two. We quote at some length.

English and French Alliance:

England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice, for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him.

Belgium to Germany:

I do protest I never injured thee!
I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon he without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
I have a king's oath to the contrary!

Germany:

Since kings break faith upon Commodity
Gain, be my lord, for I would worship thee!
What need we fear who knows it, when none
can call our power to account?

The Kaiser to his troops:

Chosen from above
By inspiration of celestial grace
To work exceeding miracles on earth——
I am not in roll of common men!

The Lusitania:

This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyes wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
The blood of England shall manure the ground
And future ages groan for this foul act.

In lighter vein is Shakespeare's anticipation of the famous Muscovite army that marched through England to Ostend:

A mess of Russians left us but of late—
How, Madam, Russians?—Aye, in truth, my
lord.

And excellent is the long gallery of war portraits.

Asquith:

I am constant as the northern star.
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourself do know.

Lloyd George:

Grown of late
Quite from the main opinion he held once.
Henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a
good English condition.

Winston Churchill:

He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke and
bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue.
There is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

The Crown Prince:

By Chesu, he is an ass, as in the world—He
has no more directions in the true discipline of the wars, look you, than is a
puppy-dog.

President Wilson:

My blood has been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience; but, be sure,
I will henceforth rather be myself
Mighty——

From all of which it would appear that Shakespeare, if he were alive, would be strongly on the side of the allies.—New York Evening Post.

The Rank of the Three Witches in "Macbeth"

The Germans have often been mocked for their minute criticism of Shakespeare's characters, for their confusing of knowledge. It seems to us that Mr. W. H. Pinchbeck, who contributed an article, "The Three Witches in 'Macbeth,'" to Notes and Queries of Aug. 19, outvies the German commentators. We may now expect from him an inquiry into the character of the third murderer in the same tragedy. The first and second had their little say in answer to Macbeth's taunt, "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men," but the third was not so communicative. But we are keeping Mr. Pinchbeck waiting.

The "weird sisters" of "Macbeth" present to me three stages or steps of witchcraft—the novice, the graduate and the mistress of high degree—and, in keeping with their principle of contrariness,

Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

the third witch is the chief and most knowing of the trio. In the brief opening scene the first witch only asks questions; the others answer her, the third with fuller and more far-seeing knowledge than the second.

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

asks the first witch.

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,

replies the second; but the third knows

That will be ere the set of sun.

"Where the place?" is the next query of the eager novice. The graduate can reply "Upon the heath," but it is the mistress of high degree that gives the more promising and prophetic information: "There to meet with Macbeth." The dialogue now appears to take an abrupt turn, for the first witch rejoins: "I come Graymalkin." Who is Graymalkin? The glossariets say, "a familiar spirit in the shape of a grey cat," yet they give no reasons, or rather no authority that I have read states the why and the wherefore for such a definition. There is no stage direction to say any spirit or body calls. Graymalkin certainly may mean an old, grey cat, and in the song 'Come Away' sung in Act III. scene v., of which only the first line is given, but which can be found entire in Middleton's 'The Witch,' Hecate speaks of what in Act III. scene v. she terms "my little spirit" as "Malkin my sweet spirit."

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

The song in 'The Witch' runs:—

Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away. } in the air

Hec. I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may.
Now I go, now I fly,
Malk'n my sweet spirit and I, etc.

Is Hecate or her spirit Graymalkin? Or is it to the third witch that the name is applied? If to the third witch, then the dialogue loses its abrupt turn, and the mistress of high degree gets an appropriate witch-name; but, before the line would fit in this sense, it would have to be slightly amended from the present to the future, and read: "I'll come Graymalkin."

The folio edition prints the concluding lines thus:

Paddock calls—anon—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air;

and as if they were to be spoken by the three witches in chorus. Most editors now give the line—"Paddock calls: anon"—only to the second witch, some making a further division by giving the "anon" to the third witch, leaving the last two lines only to be said in chorus. This last is the method of the "Globe" edition. "Paddocks" are large, croaking frogs or toads, and the glossarists define "Paddock" here as "a familiar spirit in the form of a huge toad," a surmise originated, I suppose, by "Paddock" being in the singular, and followed by "anon"—a servant's term for coming. But it is possible "anon" may here be a word of direction or command meaning "quickly," "at once." Perhaps the impression intended to be conveyed by the witches' words is that they know by the croaking of the frogs or toads that the thunderstorm is breaking—the fair which is foul to them gaining the upper hand—and so, while the atmosphere about them is still leaden, thick and humid, the trio speedily vanish.

In the other witch scene of the first act the three degrees of the witches are well maintained. Following Holinshed's "The Historie of Macbeth," on which he based his play, and whence he borrowed the three weird sisters, Shakespeare makes the first witch only salute Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, a title he knows he already possesses by his father's death. The second witch goes a little farther towards prophecy, but it would be then known at Duncan's court that Macbeth was Thane of Cawdor. It is the third witch that gives the "more than mortal knowledge"—

Thou shalt be king hereafter!

To Banquo's questioning, the novice can only answer:

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

The graduate's

not so happy, yet much happier,

is not more satisfying. The mistress of high degree alone tells Banquo really something:

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

The ingredients thrown by the witches into the cauldron in the opening cavern scene of Act IV. display well, also, the degrees of their powers. The first witch only throws two ingredients, "poisoned entrails" and

Toad that under a cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom, sleeping got;

afterwards adding two more—

sow's blood, that hath eaten
her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet,

when Macbeth demands to see the apparitions. All these ingredients would be truly local and comparatively easy to be got. The second pitch's quota is more numerous, totalling, with the cooling "baboon's blood, ten:

Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing.

These too, could mostly be got near at hand, and without much trouble. The most powerful share comes from the third witch, an unlucky thirteen of Ugly and far-fetched things.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

Lord Dunsany and His "Book of Wonder"

"The Book of Wonder," by Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, 18th Baron Dunsany, is published by John W. Luce & Co. of Boston.

Lord Dunsany, now at the front, is 38 years old. He is the author of "The Glittering Gate," first produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin; "King Argimenes," also given by the Irish Players; "The Gods of the Mountain," and other plays.

Some of the tales in the present volume, as "Episodes from the Book of Wonder," were first printed in the Sketch, two appeared in the Saturday Review. These fanciful stories display a rich imagination and a gift for picturesque expression all too rare in these matter of fact days. The book, attractively printed, is illustrated by S. H. Sims with pictures that rival the tales in beauty, bizarre fascination.

How charmingly told are the adventures of Shepperalk, the centaur, in "The Bride of the Man-Horse." His fabulous blood had been stirred by the old sea-current, somehow akin to the twilight, which brings man "rumors of beauty from however far away as driftwood is found at sea from islands not yet discovered." His goal was Zretazoola, the city of Sombelene, whose father "had been half centaur and half god and whose mother was the child of a desert lion and that sphinx that watches the pyramids—she was more mystical than Woman."

"Her beauty was as a dream, was as a song; the one dream of a lifetime dreamed on enchanted dew; the one song sung to some city by a deathless bird blown far from his native coasts by storm in Paradise. Dawn after dawn on the mountains of romance or twilight after twilight could never equal her beauty; all the glow-worms had not the secret among them, nor all the stars of night, poets had never sung it, nor evening guessed its meaning; the morning envied it, it was hidden from lovers."

But she was unwed and unwooed for the lions feared her strength and the gods dared not love her because they knew she must die. She dwelt, evening told the bat, in a little temple by a lone lake shore. Opposite her temple stood her tomb.

"Shepperalk, the centaur, seized Sombelene by her hair, undazzled as yet by her beauty, and so haled her away; and, leaping with her over the floorless chasm where the waters of the lake fall unremembered away into a hole in the world, took her we know not where, to be her slave for all those centuries that are allowed to his race.

"Three blasts he gave as he went upon that silver horn that is the world-old treasure of the centaurs. These were his wedding bells."

Then there is the story of Thangobrind, the jeweller, a thief, patronized by the lofty and elect, for he stole nothing smaller than the Moomoo's egg, and in all his life stole only four kinds of stone—the ruby, the diamond, the emerald and the sapphire. A merchant prince offered his daughter's soul for the diamond, larger than the human head to be found on the lap of the spider-idol, Hlo-hlo. Thangobrind oiled his body slipped out of his shop and began the search. All went well. The dead man's diamond was on his shoulder, and he was trudging home when he heard an ominous cough. The spider-idol had not stayed at home, and though Thangobrind's sword Mouse grew slimy with blood, the jeweller sank exhausted by the house called Night, and the doom he feared fell on him.

The story of "The Foot of Bombasharna" concerns a pirate captain Shard, for whose head huge rewards were offered in every capital city, with pictures of it for identification—and all the pictures were unflattering. The captain decided that things had grown too hot for him. So at the hour when sick men mostly die, exactly half an hour before dawn, Shard and his men looted the city of Bombasharna and captured the queen of the south, for he intended to marry before he settled down.

The gallant captain and his band fled to an island near the Sargasso sea. Here he offered the queen of the south the choicest of the old wines of Provence, and for adornment gave her Indian jewels looted from galleons with treasure for Madrid and spread a table where she dined in the sun, while in some cabin below he bade the least coarse of his mariners sing. Yet she was morose and moody towards him and could never wholly forget Bombasharna. So often at evening those on watch in the trees would see their captain sit with a puzzled air or hear him muttering now and again in a discontented way: "I wish I knew more about the ways of queens."

While Miss Cubbidge sat one evening on her balcony quite alone, waiting for her father to be made a baronet, a dragon suddenly lifted his head, a blaze of gold, over the balcony. He spread his rattling wings and carried her off to the ancient lands of romance lying low by the mystical seas. She was kept there by a spell and only once a message came to her from the world that of old she knew. It came in a pearly ship across the mystical sea and it was from an old school-friend in Putney. It was merely a note in a little, neat, round hand: "It is not Proper for you to be there alone."

Sylvia, queen of the woods, mocked at her suitors. She refused to love them. Hard pressed she finally agreed to offer her hand to him who first should move her to tears.

Now Ackronnion knew that whoever could obtain the tears of the gladsome beast in a bowl, and become drunken upon them, could move all persons to shed tears of joy as long as he remained inspired by the potion. But though Ackronnion dared all, carried away the bowl and left the body of the gladsome beast as a change of diet for the ominous crone; though seneschals, soldiers and maidens wept, the queen of the woods would not weep.

Other delightful stories are: "The Coronation of Mrs. Thomas Shap," "The Hoard of the Gibbelins," "The Wonderful Window."

Miss Ethel Smyth's Theory of Comic Opera

Miss Ethel Smyth has rushed into print again apropos of her opera, "The Boatswain's Mate," based on a story by Jacobs, the letter is addressed to the editor of the Daily Telegraph, London:

Sir—I have been puzzled by finding that although practising musicians, from Sir Thomas Beecham downwards, and knowledgeable amateurs detect no difference in style between Parts I. and II. of "The Boatswain's Mate," many critics find the work "heterogeneous." I think the reason is as follows:

In England we know only two brands of music-drama—musical comedy, and what in the language of Barnum and Hotel Syndicates we call "grand" opera. In the latter psychological development goes without saying, but in the former character is static. The funny man, the lover, etc., are labelled to start with, and nothing grows but the plot. Now in my "Bosun" the characters expand; a man who never before took a woman seriously becomes an adroit, delicate, and sincere wooer; a woman, unhappy in her marriage, and therefore cynically inclined—though in Part. I. she declares herself an incorrigible sentimentalist—falls in love and goes mad with joy at finding life and love are still open to her.

Can anyone tell me why this more human handling of a light subject, of which, by the by, the "Rosen Kavalier" is an instance, necessarily spells confusion of style? Why should a landlady not exhibit passion? If she does so after the manner of Isolde it would be very ridiculous, but my heroine's outburst, "summer's the time for love" (i.e., "I'm not too old for another love affair!") is a simple melody on two chords, beneath which scuttles an ancient "Strathspey" I played years ago to Brahms as the maddest, most exhilarating tune I know. And I noticed at every single performance that the gallery, for whose instinct I have profound respect, enjoyed Part II. the most, which proves they were with me.

I fancy the use of Dialogue solely in part I. upsets the faculty. Now in "grand" opera the spoken word would let down the pitch, consequently the explanations, etc., which most librettl involve have to be given in recitative or "endless melody," both of which I find boring. In comic opera, fortunately, there is nothing to let down, and so it seems to me as natural as eating and drinking to use dialogue until you get into the region of action and lyrical emotion, when it dies a natural death.

Every new theory is an irritating intruder at first, yet unless forms expand art stagnates. For this reason I would beg my critics to brush aside conventions and prejudices, and ask themselves whether a brand of opera other than what they would call "homogeneous," is not admissible? I once heard a very celebrated French dramatic critic say: "Of course, every new play has in our eyes the great demerit of not being . . . some quite other play!" I think even non-professional critics (such as your present correspondent) would be none the worse for meditating that profound remark now and again.—Yours obediently,

ETHEL SMYTH.

Sept. 18 1915

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The world is growing less and less romantic. There is talk of a tunnel under the Bosporus. O Hero and Leander! O Byron and James Clarence Mangan! And now Insurance men, materiallstically prudent, inveigh against the shingled roof. Is there no poetry in their souls? Do they not remember the reading-book in which were the verses about the patter of the rain on the shingles?

Some months ago in New York a man whose collection of arithmetics and other school books is world-famous showed us a "speaker" that he had picked up that afternoon. It was the one used by Byron at Harrow and his name was boldly written therein. We were seized with a desire to steal it. Once before were we tempted in like manner. The book was a little one, beautifully printed and illustrated, a Didot Horace. Thackeray's name was written on a fly leaf. Margins and blank pages were filled with his annotations and drawings. The book was then owned by Senator Evarts.

The "speakers" and "readers" used in the forties are delightful, filled as they are with "elegant extracts." We have heard men well along in years quote from these books.

"'Give her to me,' said one. 'I'll take her,' said the captain."

"You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation."

Sept 5 1916

"... is this your humble store? And a half of this do you offer to a stranger? Then never saw I hospitality ..."

Th... was the stirring dialogue beginning "Is Alonzo the Peruvian confined within these dungeon walls?" (Perhaps "dungeon" was not in the original text.)

In ... day the favorite pieces for speaking on the platform were Spartacus to the Gladiators, "Catiline's Defiance," "The S...'s Defiance" (beginning with "Blaze with your serried columns"), speeches from "Julius Caesar," "The One Hoss Shay" and other poems of Holmes. There was a boy at Phillips Exeter who could speak pages from Southey's ... poems. He came from Portsmouth, N. H. Soon after the civil war a boy in the high school at Northampton recited Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The teacher had shown gallantry as a colonel in the Union army. Deeply impressed, he asked the boy the name of the author.

The old reading books were worth saving. Is the long-winded comparison between tact and talent now to be found, or any moral lesson by Jane Taylor? Is Peter Pindar now among the schoolboy's poets? What torture it was to speak, especially if parents were invited to be present! One's schoolmates were far from being sympathetic. They gleefully anticipated Willie's breaking down. They snickered at a gross mispronunciation. Good old days! Madam, ask your son to read a newspaper to you, and see how unintelligently and unintelligibly he goes through the task.

The Early Masticators.

As the World Wags:

They say the American states use up annually an enormous amount of chewing gum. The figures I do not recall, but they form an offset by no means negligible to the annual product of that quiet (save when she rejoices over a new lay) wealth-maker, the barnyard hen. Gum used to be nearly all spruce or wax.

In 1864, in Toronto schools, we chewed wax, India rubber, tar, congealed turpentine, slippery elm, licorice root, sassafras root, or wheat till it was reduced to an oleaginous state, and sometimes the molasses-like glutinous stuff from printers' rollers! Chunks of wax the boys stole from the altar candles in St. Mary's Church; the tar from caldrons on the streets; the rubber from car springs, and it was a fearfully laborious two days' job for the jaws to reduce the pure rubber to a joyous, chewable consistency; the piny spruce pried out from the interstices of cedar and pine trees. As almost every school boy knows, and horrible to admit in these germ terrorizing days, we often swapped gum! And few succumbed! One cent would buy a supply of pretty nice tissue-wrapped wax or spruce gum then—now nothing less than five. But we hadn't the cent very often.

Who else of the Herald legions of ruminators recalls these juvenilities and the "Apple core, bite no more" episodes?

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Brookline.

The Scholiast.

Were not lovage and flagroot chewed in Toronto? We chewed tar in the grammar school of our little village. We took it from the sidewalks for which, that they might be rigidly straight, noble elm trees were cut down. The earliest writers about Virginia said nothing about the Indians chewing tobacco although the virtues of the weed as "sucked" and puffed were enthusiastically described. Man is a chewing animal the world over. The Peruvians, who took tobacco only as a medicine, and then in the form of snuff, chewed coca mixed with a little lime, as the East Indians mixed lime with the leaves of the betel. Tobacco was chewed by cavaliers at the French court of the 17th century. Dean Swift, in his will, bequeathed to Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Donmethan, "My silver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail." Let us now drop into poetry. We quote the opening verse of "The Southern Volunteer's Farewell to His Wife," written by Orpheus C. Kerr in 1862.

Fresh from snuff-dipping to his arms she went,
And he, a quid removing from his mouth,
Pressed her in anguish to his manly breast,
And spat twice, longingly, toward the South.

Sir Douglas.

Mr. John N. Raphael tells to the readers of the Bystander the verdict handed down by a wounded soldier on Sir Douglas Haig and his methods. "'E don't say much, 'Aig don't. 'E don't, so to say, say nothing, but what 'e don't say don't mean nothing, not 'arf, and if he do say something, my Gawd."

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. ... Panchard, the chief cook of a New York hotel, has observed that Americans eat less and less. Mr. Louis Gromer of another hotel remarks: "The heavy breakfast is a thing of the past." (Mr. Panchard has never seen Mr. Herkimer Johnson seated at breakfast in a country inn or ... visitor in a summer palace.) "To diet is simply to eat plain food. In summer the really stout man becomes extremely careful. He sticks to salads and fish and chicken." These are wise sayings to be written on fly-leaves of "Eat and Grow Thin."

Unfortunately there is no cast iron rule for everyone. For many, fruit, an egg and a roll constitute a simple, wholesome breakfast; but physicians forbid eggs to some of their patients, even if the egg had been laid by a rival of the late famous and lucrative hen that is to be stuffed for the admiration of generations to come. Lady Mary Wortley Montague shocked a parish doctor in Italy. Yet, she thought herself abstemious and incidentally passed the time allotted by Moses in his prayer. "I wake about 7 and drink half a pint of asses' milk, after which I sleep two hours. Then come three large cups of milk coffee, and two hours after a large cup of milk chocolate. Two hours later my dinner, when I never fail swallowing a good dish of gravy soup. I then eat the wing and the whole body of a large fat capon and a veal sweetbread, concluding with a competent quantity of custard and some roasted chestnuts. At 5 in the afternoon I take another dose of asses' milk, and for supper, 12 chestnuts, one new-laid egg and a handsome porringer of white milk." Think for a moment of the amount of liquid swallowed in a day by Lady Mary.

James Spedding wrote that he dined at the Cock Tavern with Tennyson when he was writing "The Princess": "We had two chops, one pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one bottle of port, and three cigars." George Gissing, who was often obliged to go hungry, said that the smell of roast beef was a cure for dyspepsia. Haricots and lentils were "tabulated humbugs." "I will get more nourishment out of an inch of right Cambridge sausage—aye, out of a couple of ounces of honest tripe—than can be yielded me by half a hundredweight of the best lentils ever grown." Lady Mary apparently looked coldly at macaroni, although there are about 45 varieties of it. Eggs enter into tagliatelli; potatoes, butter and cheese into gnocchi. Some years ago there was a cellar restaurant near Newspaper Row in this city which was celebrated for roast beef sandwiches and beer. It was a favorite resort for luncheon. Nine out of 10 customers topped off with a chocolate eclair.

Now comes a French physician, Dr. Alfred Robin, who tells the fat wishing to reduce their weight: "Eat and drink plentifully." His observations lead him to the conclusion that fat persons cannot hope to grow thin unless they eat five hearty meals a day and wash down the food with copious draughts. One of his patients weighed 287 pounds. Following Dr. Robin's treatment he had lost 66 pounds at the end of three months.

As for eggs at breakfast: Batocki, in Berlin, has issued a strict order. Anyone that supplies or acquires an egg for breakfast will be liable to imprisonment for one year or a fine of $2500. In our student days in Berlin to go eggless at breakfast was not a deprivation. The majority of the eggs served in pensions and restaurants had crossed the Alps and suffered greater hardships than Hannibal or Napoleon in the passage.

"Americanisms."

The Daily Chronicle regrets that "materialize," as an intransitive verb has made its way in England. "Like the verb 'to wire,' now in general use, this particular intransitive no doubt comes from America, where it is common to 'fix up' an appointment with some one who may 'fail to materialize,' or wait for a conveyance that misbehaves itself in a similar way." The same journal says that "some," "recognized as an Americanism today," is really an English verbal emigrant. The word is in the vernacular of Devon, where "it did rain zum," indicates the extent of a downpour. "Devonshire has furnished the United States with other verbal emigrants, such as 'guess,' 'calklate,' and 'reckon,' all now branded as American goods." But "guess," as we use it, is found in one of Wadsworth's poems and earlier in English literature.

Sacred Life.

Dr. Haven Emerson of New York and others think that rat fleas are responsible for the spread of infantile paralysis. "Attention is now being concentrated on fleas." This reminds us of a passage in Mr. George Moore's "The Brook Kerith."

"The fisherman's art could not be practised, he was told in the Jordan, for the Essenes were not permitted to kill any living thing. While laying emphasis on this rule, the curator cracked a flea under his robe."

Trask Redivivus.

As the World Wags:

Many young men, I am told, chew gum—in a quiet, subdued, furtive way, to be sure—as a substitute for smoking, not wholly because it is more economical, but for reasons of health, as the cigar habit is a luxurious one that grows fast and soon enslaves. Franklin, upon whom President Eliot looks as one of our greatest natural sages, said of smoking: "What maintains one small vice would bring up two small children." Should we not think that over?

Brookline. W. B. W.

And the two small children would probably grow up to smoke cigarettes.—[Ed.

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "A Pair of Queens," a farce in three acts, by Otto Hauerbach, A. Seymour Brown and Harry Lewis. Produced at New Haven Aug. 25, 1916.

Martha	Maude Eburne
Hector	Charles Butler
Mrs. Helen Cranby	Elise Scott
Steve Haines	Hugh Cameron
Peter Cranby	Harry Stubbs
John Shelly	Thomas Emory
Joe Doak	Frank McGinn
Madge Follette	Regina Conelli
Polly Webb	Kathleen Clifford
Richards	C. H. Goodrich

Is not this farce a revision of "Brother Masons" by Messrs. Brown and Lewis, produced at Atlantic City Aug. 16, 1915—in which Miss Eburne took the part of the housemaid, and Dewitt C. Jennings and Earle Mitchell played the detectives? Perhaps Mr. Hauerbach was called in to save it.

Demosthenes, who said that the first requisite quality of an orator was action, action, action, might have been pleased with "A Pair of Queens," for the players were constantly in motion and acted violently. Seldom have we seen a more laborious attempt to be amusing. It must be said at once that the audience laughed heartily and thus the players were encouraged and abetted.

Years ago Mr. Daly brought out translations of German and French comedies in which the players were constantly popping in and out of two or three doors. Last night there were two doors, a staircase, a window and a settle. What would the comedians have done without them?

The story is involved. Messrs. Cranby and Shelly were at a restaurant where there was shooting. A woman of the secret service and a confidence woman were also there. Cranby wore home the overcoat of another. In it were bills of large value in a wallet. Hence complications. Hence the activity of two stupid detectives, the jealousy of Mrs. Cranby, and the perplexities and distress of Martha, the maid of all work. The story is not well told. It is confused. No one in the audience knew why the secret service woman was interested in the business or what was the game of the confidence woman.

A farce may be extravagant, preposterous; but there must be a certain coherency, a certain development and continuity of plot from the absurd premises. Not only is "A Pair of Queens" without these qualities: there are many weary moments in which the playwrights are seen wondering what they should do next, and the comedians are treading water.

Miss Eburne was at times amusing, in an aggressive manner. There was little spontaneity in her performance. Miss Conelli was physically attractive and she acted with a lightness that was in refreshing contrast to the exertions of the majority of her colleagues. In the original production the parts of Cranby and Shelly were taken by Messrs. Abeles and Santley. Possibly they made something of these parts. Messrs. Stubbs and Emory worked incessantly. They shouted their lines and were constantly in action, but they were not humorous in themselves, in their reading of the lines, or in their bodily activity. The pleasantest feature of the entertainment was the characterization of the detectives by Messrs. Cameron and McGinn.

We repeat: the audience was evidently amused; but the farce is not a good one and the performance as a whole was of a second-rate nature.

THE ZIEGFELD SHOW AGAIN

The 10th anniversary production of the Ziegfeld Follies, seen for the first time in Boston last evening at the Colonial Theatre, is conspicuous for elaborate staging, striking costumes, garish music and a general atmosphere of irresponsibility and good nature on the part of principals and chorus.

As in former editions of Mr. Ziegfeld's entertainment scenes are suggested by current events, and these are treated in a bacchanalian and effervescent manner. This season, of course, provides opportunities for Shakesperian travesties. Scenes from "Julius Caesar," "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" are accordingly introduced with Mr. Williams as the Moor, Mr. Barclay as Desdemonda and Mr. Hardy, pleasantly remembered in "A Pair of Sixes," as Iago.

The women of Shakespeare's plays, Lady Macbeth, Viola, Rosalind, Ophelia, Mistress Page, Cleopatra and other noble dames disported themselves on the banks of the Nile.

The Russian ballet was not overlooked, the Sylphides girls fluttered to and fro against a snow scene designed in Mr. Urban's most fantastical manner. Mr. Randall appeared as Nijinski, in a suggestion of "Le Spectre de la Rose." There was a travesty of "Sheherazade."

Warlike subjects were provided by a comic recruiting scene, with Messrs. Hardy, Fields, Barclay and Williams in evidence. Then there was a realistic marine episode, in which modern naval warfare was depicted.

There were other picturesque episodes in Puck's pictorial palace on Fifth avenue, in the golden corridor, on the island of girls. Perhaps the most charming was that in far Hawaii, with the Royal Hawaiian Players and Miss Pennington dancing the hula hula with seductive grace.

Miss Claire, Mr. Williams, Miss Qualters and Mr. Fields were busy throughout the evening. Miss Claire had various occasions to display her powers of mimicry. She was especially fortunate in her impersonations of Miss Farrar and Miss Cowl. Mr. Williams sang about prosperity and appeared in humorous disguises. His make-up as Villa pleased the audience.

Mr. Granville was another shining light in the cast. As Mark Antony and Romeo he was comic in speech and action. Later he displayed remarkable agility in dancing. Mr. Rogers with his gun and his lariat, his jokes and his good nature was amusing in his customary manner.

Miss Fannie Brice sang songs of character with aplomb and a shrewd sense of humor. Mr. Fields entertained with his adventures at croquet and his manipulation of hats. Mr. Randall was an expert in acrobatic dancing.

In his treatment of the settings Mr. Urban has given free rein to his imagination and his art in combining colors and bizarre effects.

The chorus was appropriately scintillating and gorgeously costumed. A very large audience was enthusiastic.

DANCING DOMINATES BILL AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Four Acts Give Varying Phases of Terpsichorean Art.

The modern dance, classic or otherwise, seems to be the predominating note at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. With the World Dancers, led by Emilie Lea and Tom Dingle in "The Evolution of the Dance," interpreting the dances of all ages, from that of the prehistoric barbarian down to the present day age of syncopation, and three other acts giving various interpretations of the latest dance steps, lovers of the terpsichorean may sate their love for this exercise.

Never has the evolution of the dance been so well illustrated in this city as by Miss Lea and Mr. Dingle and their supporting company of 10. Beginning with the introduction of each dance by Miss June Roberts as Terpsichore, the act runs rapidly back to the days of the cave dwellers when the hairy prehistoric man found outlet to his passions in the rude dances of a barborous age. From then the company brings the dances down through the ages, the Egyptian, the classic-Grecian, the Cossaque, the Renaissance, the Ethiope to the present day ultra-modern dances.

Each member of the company is an expert in his own line of dancing, and each number is accompanied by spectacular setting and costuming.

For the laugh-producing end of this week's bill, Arthur Deagon, late musical comedy star, is the bright and particular star. His monologue is new, it is a sure-fire laugh producer, his imitation of the bright light girl in a cabaret being especially mirthful.

The five Kitamuras show some difficult and extremely dangerous feats of balancing. Louis Stone, the upside-down dancer, also presents a dancing act that is both novel and entertaining.

Bayonne Whipple and Walter Huston, in a comedy act called "Spooks," and Fred Whitfield and Marie Ireland in their rural satire, never fail to raise a laugh. Others on the bill are Budd Fagg and Julia White, blackface comedians; Dorothy Granville, songs and impersonations of the "Types of Women"; and Franklin Ardell, with Miss Marjorie Sheldon, in a farce, "The Wife Saver."

"THE HEART OF DIXIE" AT CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

Melodrama Presented for First Time in Boston.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The

Bryant Production Company offers "The Heart of Dixie," a play in four acts by E. Lawsche; staged under the direction of Mary Emerson. First performance in Boston.

The play is an exciting melodrama and thert is a hair-raising climax.

Duke Warner, given to drink and bad temper, is the husband of "Dixie." The latter had married Warner only after the parents of Clifford Meredith, with whom she was infatuated, had told her that an alliance was impossible. Meredith seeks Dixie, and warmly protesting his love is found by Duke embracing his wife. There are hot words and Duke vows to kill Meredith. Seeking the pretext of joining the Night Riders, he attempts to shoot Meredith. His horse is shot from under him; he falls into the river and is given up for dead. Meredith finally wins Dixie. There are five years of unalloyed happiness. Duke Warner was stunned by his toss into the river, and for years has been a rover with a muddled brain.

In a lucid moment, he encounters his former wife. There is a passionate embrace, but the wife outwits him and he is forced to flee. Returning to kill Meredith, he is about to acomplish his purpose when a hand holding a revolver is thrust through a portiere and the bullet finds its way to Duke's heart.

Bertha Julian was interesting in tht role of Dixie. Richard LaSalle made an ardent lover as Meredith.

Sept 21 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Not a day should pass, it has been said, without the reading of some master's verse. Mr. Deedledum contributes this morning to the joy of living by quoting a fine specimen of vers libre from the complete works of the late lamented Frothingham Clancy, and a sonnet by Augustus Dobson.

As yet we have been unable to obtain any volume of Clancy's poems. Even Mr. P. K. Foley has disappointed us. The name of Clancy is unknown in the book shops. It does not appear in the catalogue of the Boston Public Library. Although Mr. Clancy lived and worked here, he was not a member of the Authors' Club.

We do not share Mr. Deedledum's aversion to vers libre. We read with pleasure poems by Jules Laforgue, Gustave Kahn, Walt Whitman, Miss Amy Lowell, Messrs. Masters and Frost, not to mention others richly endowed with wit and imagination.

Clancy and Dobson.

As the World Wags:

I have thought of making the gratuitous offer to the world at large of glancing over any specimen of the so-called vers libre (paradoxical monstrosity, verse being of its very nature not free, but a more or less scanty plot of ground) and of dashing off, 10 seconds to the line, an incomparably more vigorous, more striking, more clever or more beautiful version of the same in honest prose. That is, I would, in prose, not only express the free versifier's idea (if he had any), but also adopt his point of view or strike out his effect, whether his aim were to reveal Beauty, or to enunciate a social principle, or to cater to a species of picayune mental nastiness by means of a superbly illustrated bit of drivel on the subject of Motherhood or of A Maiden's Prayer in the Night to her Future Lover. The illustrator, by the way, is honest enough; he abhors drivel and puts in the Maiden every time, sitting bolt-upright (in the unchaucerian sense) upon her pillowy, billowy couch, in a very low-cut nightie for a maiden. How sweet, say those who smack their lips.

Now be good enough to reread the late Frothingham Clancy's free verse entitled "Don Quixote."

Ludicrous horse,
Stumbling, stumbling, stumbling over the plain,
Why do you not run, horse,
Or trot?

Ridiculous man,
Slopping, slopping, slopping in the saddle,
Why do you not set the lique right,
Or even rebuckle the cheek strap?
God! the bit is slack!
Tighten the chain, man;
Pull the chain, man;
Gather the rein, man;
Arouse thyself and strike home yon rusty spur;
Pull off thy flesh-colored courtplaster,
Doff thy shoe-box chapean,
Assemble the chafing dish
And brew for thee and thy trusty Sanchito
An hard-boiled egg
For tea.

Strange, strange, strange, strange!
Wondrous strange!
Very!

Dust and the shadows falling
O'er land and lea;
Hark, 'tis the dustman bawling,
And the sailer home from the sea,
Drunk, as usual.

Yet stay!
Thou beest wrong!
'Tis the posse comitatus comes—
Dogberry, Verges, Romeo and Juliet;
Shake thy dusty limbs,
Poor cavalier.
Ah, the anguish
Of the undesired heart!
Who knows, who cares, who weeps?
Only another tragedy at the crossing;
The clock on the windmill goes ding, dong!
Carry him out, he's croaked;
BUT HE PLAYED THE GAME!

This example of Clancy's method is pronounced by the great French critics the highwater mark (so far) of free verse. Here is my own version:

He wobbled a little in the saddle and lost a stirrup every time Rosinante took a corner on high, but after all, it wasn't so much the clothes he wore, girls, but the way he looked—somehow, I can't explain it, you felt as if he saw things. He had cut his cheek shaving, and he was so skinny and noble-like—fire in his eye and all that sort of thing. Well, I suppose he was a damn fool, but there's a good many more loose that ain't got his redeeming qualities.

And now I subjoin Dobson's sonnet:

Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!
To make wiseacredom both high and low
Rub purblind eyes and, having watched thee go,
Dispatch its Dogberrys upon thy track.
Alas, poor knight! alas, poor soul possest!
Yet would today, when courtesy grows chill,
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still;
Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest, were it but a mill!

Here are three compositions on the same theme. I invite you to judge between and among the acknowledged masterpiece of the new art, a bit of hasty scribbling, and a casual sonnet. And then the next time you pay 35 cents for a supposedly decent magazine and find three or four of the abomination lurking there, write to the editor about it, and count 10 afterwards. Make the protest vocal and nation-wide. Then all the vers-librettists would starve—and serve them right.

THERSITES K. DEEDLEDUM.
Boston.

Peter Sadony.

Peter Sadony, who was first bassoon of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, died yesterday in Scobey Hospital after an operation for appendicitis. He was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1867, and studied at the Wiesbaden Conservatory under Frenderberg and later under Kogel in Cassel and Siebeskind in Berlin. He played in the orchestras and operas in Regensberg, Berlin, Riga and in Hamburg under Gustav Mahler.

In 1894 he received a call as professor in the Conservatory of Cologne and at the same time became first bassoon in the Guerzenich Orchestra of that city. These positions he gave up in the fall of 1905 to become first bassoon of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which he held from that time until his death. He was also first bassoon of the Longy Club. A widow and one son survive him.

Sept 21 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The men and women in Sir Arthur Help's dialogues discuss little social evils that, like gnats, torment our daily life; the little foxes that spoil the vines. The offenders are always with us. Public and private rebukes do not make them ashamed.

What one of us does not receive letters asking for information or some other favor from a man or a woman that neglets to enclose a 2-cent postage stamp? The request for information, if it were answered, would often require an hour's work on the part of the one addressed. When the writer of the letter dwells in a city provided with a public library, the request is in nine cases out of ten a proof of laziness, sheer laziness. The final line: "Thanking you in advance, I am yours truly," is then peculiarily irritating. A 2-cent stamp would be more to the purpose.

Furthermore, the signature of the writer is often illegible. In such instances, cutting it out and pasting it on the envelope above the name of the town, is a practice indulged in by the good-natured who overlook the absence of the stamp. This should serve as a rebuke, but correspondents of this class are thick-skinned.

A postman in London, who was a barber until half of his customers went to the war and the other half purchased safety razors, was heard to exclaim: "What's the use of numbers when it's so dark you can't see them?" Anyone wishing to call for the first time after dark at many houses in the Back Bay might make the same complaint. The inmates may think, the mere fact that they dwell in a house should be sufficient for identification, or they argue that as their friends know where they live no others need apply. There is a number, but it is cunningly concealed in the ornamentation of the doorway, so that it escapes notice in the day time. A few years ago Mr. Filson Young in one of his little essays "The Things That Matter," asked the London County Council and other authorities concerned to make the names of streets a little more conspicuous. "Why should not the name of every street be put up on both sides at every corner, with an indication of the numbers to be found in each block? The numbering of houses is as much a matter of public convenience as the naming of streets and should not be at the mercy of private caprice." Is there not a certain snobbery in concealing a house number from the public?

A Loud Report.

Soon after the mysterious murder of Mr. Dilworth, a lawyer of Montclair, N. J., the question was raised: how far can the report of a revolver of a certain calibre be heard? This question has been asked about the firing of great guns. It is said that Mr. Lloyd George sitting in his garden at Walton Heath has heard the cannon in France. This heath stands high. Picardy and Surrey are composed largely of chalk, and "a chalk soil is a good conductor of sounds." Has not the course of the wind more to do with it? There was a story that the firing at Waterloo was heard in Kent, a distance of between 130 and 140 miles. The shooting of the Kearsarge and Alabama, off Cherbourg, was heard at Bridgewater, 125 miles away. You almost hear it in Manet's picture.

War Notes.

Has any one tabulated the heights gained by birds in their flight? It is said that the average English bird does not go above 300 ft. When migrating, he averages 1000 feet, but wild geese sometimes reach 2000 ft. We have read that the condor of the Andes soars to 27,000 feet. No aviator has surpassed this flight.

Napier, the inventor of logarithms, who died in 1617, confided his "Secret Inventions" to Bacon's elder brother. Among them was a musket-proof chariot, controlled from within. "The enemy being abased and uncertain what to use against a moving mouth of metal." He thought out other murderous machines, but he directed that the details of them all should be kept secret until it was necessary to save England. This apropos of the new British war-motors near the Somme.

Folk Lore.

As the World Wags:

Is there anything in the superstition that two pendulum clocks stop one another if they are set side by side? Or that if a clock stops soon after a death in the house, only a child must set the pendulum a-swinging?

Burleyville. JONAS LANCASTER.

A Nobby Stick.

You have noticed the short, yellow, knobbed cane that is carried by all officers of the British army and very many private soldiers? It is a cane that before the war had no existence and is now ubiqultous. Small fortunes have been made out of it, yet no one comes forward to claim its invention. Its price at all places is one shilling, but its name varies. I see it billed variously at shop doors as the army stick, the Whangee cane, the Panama short and the swagger cane. The real swagger cane, though, is of older date, and is, as a rule, a short piece of cane, or other flexible material, with a ferrule at each end. One vendor of the knobbed article yesterday assured me its name was "imitation malaria," but I think she meant imitation Malacca.—London Daily Chronicle.

Concerning "None."

Should one say "none were killed" or "none was killed"? One writes that "none" is an adjective, meaning not merely "not one," but also "not any," and a substantive, either singular or plural, coming after it and agreeing with it is understood. Another quotes Latin: "Nulli among the Romans thought this plural word ungrammatical."

Sept 22 1910

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

In a song, so familiar that we shall not quote it verbatim, the captain violently reproved the fireman and reminded him that they had passed the Golden Gate. When this song was sung with uncommon gusto recently at the Porphyry, the question was raised whether the captain was bound by law, custom or tradition to refrain from vigorous action in awakening a fireman within a limit of three miles from port or coast, or whether there were special rules for official conduct and language within the Golden Gate. Does any question of ex-territorial or territorial jurisdiction enter into the discussion? Henry Harper in Mr. Smith's uncommonly good novel, "The Sailor," had a wretched life for six years on the windjammer Margaret Carey. Kicks and curses were long his daily food. He knew the Golden Gate, but nothing is said by Mr. Smith about rules, written or unwritten, concerning a captain's behavior there.

These good and sturdy songs should be collected and copiously annotated for the benefit of folk lorists, amateurs of conditions, and the general reader. Some of these songs have many variants, as "The Rambling Rake of Poverty," which in a deodorized form is in the college song books. Some are very old and were known to convicts of the 18th century; witness the one in which the astonishing adventures of one Riley are graphically related.

Melons and Napkins.

As the World Wags:

The blazing star is springing up mid wild grasses; the salt marsh is changing color; the blue jays are voluble and insistent early in the morning. The younger crows are at last raucous; the cottagers are homeward bound; Orion blazes in the sky; there it is the the 20th of September and during the summer I have had only one muskmelon fit to eat.

Lunching at the Golightlys yesterday, I was entertained by a description of their next door neighbor's new house in Boston. Mrs. Golightly was invited to go over it. "The house is really a fine one," she said. "It is furnished in surprisingly good taste. Of course, with money you can do anything in the matter of decoration and furniture. I must say that the house not only had every possible convenience; there was everywhere an air of refinement. I wonder who worked with the architect. The Hootmuns certainly had little to say in the matter. They gave themselves away in the dining-room. Mrs. Hootmun took me through it when the table was ready for dinner. Would you believe it? There was a napkin ring by each plate!!" Mrs. Golightly laughed violently, so that she showed dental gold in the upper row pretty far back.

I could not laugh. In fact, I felt uncomfortable, for it came over me that my hostess was a bit of a snob. Why should the Hootmuns not have napkin rings? Why should they feel obliged to use fresh napkins with each meal? I like to think of old Hootmun with a silver ring given to him when he was a little boy, with an affectionate inscription, now a little tarnished but still in the ring. Perhaps Mrs. Hootmun puts her neatly folded napkin in a curiously carved ring brought from India by her Uncle Japhet, the sea-faring man? Each ring on that table was rich in associations. What if this or that napkin also had associations with the dinner of the night before?

Not that I am dismayed at the sight of a fresh napkin. I can use a finger bowl knowingly and with a certain abandon—for as a sociologist I have sat at rich men's feasts—and then toss the crumpled napkin carelessly on the table as the women rise to chatter in the adjoining room. If I had banqueted with Lucullus I would as easily have wiped my perfumed fingers on the curly head of a boyish slave, nor would I be shocked if I were to see honest Nickerson after a noon dinner rubbing his hands on his faithful dog. By the way, I remember reading that in ancient Rome guests were expected in the luxurious years to take their own napkins to the supper. The revival of this practice in modest summer cottages when guests are invited would be of advantage to the hostess. Paper napkins are for picnics and the deluded persons who attend them.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.
Clamport.

The Willey Slide.

As the World Wags:

In a letter to the Herald of Aug. 24, Mr. R. W. Walch stated that the so-called Willey House in the Crawford Notch of the White Mountains was destroyed by fire some years ago. Will some one please give the date of the destruction of the house, the cause of the fire, etc.? Was the house occupied at the time? When the so-called Willey slide (on the night of Aug. 28-29, 1826) overwhelmed and destroyed the Willey family, did the stable, which was partially carried away by the slide, stand on the opposite side of road from the house? Some of the pictures of the scene of the slide as it appeared before the slide occurred look as though the house and the stable were on opposite sides of the road. INQUIRER.
Boston.

Sept 23, 1910

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Sadony, who died last Tuesday, will be missed by Dr. Muck, by the members of the orchestra, by all those that were associated with him in daily life. Although he was an artist—to use a word that has been sadly abused of late—he was a modest man, never self-assertive, forward, pushing. One that knew him well and appreciated his skill as a virtuoso said finely of him: "We never knew he belonged to the orchestra except when he played." His place in the orchestra and in the Longy Club will not easily be filled.

Mr. Sadony's instrument was the bassoon. Some one, years ago, conceived the idea of characterizing it as the "clown of the orchestra." Listen to any lecturer on musical matters, pick up a treatise on instrumentation and you will hear or read this stock remark, which does the bassoon injustice. Almost any instrument can be taught clownish ways to excite laughter, but the bassoon has a tragic individuality. It can be employed to express that which is mysterious, ghostly sepulchral. Meyerbeer knew this when he wrote the scene in which the wicked nuns with their wanton abbess rise from their tombs to tempt Robert the Devil. Berlioz knew it when he set the bassoons a-chattering and a-chuckling as the romantic hero marched to the scaffold. Verdi invoked a gloomy atmosphere by the ritornello of bassoons for Leonora's air without the tower. Rimsky-Korsakoff knew another side of the bassoon's character when he invented the rhapsodic solo of the eastern teller of tales in "Scheherazade." Tschaikowsky found in the bassoon the expression of his Russian melancholy, his pessimism.

The poets have used the word "bassoon" without understanding. The wedding guest beat his breast in Coleridge's poem, "for he heard the loud bassoon." There could not be a more inappropriate adjective. The bassoon mutters, it is never noisy; it is spectral, never rejoicing in the sun. Tennyson's lover in the garden heard a curious orchestra for dancing while he was waiting for Miss Maud, and the bassoon was one of the instruments, probably for the sake of the rhyme, as in Coleridge's case. In Collins's famous ode for music the passions played on the lyre, the trumpet, the drum, the mellow horn, the pipe, but there is no word about the bassoon, which might have been in the hands of despair:

With woeful measures wan despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

Canes in Three Cities.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Harrison Rhodes, writing under the title of "What Is a New Yorker?" in the August Harper's, says: "And the habit of carrying a cane, fantastic though the assertion may seem, might be made the basis of a philosophical differentiation of our various cities. A New Yorker really bears a walking-stick in blithe unconsciousness that he is doing anything unusual. But a Boston gentleman of the very highest rank recently seriously envied a New York friend who sustained himself with a cherry stick during business hours. And it was not so many years ago that a credulous new arrival in Chicago was gravely warned that an attempt to carry a morning cane down Dearborn street might result in physical violence."

And there you are, with the different shades of civilization and culture, or lack of it! Here is the difference. Can it be better explained historically, or by psychology or philosophy?

Kittery, Me., Sept. 14. J. H. S.

Wakkos.

A correspondent writes from Lancaster, asking that an advertisement be explained: "For Sale—Two Wakkos, one 3500 years old. Address — —." So far I have failed to find anyone who can enlighten me as to what a Wakko may be. The prevailing impression is that it is of Chinese or Japanese origin."

We should like to hear from any member of the first class in Wakkos. Years ago some one in England asked: "What are Keats?" An Englishman sojourning in this country, asked: "What are Yonkers?"

Mr. Bertrand Russell.

The Pall Mall Gazette has this to say of Mr. Bertrand Russell, who is known here and at Harvard University: "Mr. Massingham's plea in behalf of Mr. Bertrand Russell, who recently fell foul of a wise and necessary law, will be very coldly received, we think, by the public generally. What Mr. Massingham wants is full liberty for a man who has shown only too plainly that he does not know how to use it. Upright in character Mr. Russell may indeed be, for all we know to the contrary; but it would be the last folly to remove such restraints as exist for minimizing the influence of a man who has proved himself to have little in common with his countrymen."

Sept. 24 1916

The management of the Boston Symphony orchestra has sent out the prospectus for the season of 1916-1917. Pictures of artists who will appear at concerts of this season will be found in the rotogravure section of the Herald today.

"For the first time in almost a generation the season of Symphony concerts will not be preceded by four days of auction sales of seats. This method of selling season tickets has been banished to the limbo of things, good in their day, which have outlived their usefulness and its passing has roused no regret. On the contrary, the new plan of selling season tickets for both the Friday and Saturday series by subscription at fixed prices became popular at its very announcement. The plan itself has received no criticism and the scale of prices fixed for both series seems to have been more than generally satisfactory. Moreover, those many constant patrons of the concerts who have always felt a certain proprietary interest in the Symphony orchestra have had that feeling emphasized because through the new method of seat disposal they may at their will become virtually owners of their seats. The possession of seats in one season acts as an option on those seats for the succeeding year and this option renews itself from year to year automatically. The uncertainty of securing again the seats one has had and enjoyed is gone, together with the uncertainty as to the price one must pay for the concerts. If not so picturesque as the auction sales, the subscription is much more practical and satisfactory.

"The response of the public to the new method of sale has been highly gratifying to the management. The Friday concerts are already practically sold out, only a few seats scattered here and there being unsold. For the Saturday concerts the choice of seats is far wider, seats being available at all prices except the lowest, $15. None the less, the sale for this series has been constant and it is the belief of the management that by the opening of the season very few will be left for single sale.

"The season promises to be most exacting in work for the orchestra. Boston will have its usual 21 Friday afternoon concerts and the same number of concerts on the following Saturday evenings, the same program being played at each pair of the series. The opening concert is set for Friday afternoon, Oct. 13, with the first of the Saturday concerts the following evening. The season ends Saturday evening, May 5, thus giving the usual 24 pairs of concerts in 30 weeks. The other six weeks of the season are taken by the customary trips, five to the South and one to the middle West. The Fridays and Saturdays in the season without concerts are Nov. 3-4, Dec. 1-2, Jan. 5-6 and 26-27, Feb. 16-17 and March 16-17.

"A schedule of 110 concerts is planned for the orchestra between the opening and close of the season in Boston. In addition to the 48 in Boston, New York has ten, Cambridge eight, Providence six, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, five each; Worcester and Hartford, three each; New Bedford and Springfield, two each; with single concerts in various other New England cities. The cities scheduled for the western trip in the end of January are Syracuse, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Ann Arbor and Detroit.

"Dr. Muck will again be at the head of the orchestra and it is hoped that he will continue as its conductor for many years to come. It is unnecessary here in Boston again to note the unusual qualities of this gifted man or again to record his remarkable achievements. According to himself, last season, for the first time since his return, he felt the orchestra was reaching the plane of performance he had been striving for and that henceforth he would feel at liberty to attempt things which earlier had seemed impossible. When one remembers the remarkable series of concerts of last season, the promise for the coming year is unusually rich.

"During the summer Dr. Muck has been in Maine, and there he has spent hours each day working on scores in preparation for the season. He promises few novelties. It is impossible to get new music from Europe, and equally impossible to get music which is not new for some revivals he desires; but the library of the Symphony orchestra is rich in scores, and in addition to the 'standard works' of the past he will play a number of works which from the rarity of their performance will count almost as novelties.

"The orchestra itself shows fewer changes in its personnel than it has at the beginning of any season in recent years. Dr. Muck, since his return four years ago, has gradually and effectively eliminated the weak spots that had appeared and now he has it in the condition he has been aiming at. The work of the orchestra last season reached a standard never before attained and the double process of refinement and invigoration which has been going on these last years should bring even more remarkable results the coming season."

The list of soloists is long, comprehensive and distinguished. Including the four leading members of the string sections, Messrs. Witek and Noack of the violins, and Messrs. Warnke and Malkin of the 'cellos, there will be 19 soloists at as many pairs of concerts, leaving six pairs in which the programs will be purely orchestral.

Seven distinguished singers have been engaged. Of these, four are members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Mmes. Destinn, Gadski, Homer and Kurt. The other two are celebrated concert singers of the day, Mmes. Culp and Gerhardt. All these singers have appeared here in Symphony concerts, except Melanie Kurt. Miss Destinn has appeared but once. Mme. Kurt, first heard here during last spring's engagement of the Metropolitan opera company, made a particularly favorable impression as Isolde. The seventh singer engaged is John McCormack, the most popular singer of our time. His art is not limited to the ballads which, at his concerts, he sings so gracefully. Lilli Lehmann has called him the greatest singer of Mozart. Felix Weingartner was enthusiastic over his singing the music of "Don Ottavio."

Of pianists, there are six, headed by Paderewski. The others are Carl Friedberg, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Heinrich Gebhard, Ernest Schelling and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Of these, both Messrs. Gabrilowitsch and Schelling appeared with much success last season. Mr. Friedberg has been heard here only in recital and in a Kneisel concert. Mrs. Beach has not appeared with the Symphony orchestra for many years. She will play her own concerto.

The two violinists drawn from outside the orchestra are Fritz Kreisler and Albert Spalding. Mr. Kreisler, owing to the war, has become an annual feature of the Symphony season. It is said that as long as he is in this country, so long will he appear yearly with the orchestra. Mr. Spalding, whose rise into the front rank of contemporary violinists, has been followed with interest, will make his first appearance with the Boston Symphony orchestra. He has already many admirers in Boston through his recitals.

Plays New and Old Produced in London

"Her Husband's Wife," by A. E. Thomas, produced at the New Theatre, London, Sept. 5, was uncommonly successful. "Imagine a little house party of four with absolutely nothing to do in a cottage near Windsor. Imagine them so much in this condition that they decide to raise a little trouble of no importance and to pretend to fuss about it as if it really did matter, just for the fun of the thing. Then you get the right note for last night's delightful comedy," said the Pall Mall Gazette's critic, who was reminded of Oscar Wilde "without the pose and the paradox," sometimes of Mr. Hubert Davis. "It is the lightest of light comedies—not a farce, for it all plays round the character with no little glint of a certain feminine truth. It is the sort of play that a mere puff would blow away—one character badly acted, one touch of bad taste or banality, and the whole thing would be done for. But neither arrived and all was happy. One secret of its success was that it treats, under the cover of comedy, of something that does happen quite seriously, and yet could not so be brought on the stage. How often does a wife wonder, 'Should anything happen,' what sort of a person the 'second Mrs.,' if any, would be—how often make actual preparations with a view to the advisable lady. The little fact that it is not generally personal attraction that directs her choice, and that this is not wholly out of consideration for her husband, is the little essence of satire that Mr. Thomas most adroitly conveys from the real sad world into his own bright laboratory, where nothing is real except laughter."

"Chin Chin Chow: a Musical Tale of the East" told by Oscar Asche, music by Frederic Norton, was produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, Aug. 31. The Times' reviewer thinks that Mr. Asche's second excursion into the region of "fantastic, polyphonic, polychromatic Orientalism is sure to be miscalled another " 'Kismet.' " Mr. Asche prefers to call it an "Eastern revue." "It is everything by turns and nothing long—a kaleidoscopic series of scenes now romantic, now realistic, now Futurist or Vorticist, but always beautiful, with action passing from the sentimental to the droll and from the droll to the grim, and yet with the unity of a familiar tale, the old Arabian Nights' tale of the Forty Thieves. It is continually musical, with music always rhythmical and rather sugary, but of the very sort to please the taste of 'l'homme sensuel moyen.' There is perpetual gyrating and postuering and madcap dancing. It is a rich beauty show, an audacious decolletage in both black and white, a gorgeous heap of colored stuffs. It seems to aim at reproducing even the very smells of the East. Altogether, an overwhelming entertainment. * * * There are spiral costumes, conchoidal costumes, elliptical costumes, eostumes that seem to realize the wildest dreams of our most recent artistic decadents—a really amazing wardrobe."

The Pall Mall Gazette man was in sterner mood. "Mr. Asche has concocted a story that follows Ali Baba, so far as the cave and the 40 thieves and the 'Open Sesame' and the chalked doors and the oil casks are concerned; but he has altered all sorts of things obviously for purposes of production and cast. One does not feel a creative conscience speaking to us anywhere on its own account. Without a qualm, for instance, Mr. Asche has turned Morgiana into a love-making nonentity and transferred her activities to a fierce and declamatory slave of Kasim's, called Zahrat, who is imprisoned in the cave by Abou Hassan, alias Chu-Chin-Chow, and has a lover (not produced) somewhere in the desert to whom she desires to return. All this—which looks very much like the grafting of an entirely different Chinese play on to Galland—simply spoils the old story. It takes away one's interest from it, just as much as the old horseplay of pantomime did, without bringing in anything either particularly clever or apparently sincere. Moreover, it has to be confessed that even from the most free-and-easy standpoint the writing is witless and poor to an extent that made one sometimes sigh even for the old-fashioned pantomime comedian." But the reviewer praised the production as "most courageously lavish and extremely interesting from the scenic point of view."

"The Girl from Ciro's," adapted by Jose G. Levy from "Loute" of Pierre Veber, was produced at the Garrick, London, Sept. 4. This comedy-farce is described by the Pall Mall Gazette as "frankly salacious." "There appeared to be a large number of people who seemed to like the play and to be very much amused. After all these plays have a background of life to them and vested interests pledged to their encouragement, and the censor is naturally powerless over a double-entendre in which the phrase may have any meaning, but the leer only one. Anyhow, it is in fairness to be recorded that for those who like plays of this sort 'The Girl from Ciro's' has its undoubted cleverness. It is played by a company that includes some delightful comedians (Miss Madge Lessing, Miss Lottie Venne, Messrs. H. V. Esmond and Lyston Lyle) with an art of an altogether higher standard than that of the play. Curious how often it happens in pieces like this! The main idea is that a demi-mondaine, about whose character there is no secret whatever, is at the same time the supposedly prudish wife of an openly unfaithful husband, and is president of a foundling hospital and of 'homes for the fallen' (for some reason or other there was a laugh at this). She is supposed to be very discreet except when she drinks champagne. She only gets drunk on the stage, and is discovered in the arms of a young man who is just going to be married to a friend of her husband's. In regard to this young man there was the germ of a really funny predicament. He has wished to get married by way of reform from a dissipated life. His first step toward this desirable end is to escape from the companionship of an objectionable old reprobate who exhibits photographs of himself with 'girls piggy-back across his shoulders.' The young man goes off into the country to his bridal, only to be introduced to the old satyr as his prospective father-in-law! Enough has been said, perhaps, to give an idea of what those who go to the Garrick just now have in store." The Daily Telegraph says much of the original wit of the comedy has disappeared in the cleansing process. The Times took the piece lightly. "The same old French farce under a new name; a set of people who live 'double lives,' the regular in the country and the irregular in Paris, and a set of doors behind which the double-livers play hide-and-seek. The same old incongruity of flagrantly English people who cannot pronounce their own French names. But happily there is Miss Lottie Venne to redeem it. . . . As they all worked very hard and ran about very fast, and made a great to-do when they discovered one another in compromising situations, you feel assured that the orthodox traditions of translated French farce are not dead yet."

The London critics were somewhat perplexed by "The Misleading Lady," produced at the Playhouse, Sept. 6. The Times thought the authors, "and they they are not alone in this respect among American playwrights, have no use for unity of impression. What they are content to aim at is a 'punch' for every moment; surprise, laughter, pathos, whatever comes readiest to their hand. If we are not mistaken, there is a favorite American drink prepared on this principle, layer upon layer of 'different liquids, but every layer with a sting. Thus the American stage goes for inspiration to the American bar. But it is only fair to say that the public swallowed the cocktail (or is it a corpse reviver?) with every sign of the liveliest enjoyment." The Daily Telegraph spoke of the comedy as an "odd play, full of the strangest contrasts and the most curious incongruities." It spoke of Mr. Weedon Grossmith playing "Boney" with a fine sense of restraint and a quiet humor "that serves to eliminate any feeling of painfulness that the portrait might otherwise arouse." The Pall Mall Gazette saw "a very poor 'bash-the-lady' play—something between 'Tiger's bub' and 'the Land of Promise'—carrying one absolutely delightful character," that of the escaped lunatic. It praised Mr. Grossmith. "The main charm of this gem of character acting is its exquisite ineffectuality. It is a kind of character in which comedy and tragedy meet, and one is really almost in doubt whether the tears that one may or may not be shedding are those of laughter or of pity. * * * The play itself is the merest rubbish." In Boston the feature of the play was the admirable characterization of "Boney." We cannot think of Mr. Grossmith as equalling that performance.

"Broadway Jones" was revived by Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss at the Prince's Theatre, Sept. 6. "They found the whole theatre from floor to ceiling choc-a-bloc with an audience of wounded soldiers, who revelled unfeignedly in the brisk, boisterous, human and simple pathos of this not esoteric but in every sense 'rattling good' play."

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," announced as "a new American melodrama," was produced at the Kensington Theatre, Sept. 4. "Nellie is the much persecuted heroine of a series of sensational adventures which are never

less oleographic and alarming than the posters depicting some of them."

Sir George Alexander has just acquired a new four-act play by Miss Marion Bower and Mr. Leon M. Lion for presentation at the St. James's, although not necessarily as the first production, on the reopening of that theatre. The occasion will constitute Miss Bower's entree into the dramatic arena, although she is well known as a novelist and dramatic writer of short stories, some of which have appeared in the Cornhill Magazine. Mr. Lion's name has been attached to several successful sketches, while as an actor he has done much excellent work. The novelty possesses a title, but as that will probably be discarded for another, it would be superfluous to mention it. The story is of a powerful character, pleasantly interspersed with comedy. The greater part of the action takes place in an English country house, the last act, however, being laid in London. Sir George himself appears in the piece, not, be it said, as the hero, but in a part which will present him in an entirely new light. What exactly it is must not for the moment be disclosed. It will, notwithstanding, come as a distinct surprise to patrons of the St. James's.—London Daily Telegraph, Sept. 7.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "We Can't Be as Bad as All That," was to have been produced in the English provinces on Sept. 4. A reporter of the Daily Chronicle talked with the dramatist.

"But really we aren't, you know," I protested to the dramatist over coffee at a most respectable club. "How many sinners are there in this smoking room?"

"The proportion of sinners to virtuous persons has been fixed at one to a hundred by an authority that we must not question. I have suggested a rather larger ratio among the characters in one country house."

"Do you think that that one country house is typical?"

"It is typical of its class though not of all country houses. Before the war we had an enormous number of people with leisure and money—more perhaps than had ever existed in any country. You remember the dictum of Rabelais: 'Love making is the occupation of people who have no occupation.' In the play I have tried to draw the picture of a typically charming and cynical 'smart set.'"

"I suppose smartness is a typically English vice?"

"It is the vice of all cultivated communities with leisure and money. In America they scarcely understand the misuse of leisure as a fine art. One of my characters remarks: 'A country's whole that hasn't a leisured class, and once you have a leisured class, most of them set about finding out what mischief they can get up to.' Another says that 'bad morals don't matter; but bad manners are inexcusable.' We may perhaps compliment our American friends by crediting them with a preference for morality."

"The Professor's Love Story" was revived by H. B. Irving at the Savoy, London, Sept 7. "What it suffers from," says the Times, "is Anno Domini. The particular formula on which the part has been compounded is out of date. Under many names he has had a good long innings through the ages, this typical figure of the cloistered philosopher, who is a child outside his books, whose absentmindedness approximates to cheer lunacy . . . It was an engaging formula, and you can still enjoy a good laugh over it, but you see now that it is only a formula, and you have an uneasy feeling that you won't be able to laugh at it next time . . . The love story you really like with all your heart is not the Professor's but Effie's. There is a Barrieism from which none of the colors have faded."

"The Old Country," by Dion Clayton Calthrop, was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, Sept. 2. "There is not only a wealth of racy humor, but a remarkably sound and balanced view of English country life, its good and bad together, in this story of a returned American who would buy up his native village, and finds that it has a soul of its own which cannot be bought. Really the whole thing resolves itself into a supposed and very fairly supposed American criticism of English village life and the reply of the village. All through the play, and with perpetual cleverness and insight, Mr. Calthrop keeps up alongside his story. In the end what emerges is that the sentimentality is all on the side of the American. His megalomaniac bombast cloaks a bewildered recognition that he is up against something which is not merely a dream of unpractical charm, but a tradition, a race, a civilization that has a meaning still." The Pall Mall Gazette then tells the story of the American (George du Maurier) who, still a young man, returns. His mother, a housemaid at the squire's house, had been turned out of the village when he was born, because she was unmarried and refused to disclose his father's name. Mother and son went to America. He returns to the village, a millionaire, bent on revenge. He finds that his father was the squire, who immediately offers marriage to his mother. She confesses that everything in connection with the scandal was as much her fault as anybody's. Then an old farm laborer, who had been betrothed to this woman in the long ago, marches in and gives the son a fine dressing down. The son makes up his mind that it is of no use trying to "meddle with the roots of things." "He finds that rural England is certainly not an unsullied paradise. There are narrowness, obstinacy, bitter injustice. It has 'fine buildings and fat ears of corn, but it lives on the agricultural laborer and gives him nothing in exchange.' There are lovely old cottages, but disgraceful drainage, and 'no alternative between the church and the public house.' He finds, none the less, that it represents ideals very much to be reckoned with, the fruit of too many centuries to be changed in a day."

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette (Sept. 6) tells the story of a mayor and an actress. "The mayor of Brest is a Socialist of the first water. His adversaries say he has got Socialism on the brain, and that 'equality' so possesses his mind as to make him totally oblivious of the fact that the national device also bears the words 'Liberty and Fraternity.' The mayor's inexorable principles have just been in conflict with Mme. Jeanne Grainer, the delightful actress than whom no one more typically French exists, and although he got the best of matters in the sense that he succeeded in hindering her from giving the performance, she has more than turned the tables by getting all the papers to relate how she gave him a piece of her mind. The playbill announced the performance of a little skit by Maurice Donnay, written in the cause of charity and given by Mme. Grainer and her troupe for the benefit of the soldiers' relief fund. The mayor declared that the play 'poked fun at the people,' and that he would have none of it. Jeanne Grainer told him that any Frenchman had the right to be Socialist, revolutionist, or even Anarchist, but that no one so bereft of ordinary common sense as he appeared to be had the right to call himself a Frenchman, much less to sit in the administrative chair of a fine and important city like Brest. It is said that, for all his principles, the mayor is rather sorry now that he did not hold his peace."

Among Italians, a correspondent in Rome tells me, the origin of the term "fiasco" for failure is believed to have originated in the remark of an old Italian actor. He had in the course of a play to deliver a somewhat lengthy monologue, in which he invariably scored a great success. It was his habit to always hold some object or other in his hand, changing the article every time he appeared, and never using the same thing twice. One evening, seeing a white bottle (called in Italian fiasco), he seized it, and proceeded on the stage to pronounce his soliloquy. Whether it was that on that occasion the audience was extraordinarily difficult to please, or whether it was that the actor was not up to his usual form, the fact remains that for once he did not obtain his customary applause and "bis," from which time the phrase "fare fiasco" has become general in the Italian language.—London Daily Chronicle.

Notes About Concerts, Music and Musicians

At the Promenade Concert, London, of Aug. 29, Schubert's Ballet Music in G from "Rosamunde" was played. The Times improved the occasion: " If any one but Schubert had dared to write a piece lasting three mortal minutes in nothing but two and four bar lengths, with a more or less definite close at the end of half of them, the critics would long ago have condemned him to a year's durance in some school of composition. And if any one could find out the secret by which Schubert has made the most beautiful thing in the world within those narrow limits, he would know most of what is worth knowing about music." At this concert Mr. Moiseivitsch played Tschaikowsky's first piano concerto. "Nearly all that composer's music has much obvious tune and much equally obvious ornament; and the trouble with those who essay to play him is that they either insist so much on the tune that it becomes commonplace, or so much on the ornament that it becomes sentimental, and thereby the whole performance rather previous. Mr. Moiseivitsch welded the two perfectly; he put into both a touch of Schumann at his most fanciful moments and of Mme. Schumann when she was playing her husband's compositions." We fail to see the compliment in the last sentence. Tschaikowsky is Tschaikowsky, not Schumann; and Mme. Schmann was by no means the most inspired interpreter of her husband's pieces.

At the promenade concert of Aug. 31 MacKenzie's pieces on Scots tunes for string quartet were played by a large body of strings. On Sept. 1 a "new suite" of Bach, one in G-major, was performed. It consists of three movements: the first, the opening movement of one of the violin sonatas by Vivaldi which Bach arranged for the organ; the second, the Andante from Bach's fourth organ sonata; the final allegro came from the sixth sonata for the organ. At the concert of Sept. 2, Prokovieff's "Scherzo Humoristique," for four bassoons, was produced, "a clever and entertaining little piece, well calculated to distract one's thoughts from alarums, excursions and revolutions." This Prokovieff is a pupil of Tchcrepine. We have quoted the Pall Mall Gazette's opinion. The Daily Chronicle found the scherzo "anything but humorous. A more suitable title for it would have been 'Scherzo Melancholique.'" — and this would better suit the character of the bassoon. On Sept. 5 Howard Jones played Delius's piano concerto, and, according to the Times, "did his best to make music out of it, but only partly succeeded." The critic then wrote: "The fact is, it is an orchestral piece of fine proportions and fresh harmonic ideas, which treats the piano as a reenforcing instead of a contrasting element of the whole. There are really no moments in it when one can really feel that the piano is characteristically treated; all that it has to say might have been said just as well by the orchestra. This fault of construction betrayed Mr. Jones into an attempt to vie with the orchestra in its unique power of piling up a mighty crescendo—an attempt foredoomed to failure. What two mere human hands can do successfully on a keyboard is something quite different. They can husband the power they have by means of infinite graduation so carefully that the extremes of strength and weakness seem much greater than they really are. Very loud and very soft passages say nothing to us by themselves, nor even in juxtaposition. We are not particularly impressed when an orator shouts or whispers; we may sometimes wish that he would do neither. It is in that indefinable raising or lowering of the voice on words that mean much that he charms us into agreement."

The critic of the Times does not think that Moussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition" arranged by Toushmakoff for orchestra are improved thereby. "The points are overstated. It is possible, after all, to be too characteristic. The figures which formed the detail of the original pictures, whatever they may have been, were lifelike enough and traced with bold incisiveness; they were, however, rather crowded into the canvas, like Durer's emblems. As drama, it was like the scond part of 'Faust.'" And at this concert (Sept. 6) Boellmann's Fantasie Dialogue for organ and orchestra struck the critic as a "curiously serious setting of profane tunes, which leaves one rather puzzled; with a solemn face it seems to be laughing at us and not letting us into the joke, though one cannot help feeling that one ought not to laugh somehow."

All the Balkan states are rich in folksong, though Roumania would seem to be the richest, at any rate so far as it is available in print. But was the folksong of Roumania due to any "educational system"? True folk-song has usually been made by people who had small, if any, knowledge of reading or writing. The instrument of the folksong maker was simple speech, either spoken or sunk. It is in such work that the "wild civility" appears. "Folk poetry," a somewhat different thing, may be written by the educated on folk themes, but it does not spring from the people and live on the lips of the people.—Daily Chronicle, London.

The Herald republished an article, "Native Light Opera," that was first printed in the Daily Telegraph, London. "Cantor" has written to the Daily Telegraph a letter headed: "Wanted, an Opera Comique": "The timely and interesting article in your issue of the 19th inst. on 'Native Light Opera' will, I trust, help to focus the attention of the music-loving public on a hitherto much-neglected subject. Your correspondent, while acknowledging our indebtedness to Franz Lahar for 'The Merry Widow' and Oscar Straus for 'The Waltz Dream,' complains that, like the cuckoo, they set about ousting the home bird from its own nest. It appears to me, however, that the blame should rather be laid on those managers who insisted on employing these gentlemen at the expense of our own very capable and much-neglected light opera composers. After the lamented death of Sir Arthur Sullivan his mantle fell, I think it will be agreed, on the very worthy shoulders of Mr. Edward German, but since the production of 'Tom Jones' and Sir W. S. Gilbert's swan song, 'Fallen Fairies' no other work from his pen has as yet been heard. Now that Sir Thomas Beecham's efforts to establish not only opera in English, but English opera in our midst, appear likely to be crowned with success, surely an attempt might profitably be made to found a permanent Opera Comique. We have already a fine nucleus for such a scheme in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan, which, while never failing to attract large and enthusiastic audiences in the provinces, appear to be forever banished from their old home in the West end. These works might from time to time be supplemented by works from the pens of other native composers, and those by Mr. German might well be revived, especially his delightful and happily named 'Merrie England' and 'Tom Jones.'"

Mr. Moderwell, Mr. Craig, and the Modern Theatre

Mr. Moderwell in his book "The Theatre of Today" had something to say about Mr. Edward Gordon Craig. Now Mr. Craig, writing for the Pall Mall Gazette of Sept 7, has something to say about Mr. Moderwell and more about producers of plays and British art. The article is as follows:

In writing "The Theatre of Today" Mr. Moderwell, our American brother in the theatre, attempts to achieve a task which is exceeding hard to get through, even creditably, without making a number of mistakes. And Mr. Moderwell gets through it with considerable credit. One merit of the author is that he has positively brought out the book in two hemispheres—another writer might have made no mistakes and have forgotten to publish.

But his mistakes have every excuse. Correct information is the last thing which an author—a stranger to Europe—can expect to procure. Everyone is only too ready to retail their "knowledge" about us and our work, and their knowledge is very slight—and very incorrect.

He tells his readers that "Craig was engaged to prepare designs for a production of 'Hamlet.' The designs were made, submitted, and studied. He was told that the time of production was uncertain, but that he would be informed of it later. Two years later he was invited to the first performance. This was how and why the only 'Craig play' of recent years succeeded in reaching performance. The ideas of the recent stage movement have been in great part Craig's; the execution has been the work of others."

Now, this is not true. It is incorrect in each particular.

Again: "It is to be noticed that Craig came into stage work from outside, as the artist and designer."

This is also incorrect. I was born in and of the stage.

And if such statements are made of one who Mr. Moderwell calls "the father of all the pioneers," it must distinctly tell against the new movement, the success of which he obviously has so much at heart.

The best thing about this book is that the author attempts an almost impossible task—bravo Moderwell!—and, muddling through, as we in England often do, brings it off with a certain amount of real success. He allows himself a very short space of time to collect his facts, whereas to make a thorough book out of the vast and confused material which the new movement and the old theatre has to offer the student, would need very much time and a particular type of student. If Mr. E. K. Chambers, whose "Mediaeval Stage" always seems to me one of the few great books ever written on the theatre, could devote several years of his life to the putting in order of the facts which have set in motion this new life in the theatre, we should be indeed fortunate mariners. At present, historically speaking, we are still adrift on a raft and have just eaten the compass.

I would like to have found a chapter on Mme. Yvette Guilbert in the "Theatre of Today," for she and the group from which she sprang was and is an important one.

But what a number of subjects Mr. Moderwell brings together! — thereby showing that unless we consider the matter of the theatre as a whole we consider it in vain. He shows us that the play, the producing of it, the acting, the designing, color, light, the architecture, the economics—have all to be considered as a whole, or the theatre will fail; that each part is not independent, as for many a year—many a period, even—we have carelessly thought. That if we are to have an economic theatre which is at the same time a superb theatre, "there must be some intelligence, some direction, some new artist, in short, to make these men work together toward their new end," and he asserts that "this new artist, almost unknown since the days of ancient Greece, is the producer."

And it is because Mr. Moderwell states this and implies this time after time as he reaches the different points in his book, that the work cannot fail to be of value. And because Mr. Moderwell has studied the German methods of making the theatre shipshape, let us benefit by his experience.

Artists are not growing like blackberries on the hedges in Germany, but they have an occasional happy gleam of practical ideas. We in England once gushed over the German theatrical "art" which they fooled us to accept. It wasn't German, you know. It was "made in England," only the German gentleman who brought it back to the land of its birth was rather patriotic and businesslike.

Mar 25 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

A few days ago we spoke of old "readers" and "speakers"; of bold and timid youngsters on school platforms of favorite pieces spouted in the sixties and early seventies.

Mr. Harrocks of Westminster asks why we did not mention "Rienzi," "Hohenlinden," "The Destruction of Sennacherib," also Burke on the American Colonies. Another complained because we did not include "Casabianca," other schools, other reading books and speakers.

We remember a grandson of Henry Clay coming to a private school in Northampton. We had been brought up

o cherish the memory of Henry Clay. His portrait was on the back of a clothes brush in the bathroom. We were naturally curious, wondering if the grandson were also eloquent and persuasive. He was a tall, lank person who in a row with a schoolmate, scorned fisticuffs, and shouted: "We gentlemen in the South fight with knives." With that he pulled a wicked snickersnee. At bottom he was an agreeable fellow, not over bright. The day for speaking came. Young Clay mounted the platform. His piece was Catiline's Defence. When he came to the line, "He dare not touch a hair of Catiline," Clay drawling the words, took hold of a hair of his head—he wore his hair long—and held it in the air. There were other appropriate gestures.

Spouting in Bath, Me.

As the World Wags:

In one of our old speakers were words something like these: "Of all the departments of learning in our schools there is no one which by general concession is more important than that of reading and speaking. In writing he must imitate his copy; in geography, he must implicitly receive the statements of his text book, and studiously conform to the delineations of his map; in arithmetic, every process has its rule, which offers itself to him as an infallible guide through all the intricacies and mazes of numbers. But in reading and speaking alone, he is left to acquire a correct and graceful delivery as he may. For bar and pulpit often set bad examples, and the elocution of the multitude is often vicious."

My classmates for their first Saturday declamations before the four assembled classes in our high school made these selections (Some psychologist can probably tell why.).

A boy with very small ears spouted: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

"Oh, why does the white man follow my trail" was declaimed by the only colored boy in the class.

"Apollo! What a face, doleful as a hearse" was the choice of a very pale, thin-faced boy.

The writer attempted, perhaps because of the amount of salt water in his veins:

> A land breeze shook the shrouds,
> And she was overset;
> Down went the Royal George,
> With all her crew complete.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain" was declaimed by a very religious scholar. "Barbara Frietchie" was the choice of another classmate. "Sheridan's Ride" the declamation of another boy.

As we advanced from fourth class boys to first class boys, and our memories grew more retentive, and smiles or snickerings of pupils less torturing, we selected such pieces as these: "The Sword of Washington! the staff of Franklin! What associations are linked in adamant with these names!" "Northern laborer." Blot from your annals the deeds and the doings of northern laborers and the history of your country presents but a universal blank. "Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name," was often eloquently spouted on a Saturday afternoon. The eagle often came into the oratorical efforts:

> So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

> No! let the eagle change his plume,
> The leaf its tree, the flower its bloom
> But ne'er give up the Union

The speeches of Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Rufus Choate, Kellogg, were frequently declaimed in our schooldays with much gesture and in various keys of voice.

> I have had playmates, I have had companions
> In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days.
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Our high school principal has gone and the bend of his thumb and his paper-tearing habit, all are gone. Perchance in the above named pieces some Herald reader may recognize his first orational effort.

On Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon, weekly recesses, we boys chewed green tar, purloined from some rigging loft to put an edge on our teeth, perhaps broke a tooth chewing black tar in liberal chunks broken from the caulker's kettle. Much chewing surely develops the jaw muscles, assists in the physical development of the schoolboy, and no doubt prepares the way for his successful oratorical attempts. DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me.

Tree and Platform.

As the World Wags:

I remember that my mother dressed me in a suit of spotless white when I was to speak for the first time in school. I went out before school time and climbed a cherry tree. What was her dismay when she saw my returning trousers and jacket all a vile green. Indignation overcame maternal pride. "You go and speak your piece just as you are." And I did. A punishment worse than that of going supperless to bed, staying in my room while the boys were playing yard-sheep, or even the tingling caused by a riding-whip.

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

We referred last week to a novel "The Sailor." The name of the author is Snaith, J. C. Snaith, but the linotype preferred to call him Smith. There was an "S," there was a final "th" in the word as written, hence "Smith." There are many authors that have borne this old and honorable name.

> Amongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
> Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith

But a Smith did not write "The Sailor."

Joyous Old Age.

As the World Wags:

At a summer hotel last night I saw a white-haired old lady dancing furiously the most modern dances, with their clasps, hugs, contortions, evolutions and convolutions. Like the late Heber C. Kimball, she might be described as a loose and reckless dancer. My friend Van Vechten, from a gay town on the Hudson, said it was a delightful sight. "No hardening of the arteries there, my boy. No arthritis. See how her face glows: how lithe and airy she is! Don't talk to me of sour and melancholy old age! Blessed if I don't ask her for a dance myself. She has a neater foot and a trimmer ankle than nine-tenths of the girls on the floor." Van Vechten is a light-hearted, light-headed fellow; never a serious person. As I looked at the old lady bobbing up and down and whirling around, I suddenly thought of a remark made by one of Mademoiselle de Scudery's characters: "A woman who can dance with due regard to the decencies of life only five or six years employs 10 or 12 years in learning what she should practice only five or six." The sentence is clumsy in the original French, but the Sappho of Marais was not a graceful writer. "Go it while you are young" has lost its significance and force. But I am here for hay fever, and possibly low in my mind.

CALEB PARSONS.

Sugar Hill, N. H.

Round the Tea Cups.

Miss Maggie Teyte, arriving in Boston to rehearse for our pleasure in January at once told a reporter how tea should be brewed, "real English tea." She insists on a large quantity of tea and thus shows the traditional extravagance of a prima donna. Aunt Vashti, a remarkable housewife famous in our little village for her tea, cake, preserves, pies, puddings and the consequently necessary household remedies, allowed one small teaspoonful of tea for about two cups. She let the water stand from three to four minutes. This tea was made in a small white agate pan. After standing for the time named, it was poured through a little strainer into the hot teapot from which it was served. Her favorite tea was a pure China Congou. Next to that she favored Orange Pekoe. She objected to Oolong because it was "full of nerves." When Ceylon teas were recommended, she shook her head and spoke of theine—no, she used the synonym "caffeine." In the matter of tea Aunt Vashti was an artist, not merely a prima donna.

A Sensitive Soul.

Mr. N. W. Hill has been so distressed by hearing an "objectionable pleonasm, 'quite all right,'" that he writes to Notes and Queries. He heard the horrid phrase in California about two years ago and supposed it was of "western manufacture." Indescribably shocked, he sailed for England. "Since my return to this country, however, it has assailed my ears far too frequently, being uttered for the most part by unsophisticated members of the weaker sex, who seemingly look upon it as 'recherche.'"

Mr. Hill is so sensitive that he should wear ear caps indoors and out. Does he always talk on stilts? Does he always say "members of the weaker sex" when he means "woman"? Was it necessary for him to drop into French? Did the English language, of which he is a sworn defender, then fail him?

Two of a Name.

The Daily Chronicle has found out that the town of Liverpool is not without a duplicate—there is a Liverpool in Nova Scotia, also one in New South Wales. Is there no Liverpool in the United States? We are far from a gazetteer. The Daily Chronicle thought the town of Devizes in Wiltshire was unique in this respect.

> Devizes alone
> In the world has no double—Yorks, Londons and Parises
> New and old may be found thick as Smiths, Browns or Harrises,
> But all the world over (at least, so I'm told) one
> Devizes there is, and that is the old one.

But, consulting an atlas index it learned that there is a Devizes in Kansas. "A glance along that series of squares which forms the counties of the Kansas northern border suggests how impossible it is that any town, man or thing worth the compliment should escape a New World double. Here are a few of the names of that 30-mile strip: Gladstone, Achilles, Tully, Hawkeye, Shibboleth, Dresden, Devizes, Stuttgart, Crow, Nance, Agra, Kensington, Athol, Lebanon, Oasis, Salem, Athens, Montrose, Rubens, Republic, Cuba, Agenda, Clyde, Greenleaf, Washington, Hanover, Bremen, Chepstow, Hull, Frankfort, Vermilion, Soldier, Granada, Parnell, Troy."

Early Bomb-Dropping.

We read that the first talk of bomb-dropping was in 1812 when the Russians were said to have a balloon for that purpose. Nothing came of it. The Austrians attacking Venice in 1847 sent up paper fire balloons, which were to drop shells. "But they forgot to allow for contrary air currents. The balloons got into one, drifted back towards the Austrians, and bombed them instead of Venice."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Maurice Jacobs presents the Hebrew character comedian, Joe Welch, in "The Peddler," a comedy drama in four acts, by Hal Reid. The cast:

Sammy	T. Harrison Roberts
Uncle Jason	James Hamilton
Chuck Conners	Larry Leewood
Charles Wyandotte	Frank B. Elliott
Edward Morgan	Percy Bollinger
Sergt. Pat McCann	Johnson
Dr. Joseph Aub	Percy Bollinger
Salome Wyandotte	Jane Mora
Sara Goldberg	Luella Pullen
Lize Birkley	Ada Dalton
Little Mary	Annie Smith
"The Baby"	Baby Jacobson
Abraham Jacobson	Joe Welch

The play is essentially a melodrama, yet the performance last night was lacking in the melodramatic spirit. Moments that should have been tense often fell flat; the approach to this or that turn was often lethargic. Nor could the heroic work of Mr. Welch, who gave an interesting performance, carry the whole show.

Mr. Reid has provided an entertainment that treats of the underworld of New York city. The play is loose-jointed; there is an attempt to create types, yet the author has only succeeded in the case of Abraham Jacobson, and in this case the credit can be more appropriately laid at the door of Mr. Welch. Here and there is an attempt at the speech of the underworld, yet we have heard much of the same dialogue used before by Bert Leslie. And then Dr. Aub, in his haste to create the "proper" atmosphere, carries an obstetric kit, the while playing the role of an oculist.

Abraham Jacobsen, a pedler, an industrious fellow, has opened a modest clothing store, after years of labor with the pack. His son is sportloving and indolent, and yet the apple of his eye. His father's advice bores him, and he succumbs to the wiles of a siren, who later turns out to be the mother of the illegitimate blind child succored by Abraham. The son denies his father in the presence of the vampire and leaves the parental roof, only to return, intoxicated, to rob his father's safe. He is shot by his father, who tells the police the son fell attempting to save him.

Luck turns away from the father, his baby dies the day he is to be dispossessed by the husband of the siren. The latter finally yields to the lure of opium, the son is penitent, has turned pedler to make an honest dollar himself, the father receives a long-expected inheritance from the old country, and the son and Sara, his first love, are to be married.

Mr. Welch was head and shoulders over the rest of the cast. He played the part of Abraham quietly and with fine reserve.

No doubt Chuck Conners, could he return for a moment to view his anaemic impersonator of last evening, would shake his head sadly; no doubt he would have something interesting to say.

NAT C. GOODWIN

Nat C. Goodwin heads this week's bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre. Two large audiences yesterday showed that there is curiosity to see the veteran actor. Perhaps this curiosity, stimulated by the fame of his matrimonial adventures, is now more readily gratified by the sight of Mr. Goodwin in evening clothes, smiling and affable, than by an exhibition of his art in the interpretation of Shakesperian characters.

The actor, in cynical mood, told stories and joked at the expense of others and himself. Recalled, he recited Kipling's "Gunga Din."

The bill is not lacking in variety. Merian's dogs is an act that excites both wonder and commiseration. Admirably trained and dressed in soldier and peasant costumes the dogs walk on their hind legs and perform various household and military offices. In charming Swiss settings they act a little play and Maj. Black, returning to find his wife in company with a rival metes out punishment.

Miss Bunee Wyde, with Franker Wood, was seductive and piquante in a comedy on board ship. "Prosperity," a modern morality sketch, was well acted by Ezra Matthews and his company. The well known Leightons entertained in comedy and songs. A spectacular feature was "The Garden of Love," an Egyptian musical sketch, in which two lovers who have quarrelled are reunited in the shadow of the sphinx. The Belleclaire Brothers perform extraordinary feats of strength and balancing, besides looping the loop to a hand to hand stand. Other acts were given by Frank Ledent, juggler, and Wells Norworth and Moore.

Next week Jack Norworth and Toots Paka, with her company of Hawaiians, will be among the leading attractions.

Sept 29 1910

If we except reason, the mind of man is not endued with a more noble and useful power or faculty than that of memory, whereby it retains and recollects the ideas or images of things we have seen, imagined, understood, etc. This may be term'd the treasury or or repository of all the arts and sciences have learn'd, of all the knowledge we have heap'd up, with great study, labor, and long experience. It is indeed a delicate and frail part of the soul, and first of all others is injured and impair'd by age; yet it has been long retain'd by some in its wonted vigor, and surprisingly heighten'd and improved by others.

Unseeing Eyes.

We have all read of men who, walking along a street for the first time, and without apparent thought, could repeat correctly the numbers, the names on the signs, and tell of the articles in shop windows. A surprising feat, but an old one, for it is said of Hortensius, the Roman orator, whose memory is also preserved by a cynical line of Byron, that sitting once in a place where various things were exposed to sale for a whole day together, he recounted in order everything that was sold, with the price and the name of the buyer; and by an account that had been taken of them, it appeared that he was not mistaken in any one particular.

Few of us are so observing. An experiment was once made at the Union Club in Boston, which showed that a dozen well informed and acute minded men could not report correctly a simple action that passed before their eyes, although each one set down the account in writing immediately after he had seen or thought he saw. The pamphlet that records this experiment is an interesting document to prove the fallibility of human evidence on or off the witness stand.

Take a familiar proof of carelessness in observation: that of drawing accurately the face of an ordinary watch.

The Daily Chronicle of London, forgetting for a moment the fiery Hun, lately commented on this deficiency. "Can you describe the aspect of a shilling? Or a penny postage stamp? I am sure that any postal maiden could sell me a dozen penny stamps with the wrong head on them and send me away contented. And yesterday I met a man who had lived for years in happiness on Haverstock Hill, and couldn't tell me the number of steps that led to the front door of his own house." A story is told of a man at a club. At luncheon he offered a pound note to every one at the table who could answer correctly these every day questions. 1. On looking at the face of a penny with the dated side towards you and the date at the bottom, does the head of the image on the coin face toward your left hand or towards your right? 2. How many ribs are there in the cover of an umbrella? 3. In a pack of cards one of the kings has only one eye visible—that is, his profile only is portrayed. Which of the kings is it? 4. Which way do the seeds in the core of an apple point, towards the stem or opposite to it?

Our answer to these questions propounded by the Daily Chronicle's man would be this: The clubman must be a bore outvying the teredo or ship worm. We would not willingly sit at meat with him, or toss a pot or drain a stoup in his company. As for the umbrella trick, we can count one broken rib in ours.

The Daily Chronicle was soon at it again. "How many have noticed that the head of George V. on a sovereign faces the left, but the head of Edward VII. faces the right? The position alternates with each reign. In a pack of cards there are three picture cards which show the profile. Do you know the color of the telegraphic envelope which you most certainly can recognize?" It is a pity that King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba are not living to enjoy this hard questioning. Could Solomon, by the way, tell offhand the size of his gloves, undershirt and drawers?

Found Wanting.

Reading that the price of eggs was steadily going up and a dozen truly fresh ones would soon bring a dollar, we wrote to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, asking if he could shed any light on the cause of the scarcity. We have received the following reply pencilled on a postal card:

"Grimaldi affirms (how truly I know not, says Dr. Derham) that some women of Megara were able by their eyes alone to distinguish eggs laid by black hens from those laid by white ones. Grimald. de Lumin. and Color."

Mr. Johnson is at times disappointing.

The Two Clocks.

Mr. Lancaster asked in this column whether two pendulum clocks stop one another if they are set side by side. This question was recently put by some one in Notes and Queries. In reply a

quotation from Tyndall's "Lectures on Sound," VIII. 332 (1867), was quoted: "If two clocks * * * with pendulums of the same period of vibration be placed against the same wall, and if one of the clocks be set going and the other not, the ticks of the moving clock, transmitted through the wall, will start its neighbor. The pendulum, moved by a single tick, swings through an extremely minute arc, but it returns to the limit of its swing just in time to receive another impulse. By the continuance of this process, the impulses so add themselves together as finally to set the clock a-going."

Models for Coins.

It is not known which one of Charles II.'s "lady friends"—the Duchess of Richmond, the Duchess of Cleveland, or the Duchess of Portsmouth—sat for the effigy of Britannia on English bronze coins; but the St. George on the sovereign was modelled by Pistrucci, who took for his subject an Italian waiter. This is apropos of a question raised as to the identity of the effigies of women on our coins. Years ago there was an outcry because two women of Washington, D. C., of a determined notoriety were said to have lent their faces to shinplaster currency then in vogue.

Sept 28 1916

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "The Silent Witness," a play in a prologue and three acts by Otto Hauerback. Played at the Longacre Theatre, New York, Aug. 10, 1916.

Sarah Blakely.....May McCabe
Norman Blakely.....John Houston
Helen Hastings.....Emelie Polini
Rigsby.....David Higgins
Bud Morgan.....Donald Gallaher
Janet Rigsby.....Mirian Doyle
John Pelham.....Paul Everton
Faith Pelham.....Maud Gilbert
Mr. Weldon.....De Witt Jennings
Wilbur Weldon.....Will Gregory, Jr.
Richard Morgan.....Henry Kolker
Mr. Wiley.....Theodore Kehrwald
Kato.....S. Hatakenaka
Wiggins.....Will H. Gregory

This play is a melodrama for the most part clumsily told, but with well approved and strong situations, which, in spite of sentimentality and crude verbal expression, interested and excited a large audience. The old tag, "Richard, he is your son; save him," is still potent. Although there is no trial scene on the stage, the play by its motive suggests "Le Coupable" of Copple and, more faintly, the ending of "Madame X."

Helen Hastings had fallen in love with Richard Morgan when the latter was at college. They anticipated the solemn sanction of the church, or even that of a justice of the peace, so when the news came that Richard had met death in the burning of the dormitory, Helen was in a sad predicament. She went out West to a ranch. The son born of their love entered a college where his father had supposedly met his fate. There he was taunted by Wilbur Weldon with illegitimacy, for there was a story that he was the son of one Blakely, a thief, who as a bank clerk was a suitor of young Morgan's mother. Richard did not perish in smoke and flame. On the contrary, he became district attorney and a candidate for the governorship. It was the duty of his office to prosecute young Morgan, accused of killing Wilbur by hitting him with a stick. The assistant district attorney thought he had a strong case. It was also his opinion that a strict attorney should convict at any cost.

Morgan, now betrothed to another, was of the nobler opinion: that the first duty of his office was to find out the truth. Helen appeared to save her boy. Richard reproached her for not answering his letters and running away with the thief. She exculpated herself. The problem then was to save young Morgan. This was accomplished by the testimony of young Janet Rigsby and the microscopic investigations of a learned physician, who proved that Wilbur, given to cigarettes and sporting a wrist watch, was anaemic and not slain by the stick. Meanwhile, Helen had lied more than once to save the father and their son. But after Richard's betrothed had gracefully retired, and after John, the zealous assistant district attorney, had made his forced exit, the lovers were reunited, and Richard brought down the curtain by saying that "Bud" was "some boy." Thus there is what is popularly known as a happy ending.

The prologue is dull and the first act, showing scenes near the college library, feeble and tiresome. Afterwards in spite of the artless construction, in spite of conditions that exist only in wild melodrama, the play holds the attention. The large audience was quick to reward virtuous actions and speeches. At one time it looked as if the assistant-district attorney would be roundly hissed, the highest tribute that can be paid to an actor taking the part of the villain or the inexorable in a disagreeable office. With a less capable company this play would be preposterous and boresome. Mr. Kolker played the part of Richard ably and plausibly, without melodramatic exaggeration, without a too declamatory appeal to the audience. His bearing and his voice were agreeable until the last act, when he suddenly became the possessor of what Artemus Ward described as "a play acting voice." In fact, in this act Mr. Kolker displayed an assortment of voices which did not at all add to the effectiveness of his diction. Mr. Everton was a forceful, malignant assistant. Mr. Kehrwald contributed an excellent bit of character acting as the physician. Young Mr. Gallaher succeeded where many would have failed. He was boyish, yet manly. His rhetorical explosion had true dramatic force.

Mr. Higgins as Rigsby, the sympathetic and sententious man of all work on the college grounds, won immediately the favor of the audience, although the dramatist was not fortunate in the supposedly humorous lines allotted to him and Miss Blakely, played by Miss McCabe. The caddishness of Wilbur was well expressed by Mr. Gregory. Mr. Jennings had little opportunity of displaying his ability. Miss Polini, ineffective in the prologue—here the dramatist was greatly to blame—was not unduly hysterical in a hysterical part. Miss Doyle was unaffectedly girlish as Janet, who was fond of "Bud," and thought Wilbur horrid, although he had invited her to go with him on joy rides.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear.

Liverpool Jarge.

As the World Wags:

And why shouldn't a man use his wooden leg to brain an enemy? Wouldn't it be his natural weapon? Not a word. Of course it would. I mind a ship-mate of mine, a savage from New London, down on the ship's articles as cook but a handy man and willing, with only one arm, having had the other burned away in the blight of an out-running line with a big bull sperm at the other end. He had a wooden stump with three steel hooks at the end, kept always shiny and neat and very thefty he was with 'em either in the galley or aloft. I saw him once ungut a Lascar in Liverpool Lou's place in Sydney as tidy as you like. Could he have done such with the hand the devil gave him? He could not.

But I wanted to tell you about Liverpool Jarge, no connection with Lou. Jarge was a one-eyed man, the other having been knocked out by a bucko mate with a belaying pin. A little man he was and steady and soft-tempered like myself, and we shipped together six voyages, no less. Jarge had two hobbies: One was his tattooing and the other was his glass eyes. Ashore with his pay, Jarge wouldn't get decently drunk. Not him. He'd head in at the nearest tattoo professor and have some decoration put on him. Covered he was from neck to heel with beautiful birds and snakes and women and Christ on the cross done by a Jap between his shoulders to keep the devils off. I mind the day I climbed three pair of stairs to a tattooer's room in Whitechapel, and Jarge had his last empty spot, the size of a dollar, filled in with what the man said was a likeness of the evil eye. And Jarge cried because he was all filled up and hadn't any more white skin left, leastways not that would take ink. Talking of the eye, one thing led to another, and the professor took us down to a glass blower a floor below, and there was where Jarge got the glass eye habit. The glass blower was a Hungarian foreigner and an artist if I do say it, what with gawdy birds and full-rigged ships done out of spun glass and a line of fancy glass eyes on the side all done by himself. Jarge had been wearing an old eye he'd picked up somewhere in 'Frisco that didn't match, and when the man offered to make him a beautiful one of red with a white star in the middle for a pound he ordered it, very much taken with the idea and pleased as Punch. Next day he went back and ordered two more, one blue with a kind of a white snake, and one green with a yellow cross, the whole coming to three pound ten.

I didn't see Jarge for five years after that. We happened to meet next in London again and he had a collection of eyes, a dozen or more, three or four for every time ashore, and said he was the pride of the forecastle every ship he sailed on. I went up with Jarge while he placed his regular order, but the novelty was off and he was hard to please. So the glass man offers to make a genuine evil eye, the tattooed one being no good whatever, covered up with a shirt. And that pleased Jarge. And the man said he would make the eye hollow and fill it with a deadly poison. And that pleased Jarge, too, because he said anyone might get where he'd want to commit suicide and all he'd have to do was bite the eye and die quick. We signed aboard the same ship, the Dunreagh Castle, for Australia, and the day before we sailed Jarge got his eye and it was a work of art if I do say it. It was built in rings of different colors running down to a little red spot in the centre and was hollow and filled with a white liquid and very theftily sealed with a thin glaze of glass behind. When you looked at it hard, the rings ran together and the red spot stuck out and fair gave you the creeps. It cost the amazing sum of two pound ten which Jarge paid cheerfully.

Well we hadn't cleared the Straits before Jarge had tried the eye on every man in our watch and the carpenter and the cook and the boy and they all barring the boy told him to lay off or they'd brain him. All but a little cockney named Bell and known as Ding Dong. He fair shrivelled up and near went mad. And that pleased Jarge.

Jarge kept putting the eye on Ding Dong until he thought he was bewitched. The other men told him to steal the eye and he tried it, but Jarge was too thefty for him. And Ding Dong got to believe the only way to lift the spell was to get the eye. You wouldn't believe the lengths he went, even to trying to scoop the thing when Jarge was asleep, he having taken to wearing it all the time. It got after a while so Jarge got to hate the Cockney and believed in the eye himself and hoped to kill Ding Dong with it before the voyage was over if he had luck. Which he did at Port Said. We were laying there in the roadstead and Jarge was aloft sitting on a foot rope scraping a spar when something fetched loosed and down come Jarge 40 foot head first on a teak deck and scrunched his nob like an eggshell. His eye rolled out and Ding Dong grabbed it up and the mate come running up and Ding Dong popped the eye in his mouth. In about a minute he falls on the deck and gave a couple of shivers and died. There was a good deal of mystery about it. The mate figured Jarge must have hit Ding Dong in the fall. I knew better. He'd bitten into the eye. But I said nothing. So you see a glass eye can be just as fatal as a wooden leg.

JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION.
44½ Condor street, East Boston.

Sept 27 1916

When we were schoolboys we stumbled over the pronunciation of Kilimanjaro, which had a strange fascination, as did the words "Mountains of the Moon." Not till a day or two ago did we learn that the towering peak of Kilimanjaro, 19,312 feet high, was known to the German in Africa as "Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze." The story runs as follows: "When East Africa was being partitioned in 1886 it was conveyed to the British government that Prince William of Prussia, now the Kaiser, had a burning desire that the great summit first seen by the German Johannes Rebmann should fall within the German frontier line. Being a good-natured statesman, Lord Salisbury consented to the diversion of the straight line across the mountain so that the heart's desire of the prince might be attained." And now the ambition of the Kaiser that his name should ever be associated with the mighty peak has fallen with the loss of the capital of German East Africa.

The ambition was human. What selectman in a village would not rejoice if the little hill behind the academy were named after him instead of being called Green, or Wood, or Blueberry? No doubt Dr. Cook frets because Mt. McKinley does not bear his name. How many bright eyed boys can tell why the mountains Whitney, Elbert, Mitchell, Hood, Mansfield, Rogers, Gannett, Hyndman were so named? In the western part of this commonwealth there is no dispute over the man that gave his name to Holyoke mountain, but how about Mount Tom? How about the hills named Warner and Toby? Why should the highest mountain in Georgia be called Brasstown Bald? How did Guyot happen to give his name to a mountain in Tennessee? Does little Willie know that Kosciusko is thus honored in New South Wales?

Indian names should always be preserved. Mt. Marcy is more imposing to us when it is named in the Indian language. Chocorua appals to us more than this or that mountain of the "Presidential Range." There are names not Indian that have their significance: Whiteface, Sugarloaf, Cobble, Hurricane, Nipple, the Gothic, Bald, Giant of the Valley, Camel's Hump; but why Equinox? The vanity of man is limitless, and, what is worse, it is too often tasteless. Some prosperous patent medicin man, some manufacturer succeeds in driving out an Indian or otherwise descriptive name of a mountain and swells and struts as he looks at Mullen's Peak; or the old name of a little town, one that has historical associations, is changed to Jenkins's Junction or Smithersville.

At the Tea Table.

As the World Wags:

So Miss Teyte prefers the English way of brewing tea to the American manner. I have been told that English women use the same tea leaves over and over again. When I have had tea in England, it was very strong and bitter, as though it had been steeped for hours on a stove. Is it not true that when tea was first introduced into England many boiled the leaves in a kettle and served it as spinach with salt and butter?

We read that even in the shock of battle the English soldier must have his tea, even if there is no accompanying hot buttered toast and jam. How times are changed since Shadwell wrote his comedy, "The Stock Jobbers," in which he speaks of the tea table "ready for the women and men that live like women. Your fine-bred men of England, as they call 'em, are all turned women."

In a volume of miscellaneous articles called "Panorama" I found a curious passage that is now pertinent: "A person at Verdun has discovered a method of imitating Chinese tea, by heating the leaves of the hornbeam in a new earthen vessel, placed in the midst of boiling water till they have acquired a brown hue, lighter or deeper at pleasure. They are then scented by being placed in a box together with the root of the Florence Iris in powder during several days, after which they may be used as tea. The imitation is said to be so perfect as to deceive those who are not informed of the preparation."

This reminds me that a tobacconist in England has advertised for good leaves of the plano tree and lilac. British herb tobacco is no new thing, and it may now be obtained of herbalists in London. In a "Dictionary of Terms Used in Medicine and the Ballateral Sciences," by Hoblyn (1835), it is mentioned under "Quack Medicines": "The basis of this is coltsfoot. This appears to have had a very ancient origin, for the same plant was smoked through a reed in the days of Dioscorides, for the purpose of promoting expectation." A Mr. Robert Pierpoint commenting on herb tobacco says: "Such habit as there may have been of smoking a medicinal preparation of coltsfoot, etc., may account to some extent for the prevalence of spittoons in smoking rooms up to some years ago—utensils now passing into oblivion." Mr. Pierpoint is evidently a serious person. But to go back to tea.

Whenever tea-drinking is discussed, we find the stock quotation from Cowper and the expected, inevitable allusion to Dr. Johnson (Samuel, not Herkimer). Let me quote verses that are not so familiar. The first were written by Waller on some tea commended by Catherine of Braganza:

The best of herbs and best of queens we owe
To that bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun does rise.

The muses' friend, Tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress the vapours which the head invade,
And keeps the palace of the soul serene.

The other quotation is from Dean Swift's "Journal of a Modern Lady," which so pleased Charles Reade that in writing "The Wandering Heir" he borrowed liberally from it without giving credit:

Let me now survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea,
Surrounded with the noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies.
They contradict, affirm, dispute;
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak and none to hearken,
They set the very lapdog barking.
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup or gin;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.

Manchester. LORENZO SWETT.

Sept 30 1916

The New York Evening Post in an editorial article "Community Music" states that "in America as a whole 'community' interest in music has hitherto been too much merely the interest of German and other foreign elements. . . . The choral societies historically prominent in the development of municipal music, as the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, the Musical Fund Society in Philadelphia, the New York Oratorio Society (founded on the model of one in Breslau), and various middle-Western bodies, were largely established by foreign bodies."

This statement with regard to the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston is wildly incorrect. The writer should read the history of this society. The story is extant and written in very choice English.

Another Cup of Tea.

As the World Wags:

Let me add a word to the remarks about tea.

I saw in the Victoria and Albert Museum a teapot which was presented by Lord George Berkeley to the East India Company. It is said to be the earliest teapot known, and the date 1670 is given. This pot is shaped like a coffee pot.

My grandmother, a singularly well-bred old lady, and her women friends always poured tea from cup to saucer and drank from the saucer, which was very thin but of a generous size. In too many hotels, and even in some private houses, the cups are too thick. A sensitive person finds the tea served in them tasteless. As for that, few women know how to brew tea. As a rule it is too strong. For this and other reasons I prefer ale in its native pewter. Perhaps I was aided in this choice by an entry in the journal of the Rev. John Wesley, July 6, 1746, in which he speaks of his leaving off the drinking of tea as an example to the poorer Methodists, thinking it would prevent great expense of health, time and money. "The first three days my head ached more or less, all day long; and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on Wednesday in the afternoon, my memory failed almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my headache was gone; my memory was as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this."

Yet according to this journal tea was beneficial in a case cited by Wesley in the preceding May, an "amazing instance of distress." A sensible young woman, who had constantly attended church, lay sick of a fever. She believed the devil had her soul and body. "If

she swallowed anything she cried out she was swallowing fire and brimstone." For over 20 days she took nothing but water. She had no sleep day or night but lay cursing and blaspheming, tearing her clothes, and whatever she could reach in pieces. We say prayed with her. "In a few days after, she began to drink a little tea . . . afterwards God turned her heaviness into joy."

HILARY MEECHUM

Jamaica Plain.

A Corsican Memory.

As the World Wags:

I was interested in the remarks about the carelessness shown by persons in observing familiar, daily things. Memory, no doubt, can be cultivated, but to the great majority of those conspicuous in this respect it is a birthright. I recall many astounding feats of memory recorded in the books, especially the case of a young Corsican, his name escapes me, who went to Paris to study the civil law. His fame spread throughout the city, so that Muretus was eager to put him on trial. With others he dictated to the Corsican two or three thousand words, some Latin, some Greek, some "barbarous," all without any relation to each other, and many of them without any meaning. When he was weary with dictating, the Corsican asked for more; but Muretus said he would be satisfied if he could repeat only one half of the words already written down. The Corsican repeated all the words without hesitation in the order in which they had been dictated. Then he repeated them backward; and at last named only the first, third, fifth, and so on. He told Muretus, who says he was no boaster, that this was only a slight affair. And this Corsican taught one Franciscus Molinus, a noble Venetian, whose memory was naturally weak, in the space of seven days to repeat 500 names with the utmost ease and in whatever order he pleased.

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

A Prisoner's Poem.

As the World Wags:

In the Star of Hope of June, 1916, the periodical published at Sing Sing prison, the reader will find a very tender poem written by No. 65368 and entitled:

THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.

I.

There's a street called Straight, Oh! mother mine,
You told me of in the olden time,
When I sat on your knee so light and free,
And your sweet brown eyes looked down on me.
The night shades fell and there in the fire
I saw your yearning heart's desire,
As you pointed at the cheery flame
And showed me the street that led to fame.
"The street called Straight," you called it dear,
Oh! mother mine, it was your prayer.

II.

There's a street called Straight, Oh! heart of mine,
When we strolled through fields of love sublime
That led us to a leafy bower,
Where we talked long in the witching hour,
And you leaned on my arm and showed me the gate
That led away from the street called Straight.
And you warned me there of the danger where
A detour led from this street so fair;
And you seemed so glad as we sauntered on,
Oh! heart of mine, I loved your song.

III.

There's a street called Straight, Oh! friend of mine,
That I left one day in my youthful prime,
For the vain detour that proved a snare
And the labyrinth of a low despair
Where I plumbed the depths of every fate
To see again the street called Straight.
Oh! mother mine, Oh! heart of mine,
Oh! friend of mine in an olden time,
Come show me the road, if it's not too late,
And lead me back to the street called Straight.

Here in this tender poem are found stinging memories of love and honor gone, but through it all there breathes infinite faith in God's mercy and forgiveness. "The hand that helps the fallen, God loves the best of all."

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN

Boston.

Aug 1 — 1916

Mr. A. Eaglefield Hull's translation of M. Romain Rolland's "Handel" is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. There are four illustrations which are not in the French volume. There is also a bibliography. The translator has provided an index which the original unfortunately lacks.

Mr. Hull's translation is not always fluent. At times it is confused or clumsy. He is known to some as a valiant champion of Scriabin and Schoenberg, also as the author of an interesting, one might say entertaining, treatise on harmony, ultra-modern harmony. To the present volume he contributes a short preface. "Here in England we are supposed to know our Handel by heart, but it is doubtful whether we do. Who can say from memory the titles of even six of his 39 operas, from whence may be culled many of his choicest flowers of memory?" Mr. Hull quotes Saint-Saens, who has compared the position of a conductor in front of the score of an oratorio by Handel to that of a man who sought to settle with his family in a mansion that has been uninhabited for centuries. The music is different altogether from that to which he has been accustomed. "No nuances, no bowing, frequently no indication of rate, and often merely a 'sketched-in' bass. Tradition only could guide him, and the English, who alone could have preserved this, he considers, have lost it." Is Saint-Saens correct in his statement that Handel's music is without indications of nuances? Rolland finds the range of Handel's nuances "extremely varied; pianissimo, piano, mezzo piano, mezzo forte, un poco piu F, un poco F, forte, fortissimo are in the scores. "We never find the orchestral crescendo and descrescendo, which hardly appears marked expressly until the time of Gommelli, and the school of Mannheim; but there is no doubt that it was practised long before it was marked in the music." The President de Brosses wrote in 1739 from Rome: "The voices like the violins used with light and shade, with unconscious swelling of sound, which augments the force from note to note, even to a very high degree, since its use as a nuance is extremely sweet and touching." Rolland goes on to say: "And endless examples occur in Handel of long crescendi and diminuendi without its expression being marked in the scores." He notes another form of crescendo and diminuendo on the same note common in Handel's time. But to go back to Mr. Hull's preface.

Speaking of the attention shown by Rolland towards Zachau, the teacher of Handel, Mr. Hull remarks: "M. Rolland rightly gives due importance to the consideration of this old master's teachings and compositions, a careful study of which should go far to supplying the right key to Handel's music. One of the great shortcomings in the general musical listener is a lack of the historical view of music. It is a long cry from Bach and Handel to Debussy and Scriabin, but we shall be all the better for looking well at both ends of the long musical chain which connects the unvoiced expression of the past with the vague yet uncertain hopes of the future." Mr. Hull recognizes the fact—here he echoes Rolland—that even in England Handel has been put in a false position. "He was never the great church composer which has been assumed for so long. Perhaps rather, he leaned to the pagan side of life in his art. As Mr. Streatfeild says: 'You can no more call the "Messiah" a work of art than you can call the Book of Common Prayer popular as a masterpiece of literature. Handel the preacher is laid forever in the tomb, but Handel the artist, with his all-embracing sympathy for human things and his delight in the world around him, lives forever more.' Handel has been greatly, almost wilfully, misrepresented."

When Rolland's life of Handel was first published in Paris the Herald reviewed it at length. A translation into English was greatly to be desired. Rolland's "Handel" might well be compared for erudition displayed without pedantry, acute analysis of character and luminous treatment to Rolland's life of Michael Angelo. His "Beethoven" is inferior in many ways.

The bulky biography by Chrysander—left incomplete; it stopped at the year 1740, and Seiffert supplied what was lacking—has not been translated. While it shows prodigious industry, it is not written in an alluring manner. The blind hero worship, the fond belief in the plenary inspiration of Handel's music and the constant hymn of praise soon weary a patient and receptive reader. Schoelcher's biography is valuable on account of the documents collected by him, but the book is written loosely, if pleasantly. The memoirs of Handel by Mainwaring (1760) are anecdotical. Streatfeild in his life of Handel (1909) showed independence of treatment and destroyed certain traditions that gave an erroneous view of Handel's purpose and career.

Mr. Hull has said that it is doubtful whether Handel is "known by heart" in England. Let us quote M. Rolland: "The intimate sense of his (Handel's) works was falsified in the century which followed his death by the English interpretations, strengthened further still in Germany by those of Mendelssohn and his numerous following. By the exclusion of and systematic contempt for all the operas of Handel, by an elimination of nearly all the dramatic oratorios, the most powerful and the freshest, by a narrow choice more and more restrained to the four or five oratorios, and even here, by giving an exaggerated supremacy to 'The Messiah,' by the interpretation finally of these works, and notably of 'The Messiah' in a pompous, rigid and stolid manner, with an orchestra and choir far too numerous and badly balanced, with singers frightfully correct and pious, without any feeling or intimacy, there has been established that tradition which makes Handel a church musician after the style of Louis XIV., all decoration—pompous columns, noble and cold statues, and pictures by Le Brun. It is not surprising that this has reduced works executed on such principles, and degraded them to a monumental tiresomeness similar to that which emanates from the bewigged Alexanders, and the very conventional Christs of Le Brun."

"Handel," continues Rolland, "was never a church musician, and he hardly ever wrote for the church." His "so-called oratorios" were really written for the theatre. The first, "Acis and Galatea" and "Esther" were acted; the former at the Haymarket Theatre, with scenery, decoration and costumes; the latter after the manner of a Greek tragedy. "He stood out firmly for having his oratorios at the theatre and not in the church. There were not wanting churches any less than dissenting chapels in which he could give his works, and by not doing so he turned against him the opinion of religious people who considered it sacrilegious to carry pious subjects on to the stage, but he continued to affirm that he did not write compositions for the church, but worked for the theatre—a free theatre."

What is known of Handel in this country, in Boston, where there is the Handel and Haydn Society? To the ordinary "lover of music" he is only the composer of "The Messiah" and the so-called "Largo," a swollen, monstrous distortion of a simple little air sung by an operatic hero under a plane tree. Once in a while a pianist plays the "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, or there is an instrumental suite for orchestra. What a pleasure it was to hear Mr. Bauer some years ago play a piano suite of Handel in which the first movement "pomposo" was really performed with the suggestion of powdered wig and court dress! Occasionally a soprano with too apparent effort sings a florid air from some opera. Possibly this volume of Rolland, which is for all readers, musical and non-musical, as the life of a genius and a study of manners in more than one country, may correct false impressions and awaken an interest in compositions as yet imperfectly and erroneously known or wholly unfamiliar. Rolland says of his "Handel" that a book of some 200 pages is very insufficient; he hopes to study his character, work and times more in detail in another volume. There is enough in the 200 pages to excite admiration for the composer and the biographer.

It was to be expected that Rolland, who wrote an admirable study of opera before Lully and Scarlatti, should speak with peculiar authority about Handel as a composer of operas and about the condition of opera at Hamburg, in Italy and at London in Handel's time. Having described Zachau as a teacher and a musician who influenced Handel, his pupil, as others influenced him in later years, he gives graphic sketches of Keiser and Mattheson in Hamburg, of Bononcini, Porpora and Hasse in London. See also the study of Steffani and his music. Nor does Rolland find it necessary to underrate contemporary composers in extolling Handel. "Never has Handel, greater and more perfect as he is, possessed the exquisite note which breathes in the melodies of Keiser—that fresh perfume of the simple flower of the field. He knew also how to rise to the very summits of classical tragedy, and some of his airs of stately grief might have been written by Handel himself." As for Steffani, "none wrote so purely for the voice as he. His work is the most perfect picture of Italian songs in a golden age, and Handel owes to it his very refined feeling for the bel canto." The music of Bononcini, while it was never expressive, was "often beautiful and gracious, always harmonious." The style of Porpora was "very beautiful, and it was not less broad than that of Handel. No other Italian musician of his time had such ample breadth of phrasing. . . . History has never done him sufficient justice." Hasse was "even superior to Porpora in the charm of his melody, which Mozart alone has equalled, and in his symphonic gifts which showed themselves in his rich instrumental accompaniments, no less melodious than his songs."

And what is said of Purcell who died when Handel was 10 years old? "His art was full of grace and delicacy, much more aristocratic than that of Lully. He is the Van Dyck of music. Everything of his is of extreme elegance, refinement, ease, slightly 'exsangue.' His art is natural, always steeped in the country life which is indeed the source of the English inspiration. There are no operas of the 17th century where one finds fresher melodies which are more inspired, and yet of a popular character. . . . He produced many hastily finished operas with singular awkwardness in the manner of treating the instruments and the voice . . . and, finally, in his larger pieces and those of grander scale there is a lack of breath, a sort of physical exhaustion, which prevents him reaching the end of his superb ideas. But it is necessary to take him for what he is, one of the most poetic figures in music—smiling, yet a little elegiac—a miniature Mozart eternally convalescent. Nothing vulgar, nothing brutal, ever enters his music. Captivating melodies, coming straight from the heart, where the purest of English souls mirrors itself. Full of delicate harmonies, of caressing dissonances, a taste for the clashing of sevenths and seconds, of incessant poising between the major and minor, and with delicate and varied nuances of a pale tint, vague and slightly blurred, like the springtime sun piercing through a light mist."

Note how Rolland treats the subject of Handel's plagiarisms. The most barefaced of these are in "Israel in Egypt." Here Handel with insight and genius "has evoked from the very depths of these musical phrases, their secret soul, of which the first creators had not even a presentiment." It needed Handel's eye, or his ear, to discover in the Serenade of Stradella its biblical cataclysms. Each read and heard a work of art as it is, and yet not as it is; and one may conclude that it is not always the creator himself who has the most fertile view of it. The example of Handel well proves this. Not only did he create music, but very often he created that of others for them. Stradella and Erba were only for him (however humiliating the comparison) the flames of fire, and the cracks in the wall, through which Leonardo saw the living figures. Handel heard great storms passing through the gentle quivering of Stradella's guitar."

It is not easy to say which portion of this volume is to be preferred: the one that tells of Handel's adventures, struggles, trials and tribulations; or the one in which his technic and works are discussed. There is a much fuller account of the manner in which he employed the orchestra of his time in the "History of Instrumentation" by Lavoix the Younger, but it was left for Rolland to dwell on Handel's humor as shown in his music and to emphasize his descriptive faculties and his command of realistic effects. Especial attention is paid to his instrumental music with its chief characteristic of perpetual improvisation; for this music is "nearly always wrongly assessed by historians, and badly understood by artists, who treat it for the most part as a merely formal art." Rolland reminds us that the organ concertos were destined for the theatre, so it would be absurd to expect works in the strict, vigorous and involved style of J. S. Bach. "They were brilliant divertissements, of which the style, somewhat commonplace yet luminous and pompous, preserves the character of oratorio improvisations, finding their immediate effect on the great audience. . . . It is necessary then to view these organ concertos in the proper sense of magnificent concerts for a huge public." In his orchestral music Handel worked by beauty of designs and effects of light and shade rather than by brilliance, variety and novelty of tone-colors. Yet he was the first to introduce the use of the horn into the orchestra of the opera in London, and the first to assert the amorous or elegiac personality of the violoncello. "From the viola he knew how to secure many curious effects of indefinite and disquieting half-tones, he gave to the bassoons, a lugubrious and fantastic character, he experimented with new instruments, small and great, he used the drum (tambour) solo in a dramatic fashion for Jupiter's oath in 'Semele.'"

On page 61 there is an allusion to "the celebrated pamphlet of the priest Jeremias Collier." The author of "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage" was Jeremy, not Jeremias, not Jeremiah Collier.

C. M. S. McLellan, who died in England on Sept. 22, was a brilliant man. Born in Maine, he was first a journalist. Some may remember "The Black Cat," a short-lived periodical in which there was an amusing sketch of the early years of Mme. Emma Eames. Later he was associated with Town Topics; he was not responsible for the "society" news; he gave the literary and critical columns a delightfully personal touch. Then he turned librettist. We recall the book of "Puritania," for which Edgar Stillman Kelley wrote the music. More will remember the book and amusing lyrics of "The Belle of New York," "In Gay New York," "The Telephone Girl" and other musical comedies. He had the good fortune to be associated with Gus Kerker, a fertile melodist. In serious drama his most successful work was "Leah Kleschna."

About the time that "Puritania" was produced here Mr. McLellan was with several at a club. We remember his saying that he had only one ambition. "I should like to live in that part of Brookline you call Longwood, and have a white horse, safe in harness, and an old-fashioned carryall." Fate decreed otherwise. He grew prosperous through musical comedies, and for many years his home was in London.

Notes About the Stage and Film Plays

The London Times, as was seen by the quotation in the Herald of last Sunday, found that Barrie's "Professor's Love Story," revived at the Savoy Theatre by Mr. H. B. Irving, was old and, after all, a formula. The Pall Mall Gazette on the other hand rejoiced in the revival. "After over twenty years it proves a more than ever delicious little bit of Barrie sentiment and Barrie wit and whimsicality." But the Pall Mall Gazette could not understand Mr. Irving's desire to play the part of Prof. Goodwillie. "Mr. Irving does not, and probably never could, suggest a man who has never wakened to the central fact of life. So far as he is concerned it looks like a pleasant holiday. Though there are abundant little touches of cleverness here and there, one feels all the time that the absent-minded harmlessness and childlike simplicity are not in the grain. He makes the professor younger than Mr. Willard did, even at the beginning of the play—which is perhaps strictly right, as the professor is not supposed to be 'much more than forty.' But always one has the im-

ession of a keen, wide-awake, self-llected man 'putting it on.' Of course r. Irving does the part quite well ough for all necessary purposes, but e must resist the temptation to say at the revival is not a revelation eith- as regards his powers or the part's apabilities."

The reviewer quoted Clement Scott's ne about "bringing the scent of the ay over the footlights," and asked Was not this the actual play that in-ired that now immortal classic hrase?" Mr. Herman Klein answered at Scott's inspiration came, not from arrie's play but from the stage version Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Mad-ng Crowd" when it was first produced y the Kendals at the St. James's heatre.

The Dean of Durham's protest against e battlefield films contains a wholly nconvincing argument. He talks of e public disgust at the proposal to lm the cabinet, and asks how it is ossible, after this, that "crowds of ondoners feel no scruple at feasting eir eyes on pictures which present e passion and death of British sol-iers in the battle of the Somme." There no logical association of any kind etween these ideas that we can see. he cabinet film was to be admittedly "fake"—for obviously no cinemato-raph operator would be allowed to verhear the innermost deliberations of e government. The Somme pictures, n the other hand, are genuine mo-ents in history, and the best means et discovered for acquainting the peo-le at home with the terrors of war nd the magnitude of the sacrifice that daily being offered for them. We do ot believe that one man in a hundred oes to these pictures to satisfy a mere raving for sensation. The unfashion-bleness of the Dean of Durham's feel-ngs with regard to the cinematograph lms of the Somme battlefield is thickly nderlined by the King's remarks when he films were exhibited at Windsor astle. "The public should see these ictures," said his majesty. Anybody

who has attempted at the last moment o gain admission to one of the places where they are being shown cannot ail to recognize that the royal injunc-ion has been wholeheartedly antici-pated. It is to be hoped that the films an be sent preferentially to localities where munitions and ship workers can ee them. No argument for acceler-ted production is calculated to have he swift appeal to the heart that these plendid records would bring.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Maurice Jonas writes to Notes nd Queries: "The late Prof. Dowden in is Introduction to the International dition of 'Romeo and Juliet' makes ather a curious blunder when, referring o the apothecary, he names him Spo-entino. Bandello, who was Dowden's uthority, merely mentions the apothe-ary as coming from Spoleto to reside n Mantua, and nowhere refers to him y name." Perhaps Mr. Jonas will give s the names of the three murderers in 'Macbeth."

The success here of Edward Sheldon's lay, "Romance," with which Miss oris Keane has so firmly established erself, shows the value of London's all mark. Foreign rights that had een negligible while the play was be-ng produced in New York suddenly ecame of value. First the Australian nd South African rights were applied r and disposed of. And then in rapid uccession the rights of production were old to important theatre managements n Denmark, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Russia, Sweden and ndia.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Romance" was considered a poor lay in this country.

"Among those whom I met in Cali-orna," writes Sir Herbert Tree in the ondon Times, "was the renowned Charlie Chaplin.' Contrary to expec-ations, I found him to be a young man f a serious and sensitive disposition, who has artistic ambitions of a kind not uggested by his public records, and who in private life is thoughtful as well s versatile and entertaining."

Mr. Alfred Butt, replying to the ap-eal of Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien's appeal o theatrical managers, began by mak-ng this statement: "In war time there s, I think it is generally admitted, only ne way in which the theatre can be of eal service, and that is to amuse and ntertain the nation." He added:

"When the psychology of the war omes to be considered seriously, the ight nature of the entertainments of oday, studied side by side with the ppalling casualty lists, will no doubt eem very singular. Nevertheless, there s another side to the matter. I believe t was Napoleon who said that in war ime the most important thing next to eeding a nation was to keep up its pirits. I think on the whole the heatre—and in this, of course, I in-lude the music-halls—has nobly ful-filled this mission, despite the over-whelming difficulties it has had to con-end with, not only as regards added axation, but the difficulties of conduct-ng its business with depleted staffs, he disadvantages of lighting restric-ions, and many other adverse factors oo numerous to mention." Gen. Smith-Dorrien had complained of the haracter of music-hall entertainments. Mr. Butt answered: "I do not think that he very large majority of those re-ponsible for entertainments in the West End of London have any other esire than to present cheerful, bright stage performances which shall amuse, entertain, and at the same time be free from vulgarity and features of a doubtful character. My main reason for this assertion is that, apart altogether from sentiment or a sense of patriotism, managers have found by experience that it is clean, healthy shows that attract in the long run, and are the most continuously patronized, and, therefore, are the most successful. Unfortunately, there is a tendency on the part of some comedians to interpolate 'gags' and business which sometimes exceed the canons of good taste, but in such cases I hold the shows themselves suffer, and the comedians soon realize that impromptu wit is not wanted."

Mr. William Seymore of 34 East Thirty-second street, New York, known throughout the country as an actor and producer, purposes establishing a general theatrical exchange through which all the factors of a dramatic production may be "discussed, arranged for and obtained."

In the columns of this newspaper on Tuesday, exception was taken to a peculiarly offensive song rendered with great gusto at the Palace the day before by one Ruth Roye. It should be said, as a sequel to that paragraph, that the song was immediately and severely deleted from the program. The wise men who direct the Palace's destinies know full well that the number in the audience likely to be pleased by such entertainment is quite negligible compared with the number sure to be offended. Eternal vigilance is the price of decency there, but it pays. It pays a hundredfold. Such little episodes taint more than the Palace. They track dirt into the theatre.

Every one in our absurdly unsegregated theatre is injured when some one offends; its protection is the concern of all. A nasty play may have a fleeting prosperity of its own, but there is simply no calculating the havoc it works in the lessening of the playgoing habit. When a manager, by accident or by design, brings forth something of a fine and delicate beauty, and the public stays away in droves, he might, instead of railing at them, do well to ask himself how many of this new piece's potential patrons were discouraged from theatre-going by that rancid little play he put on the year before. There are publics and publics, including some who stay home to read Margaret Deland and play bridge until Maude Adams comes to town. And some who never go to the play at all. It is the business of the theatre systematically to win them over. —Mr. Woollcott in the New York Times.

Albert Chevaller appeared in a musical comedy, a farce of Cambridge life, "The Light Blues," at the Shaftesbury, London, Sept. 14.

Janet Achurch (Mrs. Charles Carrington) died at Ventnor, Sept. 11. Her performance of Nora in the first English performance of "A Doll's House," was the talk of London for many a day. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1883, when she was 19 years old. She visited the United States in 1895.

Notes About Concerts, Music and Musicians

Little has been said in the newspapers about the death of Fritz Steinbach, the conductor, although he died on Aug. 12. Having made his reputation at Meiningen, he went to Cologne. There was talk of him at one time as the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Willy Hess, then the concert master of the orchestra, urged the appointment, when Steinbach landed in New York to conduct a concert or two of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Hess met him there and the two were photographed in a friendly manner. Steinbach was famous as a conductor of Brahms's music. The Daily Telegraph, London, speaking of him as an interpreter of Brahms, recalled "some wonderfully virile readings of the Brahms symphonies—notably the C minor under him; but, strangely enough, where other composers were concerned, he hardly ever showed himself to be other than a sound conductor, and certainly never an inspired one."

The Herald has already quoted one opinion of Mr. Grainger's "Handel in the Street," played at the opening of the promenade concerts in London. It spoke of him as the guest of the evening, "who had something to tell us of the way people lived when Robert Walpole fitted them with a price and Horace with an epigram." "One felt curious to know what sort of liberties Mr. Grainger, who is wont to brush aside tradition with an impetuous, but not irreverent, hand, would take with the white wig that was 'a fitting in itself,' and the bowlegs of Mr. Handel as he elbowed his way from a rehearsal at Covent Garden to the water gate whence the royal barge was to push off for Limehouse, muttering the while to himself, or stopping for a moment to listen to an itinerant match seller. Would it be a laughable caricature like Beckmesser's, or a kindly parody like Sullivan's's quintet, or a mere replica like Grieg's 'Aus Holberg's Zeit'? But one might have known that he would do none of these things. To listen to Mr. Grainger is like paying a visit to a real cottage gardener, who delights in seeing things grow, not in their being fancy bulbs or priceless orchids, who abhors a piece of untenanted soil, and to whom 'thinning out' is anathema. His pleasure in finding a plant of love-in-the-mist is the pleasure of thinking on the way home where he will squeeze it in between his gentians and saxifrages. He does not call osmunda beautiful because it is rare, nor hemlock uninteresting because it is common. If a friend likes to send him a tearose, he will put it in; but if not, he will be quite as happy with a splash of crimson rambler. For this sort of music the title the composer selected is as good as any other; because Handel is beautiful and the Strand is interesting, and what more can any one want?"

So "Tipperary" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," it would seem, have found a rival in "Chalk Farm to Camberwell Green." Well, it's a long way to Tipperary, and only a 'bus ride from Chalk Farm to Camberwell Green (a title, by the way, that might sound pleasantly rustic to those who do not know their London). But apparently it has taken nearly a year for our gallant lads in khaki to discover the fearful joy of whistling the refrain of the cheery little song that Mr. Monckton gave to "Bric-a-Brac." And so, by a strange irony, the "appeal" from the "dug-out full of officers" who were "going slowly but surely crazy" over that air for assistance in discovering its identity appeared on the very day that "Bric-a-Brac" came to the end of its triumphant run. When you come to think of it, there can be very few "'bus routes" in London that would lend themselves readily to a rhythmically musical phrase. As a harmless recreation to some happy Londoners who are making holiday at the seaside we invite a few suggestions. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that none of our enterprising revue composers, in attempting to fashion such legends as "Victoria Station to Walthamstow," or "Barnes to Liverpool Street," into musical phrases, will end by finding himself at Hanwell. —London Daily Telegraph.

Promenade concerts have enjoyed almost a century and a half of popularity in this country. The first concerts of the kind seem to have been those given at the old Hanover rooms from about 1776 until 1830. Some of the greatest of the world's singers made their first appearance in England at these concerts, and much contemporary music was heard there for the first time by English audiences. For the origin of the "Proms," as we know them, however, we have to thank a Frenchman, Philippe Musard, who made his name as a conductor in Paris in 1833, and in 1838 came to London to conduct a series of "Promenade concerts a la Musard" at the Lyceum, which drew great crowds to the theatre. Musard's success quickly led to rival performances and promenades became the rage.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Herald mentioned last Sunday Toushmaloff's orchestral arrangement of Moussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition," played at a promenade concert in London, Sept. 7. The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of it as follows: "When Sir Henry Wood announced an orchestral arrangement by Toushmaloff of Moussorgsky's famous pictures, it looked at first as if he challenged comparison with his own version of the same work. But the impression created—so far as memory serves—is of two different conceptions, for either of which, according to taste, it would be easy to state a case. The Russian adapter's ingenuity is less obvious, but not necessarily greater on that account, as he was aiming at a different kind of realism. It is as if two scene painters were engaged upon the same act, one with Sir Herbert Tree in view and the other for modern repertory theatre."

And the Pall Mall Gazette had this to say about a "War Medley" played at a Promenade concert, Sept. 9: "There is a point where counterpoint—the art of making tunes 'go together,' as the amateur puts it—descends from the lofty throne on which the old masters installed it, and becomes almost vulgar. Especially is this the case when the object is unconnected with music. Had Glazounoff in his Paraphrase on the Allied Anthems continued for another eight or sixteen bars to juggle with scraps of the Japanese Anthem, odd lengths of 'Rule Britannia,' and melodic chips of Southeastern Europe generally, it would have been time to quote the tag of our schooldays, 'Si tacuisses.' . . . Mercifully he stopped in time. It would have been better still had he stopped after the plain and dignified statement of the seven hymns which forms the first part of the composition. In any case, since the same method serves to illustrate conflict in the '1812 Overture,' whilst here it purports to cement an alliance, there is more scope for ambiguity of meaning than should have passed the censor." At the same concert a "trifling" Serenade by Prowinsky, scored by Sir Henry Wood, was performed for the first time.

Miss Felice Lyne is in London to fulfil some special concert engagements.

It may be remembered that Mr. Ramon Blanchart, the operatic baritone, and for some time a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory, went to Bogota, Colombia, with his daughters Erminda and Salome to take part in operatic performances in the Colon Theatre of that city. It appears from a letter addressed to the editor of the Herald and dated Bogota, Aug. 29, that Miss Salome had marked success there as Micaela, Mimi, Violetta and Madama Butterfly. The critics spoke warmly in praise of her. The engagement, however, was not one of unalloyed pleasure, for the Comendador Blanchart found on his arrival that the company for which they had been engaged had been broken up. There was no impresario, no company. This company was the Mancini Grand Opera, and the engagement was for 14 weeks beginning in Bogota. It looked as if a return to Boston would be long delayed, but a cablegram brought relief from the New England Conservatory. Furthermore there were invitations to give concerts. The first one took place in the theatre on Aug. 26. The composers represented by Mr. Blanchart and his daughters were Wagner, Saint-Saens, Gounod, Thomas, Mozart, Alvarez, Yradler, Bizet, and Rossini.

The Ellis concerts in Worcester (ninth season) will be as follows: Tuesday, Nov. 7, Miss Emmy Destinn, soprano, and Clarence Whitehill, baritone; Tuesday, Dec. 5, the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Ernest Schelling, pianist; Tuesday, Jan. 9, the Boston Symphony orchestra; Tuesday, Jan. 30, Fritz Kreisler, violinist; Tuesday, Feb. 27, the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Frances Nash, pianist.

The Philharmonic Society of New York announces the season of 1916-17 as its jubilee year. America's oldest orchestral organization is now entering into the 75th year of existence. The activities of the society have been continuous since 1842, only one of its concerts having been postponed—the fifth of the 23d season scheduled for April 22, 1865. A week before this date President Lincoln was assassinated, and the concert was postponed until April 29. At this performance the "Ninth" Symphony of Beethoven was given, from which the choral portion, the Ode to Joy, was eliminated, and the Funeral March from the "Eroica" played in its stead. The jubilee year will be celebrated by a series of performances to be given in January.—New York Evening Post.

Mr. Archibald Sparke writes in Notes and Queries: "'The March of the Men of Harlech,' or, to use its Welsh title, 'Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech,' is said to be 'beyond question the finest specimen of martial music in the world.' The composer's name is unknown; it was probably composed during the Wars of the Roses, when Harlech Castle was besieged by Gwilym Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, for Edward IV. (1468-9). Richard Llwyd says:

"'We are indebted to this siege for the spirited strain, "The March of the Men of Harlech." The hardships suffered by the brave garrison was so much the subject of conversation in the country that it gave rise to a malediction still living in the voice of the neighborhood, "Yn Harlech y bochwi' (Go to Harlech). In the "Antiquities of Wales," written by Dr. Nicholas, it is stated that "by the order of the King (Edward IV.) William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, led a powerful army to Harlech, and demanded the surrender of the place; but Sir Herbert, the Earl's brother, received from the stout defender this answer—'I held a tower in France till all the women in Wales heard of it, and now all the women in France shall hear how I defend this castle.' Famine, however, at length succeeded, and the intrepid Welshman made an 'honorable capitulation.' The old words, if they ever existed, have perished; the Welsh verses in present use were written by J. Ceiriog Hughes. The song was introduced into England by Mr. John Thomas, harpist to Queen Victoria, at St. James's Hall, on July 4, 1862."

Winthrop B. Cortelyou of New York, who during the past three seasons has been a special student at the New England Conservatory of Music, composed the music of "A Regular Girl," a musical comedy which was produced at Stamford, Ct., last week, and is now on the road preparatory to production in New York. The book and lyrics are by William Cary Duncan of New York and F. Otis Drayton of Belmont, financial secretary of the New England Conservatory Alumni Association and editor of the Conservatory-Magazine-Review. Some of the music was played at one of the Pops in Symphony Hall in June, 1915. The company includes Ralph Hertz, John Gardner, Alice Hills, Eleanor Henry and Mary Horton. Mr. Cortelyou will return to the conservatory for advanced work. His father, the former secretary of the treasury, is a vice-president of the conservatory's board of trustees.

MR. MUDGETT'S CONCERTS.

In addition to the regular Sunday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall, Mr. L. H. Mudgett announces the following concerts at Jordan Hall for the season 1916-17, with the dates: Ethel Leginska, pianist, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 14; Mischa Levitzki, pianist, Thursday afternoon, Oct. 19; Teresa Carreno, pianist, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 21; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 28; Percy Grainger, pianist, Friday afternoon, Nov. 3; Albert Spalding, violinist, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 4; Marie Van Dresser, soprano, Monday afternoon, Nov. 6; Harold Bauer, pianist, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 8; James Friskin, pianist, Friday evening, Nov. 10; Kitty Cheatham, interpreter of songs and Negro melodies, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 11;

Joseph Malkin, cellist, Wednesday evening, Nov. 1. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 18. Olive Van Barentzen, soprano, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 22. Nicholas Orlukaneff, baritone, Wednesday evening, Nov. 22. Flonzaley quartet, chamber music, Thursday evening, Nov. 30, the first of their series of three concerts. Other artists to appear later in the season are: The Longy Club, in their regular series of three concerts. Efrem Zimbalist, John Culp, Louis Cornell, George Copeland, Jacques Thibaud, Lester Donahue, Elena Gerhardt, Claire Forbes, Arthur Alexander, Oscar Seagle, Louis Graveure, the Witek-Malkin trio, Anita Hartley, Irma Seydel, Evan Williams, Olga Samaroff, Oliver Denton, Charles Cooper and Roderick White. Additional concerts of interest will be announced later.

COPLEY THEATRE—First appearance of the Henry Jewett Players in George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," a play in four acts.

Dolly Clandon.....Jessamine Newcombe
Mr. Valentine.....Lionel Glenister
Mad.....Elizabeth Merson
Philip Clandon.....Leon Gordon
Mrs. Clandon.....Isabel Morson
Miss Gloria Clandon.....Gladys Morris
Mr. Crampton.....Leonard Craske
Mr. McComas.....Leonard Grey
William.....Fred. W. Permain
Mr. Bohun.....Cameron Matthews

The season of the Henry Jewett Players began auspiciously last evening at the Copley Theatre with a capital performance of Shaw's entertaining play.

Mr. Jewett is to be congratulated upon having assembled a company of unusual excellence. This excellence is the more to be admired when the low price of admission charged is taken into consideration.

Many members of the company are English and they have the poise, fine diction and distinction of bearing inseparably associated with the best traditions of the English stage.

The story of the play is familiar. It is a battle of wits between a 20th century sister and an old fashioned father, the dual of sex fought by a modern Athene and a crafty male with the technic of an accomplished philanderer.

The playwright laughs in turn at the father, a petty tyrant, who insists upon his parental authority, his right to filial obedience, ready to enforce his wishes by physical violence, and at the mother whose scientific education has left her daughter wholly unfitted to face the natural call of romance and who at once succumbs to the charms of a clever suitor.

Though the performance dragged somewhat, a fault easily forgiven upon a first night, and which will no doubt be speedily remedied, it was otherwise smooth, refreshing, polished. The stimulating dialogue was greatly enjoyed.

The characters were excellently cast. Miss Morson played Mrs. Clandon with genuine distinction. Miss Morris was a charming Gloria at first appropriately naughty, then adorable in her weakness and perplexity. The irrepressible twins Dolly and Philip were played with much animation by Miss Newcombe and Mr. Gordon. Mr. Glenister was an engaging Valentine, astute in argument, an ardent lover. Mr. Permain's William, an admirable bit of character work, was a feature of the performance. Nor should the characters of Mr. Craske and the impersonation of Mr. McComas, the waiter, by Mr. Grey, be overlooked.

There is no leading role in this play. It would be difficult to imagine a better balanced company, more effective individually and collectively.

An attractive repertoire of plays is announced. Mr. Jewett and his company deserve every encouragement. Next week Barrie's fantasy in four acts—"The Admirable Crichton," will be given.

Oct 2 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

"The Old Un" has written to us suggesting that the terror of the Germans at the very sight of the British "caterpillar" is due to the apparent realization of the deadly worm Fafner.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of "Things that Matter" and the suggestions appended thereto in a recent issue of your department, is there anything much snobbisher (I rather like this word) than the custom affected by some of the more lordly mercantile establishments in New York; to wit, that of displaying no outward and visible sign stating who is the inward and unspiritual proprietor? There are several on Fifth avenue of which this can be said. Not to know which shop is Altman's and which Tiffany's argues oneself a rube. Of course such things bring their own remedy with them. The sincerest form of flattery, if sufficiently persisted in, would ruin the dry goods and jewelry business all the way from the Park to the Washington arch.

By way of contrast, let us now praise the growing custom, which I suspect even the contemplative Herkimer must have noticed, whereby the country post-offices are made to reveal their geographical identity to the wayfaring motorists. Time was when one knew one was in Tewskbury by a sort of intuition, the economic radius of the Goddard buggy being small. Today, when a Sabbath day's journey is bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis and on the east by the preeession of the Equinoxes, one may pass in one's flight through half a hundred obscure hamlets and not know whether the peculiarly attractive one is Sandown, or Epping, or Windham Junction, unless charitably informed. Behold the village green, the Congregational Church, the shaded street, the well-kept front yards. You, hailing, let us say, from Fall River, cannot be expected to know by sight all the villages in Rockingham county. What a relief, then, to find that the village store-keeper has thoughtfully appended a handsome gilt-lettered sign reading "Hampstead Postoffice"! For this we are indebted to the automobile and the all-conquering gasoline. The custom isn't universal, but it deserves to be made compulsory.

You might infer from this that I am the proud owner of a Ford. I am not. But my friends somehow manage to afford motors and they are reasonably generous. The subject which I have been discussing, however, leads me to a further question as to the desirability of marking the 57 more common varieties of motor cars so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. By due diligence I am now able to distinguish a few on sight. The Tin-Lizzie heralds herself from afar, being simply unlike anything else in the heaven above or in the earth beneath. Even the robe carelessly thrown over the radiator on winter days fails to serve as an adequate disguise. But the chariots of the proud—who shall write the monograph about them, like Sherlock Holmes's dissertation of 140 kinds of cigar ash, to enable us inept pedestrians to know the exact manner of our end just before being run down? I could endure being sent to an infirmary by a Rolls-Royce, if I knew that was what it was. Will not some helpful genius give us a non-technical work on "How to Tell the Packards from the Fee-ats"? JOSIAH TYNG.

Nashua Meridionale, Nov. Hant.

Thoughtful Charlie.

We learn from the London Times that Sir Herbert Tree had the honor of meeting Mr. Charlie Chaplin in California. Sir Herbert found Mr. Chaplin to be a young man of serious and sensitive disposition, thoughtful and ambitious. Possibly Mr. Chaplin is contemplating an appearance as Hamlet on the legitimate stage. As is well known, Mr. Eddie Foy is consumed with desire to play the melancholy Dane, and has already made preparatory studies.

A Good Old Song.

Will any one oblige us with the words of the song: "Who Threw the Overalls Into Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?"

For Football.

As the World Wags:

Can you or Mr. Herkimer Johnson tell me what a "cowhide student" is? One of our largest department stores advertises "cowhide students' bags."

Boston. F. W. S.

M'CORMACK, AT

John McCormack made his first appearance in Boston this season at the Boston Opera House last evening under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus Building Association of Greater Boston. It is an old story for the singer to fill Symphony Hall to overflowing, but last evening he tested to the full the capacity of the big auditorium.

Persons in all walks of life of Greater Boston were there to welcome the singer and indorse the purpose of the evening—the erection of a Catholic social centre building. Bostonians in and out of public office were present, and there was a large representation of the clergy of the archdiocese. Many prominent in the judicial, professional, business and social life of the city were also in evidence.

Midway in the program John E. Riley, president of the building association, spoke eloquently of the proposed building, the necessity for it, the success he had met in collection of funds which already amounted to $[illegible], and the hearty co-operation he had had from Cardinal O'Connell; and he urged those in the gathering who had not already contributed, except through their appearance last evening, to become identified with the movement. The speaker added that the new building would excel in appointments anything of a similar nature in the country, and membership in the association would be open to the entire Catholic population.

Mr. McCormack was assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist. Edwin Schneider was accompanist. Mr. McCormack was heard in the following songs: Prize song from "The Meistersinger," Wagner; "The Poor Irish Lad," Handel; "Ave Maria," Schubert; "May Night," Brahms; "Wanderer's Song," Schumann; "The Bard of Armagh," Hughes; "Ballynure Ballad," Hughes; "In Dublin's Fair City," Page; "The Irish Emigrant," Baker; "Three Shadows," Burleigh; "Your Eyes," Schneider; "The Old Refrain," Kreisler; "Before You Came," Wilson. Mr. McBeath's contributions were: Adagio and Allegro, Cervetto-Salmon; Sarabande and Allegro, Leclair; Gavotte, Rameau; Adagietto, Bizet; "Zigeuner Weisen," Sarasate.

Mr. McCormack, responding to vociferous applause—applause that was pleasantly reminiscent of the early days of the original Boston Opera Company was generous in lengthening his program. The singer was especially fortunate in the Irish songs. "The Irish Emigrant" was given with deep feeling, and expressed longing, loyalty and the vision of home.

Much interest was centred in Handel's "The Poor Irish Lad." The song was discovered only recently in the British Museum. It was arranged from an autographed manuscript by Dr. William H. Cummings. The composer, who had a profound admiration for the music of Ireland, was the author of several Celtic songs, of which this is thought to be the only one in existence.

Oct 3 1916

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Rio Grande," a melodrama in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by the Charles Frohman Company at the Empire Theatre, New York, April 4, 1916.

Bill Hecht.....Frank Campeau
Col. Wolcott.....Edwin Brandt
Col. Bannard.....A. H. Van Buren
Dr. Carson.....Francis M. Verdi
Nan.....Elsie Rizer
Lt. Ellsworth.....Robert W. Frazer
Mrs. Lane.....Amelia Gardner
Maj. Lane.....Harry W. Forsman
Sue Meadows.....Belle Starr
Capt. Meadows.....Leo Lindhard
Mexican.....Juan Villasana
Trooper Redmond.....E. Alan Cooper
Katie.....Agnes Martin
Trooper Casey.....Lawrence Milliken
Doctor's Assistant.....George Villasana
Dr. Morris.....William McNabb

Of the leading characters only Miss Gardner was in the original cast.

Col. Wolcott, an old friend of Col. Bannard, is anxious about the future of his daughter Nan. He is inclined to look favorably on her marrying a well-to-do onion farmer. As the Roman Emperor remarked, he saw no difference between the smell of this money and that of any gained otherwise. Now the daghter, Nan, is in love with the young lieutenant, Ellsworth. A vagrant Mexican stabs Wolcott, who commends Nan to Bannard.

In this play Mr. Thomas puts aside psychology, new thought, everything occult. He has written a straight melodrama. Melodrama is to be desired, provided it is exciting. We confess to a weakness for the old-fashioned play, in which a mysterious old woman gives a love letter to some gallant young cavalier appointing an assignation, or the gallant cavalier is seen at once drawing a sword to defend a young lady in distress. But Mr. Thomas's melodrama tells an ordinary story in an ordinary way. The title leads the theatregoer to expect a tale of the border, with allusions to the present complications. He looks forward to seeing United States officers in all their glory and Greasers, picturesque and malignant; or he hopes to hear allusions to President Wilson's treatment of the Mexican problem. But "Rio Grande" is not a zealous political tract.

The play tells only the old story that might be told of life in any village or city. A woman is bored. She has an affair with a younger man than her husband, who does not "understand" her and thinks she should be content with his polite attentions and an occasional visit to a moving picture show. Her intrigue is known to a man desirous of her. In this instance he is her husband's orderly, who makes an assault on her. Stricken with remorse, she writes a letter of confession to her husband as he is going to the front. The colonel does not read it and Mrs. Lane, guide, philosopher, friend to the wife, does not wish her husband, the major, to keep this letter which has been intrusted to him. The lover shoots himself. The colonel returning kills the orderly and embraces his wife, although the expression of his face shows that in so doing he has an inward agony.

We have a right to expect a better play than "Rio Grande" from Mr. Thomas. The story is thin and commonplace. The precise relationship between the wife and Ellsworth is not clearly told, nor are there any scenes in which the wife's infatuation has plausible excuse. At the end the colonel kills the orderly, that he may not live to cloud happiness by his sneaking knowledge. He does this without fear of a court-martial. If the story is weak, the dialogue is for the most part commonplace, and the drawing of character is at the best feeble. There is little that is convincing; there is little that is really melodramatically human.

Nor did the performance as a whole cause one to forget the inherent weakness of the play. Miss Gardner endowed Mrs. Lane with life and character. She made her womanly and resourceful, a very help in time of trouble. Miss Rizer was a pretty Nan, quietly and mildly emotional. Of the men Mr. Forseman was the most successful in delineation of character. Mr. Van Buren drawled in everyday speech. In his moments of mental agony, he too evidently lashed himself into a passion. Mr. Campeau was an appropriately melodramatic villain. The first two acts dragged, but this was chiefly the fault of Mr. Thomas. There was a large audience.

A London journalist, noting the dying away of the controversy, "Should Women Preach?"—echoes of it were heard in this commonwealth—has come to the conclusion that the newspaper correspondent "takes him and herself far more seriously nowadays than was the custom formerly. I don't remember seeing anything so light-hearted in the women preachers discussion as the epigram of a barrister, contributed to the outcry that arose many years ago upon the introduction of the surplice in place of the black gown.

I do not know and do not care,
What dress a parson ought to wear,
A black dress or a white dress,
Having a sorrow of my own,
A wife who preaches in her gown
And lectures in her night dress.

"Give Me the Old."

As the World Wags:

You truthfully remark: "The old reading books were worth saving." So, also, were the old arithmetics and other school books. This list might well be extended to include the old song books and dime novels.

Here is a sample problem from the North American Arithmetic (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1838): "There were seven farmers, three of whom drank rum and whiskey and became miserable; the rest drank water and were healthy and happy. How many drank water?" This was accompanied by an illustration showing four men sober and three men in various stages of intoxication.

Where is that geography that acted as a screen for Beadle's Dime Novels, the Nickel Library, and Old Cap Collier?

The old-timer, longing for the songs of his youth, might turn to the pages of "Trifet's Harmonized Melodies" (Boston, 1892). There he would find "Lurline, Do You Think of Me Now?" "Linger Near Me, Little Treasure," "She Sleeps Among the Daisies," "Look Into Mine Eyes Again," and scores of songs, sentimental and otherwise, from "The Cork Leg" and "Champagne Charley" to "I've Worked Eight Hours This Day."

And the "mother" songs! There are over 50 of them written in sentimental vein, while father comes in for his usual slamming with "Father Is Drinking Again," "Old Man Ain't Himself No More," etc.

By the way, where has vanished the clog artist who took a notion to set his feet in motion in a laudable endeavor to demonstrate an up-to-date style of the song and dance of good old English times? W. L. L.

Melrose.

Is there in any arithmetic a sum in which the honest farmer is introduced as drinking switchel in haying time and hard cider in the winter?—Ed.

"Bombed."

As the World Wags:

It is bad enough to find London newspapers speaking of "strafing" a German or a British citizen. The word seems to have made its way into familiar English speech. I now find even newspapers in Boston using the verb "to bomb." War is destructive of the purity of a language, though it may enlarge the dictionary.

SIMON B. PERKINS.

Cambridge.

"Strafing" is indefensible. The verb "to bomb" is sound English. It is as old as 1688. There is a line in one of Sedley's poems (1704): "While you bomb towns in France." Nelson used the word in one of his dispatches. You will find all this in the Oxford dictionary, but not in the "Concise Oxford Dictionary." While we are speaking about old words and neologisms, let us heed the complaint of "J. C. W." in notes and queries of Sept. 16. He objects to the phrase, "Don't be longer than you can help." He asks, "Why is this phrase used? It plainly should be, 'Don't be longer than you can not help.' It means 'Do not be longer than avoidable.' The time 'avoidable' is the time you cannot help taking." One answer is that made by the New York Sun long ago: "The English language is not what it should be but what it is."

Wakkos.

A correspondent from Lancaster asked on Sept. 25 the meaning of "wakkos," for two were recently advertised, "one 3500 years old." The Herald has received the following explanation:

As the World Wags:

I have never seen the word spelled, but the inquiry doubtless refers to vessels of pottery from the graves of the Incas in Peru. We have several in our family. Some have a base like a bowl, holding about a pint, with a slender tube top. One has two tubes, and water poured from one to the other by gently tipping the bowl produces a sound like cooing. A small bird surmounts one tube. This has always been called the mourning dove. Two specimens are to be seen in the Portsmouth Athaeneum.

MARY A. P. WHITE.

Portsmouth, N. H.

The "Mild" September.

The Daily Chronicle of London thought that last month might be the decisive one of the war. The journal named these "Martial Memories" associated with the month. The capitulation of Sedan, the capture of Quebec and Malta, the battles of Amdurman, Dunbar, Sebastopol, Alma, Zutphen, Pinkie, Malplaquet, Brandywine, Poictiers, Busaco, the death days of Cromwell and Wellington, and the birthday of Lord Roberts.

"THE DEVIL'S HARVEST" AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Successful First Performance of Play with Moral.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Leffler and Bratton present "The Devil's Harvest," a play in four acts by Edward E. Rose. First performance in Boston.

John Howell is happy as the proprietor of a modest notion store in Wellville. Daniel Carr induces him to open a cafe as a partner. The cafe prospers. Their success leads the partners to open a house of questionable repute. This place thrives and Celeste, its "queen," charms Howell.

Tom Bradley starts a paper and hounds the liquor interests, his special targets being Carr and Howell. Carr sees an opportunity to compromise Bradley, and by inference names the latter as a "friend" of Howell's wife. Carr overshoots his mark, Howell's eyes are opened. Rum and he are no longer friends; besides the town of Wellville, through the efforts of Tom Bradley, has now gone dry at the election.

Edward B. Reese, as Tom Bradley, gave an interesting performance of the young journalist. Whether in his lighter moments, in his suit for the hand of Helen, or as the unrelenting foe of liquor, he was always effective.

Kathryn Stevens as Mary Howell played her few emotional scenes in capable fashion.

JACK NORWORTH BACK AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Hawaiian Troupe and Other Entertaining Features on Bill.

Just returned from two years in the European war zone, Jack Norworth appeared at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday. He had several new songs and humorous stories of London life in war time.

Sharing honors on the bill was Toots Paka, who started the Hawaiian craze, and her native Hawaiian singers and instrumentalists in the mysterious hula hula dance of native Hawaii. They played weird melodies on strange instruments and contributed some American ragtime as well, besides some classical music. Miss Paka, wearing the native grass dress, of the native hula hula dancer, illustrates the sinuous grace of the native dancers. The act has a tropical setting with dim lighting effects.

Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond, in "They Auto Know Better," produced a burlesque runabout and kept the house laughing.

"Finders-Keepers," a comedy act with a moral, was given by George Kelly and Anna Cleveland, with the effective assistance of Miss Nora O'Connor.

The surrounding bill is one of excellence, containing Alexander brothers, ball bouncers; Billy Schoen and Elizabeth Mayne in a singing and dancing act; Lovenberg sisters and Neary brothers in songs; Jim and Marion Harkins in a novelty specialty and Staine's Tan-bark Comedians and a one-ring circus.

Next week "Pop" Anson, the grand old man of baseball, and his daughters, together with Nellie V. Nichols, comedienne, will be the headliners.

ALLEN A. BROWN DIES AT HOME

Allen A. Brown, prominent for more than 50 years in Boston musical circles and widely known as the donor of his private musical library —the finest in the country, and perhaps in the world—to the Boston Public Library, died yesterday at the Hotel Clifford, 25 Cortes street, where he resided. He was ill about a year.

In addition to the library which bears his name, another noteworthy benefaction of his was the gift to the same institution of his collection of books, clippings, programs, letters and portraits relating to the drama, gathered during nearly three score years of his life and from various parts of the world.

The depth of his interest in music was plainly evinced by the work he did for Boston musical organizations. For 55 years he was one of the library committee of the Harvard Musical Association; for nearly 50 years he was a member of the music committee of the Apollo Club; was one of the organizers of the Foster Club, which was the parent organization of the Cecelia Club; was an active member of the Cecelia Club, and was a singer in the choirs of Boston churches. From his college days he was a systematic collector of manuscripts and publications pertaining to music and the drams.

Native of Boston.

Mr. Brown was born in Boston, July 26, 1835, son of Nathan and Ann (Hagget) Brown, both of old Boston families. His education started in the Boston public schools, and continued in Roxbury, whither his parents removed when he was a boy. He was prepared for college in the Roxbury Latin school and entered Harvard with the class of 1856. While there, he was prominent in musical affairs, and had for companions a set of young men of whom a larger proportion than usual became men of achievement. During his junior year he taught school at Marion.

After leaving college Mr. Brown began business as a clerk in the Boston counting room of Gardner & Coolidge, East India importers. He entered the stationery business for himself in 1860, and in 1871, upon the death of his father, he took the latter's place in the firm of J. E. & N. Brown & Co., and so continued for four years, when he retired to become confidential clerk for the late Stanton Blake.

Gift of His Library.

He had traveled around the world and had made frequent journeys to Europe and to the Pacific coast for pleasure and in connection with his trusts. His travels enabled him to enlarge his collection of musical literature. In his modest letter of Oct. 13, 1894, formally conveying to the city of Boston his private collection, now the Allen A. Brown Musical Library, occupying the most beautiful room on the special library floors of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Brown observed that it was his intention to add to the collection from year to year, with the idea of making it as complete and representative as possible. This he did with the result that the collection, which at the time of its transfer was regarded by those whose good fortune it had been to know it the best musical working library in the country, today is widely recognized as superior in extent, thoroughness, and character to any modern musical library accessible to students and critics; while in many ways it is absolutely unique among collections of its kind.

Funeral Tomorrow.

A. Parker Browne, who also was one of the organizers of the Apollo Club, and who has served as president, vice-president and secretary of the Handel and Haydn Society, was a very intimate friend of Allen A. Brown. Last night Mr. Browne expressed his sorrow at the loss of his dear friend and spoke in praise of his character and capability.

Mr. Brown is survived by three brothers, Arthur K., with whom he resided in Cortes street; Joseph E. of Brooklyn, and William H., of Chicago. The funeral service will be at the Central Congregational Church, Newbury street, Wednesday at 1 P. M.

Oct 4 1910

Some little time ago I read in a German paper an article on the manners of the "dreadful" English at table. How they swallowed goboets of beef, washed down by gulps of strong waters, and ravings of similar kind. Latterly, however, we are introduced to a new kind of table "Kultur," which puts the boot on the other foot. Arising from the shortage of food, there is agitation in the German newspapers that diligent knawing of bones, the mopping up of sauce and gravy with a piece of bread, the bringing of one's own bread to a restaurant should be regarded as permissible. Having seen the German in his own beloved Berlin restaurant, I should have thought that a newspaper campaign in favor of such little mannerisms was entirely unnecessary.

Forced Temperance.

It may be added that not long ago a Berlin journal suggested that any person found guilty of over-feeding should be made liable to imprisonment. A law of this nature was promulgated in France during the reign of Charles IX. The cost of living had reached a preposterous height. The law said that no person should eat more than three courses at a meal. The amount to be served at each course was also prescribed. Anyone disregarding the law was fined heavily.

Local Geography.

As the World Wags:

Your wise and witty discussion of place names reminds me of some odd things in the local geography of my youth. We had within a few miles of us Catswamp, Corner Ketch (surely of grim connotation), Hard Scrabble, Fagg's Manor, Katy Dysart's, Ogletown (not quite so merry a spot as one might suppose from the name), Red Lion, Rising Sun, Bird-in-Hand (the last three named for old inns of colonial days), Kit's Hammock, Norney's, and some further away, Melitota, Dame's Quarter, Bermuda Hundred, Habnab, Rockawalking, Doubs, Comus, American Corner, Girdletree and a dozen more of like fashion. Some estate names in my own family connection (we have no estates now) were sufficiently odd. My grandfather called his queer old brick house with its surroundings acres Salem, which was well enough for a Presbyterian elder, but why was another estate in the family connection called Genezer, and still another Simpleton? My wife some time since suggested that we name our modest suburban acre The Iris, because of our extensive use of that plant in the scheme of decoration. "What, woman!" cried I. "Would you ruin us socially? Don't you realize that the whole suburb would suppose it The Irish, and what family of newcomers could survive such a suspicion in the liberal atmosphere of Greater Boston?" So our acre remains nameless.

JOHN LACKLAND.

Somewhere in the Suburbs.

House Lore.

As the World Wags:

Is it true that if my cook wishes to preserve the color of green vegetables she should see that they are boiled in a saucepan without a lid on? My neighbor told me yesterday that a piano should not be played on the day it is tuned. Is this because the piano would at once be out of tune again?

Andover. HESTER JOY.

Mary Jane may be able to answer your first question. We remember that on a memorable occasion Mr. Daniel Quilp drank half a pint of boiling hot rum from a little saucepan and compelled Mr. Sampson Brass to follow his example. The color of the rum was undoubtedly preserved. Opinions differ concerning the advisability of playing a piano on the day it has been tuned. The ability of the pianist and the character of the music enter into the answer. Piano tuners almost always play a sparkling improvisation before they leave the room. We think they improvise, for they never play a "set piece," not even a familiar air, sentimental or comic. Perhaps there are composers who write for piano tuners only; publishers who have no other customers. In an apartment house, a respectable tenement, a burgess warren, a piano in any flat should be carefully tuned. The janitor should then lock the piano, take the key and allow a performance only once or twice a week and for a half-hour at a time.—Ed.

In Search of Copy.

London journalists have been propounding questions for discussion: Have the majority of great writers been short or tall? Is one author's voice an unfailing index to his writing? What is the profession that has produced more bachelors than any other—"counting only distinguished men"? "Shall we ever see the day of a Bishop with a mustache?" (At present an English bishop can wear, by an unwritten code, a mustache only when it goes with a beard.) How does a policeman come to be called a "scuffer"?

All these questions lead to amiable and possibly improving excursions, but today we ask only the last. Was a policeman ever known as a "scuffer" in the New England or middle states? Copper, peeler, bobby were brought over the Atlantic and adopted. An officer that "cops" anyone is a copper. The other two words refer to Sir Robert Peel, the founder of the force. In London a policeman is sometimes called a slop, "a corruption of 'ecilop' ('police' spelt backwards)." In Dundee a policeman is a "snout." He wears a helmet "with a bold peak fore and aft." Why scuffer? In dialect "scuff" is the nape of the neck. To scuff is to strike a slight glancing blow, or to walk with dragging feet. In universal English the back of the neck, as used to grasp and lift or drag an animal or person, is "scruff." Does all this account for "scuffer"? And why in thieves' slang is a policeman a "bull"? By the way, a mob is often characterized as "drunken scuffs."

Oct 5 1916

We knew that we should not appeal to our correspondents in vain, when we asked for information concerning a good old song, a ballad of the heart and home. Perhaps some one will now recite the missing lines of "The Captain Went Below."

Mrs. Murphy's Chowder.

As the World Wags:

I fear I cannot give you the whole of the legend concerning the discovery of foreign ingredients in Mrs. Murphy's chowder, but here is what I remember of the Pacific coast version which I delighted in chanting at the parental board when the soup was not to my taste—to the disgust of one or both of the presiding elders. But all this was when I was young and foolish, say eight or 10 years ago.

A chemist, dressed in working clothes,
Was pounding up some powder.
And that is why the question rose—
"Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"

I am not quite sure of the third line, though I am certain the others are right. I have a hazy notion that this is not the whole of the charming ditty, for I am under the impression that the locale was the rear porch of Mrs. Murphy's residence and that the chowder had been set there to cool. I also feel sure that the word "neighborhood"—with the accent strongly on the antepenult and ultima—was in some manner employed. Further than this I cannot remember. But then I always was more interested—at that age—in twelve-gauge shot-guns than in memorizing poetry. I claim to be the only native American youth who learned neither "Aye, tear her" or "Ye call me."

OCCIDENTUS.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

I can add one line about Mrs. Murphy. I never heard any more.

"Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"
Nobody answered, so they hollered all the louder.

As for "cowhide students," I have met several and found them to be invariably bull-headed and bossy. C. T.

Newton.

"F. E. C." sends the chorus:

"Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"
Nobody answered, so they shouted all the louder.
'Tis an Irish trick, 'tis true,
And I'll lick the Mick that threw
The overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder.

An Express Question.

As the World Wags:

Recently the Boston Herald had a story upon a subject of vital interest to me, and many, in re the getting of "rum" by express in no-license towns. My trouble is as follows:

1. My town is a no-license town.
2. I am a total consumer.
3. There is an express company at the "Centre" with a "pony" license, whose zone of delivery does not reach me at the "Corner."
4. There is an express office at the "Corner," but no "pony" license.

Quaere: May I have wet goods sent to me by express at the "Corner," get them myself, and deliver them per wheelbarrow at my country home, if I have no license, "pony" or otherwise?

I understand, that the matter is now before some state commission for decision. Won't you ask the Herald to be good enough to print what the commission decides?

WILLIAM DE WAMPUM.

P. S.—Speaking of Indian names, our railroad station is Wampum and our back piazza commands a fine view of Knuckup Hill. A nearby lake used to be called Wallomonopoag. The name has since been changed! W. DE W.

One Thing Missing.

As the World Wags:

Following to some degree Mr. H. G. Dwight's poem, "Newark Bay," in the August Atlantic, I may say that I have walked in the Elysian Fields, and about the square of the Belfry of Bruges, and that I have often loitered in a humbler square at Grenoble where there is a dark and fervant church and a great school where men really study. I may say that I have done all these things but that I still love Boston "Common." Now it chanced that I was passing by the edge of the pond on Sunday with Sirron the poet. Light clouds were infinitely distant overhead. The crowd walked slowly up and down or sat talking or asleep on benches. Small children sought to recover their tall four masters by hurling a stone tied to a string far out into the water and then if it caught hold of the floating stick they would haul it in. All was quite beautiful yet something was not there. And then we reached the pleasant Greek temple with its gravelly lawn. In it were chairs and music stands, but from it came no music. Now since to stroll properly one must have music, and since to make holiday at all one must have song, and since neither were there we saw what was amiss.

In some distant time you may read Sirron's poem of grief, but I, who have no gift of song must protest at once against the niggard piggishness of those who have silenced the voice of the temple to keep joy from the hearts of the poor. C. G. PAULDING.

Cambridge.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

D[illegible] seen the door to anecdotage and [illegible] Paris's [illegible] drawing a moral or an 'Instance' from the death of Harpignies, the [illegible] painter which came soon after that of Metchnikoff.

Metchnikoff lived for [illegible] years on sterilized fruits and sour milk. He avoided excess of any kind. "He dragged on to 7[illegible] years with difficulty. Harpignies ate like a trooper, drank long and deep, and in more ways than one was a veritable Falstaff; he lived till 97 and was hale and hearty to the last. The two were hard workers. Harpignies never tired of telling about a centenarian in Burgundy. The Dijon Scientific Research Society, curious, found that the dead man had lived a sober, righteous and godly life; he drank only water, rose with the sun and was painfully industrious. All this was highly edifying. One of the members of the society, as they were leaving, asked if there were other examples of longevity in the family.

"Oh, yes, he still has a brother 104 years old."

"And can this old gentleman be seen?"

"Certainly, you'll find him at the pot-house. He has not stirred from there these 50 years past, and hardly any one living about here can remember to have seen him sober."

An Appreciation.

Yr Honble Sir: Sharkeye Pete says to me yesterday did I see this yarn in the World Wag about Jarge and his glass eyes, which I says no I did not so he reads it to me from a old Herald what that doctor swab leaves. I not having edoication. It's bloody good, he says. Well shiver my doldrums mate, but that yarn was like a breeze from the old Caribbean and greatly did we admire them funny tricks of that Liverpool Jarge, having seen many such ourselves but not able to pitch them yarns like this Shaghellion done, not even on a dozen goes of rumbo. Now what I wants to ask, Mister World Wag, begging your pardon sir for the favor but we'd take it kind if you was to toss a bit of a line to this here Captain Shaghellion, for captain he is by now we doubt it not and a roaring good shipmate he was or chuck me to the sharks. And tel him Ship Ahoy from me and Sharkeye what's writing this letter, hoping you can do the same for that yarn was all gospel true and ask him sometime in the dogwatch won't be maybe tip us another yarn sometime about his old shipmate Jarge and very thefty will it be to us poor swabs that's now laying in Execution Docks account of a yammering Lascar hand what I caved in his cutwater with a pint one night in Saint Kitts he being only a skeleton anyway and wishing you fair weather for the duff and doubloons I remain

Execution Docks. L. J. SILVER.

Tea and the Muse.

As the World Wags:

A day or so ago Mr. Swett quoted two examples of tea-table quotations, both from accepted sources. I wonder whether he ever happened to run across the following dainty ditty, which Punch tells us, or rather told us—it was years ago—was sung before Her Britannic Majesty by a Chinese lady.

[illegible lines]

Though the Chinese may appear rather abstruse to the cursory reader, a little attentive study will soon overcome the difficulties of the language, which reminds me somewhat of Dean Swift's Latin.

Even if the dean's English verse has been disregarded by many who ought to know, his Latin (?) has received its due share of celebrity. This to Molly (we wonder what she said. Swift could evidently conjugate amo, at least):

[illegible lines]

Speaking of tea, however, a teacher of mine, a maiden lady "of certain age," in preparatory school once told me, in describing the delights, aside from studies, at our "greatest university," "You know you're being given tea constantly by professors' wives."

Good Lord! Only tea?

Wollaston. NEMO DOMI.

"Later On."

As the World Wags:

Some weeks ago I wrote to the Herald calling attention to a certain mistake of grammar which sometimes appears in Boston newspapers. Since that time I have received from some anonymous sources an occasional newspaper clipping containing the word "most," used for "almost," marked for my observation. As I do not intend to assume or to have thrust upon me the office of general censor of Boston newspaper English, I pass this question as to "most" for "almost" on to you, for evidently it lies within your broad province of discussion.

And there is one other little matter of language which I should be glad to have you discourse upon, the expression "later on."

Some years ago I had a brief correspondence with the then editor of the Nation regarding this phrase, which I had found in his columns. I ventured to express the opinion that "later on," which seems to me nearly as objectionable as "where at," was a fashion that came in with the high hand-shake and should go out with that piece of elegance. The editor was quite taken by surprise by my criticism of the phrase, for, being a younger man than I, he had been brought up with it; but on searching he had found no instance of its use preceding, I think, 1883. I have since found it in a book of the later seventies. It is not an Americanism. The English use it more than we do, perhaps. Of course we say "farther on," but we can say "farther back" also. Shall we sometimes say "later back"? Perhaps you can tell whether "later on" was in use before 1875.

EDWIN H. HALL.

The earliest use of "later on" quoted in the Oxford Dictionary is dated 1882. —Ed.

Oct 7 1916

Figaro of Paris has been "exposing" the "religious acrobacy of the German Emperor." It is stated solemnly that much is made in Spain of an "official communication" assuring the faithful that William has been secretly converted and admitted to the Church of Rome; that as soon as Germany wins the war he will re-establish the temporal power of the Pope and make a pilgrimage to lay his sword at the feet of the Holy Father. Meanwhile a correspondent at Cairo writes that the Germans are scattering broadcast in the East thousands of photographs showing ruined cathedrals of Belgium and France, with this inscription: "Look ye, oh faithful, upon the work of Sultan Guilhoun, a true and fervent son of Allah, the All High!"

It is not surprising that the Emperor has already become a legendary character, or that wild tales are circulated about him. Over a hundred years ago honest Englishmen believed that Napoleon Bonaparte called himself in Egypt a true Mussulman and introduced himself in the Levant as the soldier of a nation which had "renounced the Messiah." Even Kinglake in his pompous and long-winded history of the Crimean war did not hesitate to give this story as a historical fact.

The first volumes of Frank Moore's "Rebellion Record" contain equally incredible stories about the leaders on both sides which were published in the newspapers of the North and the South. Many of us remember reading these stories during the war. It was believed by the more credulous in New England villages that all the southern soldiers were demons incarnate, who after a battle would drink whiskey from skulls of slain northern foes which they had ingeniously fashioned into cups. Southern newspapers published similarly ingenious stories about the horrid deeds of the northern "Mudsills."

Marooned.

Our friend, Mr. Eugene Golightly, has not returned to the city. Mrs. Golightly, a prudent mother in spite of her weaknesses, does not wish to expose the young Augustus and little Gwendolen to the risk of contracting infantile paralysis. Eugene is lonely. The cottages in his neighborhood are closed. The links are deserted. There is no one for tennis. He has not yet reached the alcoholic stage when he can drink alone. The New York newspapers are often a day late. He never appreciated nature in any one of her moods. Autumnal coloring is not in his eyes to be compared with a sporting print at the Porphyry, where he would now be, were it not that Mrs. Golightly is afraid of burglars. His only recreation is a walk to the post-office. He nods to the villagers on the way.

"You haven't gone up yet, Mr. Golightly."

"No, it's too fine weather, Mr. Nickerson."

"You are right. I always said that September and October are the best months of the year in Clamport."

"Yes, indeed. I don't see why people close their cottages so soon. They don't know what they miss."

"Herkimer Johnson got away last week, without coming into the store. Do you know where a letter will reach him? I've got a little bill against him. But it's great weather just the same. When are you going up?"

"I don't know, Nickerson. I hope not for some time," and saying this, Mr. Golightly groaned like a bassoon in agony.

Questions and Answers.

We published a day or two ago some questions that London journalists are propounding and answering in hope of arousing discussion. One of these questions is. "Which is the profession that has produced more bachelors than any other—counting only distinguished men?" Some one answered "Artists," named Michaelangelo, Turner, Reynolds, Lawrence, Stothard, Richard Wilson, Leighton, and rejoiced in the fact that Romney and Morland each abandoned his wife. Some might say that three of the Englishmen named were not artists of high rank. Rembrandt and Rubens were married; Andrea del Sarto was very much married: see Browning's poem. Some painters put their wives in their proper place, on canvas, but the model of the artist was not always a model wife.

Another journalist in search of copy inquired into the height of "great English writers of the Victorean era." Tennyson, Carlyle, FitzGerald and Matthew Arnold reached six feet, Ruskin, five feet ten, Froude five feet eleven, Thackeray six feet three, and Dickens and Browning almost touched the six foot level. Yet the pictures of Dickens give one the idea that he was rather short and stocky.

"Are more boys than girls born during great wars?" Yes, if tradition commands respect. In Vienna since last October out of 559 births, 314 are males. There was a greater preponderance in France during periods of the revolutionary wars. Famines and plagues have sometimes curiously influenced the birth rate. Thorold Rogers notes in "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" that in England after the Black Death triple births were common.

"Has any one noticed and noted what an unfailing index to an author's voice his writing is?" We know a "pacifist" who roars like a bull even in his confidential moments. "If you have any sense of literary style you will detect the shrill voice, the melodious voice, the high-pitched voice, in the writings of their possessors." This may be disputed —tomorrow, tomorrow, and—tomorrow.

The life of Allen A. Brown was happy and enviable. There is no passion like that of a collector. There is no joy like unto that of finding, after years of search, a coveted volume, especially when the value of the book is not appreciated by the dealer in his shop, or the book is found with odd numbers of the New York Ledger in the garret of an old farm house. Collectors are inclined to be selfish, chary of showing their treasures except in a boastful spirit. They have been known to pocket a volume stealthily while looking over a stall. To them the chief terror in death is that they must leave their books behind them.

Mr. Brown did not wait until death to give his magnificent library of full scores; operas miscellaneous music, chamber, vocal, sacred and profane books concerning music to the public; he gave this collection to the Boston Public Library while he was alive and alert that he might see it properly housed and maintained; that he might constantly add to it; that he might continue his own work, the work that makes the Allen A. Brown Library unique. Other libraries may have some rarer treatises, or, possibly, some scores that are missing in his collection; but those treatises and scores are few. No musical library in this country or in Europe—and these words are not written carelessly—is of so great aid to any student of high or low degree; no library is so accessible to a sudden wish or necessity for consultation; no library is so interesting to the general and curious reader.

For it had been the habit of Mr. Brown for many years to paste on fly leaves of the bound volumes of the music programs of opera houses or concert halls in which the particular work had been performed; Newspaper clippings, as critical notices, biographical information, anecdotes, portraits, anything and everything pertaining to the opera or composition. These clippings were by no means taken only from local or American newspapers; they were in various languages, and had been published in European journals and other periodicals; they were carefully dated. If a student wishes to know in a few minutes the singers that have taken part in a certain opera, he will find playbill after playbill, and a wealth of information concerning the first performance, what was said of the opera, that performance and subsequent performances. Orchestral works, chamber music, oratorios and cantatas have been treated in the same way.

To this work Mr. Brown gave days and nights. Take, for example, the set of the Boston Symphony orchestra programs or the one of the Kneisel quartet concerts. Mr. Brown had taken the programs, interleaved them copiously, and then pasted everything to be found in the newspapers concerning the concerts and the quality of the performances from the beginning. Rows of biographical volumes compiled by him from magazine articles and newspapers, all carefully indexed, would alone prove his industry.

When he began to make his collection, the mere task of purchasing scores and books was comparatively easy. It was a question of visiting second-hand book shops in European cities. There were then few collectors. Prices were reasonable, often low. Even in the eighties the catalogues were rich in books for which comparatively small prices were asked. I remember finding at Sagot's in Paris in '86 or '87 a half dozen volumes by Johann Mattheson for which the bookseller, well-informed, delightful "booky" companion, asked only a couple of francs apiece. In Berlin I picked up a full score of Gluck's "Alceste," the first Paris edition for three marks. Those days are no more. Mr. Brown, who travelled greatly for business and also for pleasure, had ample opportunity to enrich his collection in the early years at a small outlay. He was intelligent; he knew what he wanted; he was often lucky; he always had a flair. In the later years there was a far greater tax on his purse.

Money and luck were not everything in the formation of this library. There was the keen personal interest; there was the indefatigable patience in accumulating programs and clippings and thus making each volume more valuable. Mr. Brown had what the Germans call "Sitzfleisch." To him this form of grangerizing was not drudgery. If he found in some Parisian or Italian paper a full account of an opera recently produced he beamed with joy for a day. There was little or no prospect of a performance in this country. The score had not been published, even in the form of "voice and piano." The opera, perhaps, was a dismal failure. It mattered not. The clipping was saved. When the score arrived the newspaper account was neatly inserted. If the score remained in manuscript the clipping still found a place.

Some smiled at finding musical comedy so largely represented in this library. Nothing that pertained to music was foreign to Mr. Brown. Musical comedies show the popular taste, he argued; the music of many is delightfully gay. And this or that volume was treated with the attention in grangerizing shown towards a symphonic poem by Richard Strauss or an opera of the ultra-modern French or post-Wagnerian school.

No one can fully appreciate the almost incredible industry of Mr. Brown or the love he bore music and collecting unless he often consults this library for his own use in preparing an article or for adding to his own store of information. Mr. Brown, although he was an amateur, had a fine musical taste. As a singer he had been connected with the Apollo Club, the Cecilia and other societies, and towards them he was helpful not only with his voice. He had heard the operatic performances and the orchestral and chamber concerts since he was graduated at Harvard 60 years ago. His knowledge of music was not merely that derived from books. He welcomed the new without losing respect for the old, but he did not praise or condemn a work simply because it was old or new. He was not frightened by a novel and singular form of musical expression; nor did he, fearing lest he might be thought conservative, old-foggyish, applaud at random the unexpected and the extravagant. The critical faculty in him was a birthright. The years developed it; he was never too old to learn.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the man himself, for though he was modest and retiring, he was known to many and loved by them for his kindness, generosity, enthusiasm and sense of humor. He was impatient only with incompetence, pretence, quackery, snobbery in the art to which he had devoted his life.

Sir Herbert Tree in his speech at a luncheon given to him by the American Club in London, told how the tercentenary of Shakespeare was celebrated in this country. He read the official announcement of a vaudeville entertainment.

SHAKSPEARE IS IN SEASON.

So is Vincent ——'s
Vivid Vaudeville Version
of Shakspeare's

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

(The Fate of Free Love)

An Exquisite Tabloid Tragedy.

With Surprise, Incident, and Action in Every Line.

No Lengthy Soliliquies.

UNITY PERFECT.

The entire ten years' romance in Three Scenes instead of Forty-three; that's concentration, isn't it?

A GREAT BANQUET SCENE

with Herod and many kings as guests; this incident is merely referred to in original.

SINGLE PLOT.

The Politics of Pompay are a detriment to the action. Auditors find the play sufficiently complex without his quarrel. We omit it.

PRINCIPALS FULLY REDEEMED.

Many Artists agree with Immortal Siddons, who said she "could play Cleopatra as she should be played, but dared not." Shakspeare only partly redeemed her, but the Vaudeville Version fully redeems her, by the introduction of her children.

SYMPATHY IS SUSTAINED

by the elimination of the wife Octavia, except to "forgive them" at the final curtain.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

only is non-Shakspearean. It rains thrills. Write at once to, etc.

Sir Herbert Tree, who will be seen here in his sumptuous production of "Henry VIII." at the Hollis Street Theatre the 16th, has given in print his conception of Wolsey's character.

"My idea of the character of Wolsey, is that he was one of the greatest men who ever lived, and I am not pretending to have made that discovery for myself. He was a pre-eminent statesman, best summed up in the words of Griffith in the play:

This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer,
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely.

"I see Wolsey as stout of girth, clothed in the cardinal red, living well—he was an epicure even in water, for he spent £50,000 in laying pipes from Coombe to his palace at Hampton Court. He was very complex, subtle and brusque, a very prince of the church, imbued with the ultra-montane Italian spirit, Suggesting the plebeian, he had a touch of Bismarck, Gladstone and Disraeli. (No, I do not know what American statesman or politician you could like him to!) He was utterly unscrupulous in serving God, however.

"As an instance of the state he kept, we are told that he had as many as 500 retainers. His stables were also extensive. His choir far excelled that of the King. Besides all the officials attendant on the Cardinal, Wolsey had 160 personal attendants, including his chamberlains.

"Wolsey seems to have been a lover of good food, but had not a robust constitution, and suffered from many ailments. On one occasion, the King sent him some pills—it is not recorded, however, that Wolsey partook of them. That Wolsey, like Henry, was possessed of a sense of humor we have abundant evidence in his utterances. Yet he kept a fool!

"At his palace at Hampton Court there were 280 beds ready for strangers. His gold and silver plate there alone was valued at $6,000,000."

This actor-manager—Sir Herbert, not Wolsey—made his first appearance in this country with an English company in "The Red Lamp," which was first seen in New York on Jan. 28, 1895, preceded by "The Ballad Monger," a little play by Walter Besant and Walter Pollock, based on Theodore de Banville's "Gringoire." He was seen at the Abbey, subsequently renamed the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on Nov. 30, 1897, in "The Seats of the Mighty." He followed this by a revival of "The Dancing Girl." As a curtain-raiser to the latter, he gave the Falstaff scenes from the second part of "King Henry IV." "Trilby" was played on Dec. 14 with Tree as Svengali and Kate Rorke as the heroine. Subsequently, in the same year, Tree appeared in "A Bunch of Violets," followed by "Hamlet" on Dec. 31 and Jan. 2, 1898. He appeared in a cinematograph film of "Henry VIII." some four or five years ago in London, following the successful revival at His Majesty's Theatre.

Referring to his own experiences and sensations when acting before the camera, he mentions the curious fact that while appearing as Wolsey, when he came to the cardinal's downfall, he felt he must speak the words, and did actually recite them to the mute camera. "I simply couldn't help it," he said, when relating this incident after. "To act without speaking was a strange experience for me, I admit. But I fell into the business quickly enough. In playing for the films, however, I found that an entirely different method is required, as different as sculpture from painting, and now I have learned the child-like, but difficult, art of being seen without being heard."

In a letter to the London Times of Sept. 9 in which he gave his impressions of America, he described the life of the studios at Los Angeles, and then wrote about acting for the screens. "Acting to the lens requires a peculiar temperament, and demands much more natural method than that of the stage; the great requisite in the actor is the power of momentary self-excitation. A mere resort to the technique of the theatre would not register satisfactorily on the film—a relentless detective. To the newcomer it is somewhat disconcerting to act a scene of carousal immediately after your death-scene. In the great studios one will often see as many as 10 different plays proceeding on adjacent stages, a farce being acted in close proximity to a scene of tragedy. A quick and versatile temperament in the actor is required for the work of the screen, and, although I had little difficulty in acclimatizing myself to the new conditions, I confess I have not outlived my preference for the spoken drama. It is only by the exercise of one's imagination in visualizing the perspective of vast crowds of spectators that one can maintain the pitch of excitement necessary for the fine frenzy of the scene.

Notes About Music and the London Stage

The Pall Mall Gazette has this to say about new or unfamiliar works produced at promenade concerts in London. On Sept. 11 the new orchestral setting by Glazounoff of the Volga song was played. "Among Russia's incredible wealth of folk-music there is scarcely a tune to rival it for sheer primitive beauty. But it should be left primitive. In the new orchestral setting . . . it has commenced to 'know too much.' It is no longer a song of simple folk. It has matriculated and donned fashionable raiment." Debussy's "Gigues" was played on Sept. 14. "The annotator does not appear to have recognized a poetic apotheosis of the 'Keel Row.' Scotch tunes were again in the ascendant, for, as a certain French musical critic would put it, the ballet music from Saint-Saens's opera, 'Henry VIII.,' is full of Scotch remini-Saint-Saenses, though what conception of the Tudor period can have led him to this caprice is wrapped in mystery." On Sept. 16 a hornpipe by Norman O'Neill: "An exhilarating and effective piece of music, that sets no deeper problem to the listener than, probably, it did to the composer, whilst giving much greater pleasure than is commonly to be derived from facile music. It suggests that there is still much to be done with our native dance forms without recourse to modern surgery," Sept. 18; "There is something sleek and feline about the opening of the Persian ballet in Moussorgsky's opera, 'Khovantchina,' that is no reproach, as any one will admit who has seen a genuine Persian dancer. It is when the movement quickens that doubts arise as to its geographical truth. But it remains to the end a picturesque page of dance music. Incidentally it was pleasant to have one's memory reawakened to the daring color schemes of orange against crimson, with dark streaks which Fedorovski invented for this particular scene at Drury Lane." Sept. 19: "The honors went to a suite by Eric Coates entitled 'From the Country-Side.' He has a ready command of the means of music designed for entertainment only, and is apparently not on the side of those who would use art as a rostrum. Although he does not escape triteness, his music is so far above its class that it would be a pleasure to hail him as a prophet. Unfortunately, in the last of the three measures comprised in his suite, his cousin (Edward) Germanship became too apparent, and his credit is that due to those who 'carry on.' The support given to these concerts was sufficient to encourage the management to extend the season originally announced, provisionally, by an additional fortnight."

The London Daily Telegraph quoted the unfavorable review of "A Little Bit of Fluff" published in the New York Tribune, in which the critic—"he seems rather solemn"—said that the farce is interesting as "a study in war psychology. It goes to show what a numbing hand the great war has laid upon the London stage. . . . The man on furlough from the front asks from the theatre that it shall show him things as they are not and never were. Not for a moment will he tolerate being reminded of the reality which lurks just around the corner." The Daily Telegraph replies: "It is not because we are at war that we like farces to show us things 'as they are not and never were.' That is the perennial business of farce. We seem to remember plays from America, and very good plays, too, as jovially indifferent to all reality as 'A Little Bit of Fluff.' Yet the world has not heard that the United States have declared war on anybody. The popularity of a good rollicking farce does not depend, either in war or peace, upon its being a work of art or in dealing with stern realities. We laughed at nonsense before the war came, and nonsense will make us laugh after the last shot is fired. We cannot promise, indeed, that our nonsense will be funny in New York, or New York's nonsense vastly amusing here. For farce is not of the things which are universal."

The stage, like every other profession, has been stripped of its younger men members, and the dearth of "juvenile leads"—if that is what they are called—is causing play producers a great deal of trouble. So the profession is now wisely discussing the pros and cons of casting women for men's parts. The public, it appears, are faced with two alternative unrealities—stage lovemaking between two girls or middle-aged love-making. The "principal boy" of the pantomime has pretty well exhausted the possibilities of the former, and the latter is not very inspiring. Middle-aged passion has its limits. The blood cools as the waist line grows, and tearing love passages under these conditions would never carry conviction. Still, the stage is essentially a thing of illusions.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Gallant little Wales has just given further proof that it is to be reckoned as a force in the world of the theatre. To Miss Horniman has fallen the honor of introducing to the Manchester public a one-act play by Mr. D. T. Davies, a young Welsh playwright, which has been hailed by the local critics as of a very remarkable character. "Where Is He?" is, we are told, "a play not concerned either with character or action in the usual sense of these words. Its action is of the internal nature of the psychic dramas of Ibsen or Maeterlinck, and is only concerned with character in its national expression. The story deals with the mental agony of a young widow holding the sternest tenets of Welsh Nonconformity as she contemplates the eternal future of her agnostic husband, who has just been killed in a mining accident." This theme the author appears to have worked out with unusual power and directness. Tribute is also paid to the acting of Miss Margaret Halstan, "who played with a poignant intensity that gripped the whole house from the rising to the final fall of the curtain." The little piece will be done in the West-end by Miss Horniman during her next London season.—Daily Telegraph, Sept. 14.

Sir Herbert Tree purposes after his return to London to produce "The Great Lover." He will take the part of Jean Paurel.

A film, "On the Way to Gorizia," which is seen in London, is indorsed by the Italian government. It shows the amazing difficulties of mountain, snow and blizzard overcome by the Italians. A percentage of the profits is given to the Italian Red Cross.

"The Hawk," an adaptation of de Croisset's "L'epervier," produced in Boston by Mr. Faversham, was brought out at the Royalty, in London, Sept. 18. Dennis Eadie and Miss Gabrielle Dorziat took the leading parts. The Pall Mall Gazette thus characterized the original play: "It represented—written, as it was, just before the war—the last word in the cult of faded old melodrama for a certain sub-acid flavor of character still to be got from it. It was very modern, very sophisticated comedy, embroidered boldly on to the mildewed old theme of the card sharper and his adventuress wife being discovered as guests at a country house. . . In this material it is the frankest, rankest old Sardou. Scene du bal; card table; shimmering lady; agreeable husband; ardent young lover; rich American; high stakes; dance more vigorous in the next room; pass the bottom card; discovered. hot breath; hysterics; I love you still; curtain."

In "What We May Come To," at the Pavilion Theatre, Sept. 19, James Godden appears as a coy barkeeper, "suffering the advances of emancipated and ardent women."

Humperdinck, the composer, has signed the appeal of the German Air Navy League for friends. "Incidently, the league glories in the air attacks upon London, which it describes as magnificent. Why does not some kind friend turn Humperdinck's attention to his Goosegirl, or to his friend the Witch, and distract it thereby from matters which can be no immediate concern of his?"

Almost more interesting is it to note that at last the Viceroy of India has decided to dispense with his German bandmaster, Herr Buchner, who, I am delighted to state, is to retire in October, though to my innocent mind it seems curious that he should ever have been appointed, or, having been appointed, should have been permitted in the nature of a swindle, keeps him out of his box while her turn is on, a duty which he leaves to Percy Twitchen, a sprightly person in a pierrot troupe. "One of the pleasant arrays of lyrics and songs and dances we have had even at the Gaiety for a long time."

Apropos of "Flying Colors," a new revue at the Hippodrome, London, Sept. 16, the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "The more one sees of revue—and there are signs that mark the present outburst as a concluding fanfare of this illogical form of art—the more one is convinced that nothing justifies it but consistently brilliant cleverness. It is a frontier which only genius can hold." "Flying Colors" is a "splendid 'show'" with "beautiful scenes, beautiful dresses, hosts of pretty girls, a company of favorites capable of doing anything that was to be expected of them. But the witlessness! And the waste of good stuff!"

"This and That" a new Grattan revue at the comedy, London, Sept. 15, suggested the question "What is the difference between such a revue as this and a music hall entertainment?"

The answer is "None."

These free public lectures concerning music and the drama will be given in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library this season:

Sunday, Nov. 12—How to See a Play. Frank C. Hersey.
Sunday, Dec. 24—Holiday Music in Many Lands. Constance Ramsay and Henry L. Gideon. With musical illustrations.
Sunday, Jan. 14—The American Dramatists. Frank C. Hersey.
Sunday, Jan. 21—Musical Progress? Edward B. Hill. With musical illustrations.
Sunday, Jan. 28—What We Really Know About Shakespeare. Dr. Francis Henry Wade. With lantern illustrations.
Sunday, Feb. 4—The Needs of American Music. John A. O'Shea. With musical illustrations.
Sunday, Feb. 25—The Old Boston Museum. John B. Clapp.
Sunday, March 4—The Material Essence of Music. Leo R. Lewis. With musical illustrations.
Sunday, March 18—Celtic Folk Music. Benedict FitzGerald. Assisted by Jose Shaun, tenor. (Repeated by request.)

These lectures will begin at 3:30 P. M. The entrance is from Boylston street only. The doors will be opened two hours before each lecture and closed when the hall is filled.

The following lectures will be given at meetings of the Ruskin Club at 3 P. M.: Nov. 13, "Why We Criticise Ibsen," Annie W. Chapin; Jan. 22, Wagner's "Siegfried," Havrah Hubbard, Mr. Gothelf pianist.

Irish and Scotch Bagpipes on the Battlefield

Mr. Philip Gibbs's stirring description of how the Irish troops made their wild charge at Guillemont to the music of their pipes reminds us that the Scottish chanter is not the only instrument of the kind that has inspired deeds of valor on the battlefield. If the Irish bagpipes are not so familiar to us as the Scottish, they are close rivals in antiquity, and both races love equally the inspirting strains of their favorite instrument.

The Irish soldier has always yielded to the magic of the bagpipes in war. In 1745, for instance, the Irish brigade in the service of France, which included the old Irish guards of James II., marched on to the field of Fontenoy to the skirl of the pipes. Yet in Ireland herself little was heard of the instrument after the Revolution of 1688 until its revival over 30 years ago. The old Irish Volunteers and the old 90th Irish light Infantry had bands of pipers, but they disappeared, and it is to the militia of Ireland, now known as the special reserve, that the Irish soldier is indebted for the restoration of the pipe in its place of honor in the army.

Neither Scotland nor Ireland can claim to have invented the bagpipes. Greeks, Romans, Assyrians, and Chinese all played bagpipes of sorts long before the time of Christ, and the instrument actually figures on one of the coins of Nero, who may have played it. The Breton bignon, the Calahrian zampogna, the German sackpfeife, and the French cornemeuse are all bagpipes under different names.

It was actually a Scotsman, and no less a man than the lord advocate of the time, who publicly declared 50 years ago that "the bagpipe is an English instrument, essentially English; the English were the original bagpipers." He pointed out that, while Shakespeare often speaks of bagpipes, he never does so in "Macbeth," and that it is in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire that he localizes the pipes. To Chaucer and Spenser also they are English. James IV. and other Scottish kings paid for "Inglis pyparis" at their court, while Edward I., Edward III., Henry VI. and Henry VIII. seem to have had native pipers. The Highlanders never used the pipes in war before the 15th century; the harp was Scotland's instrument.

It is the Gaelic League that claims to have restored the Irish pipe to its place of honour in the Army. Over a quarter of a century ago the Gaelic League took up the language revival, in combination with the encouragement of Irish pastimes, arts, literature, song and music, etc., giving a very prominent place to the bagpipes. Hence we find today "Pipers' Clubs" established in London and other large centres in England, as well as in America and Australia, who play battle marching tunes which extend so far back that their origin cannot be traced. Besides the warpipes, the ancient Irish also played their marches and battles to the accompaniment of instruments called the corn (an ox horn), stoc (a horn of bronze), tiompan (a sort of harp), cuisle-cuil (resembling a large flute).

The Scottish bagpipe is louder than any other variety of the instrument, probably because it was originally designed to cheer the clansmen when they were fighting. In the hands of a skilled performer the strains of a Highland bagpipe carry about six miles, and under specially favourable conditions as far as 10 miles. The duke of Sutherland owns a bagpipe which figured in the Battle of Prestonpans, and must therefore be nearly 200 years old, yet it can be heard at a distance of eight miles.—London Daily Chronicle.

The War, and Actresses in Male Parts on Stage

Ingenious persons in want of something to talk about have been moved to discuss the uses of women in men's part on the stage. The demands of the army—so the thesis goes—having almost exhausted the supply of actors young enough to look the hero, we must call on the other sex to provide

Romeo as well as Juliet. A crabbed critic might reply that many a popular stage lover is far beyond the age which interests recruiting officers, and that youth upon the stage is a much more extensive period than the years numbered in military service acts. But this is mere quibbling. That the supply of young heroes is running short no one doubts. That the remedy of putting old heads into green parts cannot always be applied is obvious. There remains the universal resource of all harassed professions and trades, feminine substitutes.

Sir George Alexander has been credited with the declaration that he sees no reason why women should not play some male parts, even in Shakespeare. Sir Herbert Tree has conjured up a vision of a woman playing Othello. But that, though horrible enough, hardly settles the matter. The most ardent feminist would allow that her sex has some limitation, and might add that while no woman could play Othello, not many men make much of him either. After all, our own time has seen a woman play Hamlet with singular power. What Sarah Bernhardt can do is indeed not evidence of the general capacity of women. As well call Shakespeare into the box to prove that any male playwright can give us tragedy.

Apart from some rare genius, we suspect that any woman playing one of the great men's parts in Shakespeare, however sound her technique, however true her taste, would be at best odd. She might win a success of curiosity, hardly a success in art. You can imagine, for example, a girl looking Romeo well enough. You do not want to imagine her acting the part. Take an easier case, a slighter character. A girl might cut a pleasant figure as Bassanio. But

if you saw a girl play him, you would at best be thinking how neat a trick she made of the impersonation. The illusion might be clever, but would you forget for an instant that it was all illusion? For the charm of the love scenes, for the beauty of the poetry, we should have at best the enjoyment of cleverness. What we might have at worst is too grotesque to talk about. It is not a reply to say that if Shakespeare's women, in his own time, were played by boys, his men in our day may be played by girls. None of us can be free from the conventions of our own time. The Elizabethans may or may not have been satisfied by their boy-heroines. But we who have always had men played by men and women by women cannot suddenly change all our tastes and our standards.

From time to time actresses are called on to disguise themselves as men. But in such parts, from Rosalind to Lady Ursula, the real sex is part of the appeal of the acting. A charming Rosalind gives us no pledge that she would be even an agreeable Orlando. The history of the stage knows several male parts in which women have been vastly popular. There is, for example, Sir Henry Wildair, one of Peg Woffington's greatest successes. But Mrs. Woffington must have had a turn for playing men, and this part, like most of those in which the 18th century liked to see women, is not much more than sprightly nonsense. Neither the records of the past nor the nature of things gives much reason to believe that women will have the stage all to themselves.—London Daily Telegraph, Sept. 14.

---

to hold his appointment after two years of war. Buchner is to be succeeded by Mr. Finneane, bandmaster of the East Lancashires, formerly of the Royal Artillery band, a fine violin player to boot. I know that there is a hoary tradition in India that German bandmasters are, or were, essential, and I am told that there still remain several of them out there. But is it not high time that his "tradition" should go the way of all bad traditions? What is the point of it? Whatever we may have thought of the German musician in other walks of music, it is quite certain that he could not beat us in the matter of military bandsmanship!—London Daily Telegraph.

"Theodore and Co.," a new Gaiety play, produced in London Sept. 19, adapted from the French of Gavault by H. M. Harwood and George Grossmith, with music by Ivor Novelle and Jerome Kern, and lyrics by Adrian Ross and Clifford Grey, is described as clean and funny. "Only those of us who have been through the orgies of tedium and nastiness represented by some recent revues can quite understand how thoughtful one is for that!" A duke's daughter has been photographed in a punt with a foreigner of flighty reputation. Her cousin Theodore asserts that the woman was not the duke's daughter, but a variety actress, Miss Baby Grand. The duke wishes to see Baby, and Theodore, whose business is devoted to anything have
sources

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

In New York the old-fashioned slate and slate pencil may return to the public schools, on account of shortage in paper. It is said that there is no danger of the return in Boston. Parents need not dread the septic slate.

A month or two ago we read in the London Times that "the question of reverting to the use of slates in schools is now being seriously considered by several of the leading educational authorities." The correspondent added: "Slates were originally excluded from schools on hygienic grounds, the contention of medical opinion having been that their use tended to encourage the spread of epidemic diseases, though the introduction of paper in substitution appears to have had no influence in retarding the incidence and prevalence of such diseases. From the educational point of view, many teachers have regretted the disuse of slates."

When we were in the district school in our little village the slate was a filthy thing. We were supposed to clean it with a sponge, and Willy boy had a bottle of water. Now, the sponge was disagreeable to the touch. The use of it was thought effeminate. Nine out of ten preferred saliva, or as we called it spit. Sometimes this was ejected forcibly on the slate and then rubbed with finger, hand, or coat sleeve; the more delicate wet the finger and then rubbed. The slate pencil was often used to make a distressing noise. There is a tradition that unwholesome girls ate these pencils at recess. It was never substantiated to our personal knowledge.

The chief use of the slate in our day was for the picturing of locomotive engines, vessels under full sail, and the American flag flying defiantly; the caricaturing of teachers and co-mates; the writing of words reflecting on the character of a hated rival or a shyly amorous confidence to the girl that sat across the aisle. Slates, thus illustrated or bearing messages were interchanged when the teacher was not looking.

Locomotives engines in those days burned wood and had a full, spreading, handsome smokestack. There was much shining brass. The bell dazzled the beholder, the whistle was a thing of beauty. The tender was decorated on two sides with a landscape, the picture of an animal, or the portrait of a general, statesman, railway president or superintendent. (We said "railroad" then; not "railway," and we walked or drove to the "depot," not the "station.") It was the boy's aim to reproduce on the slate the engine in all its glory. As we were far inland, merchant ships were not frequently drawn; but it was towards the end of the civil war, we were all strong on flags, forts, battleships and monitors, belching cannon and mortars, and furious charges.

There was a wild freedom in this slate drawing. Paper chills the fancy. Shortage in paper! We may yet be obliged to try some of Gargantua's experiments that amused his good old father.

"M. P."

As the World Wags:

Our old Irish servant, she lived with us for 17 years, used to call a "cop" an "M. P." I suppose that comes across the sea, too, and stands for "Metropolitan Police." I don't now recall whether Dublin or London policemen wear those letters on their uniforms.

By the way, is not a "bull" a special officer as distinguished from the general herd of patrolmen? W. E. K.

The Reward of Virtue.

As the World Wags:

An advertisement under "Help Wanted," reads "Good girls to wrap candy."

As if specialization had not done its worst to the poor working girl, now comes a demand from a Boston firm that she be "good," would she aspire to a job in their factory? Surely, "virtue is its own reward" in the Hub! But where else in the world would such a qualification be asked of the fair sex, and how is the status to be determined? By temptation? Oh, never. Hush!

Boston. GINGER.

The New Conjugation.

The Herald some time ago commented on the suppression of whistling for taxicabs after 10 P. M., in London. The Daily Chronicle says that hitherto the verb to obtain a cab could be easily conjugated: I whistle, thou whistlest, he whistles; we whistle, you whistle, they whistle. But now the verb is modified: I wave, thou speakest softly, he gesticulates; we entreat sotto voce, you flourish vigorously, they do not come.

English Again.

As the World Wags:

"J. C. W.'s" objection to being "longer than you can help" recalls the instructions of Dean Briggs of Harvard to the students of English V. some years ago. The students were required to write themes of six pages, I think; and Mr. Briggs remarked: "I'll not say that I shall refuse to accept one longer than that, but I don't want you to make it longer because it would take you longer to make it shorter." I sometimes wish our daily papers would submit to the same limitation.

Boston. H. B. H.

As the World Wags:

In today's Herald you quote "J. C. W." of Notes and Queries of Sept. 16, thus: "Don't be longer than you can help • • • Why is this phrase used? It plainly should be "Don't be longer than you cannot help. It means 'Don't be longer than avoidable.' The time 'avoidable' is the time you cannot help taking." And you make no comment.

How can anything avoidable be what you cannot help? Surely the first quoted sentence means, "Do not be longer than unavoidable," the unavoidable being what you cannot help taking.

R. S. H.

GOGORZA AND ZIMBALIST AT

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, under the auspices of the Business Women's Club. Mr. de Gogorza sang these songs: Gluck air, "Diane Impitoyable," from "Iphigenie en Aulide"; Alvarez, La Partida, En Calesa; Granados, Cancion del Postillon; Massenet, "Le Roi de Lahore"; Cadman, "The Moon Drops Low"; Korbay, "Marishka"; Peel, "Where Go the Boats"; Elgar, "The Pipes of Pan." Mr. Zimbalist played these pieces: Paganini, concerto; Ernst, "The Last Rose of Summer" (for violin alone); Godowsky, Wienerisch d' Ambrosio, Serenata; Chopin-Kreisler, Mazurka; Hubar, Zephyr. Miss Helen Winslow and Mr. Chotzinoff were the accompanists.

There was a large audience. Mr. de Gogorza is a favorite here. Mr. Zimbalist has not been heard in Boston for some time.

Mr. de Gogorza's voice was in excellent condition. It was sympathetic, virile, sonorous, admirably controlled. The charm of his diction, the finesse and warmth of his interpretations and his personal authority again gave great pleasure. His skill in the management of breath, in polished phrasing, is well known. He sang the air from Gluck's "Iphigine en Aulide" with classic breadth and dignity, the Spanish songs with irresistible appreciation of rhythm and text, the English songs with dramatic and musical intelligence. Granados's song, heard here for the first time, is elaborate and impressionistic. Less deftly sung it would no doubt lose in effectiveness.

Mr. Zimbalist's playing has not changed materially during his months of rest and study. There is the same beauty of tone, the same nobility of style. The purity of his aesthetic ideas is unmistakable. He has musical poise, dignity, reserve. Paganini's Concerto served to reveal the familiar and polished technic. This was further exemplified in the ingenious arrangement for violin alone of "The Last Rose of Summer." In the lighter pieces there was a display of delicacy, true sentiment, a smooth and melting quality of tone.

Both artists were repeatedly recalled and were generous wih encores.

The regular Sunday afternoon concerts will begin on Oct. 22 at 3:30. Mme. Alda, soprano, and Mr. de Lucea, baritone, will sing and there will be an orchestra of symphony players conducted by Josef Pasternack.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA GIVES CONCERT

Pleasing Program of Popular Nature Presented.

A concert was given at the Copley Theatre last evening by the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra. Mme. Cora Sapin, contralto, Harold Tripp, tenor, and Louis Besserer, violinist.

The program was of a pleasing and popular nature. The orchestral numbers included Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," selections from Verdi's "Aida" and Freml's "Katinka."

Mme. Sapin, an experienced singer, naturally gifted, sang an air "Voi lo sapete," from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and songs by Lehmann and Spurr. Mr. Tripp, leading tenor of the Meistersingers, sang songs by Scott, Vander Stuchen, Batten, Woodneau. Mr. Besserer played Wieniawski's romance from the 2d concerto and Kreisler's Tambourein Chinois.

The orchestra, singers and violinist were applauded by an audience of fair size. The program was lengthened.

By PHILIP HALE.

Tremont Thatre: First performance in Boston of "Potash and Perlmutter In Society," a comedy in three acts by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced by A. H. Woods.

Abe Potash	Barney Bernard
Mawruss Perlmutter	Charles Lipson
Marks Pasinsky	Maurice Barrett
Rosie Potash	Jennie Moskowitz
Irma Andrieff	Mildred Davis
Ruth Perlmutter	Lottie Kendall
Mozart Rabiner	Dore Rogers
Boris Andrieff	Ralf Belmonte
Henry S. Wolf	James W. Spottswood
Mrs. B. Gans	Amy Veness
Mr. B. Gans	Louis Morrell
Dr. Eichendorfer	Stanley Jessup
Mr. Fixberg	Arthur Hurley
Senator Murphy	William Ely

When his comedy was produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, on Oct. 21, 1915, it was entitled "Abe and Mawruss." The present title is misleading. "Potash and Perlmutter, Inc.," or "Potash and Perlmutter In Wall Street" would be more significant. Mr. Mulligan in Harrigan's series of sketches was induced by his wife to go into society, much to Dan's and his faithful friend Walsingham's disgust, but neither Mrs. Potash nor Mrs. Perlmutter has a similar ambition. The former merely wishes her husband to be a big frog in a big puddle; the latter has no confidence in the plausible Mr. Gans.

The comedy was late in coming here. Even London saw it last month. It is said that a second Potash and Perlmutter play went down with Charles Klein, the author of the first, on the Lusitania. Mr. Megrue has not the touch of Klein, but his comedy is very amusing. Perhaps as a play it has more body than "Potash and Perlmutter," seen at the Tremont two years ago, but the play in this instance is not the thing. As long as Abe and Mawruss, the one naturally pessimistic, the other explosive and sanguine, are on the stage the nature of the scenes in which they appear, the story and the ending are of little moment.

There are other characters in the play than those named above, but they have little to do. The partners, their wives, the life insurance agent and Mr. Gans are the chief figures. Gans, a sharper, wishes the partners to form a corporation with himself and a dummy. His purpose is to rob them and, incidentally, to run off with Mawruss's wife. She suspects him. Trying to find out the precise nature of his scheme, she excites her husband's jealousy. Mawruss, through Gans's rascality, comes near going to jail, but Abe, no longer his partner, but his salesman—for the two have quarrelled—gives over his fortune. Reunited, the two resume the partnership at the old stand.

The comedy depends not on the plot and the melodramatic situations, but on the pictures of business life as understood by the partners and on their views of the commercial and social world expressed in delightful dialogue. Mr. Bernard is constantly amusing. Never farcical, never exaggerating, he plays in the vein of true comedy. His lines are read with a quiet force that is irresistible. He has a singularly expressive face. There is a scene in which the long partnership is broken; in which Abe's wife thoughtlessly calls him a back number. He is alone for a few minutes in which he tries to interest himself in business items of the newspaper. He has not the heart to read. He is lonely, without occupation, and he has been told that he is no longer shrewd and capable. Mr. Bernard in this scene was a pathetic figure, not soon to be forgotten. His emotion was expressed with artistic simplicity.

Mr. Lipson as Mawruss did not replace the excellent Mr. Julius Tanner, but he contributed to the general gaiety of the performance. Mr. Rogers as the voluble, eloquent and cheeky life insurance agent was capital. Miss Moskowitz and Miss Kendall were adequate in the light moments, but the latter was not convincing in melodrama. The impersonation of the other characters was not striking and in some instances was decidedly amateurish. A large audience was greatly amused from the beginning to the end.

Mrs. Fiske will come to the Tremont Theatre on Monday, Oct. 23, with the successful play, "Erstwhile Susan."

Has anyone in Boston the postage stamps issued by the Spanish postal administration in honor of the third centenary of the death of Cervantes? The announcement was made that the stamps would be a series of vignettes showing incidents in the life of the knight. Stamps were issued to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote," but neither the designs nor the printing were satisfactory. Are any of these stamps in a collection here?

"Genteel Streets."

As the World Wags:

Looking over advertisements in a Boston newspaper of 1861, I learned that desirable and "genteel" board and lodging were to be obtained in Summer street, Beach street, Edinboro street, Milford street, Hayward place, Allston street, Green street, Ashland place and Harrison avenue. Streets as well as books have their fate. A Mr. Prowl who advertised a "new and genteel

ivate boarding house" in Washington eet laid stress on the fact that the rpets were new. A lady wished board a quiet Christian family at the est end." The Church Militant did t appeal to her. The inducement to ke rooms in a house in Ashland place as "a parlor on the first floor with inton's elegant cabinet bed."
Boston. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

The "Solitary Horseman."

Does any one today read the novels G. P. R. James? It has been said at they all open with a description a solitary horseman. The Encyloedia Britannica, in its article on mes, says: "The two cavaliers who, one form or another, open most of s books, have passed into a proverb: d Thackeray's good natured, but fatal rody of 'Barbazure' is likely to outst 'Richelieu' and 'Darnley' by many year."

Now comes Mr. W. A. Frost, the proud ssessor of a complete set of James's vels and short stories, "uniformly und." What is more surprising, he s actually read them all. "Only two the novels," he says, "begin with o horsemen riding along side by side, ., 'Heidelberg' among the historical d the 'Gipsy' among the non-historical arnley' and 'The Gentleman of the d School' each begin with a solitary rseman; and 'Agincourt' begins with o who, coming from opposite directns, meet, talk and separate again. hilip Augustus' and 'The Brigand' ch begin with a large party of horsen. So much for the delusion about two cavaliers. In 'Barbazure' ackeray implies that the hero marrs a widow, which no hero of James er does, though three marry a second ne, viz., those in 'The Fate,' 'Vicissides of a Life,' and 'Leonora D'Orco.' " serious Englishman this Mr. Frost. vertheless for years to come those o write easily, and without reading, out literature will speak knowingly of mes's "Solitary Horseman."

"Unthinkable."

Mr. W. A. Atkinson is disturbed beuse two of "the most emphatic words the language"—"absolutely" and "unnkable"—are undergoing a process of gradation. "There is," says Mr. kinson, "a fashion in the use of words hich is as inexplicable as fashion in ess. From time to time a word or phrase is selected from the immense ailable stock in our language, and ed with a frequency out of all proporn to its value, and often out of all lation to its sense, until it becomes tle better than slang or meaningless terjection."

"Absolutely," he believes, is now bend redemption. "Unthinkable" is in a ferent position. "It has a pseudoientific air about it, since it is at the nent rather favored by sociologists d politicians, and does not yet flow pingly from the tongue of ordinary nversationalists. But the degradation s certainly begun, since the word has w a great vogue in the newspapers, d is used without regard to its strict nal meaning."

come right down to brass tacks, inkable" does not really mean "un-" or "improbable" or "incredible"; eaning is "that cannot be thought conceived," "beyond the grasp of the n intellect," as time and eternity. oes a man who says that 'it is unnkable that Germany will win this war,' ally suppose that the human mind is capable of forming a conception of is contingency?" Ah, Mr. Atkinson, ur objection is well grounded, but ords are strangely changed in meang as the years go by. Although Herrt Spencer used "unthinkable" often d correctly, the "degradation" of the ord is now common even among the ucated.

Sir James Murray argued in vain ainst the "unscholarly" habit of nitting "e" before "ment" in abridgent, acknowledgement, judgement, dgement, "which is against all anal-, etymology and orthoepy, since sewhere 'g' is hard in English when t followed by 'e' or 'i'. * * * The word udgement' has been spelt in the Resed Version correctly—evidently in ar of divine judgement." Yet in the oncise edition of Murray's Oxford Dieonary the spelling "judgment" within the "e" is preferred.

Good Red Herring.

"To H. J.: The art of preserving erring with salt was discovered by illiam Benkelszoon in 1380. His methd is used by the Dutch today. "The herman has a short knife tied the third and fourth fingers of his ght hand by a string attached to the andle. Thrusting it through the gill avities, he withdraws it with a cut at brings away the gills, heart, gullet, ectoral fins and the rest that has to e got rid of before salting and storing. expert, he can so manipulate 1200 sh in the hour."

But who invented the steamer chair?

MARY YOUNG JOINS "SILENT WITNESS" CAST

Bauerbach's Melodrama Opens Third Week at Plymouth.

"The Silent Witness" began the third eek of its Boston engagement at the Plymouth Theatre last evening. There was an added interest in Mr. Bauerbach's sensational melodrama in the appearance of several newcomers in the cast. Mary Young, whose Shakespearean tour with John Craig came to an abrupt ending in Montreal two weeks ago, assumed the role of Helen Hastings, formerly played by Emelie Polini.

Miss Young's performance was interesting from many angles. She not alone added to the many characters in her already interesting gallery, but has made one of the distinct successes of her career.

The actress clearly differentiated the unsophisticated girl of the prologue from the heavy-hearted woman of the succeeding acts. Her girl had the requisite lightness and the buoyancy of expectant happiness. Her emotional scenes were effective and free from hysteria, in fact, a well thought out interpretation.

Lorin Raker was seen for the first time as Bud, and Helen Reimer appeared in the role of Sarah. Both made good impressions.

BASEBALL AND MUSIC PREDOMINATE AT KEITH'S

"Pop" Anson, Ball Game's Grand Old Man, Is a Hit.

Yesterday the champion Red Sox played their way to victory in the second of the world series of 1916. While they were winning their victory in the ball field, "Pop" Anson, the grand old man of baseball, began a triumphal engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre. With his two daughters, this man, who helped make baseball the greatest American game, took his audience back to the days when baseball was in its infancy. By means of moving pictures he compared the players of today with those of other days, while his daughters sang the praises of their "dad."

Baseball fans crowded into B. F. Keith's to see a bill of more than ordinary excellence. Baseball and music are the predominating note on the bill.

Sharing honors with "Pop" Anson on the bill is Nellie V. Nichols, the "Will Somebody Name My Nationality" girl, who has a batch of new songs. She renewed her popularity and added many new friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry in "The Rube," a one-act comedy of the theatre, featuring Mr. Barry as the rube in love with the chorus girl, made a decided hit. "The Rube" is full of bright lines with enough pathos to relieve the laughs.

The 16 Navassar Girls, in a symphonic musical novelty under the direction of Miss Augusta Dial, played everything from opera to rag time. They are clever players and bring to Boston one of the best orchestras that has appeared at Keith's Theatre for several years.

Joe Cook, the "one man vaudeville show," is just what he advertises himself, a whole show in himself. He has added greatly to his act bringing in new and original ideas of nonsense pleasing to all who enjoy a good laugh.

Others who make this week's bill one of unusual excellence are the Bolger brothers, expert banjoists; Charles Leonard Fletcher, who presents character sketches from among those who the public daily reads of; Truly Shattuck and Marta Golden in musical comedy moments, and Louis Hardt, who comes to Boston for the first time in a novelty act.

Next week Grace LaRue, the celebrated musical comedy star, heads the bill in a repertoire of her latest song successes.

"HOUR OF TEMPTATION" SOUL-STIRRING DRAMA

First Presentation at Castle Square Has Strong Appeal.

"The Hour of Temptation" proved to be a soul-stirring drama in its first presentation last night at the Castle Square Theatre by Eleanor Montell and a strong supporting cast. Miss Montell ably depicted the daughter of a southern colonel who, robbed of her innocence as a young girl, falls into the snares of "his satanic majesty," only to finally triumph in later life as the last scene closes.

There are many strong lines in the play, many of them coming from the lips of Baron von der Teufel, which is German for "devil," as portrayed by William Morris. The parts of Montgomery Flagg, a wealthy society man, by E. R. Sage, and of the Rev. Leonard Bruce, by Clyde Bates, were well played. Miss Roma Lauri as Sylvia Bruce fitted very well into her part.

It was the story of a girl whose mistake cost her the life of her beloved father. Her reverend lover, falling to atone for his share, receives her curse. Her baby dies, and as Mme. Rene she becomes the brilliant courtesan. An opportunity to avenge herself on the cause of her wrecked life is shown by Der Teufel in the ensnarement and ruin of the minister's daughter Sylvia.

She half consents, and as success seems to have resulted feels remorse. The minister feels the blow, but the millionaire lover of Sylvia makes her his wife, reforming from his bad ways. Der Teufel is cast aside and the southern girl again feels the "love of God."

SHUBERT THEATRE: First production in the East of "So Long Letty," a farce with music; book by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris; music and lyrics by Earl Carroll. Cast:

Letty Robbins.....Charlotte Greenwood
Grace Miller.....May Boley
Tommy Robbins.....Sydney Grant
Harry Miller.....Walter Catlett
Mrs. Cease.....Vera Doria
Chita Alvarez.....Frances Cameron
Sadie McQuiggle.....Winnie Baldwin
Philip Brown.....Percey Bronson
Billy Monday.....Ben Linn
Chauffeur.....Robert Calley
Dancers from the Casino.....
Dorothy and Madeline Cameron

It will be a long time before Boston will long to say "So Long, Letty!" in the sense of farewell, for it is many long seasons since a fresher, brisker, brighter, or breezier piece has come hither out of West or North or South.

Letty, long of limb and long on humor, and all her lively companions, both those who sing and those who dance, are cheering to hear and see, while the whimsical little story they depict on the California shore, in and about two abandoned street cars fitted up as beach houses, is full of sparkle, novelty and laughs.

The cars adjoin each other end to end. Letty and Tommy Robbins inhabit one, Grace and Harry Miller the other. Letty prefers dancing and the gay life to keeping house, while Tommy likes to trim the lawn and yearns for a square meal at home, which he never gets. Grace is a good cook and she first appears mixing some kind of toothsome dough, while bemoaning the absence of her harum-scarum Harry, who doesn't appreciate her homely qualities.

Each husband discovers the other flirting with his wife. They take it as good friends, bewail their mismated condition and finally hit on the scheme of trading spouses.

The girls are horrified at the suggestion at first, but on Letty's advice agree to try it for a week. This shocks the boys, but, having made their bluff, they finally decide to see it through. Then the real fun begins. There was plenty of it before, but it was mild in comparison with what follows.

Letty soon makes Harry long for his stout and home-loving Grace and Tommy would give worlds to go back to his athletic Letty. At the end of the trial week the husbands have had enough of it and the wives rejoice in victory.

As side issues, but none the less interesting, are two charming dancers from the Casino; a troupe of beach girls, part of the time in bathing suits, part of the time in nothing in particular—which is extremely becoming—and a group of beach boys who do not count for much.

The graceful, wide-sweeping wave of Charlotte Greenwood's legs and arms must be seen to be appreciated. "So Long, Letty!" can well be said of her but when one sees her, he is glad of her length and is tempted to wish she were longer, on the principle that you can't have too much of a good thing. For if there were more of her, there would me still larger supplies of the glowing good humor that radiates from her whole personality, sounds in her hearty laugh and is revealed in her remarkably wholesome spirit.

May Boley fits admirably the part of Grace Miller, the home-loving wife who knows how to cook, sweep and dust. She is round, plump, jolly and funny.

Sydney Grant and Walter Catlett seem to have been born and brought up to be the foolish husbands.

All the other players are more than satisfactory in their parts. The music is pleasing, while the song that gives the piece its name is unusually pretty and "catchy."

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First time in Boston, "Good Gracious Annabelle," a comedy in three acts by Clare Kummer; staged by Arthur Hopkins, the scenes by Robert Edmond Jones. The players:

James Ludgate.....J. Palmer Collins
Wickham.....Harry C. Bradley
Wilbur Jennings.....Roland Young
Ethel Deane.....Ruth Harding
Alfred Weatherby.....Walter Schellin
Gwendolen Morley.....Helen Lee
Alice.....Mae Macomber
William Gosling.....Edwin Holland
Titcomb.....Willis Reed
Annabelle Leigh.....Lola Fisher
John Rawson.....Walter Hampden
George Wimbledon.....Edwin Nicander
Harry Murchison.....Harry Ingram
Lottie.....May Vokes

This seems to be the period for odd titles. We have in our midst at present "Very Good Eddie," "So Long Letty" and "Good Gracious Annabelle." Each has a very neat and popular name for the tag. The adjectives and ejaculations are incentives to puzzlement. It would not be surprising, ere the present season closes, to hear that Mr. "So-and-So" is about to produce "Let Her Go Lizzie," which would serve as well as any of the foregoing.

Title aside, the comedy presented last evening at the Park Square Theatre richly deserves its characterization as comedy, and those who are instrumental in presenting it are worthy of high commendation. It is seldom that a three-act play of this nature holds true to form. Sometimes the first act is bad or in doubtful odor. Sometimes the third act falls with a drop which affects the entire audience. When such a play can hold an even tempo for the entire three acts, something exists, aided by the players, which closely guarantees success.

Such a comedy is "Good Gracious Annabelle." It is true that the setting and the introduction of characters in the opening act smacks of amateurism. For the first 10 minutes one gains the impression that it is going to be a melancholy evening. Then, presto! Miss Fisher and Mr. Nicander appear, and at once the action becomes sprightly, personalities are introduced. The dialogue takes on animation and a suspicion of characterization is created.

In the second act, which marks the first appearance of May Vokes, the fun cumulates. It was good in the first act. More than that, it was artistic, thanks chiefly to Miss Fisher, a rising and youthful comedienne, if such creatures exist without music, and she was without it, as she demonstrated later. Yet, by sheer personality, ably aided by clever lines, she carried an entire scene and a first curtain through to a neat climax.

Then, as foresaid, Miss Vokes came on, as Lottie, the under-cook, with a weakness for Scotch and servants' room romance. Miss Vokes retains many of the tricks which have made her a popular stage slavey for many seasons past. In the present instance she has numerous lines which were as if written to fit her, and each contains the fundamentals of a smile or a laugh. Not since "A Knight for a Day" has she been afforded better opportunities.

Mr. Nicander, as the youthful Croesus who recognized the day after New Year's as his only sober day, was artistic always, playing a weakling role constantly with proper restraint, yet giving telling accent to every line he uttered. Mr. Hampden, whose first appearance, despite his high reputation in the theatrical world, was awkwardly against him, and whose appearance in light roles is a novelty which he and his admirers may not care to see repeated, gained in effectiveness as the comedy progressed. Despite the quite improbable plot in which the author involved him, he in the end managed to escape with at least honorable mention.

After stating that Miss Harding and Mr. Young proved themselves exceptionally adapted to light comedy, each having a concise and intelligent conception of characterization and environment, it is not amiss to sum up the attractive qualities of "Good Gracious Annabelle." It may be said without equivocation that a comedy with such an abundance of witty dialogue has not been heard in Boston for some time. It might be added that without Miss Fisher's naiveness, Mr. Nicander's artistry and Miss Vokes's drollness the comedy might have lost much of its effectiveness. The existing combination, however, should attract lovers of harmless quip, odd situations and finished characterizations to the Park Square Theatre as long as "Good Gracious Annabelle" consents to remain.

COPLEY THEATRE—Henry Jewett Players in "The Admirable Crichton," a play in four acts by J. M. Barrie:

Hon. Ernest Wooley.....Leonard Craske
Mr. Crighton.....Lionel Glenister
Lady Agatha Lasenby.....Elizabeth Merson
Lady Catherine Lasenby..Jessamine Newcombe
Lady Mary Lasenby.....Gwladys Morris
Rev. John Treherne.....Leon Gordon
The Earl of Loam.....Fred W. Permain
Lord Brocklehurst.....Cameron Matthews
Tweeney.....Beatrice Miller
A Naval Officer.....Arthur Dennis
Countess of Brocklehurst.....Isabel Merson

Mr. Jewett made his second production of the season last evening at the Copley Theatre. Barrie's charming fantasy was revived, not merely exhumed, excellently cast and acted with vitality and spirit.

The play is a delightful blend of ideas and fancy, philosophy and fun. Never has the theory of the "return to nature" been more pleasantly treated. Never have certain phases of social radicalism been satirized more delicately. The story is familiar. The Earl of Loam has his views on democracy. Once a month his daughters are delighted to invite the servants of the household to tea and to treat them in conversation as equals. Crichon, the butler, an excellent servant, sees the grotesqueness of the situation. Yet when the noble family is shipwrecked on an island it is he who plays the man and protects the trembling aristocrats. In gratitude he is adored by them. Haughty Lady Mary burns to become his wife. At the moment of their betrothal Crichton, with true nobility of spirit gives the signal which will attract a rescuing ship and reduce him to the servitude of former days.

The part of this prince among butlers was first played in London by H. B. Irving. It has been acted here by Mr. Gillette and others. Mr. Glenister did full justice to the role. In the first act he was respectful, dignified, efficient. On the island he was manly, resourceful. In the hut there was opportunity for the actor to be romantic. Mr. Glenister's repose, his quiet authority, his excellent diction were among the features of an admirable performance.

Young Ernest was well played by Mr. Craske with appropriate nonchalance, with an assurance which suffered an agreeable transformation. Miss Morris,

...s aristocratic Lady Mary, was winning and truly feminine in moments of triumph and submission. Miss Miller's Tweeny was conspicuous among the other impersonations for its fidelity to life and abandon. Mr. Permain was [illegible] as the earl.

The play was picturesquely staged. The scenes on the island and in the hut were realistic.

Next Week the play will be Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Oct 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

One [illegible] that [illegible]

The Passing of Jarge.

As the World Wags:

I mind [illegible] ate Liverpool Jarge [illegible] and [illegible] on the [illegible] with [illegible] high send-ing me to [illegible] along with the captain and [illegible] the crew.

Me [illegible] sitting on a green [illegible] in the Queen's Domain [illegible] tree when along [illegible] a [illegible] yellow sea jacket with pearl buttons. He talks friendly, and [illegible] for tattooing, said he knew an artist on Regent street, [illegible] take us there. That pleased Jarge [illegible] being keen on tattooing, and [illegible] we stopped into [illegible] for [illegible], and when I woke up I was in [illegible] fo'castle bunk with the [illegible] and the [illegible] me, and a taste in the mouth like the bottom of a [illegible] and the skreek of a boson's [illegible] splitting my head. We [illegible] the Sligo Maid, a dirty, [illegible], ind-found hooker, and all hands being piped aft to meet the [illegible] I [illegible] chest like a water butt [illegible] cracked where I had been [illegible] and a caved-in face with the nose slewed around three points to port and a mean eye, and a voice like a [illegible] whistle buoy. He looks us over slow, and says, "I'm the mate. I'm a sailor. When I come aboard I didn't come over the side. I come in through the hawse hole. I'm a nice, quiet feller. We'll get along all right together. But when I give an order," he says, "I don't want you to run. I don't want you to walk. I want you to ship your [illegible] wings and blood, well fly. Lay to it, swine." We laid to.

He was a proper [illegible]. When a watch [illegible] the fo'castle [illegible] with a belaying pin and crack [illegible]. Very thefty he was with a [illegible] wooden pin and he'd nick [illegible] as neat as you like and seldom missed. You can lay to it all hands [illegible] lively on that craft. [illegible] day he got Jarge and misjudged [illegible] he lays Jarge open from eye to chin. Jarge got very savage [illegible] owing to his planning [illegible] to have his face tattooed and [illegible]. Well, Jarge [illegible] the mate and things went from bad to worse, and one night Jarge said he was going to kill the mate. I advised him not and said how murder was a crime and [illegible] hanging, but Jarge was firm and told me to stow my gab. The next night he done it. It was in the dog-watch just gone four bells, [illegible] moonlight and warm, and the old tart [illegible] along with everything in [illegible] breeze and all hands [illegible] me and Jarge and the helmsman [illegible] the mate come on deck for a smoke. He [illegible] the rail just aft a little [illegible] stacked amidships [illegible] next the pig pen. I mind [illegible] was squealing in [illegible] sleep when Jarge [illegible] and give it to the [illegible] with a set of brass knuckles [illegible] full under the ear. The mate folded [illegible] slid into the scuppers. And I [illegible] Jarge a leg up with him and we [illegible] him over.

Well, [illegible] the old man made no end of a row and [illegible] put into Honolulu and shove the whole crew. [illegible] he done [illegible] to [illegible] bet-[illegible]. He [illegible] along the deck [illegible] on the [illegible] with a lop [illegible] the fight he'd [illegible] sunk her [illegible] Jarge's [illegible] and [illegible] over the side she goes and that's the end of her.

That [illegible] Sligo Maid as you might [illegible]. Next day one of them tall [illegible] her from [illegible] took the foremast out of [illegible]. After that [illegible]. The third day the old [illegible] cause. The fourth day [illegible] down with [illegible]. And [illegible] night she sank.

I'm the only man living that ever see [illegible]. [illegible] along the old girl was, as [illegible] might be, [illegible] crippled aloft with a bright [illegible] and a greasy sea, at six bells of the [illegible] watch down she went. On an even keel and without losing [illegible] the [illegible] as she should, or [illegible] down [illegible]. And [illegible] nice. And nothing [illegible] her. Chips had sounded the well the same day and found only six inches in the bilge. She hit nothing. Down she went that quick her decks was awash before anybody noticed. And then she give a guzzle and a gulp and she was gone.

I swims an hour and crawls onto a grating and there was Liverpool Jarge and no one else in sight. Nor ever was again. We stuck to the grating three days and then Jarge goes balmy, and begins singing. He was a shanty man with a fine tender voice, and the way he'd sing "Blow the Man Down" was a gift. So he begins singing with a mad look in his eye and edges over toward me and I see there was no room any more for us both and I kicks him gentle in the belly and he goes over the end.

I mind the last of the verse he was singing as he went down. Like yesterday.

> Strike me pink,
> What d'ye think
> That I never take a drink,
> I'm a tar,
> Yes I are,
> What ho!

A little line of bubbles comes up in the water and that's the sad end of my old shipmate Liverpool Jarge, a good man as ever was, with a fondness for tattooing, and very thefty with the brass knuck[illegible].

JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION.
East Boston.

Oct 14 1916

SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 36th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows. Bethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Berlioz, Overture, "The Corsair"; Liszt, Symphonic poem "Mazeppa"; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's."

The overture of Berlioz was played in Boston for the first time 20 years ago last January, when Mr. Paur conducted the orchestra. This overture has exercised the ingenuity of commentators. It has been stated boldly that Berlioz composed it in 1831, shortly after he had contemplated suicide, having learned that his dear Camilla Moke, the pianist, had married Pleyel a manufacturer of pianos. The economic advantage in this match did not appeal to Berlioz's sense of humor. Wandering about Nice, he found a ruined tower that suited his melancholy mood. On a rock near the base of this tower he sat and saw the sea. Since this overture is known as "The Corsair," and as Berlioz had described his emotions on reading Byron's poem in a confessional in St. Peter's at Rome, the music has been regarded as a musical expression of the Corsair's character and adventures.

But the overture when it was first played in Paris, in 1845, was entitled "The Tower of Nice." The autograph manuscript in the library of the Paris Conservatory shows that this title was erased; that "The Red Corsair" was substituted, and then the word "red" erased. When the overture, greatly revised, was performed in 1855 it was called "The Corsair."

It may be that the overture has no more to do with Byron's misanthrope than it has with "Le Corsaire," a periodical to which Berlioz contributed in his younger days. Is the overture Byronic? Surely the tower of Nice did not resemble the tower of Nesle, the scene of Margaret of Burgundy's orgies with the corpse of the lover floating in the Seine the next morning.

When Berlioz revisited Nice in 1844 he lodged "in a tower adjoining the Ponchettes cliff." "I enjoyed there the admirable view of the Mediterranean and a restfulness the value of which I more than ever appreciated." He did not mention any overture with which he was then busied. Maurice Bourges, however, in the review of Berlioz's concert in 1845, stated that "The Tower of Nice" was composed during Berlioz's last sojourn in the Midi. Did Berlioz so inform him? Berlioz was given to romantic tales—witness his memoirs, which, as a record of facts in his musical life, are often untrustworthy.

What, pray, has the Tower of Nice, as lodgings in 1844, to do with this overture? In his account of that sojourn, Berlioz states that he wrote the "Lear" overture when he was in Nice years before. If he had composed "The Corsair" in 1844 would he not have said so? He speaks of the quiet that was grateful to him. In 1831 he was sorely perturbed. The overture to "The Corsair" is by no means in contemplative mood. And why did he change the title at first to "The Red Corsair"? Had he "The Red Rover" in mind? We know that he was reading Byron's "Corsair" in 1831.

All this interests the biographer and the antiquarian rather than the hearer. The hearer may try to find the Byronic spirit in "The Corsair" or fancy some old tale about the tower of Nice: it matters not, the overture is not among the best or the second best works of Berlioz; the ideas are not striking, and neither the development of them nor the orchestration commands the attention. Buelow had an inexplicable fondness for the overture. Perhaps a certain virtuoso dash, the florid passages for the strings fascinated him.

An audience that filled the hall greeted Dr. Muck heartily. The performance of the "Eroica" Symphony was most impressive, in fact we do not remember any other so euphonious, so eloquent, so noble. Beethoven had Napoleon in his mind when he wrote the music, but the funeral march is for all heroes, triumphant or overcome. The brilliance of the orchestra was fully displayed in the pieces by Liszt and Strauss, but a greater contrast in the second part of the program would have been welcome. If "Mazeppa" and Strauss's rondo had been separated by something short and suave or light and gay, they would have been still more effective. "Bring forth the horse!" Liszt rode him cavorting and wildly galloping long after Mazeppa had been unbound; he rode him bravely at the head of the procession of the futurists of his time to the music of a rather ordinary march with a pleasing trio in the Hungarian manner. This may be said: Liszt's music is as romantically descriptive, pompous and, at last bombastic as Victor Hugo's poem that suggested it.

Would that Strauss had always been so constantly fortunate in his later works as he was in "Till Eulenspiegel"!

Here is an exhibition of fancy, realism, humor, and a touch of the macabre that is always musical; that is without too evident straining after effect; that does not attempt to serve as a commentary on Nietzsche or picture the intimate life of the Strauss family. That Strauss can be charming and simple is shown by the prologue and epilogue of "Till"; "once upon a time there was——"

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Chausson, Symphony in B flat major; Wagner, a Faust overture; Schelling, concerto for violin (first time here; Mr. Kreisler, violinist); Brahms, "Academic Festival" overture.

Mr. Hamilton Bell referred in his letter to the Herald published yesterday to an appeal made by Lady Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray. This appeal in behalf of wounded in the war was printed in the Spectator of Aug. 26. It is a story of Chelsea. "Not Holbein himself, not Sir Thomas More, not our old Carlyle can have seen, as we do with wondering eyes, the present aspects of the ancient hamlet. . . . Not one of these patron saints of Chelsea can have seen as we do now, as Henry James also saw before he died (caring and helping to the last), the surrounding marks of heartfelt effort in our midst."

We quote a paragraph which should interest those who wish to aid the Surgical Requisites Association by contributions.

"Those who work at the surgical appliances of this war workroom have a special building set apart for making their mechanically adjusted splints and means for saving pain. Helpless limbs are supported, artificial strength is given until nature is able to take up the task once more, and to give new power to the failing hand or dropping foot. . . . Discoveries have been made of late and doctors find that for serious wounds open baths are far more efficacious than confining bandages. These baths are made to fit the wounded limbs and devised out of papier mache covered with enamel and costing pennies instead of the many shillings required for more elaborate vessels. As I looked round and about I was struck by the quiet absorption everywhere—pasting, moulding, fixing was going on. Some of the workers were wearing their pretty coiffes over gray hair. There were also young ladies with shining locks, but all seemed equally interested and assiduous, losing no time, for they have much to do. In truth, more help is badly wanted, though it is work suited to all the hours of life and all sorts and conditions of women."

New York in 1837.

As the World Wags:

I came across the following in the "Life of Charles Stoddard of Boston and Northampton" (date 1837) and from a letter Mr. Stoddard wrote to his son:

"While I remain in this city (New York) I live in a great house called the Astor House; I send a picture of it. At the dinner table about one hundred sit down. Men smoke in the halls and entries, which is not pleasant to me.

"This city is much larger than Boston. It is not so clean. There are many wicked people here, who swear and break the Sabbath, and are on the road to Hell. There are also many good people here, who labor to do good; and there are many Sunday school children." J. A. C.

Littleton.

Whiskerage.

Again there is talk, again there are regulations in France and England concerning whiskerage of soldiers. The English cavalry began to wear mustaches before Waterloo, but William IV. saw to it that this order was issued from the horse guards: "The moustachios of the cavalry (excepting in the Life Guards, the Horse Guards, and the Hussars) to be abolished, and the hair of the non-commissioned officer and soldier throughout the regular force to be cut close at the sides and back of the heads instead of being worn in that bushy and unbecoming fashion adopted by some regiments." It is said that the Worcestershire militia was the first to wear mustaches in the army; this was in 1798 when the colonel copied from the Austrians. Shortly before Waterloo the Horse Artillery followed suit. "The rest of the army did not take to the innovation until 1850, when the peremptory order was made which was rigorously enforced until the present great war. Now there is a real endeavor visible to meet the royal wish that army officers should grow a mustache—if possible."

It may be remembered that the Siberian soldiers early in this war refused to have their beards cut, believing that their hairy wildness would frighten the Germans. Yet they had never heard of Brig.-Gen. Macard in the revolution. He was a gigantic fellow. When he was about to charge, he would cry out: "Look here! I'm going to dress like a beast." He should have said "undress," for he took off his coat, waistcoat and shirt, and exposed a shaggy, bear-like breast. He kept on his leather breeches, boots and plumed hat. Waving his sabre, he swore "like a pagan." Marbot adds that "at sight of this giant, half-naked, hairy all over, and in such a strange outfit, who was hurling himself at them and uttering the most fearful yells, his opponents would bolt on all sides, hardly knowing if they were dealing with a man or some strange and wild animal."

A Londoner asked, "Shall we ever see the day of a bishop with a mustache?" That is, a mustache without a beard. The mustached judge in England came in with Lord Justice Phillimore. In this country when we were boys physicians were proud of their beards. The beard was indispensable to a lucrative bedside manner. The younger watched anxiously sprouting and scanty chin herbage, and attributed to churlish Nature their lack of practice. But it seems that in England a generation ago a doctor with a mustache would have been open to the charge of unprofessional conduct. The entertaining Mr. G. W. E. Russell met a physician thus decorated in 1877. "Everyone condemned the hirsute appendage as highly unprofessional and when, some time after, the poor man found his way into a lunatic asylum, neighboring doctors of the elder school said they were not surprised."

The English also were prejudiced against a bearded barrister. "The late Vice-Chancellor Bacon carried his dislike so far that he always refused to listen to bearded or mustached counsel, pretending that he could not hear them. Even now, although there are plenty of bearded barristers and K. C.'s, few have attained eminence. The most brilliant exception was perhaps the late Judah Philip Benjamin, 'silver-tongued Benjamin,' who, despite of his mustache and American 'goatee,' earned the princely income of £35,000 a year."

Nov 15, 1916

MME. LEGINSKA

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Ethel Leginska gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Italian concerto; Brahms, Sixteen waltzes; Beethoven, Ecossalses in E flat; "Pathetic" Sonata; Brahms, variations on a theme of Paganini.

Mme. Leginska disappointed in certain ways those who were delighted by her playing of last season and of the season before. Perhaps the program was largely at fault. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms! At her next concert, Dec. 6, she will play only pieces by Chopin. Why should composers whose names begin with "A" be slighted? Or could she not, greatly daring, choose the "D's"? There are enough of them, others besides Dussek, Debussy, Diabelli, Durand, Doehler. "Through the alphabet with the composers," might be her motto.

Why should any pianist in the year of our Lord 1916 play in public the "Ecossaises" of Beethoven? The Paganini variations by Johannes Brahms were fortunately at the end, so that there was an opportunity for enjoying fresh air without missing the greater part of the concert. The waltzes of the same composer were originally written for four hands. They were dedicated to Hanslick, the critic, and Brahms in a letter to him said that he thought of Vienna, Hanslick, and the handsome maidens with whom the critic played

four-hand pieces, for he was passionately addicted to this form of musical entertainment.

"Innocent waltzes in the Schubertian form," said Brahms. And then Hanslick, in grateful mood, wrote a long and enthusiastic article about them, in which he enlarged on the fact that Vienna led the most serious composers to write in dance form, to send forth even waltzes. "He began to compliment and I began to grin." So charming a relationship between composer and critic starts the tear of sensibility. Later Brahms arranged the waltzes to please the Princess of Hesse. Whether she was able to play them is not recorded. Probably she played no better than a Princess should.

Many pages of the waltzes were played gracefully by Mme. Leginska; there was a beautiful tonal quality; there was strength without undue force. Some one said that a performance of this music demanded an intelligence that would supplement the comparatively few indications of the composer. Mme. Leginska showed this intelligence. On the other hand she too often was sentimental in her ending the waltzes in the vein of Eusebius, rather than of Florestan. She dragged and dallied. She was loath to strike the final chord of a cadence. Now was rhythm always well defined.

The desire to be effective was too plainly observed in her treatment of the slow measures in the first movement of the Sonata. There was again a deliberate sluggishness in the matter of the cadence; an unwillingness to pass from a suspension, so that the series of delays was tiresome. The intention of the composer was thus frittered away; it lost significance.

The Andante of Bach's concerto was played with exaggerated feeling. One would not say the music was "modernized," but the pianist was not satisfied with the simple beauty of the music. Mme. Leginska is too fine a pianist to indulge in affectations, but the mannerisms of which we have spoken will soon put her under suspicion.

Her performance yesterday was a curious mixture of brilliance and sentimentalism. Her playing of last season was on a higher plane. A large audience applauded warmly and indiscriminately.

Sir Herbert Tree will bring his celebrated version of "Henry VIII." to the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow. When he produced the play at His Majesty's Theatre in 1910, he was asked by a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette whether pageantry was to be the predominant note. Sir Herbert answered: "The play is rather pageantesque. It is a straightforward play, but it wants splendor. It was so written by Shakespeare; his stage instructions show us that, and we are trying to give a picture of the times as near as we can get to it. The play we hope, will be itself a great attraction; but in order to be any success it must be produced with the splendor that was characteristic of the period. Wolsey's state beggared that of Caligula, and to give a fitting idea of Henry VIII and Wolsey you must have a certain degree of splendor. Otherwise it would be better to leave it alone. To do it only in what people call 'an adequate manner,' or in that half-hearted way that is only appreciated by those who do not pay for going to the theatre, would be to make both Wolsey and Shakespeare ridiculous . . . we have not only the stage instructions of Shakespeare for Anne Bullen's coronation, but also the actual records of the ceremony." This view of the play was elaborated by Sir Herbert in his entertaining and instructive little volume, "Henry VIII. and His Court," published in 1910. In the production—Sept. 1 of that year—Miss Violet Vanbrugh played Queen Katherine, Miss Laura Cowie, Anne Bullen, Mrs. Charles Calvert, the Old Lady, while Sir Herbert, Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Ainley were seen as Wolsey, the King and Buckingham respectively.

A good many years ago Mr. Alfred H. Wall contributed to the Shrine an article on "Henry VIII., in which he said: "From the first it was a spectacular play, and to this, its special feature, was due the destruction by fire of the Globe Theatre on the Southwark Bankside. On a June afternoon, in the year 1613, its first revival had been announced far and wide by bills posted on the street posts, by town criers with their bells and by 'riders' sounding their trumpets to attract listeners in remote outskirts. So playgoers and sightseers came crowding into Southwark with a great roar of voices. The gorgeous state barges of nobles and the crowded ferry boats were on the river with long splashing oars. Over the bridge, between its shops and houses, and under the arches of its gates, with the ghastly heads of dead men above them, rode armed and plumed the nobles, stately, adorned with gold and glittering jewelry, with satins and silks and cloth of gold, with their ladies, in carriages or mounted upon tall horses. They were the great people of the court, with their pages and their liveried attendants—youths of high birth and breeding, proud to be thus distinguished—and with armed retainers to guard them. The Bankside folk were all astir with the excitement, and shouted to see them, while within the theatre the actors and their numerous assistants were engaged in all the bustle and noise of their active and hurried preparation.

"Thomas Pickering, writing of his triumphant but hapless performance to Sir Thomas Pickering, date, 'this last of June,' says:—'No longer ago than yesterday, while Bourbage and his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII., and there shooting of certain chambers' (small cannon) 'the fire catched.' And the accomplished Sir Henry Wootton, writing to his nephew of this play, thinking it was a new one (which it was not), says it was 'set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matter of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like.' He tells us how, when the fire broke out, actors and audience got away quite safely, although one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale.' Howes, telling this story, adds of the theatre, 'the next spring it was rebuilded in far fairer manner than before.'"

Some have found the play "a manifesto of the new faith or of the old—a celebration of Elizabeth or a vindication of Katherine." Gervinus, always in search of something beneath the surface, explained it as a paean to the House of Tudor; to which Prof. Herford replied, "It may quite as readily be represented as a satire on them." Sir Herbert contends that the play is essentially realistic and not symbolic. "Indeed, probably no English author is less 'symbolic' than Shakespeare. I hold that, with the exception of certain scenes in 'The Tempest' no plays of Shakespeare are susceptible to what is called 'symbolic' treatment."

When "Henry VIII." was revived in 1664, "there was all the original stateliness, also the spectacular display.

The London Times, reviewing Tree's production, described it "a polychromatic show, varied by studies of human distress." It was "kaleidoscopic, incoherent, boisterously merry, then plunged into deepest gloom, then merely kinematographic. You feel as though you had been at a fair and had much fun amid roundabouts and steam organs, with the added excitement of seeing one or two serious accidents to eminent persons in the neighborhood. And perhaps it flits across your mind that English history, more or less authentic, and in any case highly romantic and picturesque, pervades the show and gives it a certain dignity. In that ironic theme of queens, cardinals, noblemen all toppling over because of a pretty face and an amorous red-bearded gentleman who happens to be King of England, you may find, if you choose, the unity of the story. It has no other. Heroic people fiercely hating, nobly suffering, sensual people gloating and kissing, revellers singing and dancing, crowds shouting—what a queer mixture it all is!"

Richard Grant White in his introduction to "Henry VII., expresses the belief that the play was written at Stratford in 1613, and was the poet's last work. He says nothing about Fletcher or other playwrights. The poet drew his materials from Hall and Holinshed, who in turn were indebted to Cavendish's unpublished "Life of Wolsey"; and for the fifth act he went to Fox's "Book of Martyrs." White mentions two lost plays, "Cardinal Wolsey" and "The Rise of Cardinal Wolsey," produced in 1601, the latter with unusual splendor. "Shakespeare was most probably indebted to them only for the hint to make this play a show piece, which its stage directions clearly indicate it to have been."

Sir Herbert's press agent states:

"There were several plays about the same time on the subject of 'Henry VIII.'; and the first reference is found in an entry in the 'Stationers Registers,' under date of Feb. 12, 1604-5: 'Nath. Butler: Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begin to print it, and then procure the Wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy.' Most antiquarians believe this to be identical with the young inconsequent comedy of Samuel Rowley, 'When you see mee, you know mee; or the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eighth, with the birth and virtuous life of Edward, Prince of Wales,' which Nathaniel Butler issued in 1605. 'It is a bluff, hearty, violently Protestant piece of work, the Protestant emphasis being, indeed, the most striking thing about it.' The verse has been described as formal, besides a few passages of superior quality; the characters are not well drawn, being very stagey and mostly invertebrate. As for the 'Henry VIII' that holds the stage, it has been conceded on many hands that it is not wholly the work of Shakespeare. There is little doubt whatever in the opinion of those best able to judge one, if not more, 'hands' are apparent in the writing. John Fletcher certainly, from internal evidence, had much to do with the composition of many of the speeches. The play was written in great haste, as it was conjectured it was inspired by the rejoicings over the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. It is surmised that Shakespeare placed his unfinished manuscript in the charge of his old companions at the Globe Theatre to be rapidly completed by Fletcher. Dowden says of Fletcher's most distinctive verse that it 'had certain strongly marked characteristics, one of which is the frequent occurrence of double endings: a portion of 'Henry VIII' is written in the verse of Fletcher and a portion as certainly in Shakespeake's verse.' While Furnival and Tennyson, with many other scholars hold to this view Swinburne, curiously enough, would not be convinced. The famous soliloquy of Wolsey begining 'Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness' has been ascribed to Fletcher, yet one would rather suggest that Fletcher only extended it. However, in other portions of the play there are unmistakable signs of Fletcher's style and mode of expression."

An interesting discussion of the authorship was contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 27, 1910, by Mr. Marshall Steele.

"The reproduction of 'King Henry VIII.' by Sir Herbert Tree raises once again the always interesting problem as to the authorship of this strange farrago of fact and fiction, aptly described by Hertzberg as 'a chronicle-history, with three and a half catastrophes, varied by marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the birth of a child.' To the man in the street, to the ordinary playgoer, and, indeed, to all who have not made themselves familiar with the work of Shakespearean critics and commentators, the play is Shakespeare's beyond question But equally beyond question is it plain to every commentator on the subject during the last two generations and more that the play is the work of two hands and that the hand which wrought the larger part of the work was not Shakespeare's, but Fletcher's. Even Prof. Courtney, who, with daring, if not sound, judgment claims for the great dramatist the authorship of 'The Contention,' 'The True Tragedie' and 'Arden of Feversham,' would attribute this play to some other writer, were it not included in the folio of 1623; and, even against the weight of such external evidence, he holds it probable that Shakespeare wrote but a portion of the play and gave the whole the prestige of his name.

"But while the average man may hear without much astonishment and little regret that Fletcher alone is responsible for the Coronation and Vision scenes, and for Cranmer's prophecy, with its fulsome flattery of the most unkingly of England's kings, it is a shock to him to be told that the farewell speech and the great scene between the fallen cardinal and Cromwell which follows are also Fletcher's. Yet the evidence in favor of this view is strong and weighty, nor can it easily be answered.

"First, the proportion of lines in this scene with double or feminine endings is far larger, indeed it is nearly three times larger, than can be found in any even of the latest plays which are admittedly Shakespeare's. Next, in the early part of the whole scene, consisting of 201 lines and attributed to Shakespeare, there are 10 light or weak endings, to the use of which Shakespeare was much addicted in his later plays, while in the concluding 256 lines of the scene, which are alleged to be Fletcher's, there is not one instance of such an ending. Indeed, it is quite impossible for any judge of style to avoid the conclusion that the first and second parts of the scene, the dividing line being taken at the king exit, are by different hands, and of the former part tests of style and verse endings and the dramatic force in the brief interview between king and cardinal proclaim Shakespeare the author.

"Against this evidence the fact that Hemings and Condell, who should have known the truth, included the play in the 1623 folio weight but little. But other facts weigh much. It is more than a little curious that no scene which Fletcher ever wrote, either by himself or in conjunction with Beaumont, has gained a tithe of the popularity that attaches to this one. It is curious, too, that nowhere in a play which is his work, and his only, do we meet with such sustained excellence, so close a grip of the situation, or so little excuse for the complaint, huc illuc difficult. It is hard also to find another consecutive hundred lines of his, in which there is so little trace of metrical irregularity or carelessness. Moreover there are two or three true Shakespearean touches in the scene; the play on 'little good,' 'good easy man,' and the abrupt breakdown, followed by 'prithee, lead me in,' all suggest the master's hand, and in the last 11 lines there is only one with a feminine ending, a proportion most unusually small, and not easily to be found in plays of Fletcher's unalded authorship. Add to these considerations that of its very nature the scene was bound to be one of the most pathetic and dramatic in the whole play, and it seems probable that while Fletcher almost undoubtedly wrote the scene, Shakespeare, in response to a call from the managers of the Globe Theatre, retouched and improved it."

There are three acts in Sir Herbert's version. Irving played the piece in Shakespeare's five, but Tree cut out the whole of the last act, with the final curtain falling on the scene of Anne Bullen's coronation. This ending, Sir Herbert declares, illustrates the pageantry of realism as presented in the elaborate directions as to the christening of the new-born princess. "The offspring of Anne Boleyn, over whose head the shadow of the axe is already hovering, has been christened amid the acclamations of the mob; the King paces forth to hold the child up to the gaze of a shouting populace, accompanied by the court and the clergy—trumpets blare, drums roll, the organ thunders, cannons boom, hymns are sung, the joy bells are pealing. A lonely figure in black enters weeping. It is the Fool!"

After Wolsey fell, he sent this Fool as a present to Henry. Cavendish tells us that he, the Fool, was so loath to leave his master that there was need of six tall yeomen to conduct him to court: "for the poor fool took on and fired so in such a rage when he saw that he must needs depart from my lord. Yet, notwithstanding, they conveyed him with Master Norris to the court, where the King received him most gladly."

The first performance of "Henry VIII." in Boston was at the Federal Street Theatre on March 10, 1800. The performance was for the benefit of Mr. Barrett. The cast as given on the play bills was as follows:

King Henry	Mr. Whitlock
Wolsey	Mr. Barrett
Campeius	Mr. Kedey
Capucius	Mr. Lathy
Norfolk	Mr. Munto
Buckingham	Mr. Harper
Suffolk	Mr. Kenny
Cromwell	Mr. Usher
Gardiner	Mr. Simpson
Sergeant-at-Arms	Mr. Baker
Lord Chamberlain	Mr. Villier
Surveyor	Mr. Coles
Katherine	Mrs. Whitlock
Anne Bullen	Mrs. Harper
Old Lady	Mrs. Simpson
Patience (with a song)	Mrs. Graupner

At the end of the third act the "Comic Song of the Country Club" was sung by Mr. Bates.

The fourth act showed the "Grand Coronation of Anne Bullen"—her name was spelled "Anna" on the bill, and the Queen's name was spelled with a "C"—"with the mode and manner of delivering the usual challenge given by the Champion of England on horseback on the stage." After Shakespeare's play—the five acts were given—there was a piece "Matrimonial Squabbles, or The Spirit of Contradiction," with the comic song, "Mounsier Nong-Tong-Paw," sung by Mr. Bates. This was followed by a pantomime ballet, "The Deserter of Naples, or the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius."

It was stated that there was new scenery for "Henry VIII."

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Stage

The London Times did not include under the head of music a ragtime band at the Coliseum, Sept. 25. "That never before have four human beings made so much noise we can readily believe; but the ear is less charmed than is the eye by the marvellous antics of Mr. Louis Mitchell, 'America's foremost tran drummer,' who with only two legs and two arms contrives to play at least a dozen instruments, including a platform and a motor-horn."

Charles Hawtrey appeared the same evening at the Coliseum in a new sketch, "Waiting at the Church," by Frederick Lonsdale. "It tells with some elaboration how a young man jilted his bride at the last moment, only in order to make sure of her; and if the piece is thin and unconvincing, it at least gives Mr. Hawtrey a chance of playing a more agreeable part than usually falls to his lot."

Israel Zangwill's new and short play "The Moment Before" was produced at the Palladium, London, Sept. 25. "Mr. Zangwill calls it a psychical melodrama, for his 'moment before' is the moment before death. He seeks to show the vision of a dying brain, and the vision gives us a tense half-hour of life in the Australian bush, in which a woman ends a pistol duel by shooting her husband to save her lover."

Sir Thomas Beecham in a speech at Birmingham, Sept. 25, said: "We must put an end forever to that worst form of snobbishness that had prevailed in England for many years—that a foreigner, by reason of being a foreigner, was better than an Englishman." He described the "Festival" as an "effete, obsolete, and to some extent a pernicious institution, and the sooner it was done away with the better."

Paolo Sammarco, the elder son of the baritone, has been seriously wounded while fighting on the Italian front.

Rutland Boughton, a conspicuous English composer, offered his services two months after the war broke out, but he was rejected, not even allowed to cook for a regimental mess. Mr. Boughton went on with his work, composing, and directing the Glastonbury Festival. Recently he was brought before a military tribunal and called to arms. The military representative remarked that he "could not see that Mr. Boughton's work was of the least national importance." Mr. Boughton is 38 years old, married, and the father of five children. Meanwhile a young English musician, 19 years old, who has written a waltz, "which has been accepted by a London publisher," has been granted exemption until Dec. 31. The Daily Telegraph is justly indignant.

Herbert Cave, a tenor, who six months ago was singing in the chorus at Daly's Theatre, has been discovered. On Sept. 24 he sang at a Promenade concert. Concert engagements at Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham and a part

[illegible] purposes to spend several months in North Carolina, "[illegible] English folk songs and dances, which have been preserved there by descendants of the original settlers." A soldier wrote, complaining that critics, writing about a musical piece or opera, almost invariably ignore the share taken in it by the author of the text. "Musicus" adds: "During the last two years I have received hundreds of letters from our fighting men in all parts of the fighting area, and in not one single case has the question been put by them. But, on the other hand, the correspondents have evinced a real gratitude for the amount of musical intelligence we have been able to provide through this music page. I had a letter from a friend, now, alas! among the fallen, who debated a statement I myself made in an article, which article he found in a restaurant at Ostend, when he was en route for the garrison of Antwerp. There was the ruling passion, if you like [illegible]. Here is the novel view of a singer's obligation sent to me by an artillery officer in France. He says that bad diction among singers is often due to lazziness, but even more often to bad lyrics. When you get words to sing such as Stevenson's "Requiem," correct articulation but strengthens the musical effect. The average lyric, however, that is put before the public is so bad that the singer's only chance is not to let the words be heard at all but to trust to tone, rhythm, and time to win for him deserving applause. I have noticed at home and abroad the absolute necessity when singing bad lyrics of masking the bad words to get better musical effect. What say you, you singers and 'lyric' authors? I confess to having a wholesome horror of the average 'lyric' which, as a rule, is a mixture of arrant nonsense, bathos, sentimentality and other pernicious things, while during the war the effusions which I have happened upon have been, for a large part, of a most degrading and pumptiously patronizing character. I often wonder why some of the fighting men do not take the bit between their teeth, and 'go for' the conventional 'lyricist' as well as the author of so much of the rubbish printed under war pictures."

I cannot imagine why it is always thought necessary to add a "d" to the name of Metner, who does not use it himself, and Skryabin and Scriabine cannot both be correct. The final "e" as the last is used by the French for an obvious reason, and can both Rakhmaninov and Rachmaninoff be easily identified as one and the same man? That perpetual "kh" is a horrible combination which, incidentally, has led to more mispronunciation of the composer's name than any other could have brought about. The case is similar but worse in the matter of the popular Russian author, Chehov, whose patronymic is nearly always written with the "k" in the middle: the sound pronounced I have never found to convey any meaning to any Russian, or indeed Englishman, as it represents one sound.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Garde Republicaine band arrived in London Sept. 27 to remain a week as the guest of the Brigade of Guards.

Oct 15 1916

If you have any sense of literary style you will detect the shrill voice, the melodious voice, the high pitched jerky voice, in the writings of their possessors. Energy and enthusiasm in writing invariably belong to the writer with a "[illegible]" in his voice, and you may be pretty sure a person whose prose is carefully wrought has not a good talking voice.

Voices.

Is this true? We doubt it. It was true, probably, in the case of Thomas Carlyle, if the reports concerning his conversation are to be accepted. On the other hand there was Landor, whose style has been characterized as marmoreal, yet from all accounts he was the most violent of men, boisterous screaming in explosions of rage. Swinburne, master of euphonious verse, had a curiously high pitched, squeaking voice. So had Dr. Johnson bow-wowed in monologue and in repartee.

It is a curious fact that some operatic sopranos, famous for beauty of voice when they sing, are coarse and metallic in speech. It would be easy to name names, but let us be courteous. The world knows them as singers, not as conversationalists, although they are fluent talkers when there is a discussion of other singers.

Was it Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that the peculiar qualities of the Boston voice were due to the east wind and a diet of codfish? Who will account for the twang of dwellers in the Southwest? There are other voices than those in Boston that are sadly in need of filing. We read that students at Wellesley undergo an examination that vocal roughness may be chastened. Whether they speak pieces or indulge in light and airy conversation for judgment has not been stated.

The Matter of Words.

As the World Wags:

A pretty good rule for him that would write well is to suspect his own favorite words and to avoid or use sparingly those that seem fashionable in the newspapers, perhaps especially in correspondence from Washington. As Mr. Marcellus Graves suggests, "absolutely" and "unthinkable" are not for all occasions. "Weird" has ceased to mean anything. The adventure of the boys who committed something like a mild form of barratry on the swanboats the other night was referred to in print as a "ghoulish" employment, presumably because the adjective has a shivery sound. I suppose the Washington correspondents imposed upon "executive" the accidental meaning of "secret." I am aweary of "meticulous," which I first found in Walter Pater, and now find in Arnold Bennett. "Conservative" estimates I like not, since "moderate" is a sufficient word for the purpose. "Individual" is an absurd synonym for "man" or "woman," though Dickens liked the use. The taste for the unusual word often leads a writer into actual obscurity, and still oftener veils his clearness by making the reader think more of the style than of the sense. If a writer does not have a somewhat scholarly acquaintance with the language, his search for the strong, the unusual, the picturesque word, may make him ridiculous. I once heard an ignorant member of a board of education (not Boston's) denounce a political opponent in the board as "a damned cohort!" He had read about the "cohorts of the opposition," and thought he had found one. "Let your speech be yea, yea, and nay, nay" is not only a good moral precept but sound literary counsel.

SIMPLICITAS.

As the World Wags:

I observe with awe, that frequently your most constant readers approach you as the fountain head of the stream of English undefiled. Indeed, more than a year ago, I hesitatingly approached and laid my perplexity at your feet. I then wished to discover what Meredith Nicholson meant by sitting on a hillside and viewing his country ineluctably. Your searchlight presented Mr. Nicholson and his method of viewing things, clearly, though it did not disclose the motive for using such a word in writing of so primitive a thing as A Provincial American.

This time I quote from a very famous paragrapher whose wisdom fills an entire page of the Sunday Herald. He says (the italics are his own): "We *demean* Tomorrow in estimating her *potentialities* by *Today's* competence."

As I analyze this, it means that we lower, or condemn, or show disrespect for Tomorrow, etc. But what has "demean" to do with what the gifted writer intends to say? If we counsel a friend "not to demean himself" is not that a misuse of the word "demean?" Do we not mean "do not so lower yourself"?

Then the excellent book reviewer of Life says something criticising about "a little booklet." Why "little" if a booklet is a little book? And recently one of the editorial staff of a magazine wrote to me about the wisdom of having "a certain income coming in." Presumably to meet the outgoes on their way out. Are we ordinary folk to conclude that, on the whole, it is the idea and not its phrasing that counts, and that carelessness carries no penalty?

FREDERIC A. WHITING.
Framingham, Mass.

"Absolutely."

As the World Wags:

I am sorry that Mr. W. A. Atkinson, in denouncing the excessive use of the word "absolutely," did not couple with his denunciation a denunciation of the pronunciation of the word with the accent on the penult, which is the almost universal pronunciation of the word when it is uttered emphatically.

ZOILIST.

Oct 17 1916

'KING HENRY VIII.'

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"King Henry VIII," produced by Sir Herbert Tree.

King Henry VIII	Lyn Harding
Cardinal Wolsey	Herbert Tree
Cranmer	Charles Fuller
Cardinal Campeius	Gerald Harper
Duke of Norfolk	George Hayes
Duke of Buckingham	Henry Herbert
Duke of Suffolk	St. Clair Bayfield
Earl of Surrey	Warburton Gamble
Lord Chamberlain	Charles Coleman
Lord Abergavenny	Walter Plinge
Lord Sands	Arthur Jackson
Sir Henry Guildford	Bernard Savage
Sir Thomas Lovell	Craig Ward
Sir Nicholas Vaux	Alfred Shirley
Surveyor	Juliare Justine
Cromwell	Edward Forbes
Jester	G. W. Anson
Queen Katharine	Edith Wynne Matthison
Anne Bullen	Elsie Mackay
An Old Lady	Alice Augarde Butler
Patience	Katherine Sayre

Sir Herbert wisely regards "Henry VIII." as first of all a spectacle. The show's the thing, not the play. As a play "Henry VIII." is not among the great ones for the stage or the library. On the stage the greater part of it is weak and dull as far as action and dialogue are concerned. It matters not who wrote the tragedy, Shakespeare, unassisted or assisted, or dramatists with whom Shakespeare was not associated. There are a few speeches that have been in the reading books for years, and they are anticipated by an audience. With the exception of these speeches, the interest lies in the spectacle and in two parts with which certain famous actors and actresses have been associated.

No one should complain because Sir Herbert has cut down the text. Would that he had been more radical in the cutting. One might complain, however, of business introduced, especially the scene between the King and Anne Bullen, which is in direct contradiction to the character of Anne as described in the play. Anne was centainly not a soubrette, and we doubt whether King Henry would have acted in Wolsey's palace in farce-comedy vein. There were a few other details which were too evidently introduced to raise a laugh.

Sir Herbert deserves great praise for the attention paid to matters of costume and manners of the time; for the care taken in giving the spirit of the locality and the period in the scenic effects, in the various parades and other groupings, in ceremonial accuracy. The entrance of the cardinal; the banqueting hall with brilliant costumes, the appearance of splendid table equipage, boys in the choir loft, and the cardinal, all scarlet, as the superb host; the scene in which the dismal boat take Buckingham to his fate, the garden where the old lady puts ideas of future greatness into Anne Bullen's little head; the hall in Blackfriars with the admirable arrangement of principals and spectators; these scenic effects were worthy of Sir Herbert's high reputation as a producer who spares not expense, time and intelligence. The music of Edward German, whose real name is Jones, was used. There was too much of it, and the greater portion of it is conventionally mediocre. Only the familiar dance music has a pleasing individuality, an English flavor. It may also be said that the waits were not unreasonably long and the changes were made without mishap.

But even in "Henry VIII." there is some opportunity for the impersonation of character and for sonorous and eloquent speech. Of the chief actors Miss Matthison was conspicuous, one might say solitary, in suggesting the grand style that befits tragedy. She showed the dignity, the pathos, the righteous indignation. She was womanly in her queenhood. She was one of the very few that gave full significance to the lines and at the same time spoke euphoniously.

Miss Mackay, fair to the eye, either utterly misconceived the character of Anne or had been forced into her conception by the stage manager. The former is probably the case, for, comely as she is, Miss Mackay has as yet learned little of the art of acting or speaking.

Miss Butler played the part of the Old Lady in the manner of the good old school. To her "Henry VIII" is more than a show, a pageant.

Sir Herbert's Wolsey is pictorially a striking figure; it is theatrically so, and we do not here use the word in its secondary and obnoxious sense. His performance is melodramatic. It has been finely said of Shakespeare's Wolsey that "it speaks to us most intelligibly when he comes free from distortion by a violent interpreter." We think of Wolsey as quiet, smooth, suave, crafty. Sir Herbert's cardinal was imperious, arrogant, domineering. There were few nuances in the restless interpretation. And inspite of the commanding figure there was no suggestion of irresistible power. Henry would not have tolerated this swaggering cardinal for a moment. The lamentation over his downfall was at times suggestive of the "complete elocutionist"; it lacked sincerity; it lacked genuine emotion. Still in a play chiefly spectacular Sir Herbert's cardinal was a very picturesque apparition.

Mr. Harding was a bluff King Hal, uncommonly well made up after the familiar portrait; with the traditional roughness, explosiveness, the good nature that turned easily into rage. One could have wished more dignity in great moments, but Mr. Harding's outburst in praise of his Queen was spontaneous and noble. Mr. Herbert delivered the lines of Buckingham simply and effectively.

There was a large audience that greeted Miss Matthison, Sir Herbert and Mr. Harding warmly and applauded heartily after each scene.

Sir Herbert addressed the audience after Wolsey's final scene.

Edith Wynne Matthison as Queen Katherine in Sir Herbert Tree's Production of "Henry VIII."

A close observer of life and manners tells us that the white slavers in a film play recently shown in Boston all wore "bow-ties." Not one of them sported a "four-in-hand." Is the "bow-tie" a badge of the profession? Have white-slavers a uniform, insignia, pass words and a secret and significant grip? A good many years ago there was a popular prejudice against red "neckties." This prejudice has died awsy. Some of our most eminent and respectable citizens flaunt red cravats without fear of suspicion or persecution. Why is a certain form of cravat called a "four-in-hand"?

Very Free Verse.

As the World Wags:

Anent Frothingham Clancy. We were at a house party some week-ends ago at which were discussed certain samples of vers libres merchandise, warranted not to shrink, at anything. Probably as a result of the discussion, one fair member had a frightful dream in which she was busily engaged trying to pull cows out of a creek. The subject

seemed to be peculiarly adapted to a free treatment and I put to the test a theory I had developed on the way free verse is probably written. I sat down in front of a blank piece of paper and forced my mind into an equally blank condition. Then I flashed on my brain-film the picture of the awful episode. Following the Muensterbergian system of reaction, I wrote down at once the first fundamental impression of the scene which naturally was, "It's wet." Then hurriedly, so as to prevent conscious thought, I wrote down the succeeding ideas one after another as they were in turn suggested. The result was as follows:

A DREAM; OR
THOUGHTS ON SAVING A COW.

It's wet!
The googly mud oozes between my toes
And the eel grass swims about my feet
And sofls and pulls
As if to drag me down.
Why am I here?
The great foolish eyes stare into mine
And the snaky horns slimy with ooze
Slip and twist in my hands.
I pull, frantic and faint,
And say wild words at the beasts
For their foolishness.
Oh, if I could only swear!
But the cows answer with a milky cough
And strain against their saviour.
But at last one by one I drag them out
And they stand like naughty schoolboys,
In a row,
Slipping their sloppy tails against their sides
All mud and slime from the stinking creek.
Why do I save these crazy cows,
I, in my nightie,
Splashed and torn,
I was havlug a night-cow.

Of course, I admit that this is my first attempt, and that it is, perhaps, too easily understood to be considered entirely successful. Perhaps I did not get my mind sufficiently blank to start with. I mean to persevere, however, and may some day equal the verse produced by our best families.

Ugunquit. PERCY MONTRESSOR.

Fact and Question.

As the World Wags:

Did you know that Mr. Sans Soucie was an undertaker? He is. Have you seen the advertisement of the Boston firm who claim to be "The Largest Tailors on Earth"? Would they not be worth seeing? SALMONFALLS P. HILL.

North Adams.

Short and Snappy.

The Americans have, for some time been engaged in rewriting the Bible—removing all the archaisms and producing a bright, lively, pithy version, without padding or embellishments. They seem to have got as far as the Commandments, the revised version of which is telegraphed today from New York. They have sacrificed a good deal for brevity, but the result can be recognized by those who know the old version pretty well. Mr. Bernard Shaw ought to give a hand in this good work. He often professes his fondness for the "vivid terms of modern colloquial slang." But he is, perhaps, too long-winded for the promoters of this idea of getting the gist of the Holy Script on a half-sheet of note paper.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Was it not Mr. S. S. McClure who commissioned a young author to prepare for him a "short and snappy" life of the Saviour?

Genteel Revision.

The American revisers were not the first to tinker the King James version. In the 18th century Dr. Edward Harwood published a "new translation of the scriptures, marked by freedom, spirit and elegance." We quote the opening of a parable as retold by the pompous divine who surely had no sense of humor:

"A gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons. One day the younger approached his father and begged him in his most importunate and soothing terms to make a partition of his effects between himself and his elder brother. The indulgent father, overcome by his blandishments, immediately divided all his fortune betwixt them."

One more example: Luke xii., 19: "And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Dr. Harwood's translation: "I will then say to my soul—Happy Soul! Distinguished is thy felicity! Come, indulge thy soft envied repose—feast on the most delicious viands—taste the most exquisite liquors—and traverse a circle of every amusement and joy."

We have no patience with them that would revise the King James version. There are some who would change "tinkling cymbals" to "clanging cymbals"; who protest against "through a glass darkly," and insist that the phrase should be "through a mirror in a riddle," for, as they say, Paul was referring to mirror-gazing, the curious pictures seen on a polished surface, crystal, a globe of water, or a pool of ink (as in "The Moonstone"). It has been well said in reply that these revisers would prefer Langhorne's translation of Plutarch to the magnificent version of Sir Thomas North.

OSCAR WILDE'S COMEDY PLEASES AT THE COPLEY

Skilfully Presented by the Henry Jewett Players.

COPLEY THEATRE: The Henry Jewett Players present "The Importance of Being Earnest," a comedy in three acts, by Oscar Wilde. Cast:

Algernon Moncrieff.....Leon Gordon
Lane.....Leonard Grey
John Worthing.....Lionel Glenister
Lady Bracknell.....Gladys Morris
Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax.....
Jessamine Newcombe
Miss Prism.....Isabel Merson
Cecily Cardew.....Beatrice Miller
Rev. Canon Chasuble.....Fred W. Permain
Merriman.....Arthur Dennis

Originally produced very many years ago and not seen in Boston for several seasons Wilde's delightful satire on English society of his period remains fresh and captivating today, particularly when presented by players so appreciative, intelligent and skilled as Mr. Jewett's.

The secret of this is that the author held up for biting scorn, gentle irony or brilliant lampoon, follies, foibles, and shams that in all times and all lands are exhibited by "aristocratic" and "fashionable" society. When Lady Bracknell tells Cecily, whom she had found quite "impossible" till she was informed that the girl had "£130,000 in the funds," to hold up her chin at a certain angle, "because they are wearing them high this season," the shaft hits present day silliness as sharply as that of twenty or a hundred years ago.

Barring occasional stumbling on the lines the performance of last night was a pleasing example of perfection in interpretation and detail. The players evidently know their London well. Leon Gordon's finesse in portraying Wilde's delicate satire on cynicism was delicious. He was ever a cynic poking fun at his kind.

Lionel Glenister was just earnest enough to heighten the fun of the contradictions in John Worthing's life and character.

Miss Morris seemed delightfully unconscious of the absurdity of Lady Bracknell's airs and speeches as all such persons are.

Isabel Merson was Miss Prism to the life. Jessamine Newcombe and Beatrice Miller gave vivid and satisfying pictures of the two young girls who could not think of marrying any one not named Ernest, whose whimsicalities and sarcasms of speech and act add so much to the play.

B. F. KEITH'S

Grace La Rue heads an exceptionally good bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. She has brought back for the most part the songs of her act of last season with two additional numbers. She wears several new gowns. Her act is varied. There are songs in light vein, while the singer sounds the tragic note in the weird "Cry of Rachel."

Miss La Rue is first of all an interpretive singer and it is in this especial sense that she excels. Gifted with a pleasing voice, she uses it to advantage. She has a happy method of conveying the text of her songs, and her numbers are never given in a perfunctory manner. Many last evening wondered at the incongruity of her dancing numbers; merely a variant of the ballroom waltz step, they had no place in the act. Miss La Rue sang "Love Me at Twilight," "Two Eyes of Gray," "Cry of Rachel," "I Love You So," "Where's the Boy for Me," and "They Wouldn't Believe Me." Dan Galfiar was the accompanist.

One of the great hits of the bill was the musical act of Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet. The act started out in a routine manner, but there was a whirlwind finish that stirred the house to enthusiasm.

Finishing their first number the team came back dressed in costumes of the sixties. To the accompaniment of the banjos the audience took courage and sang a half dozen of the old songs. There was "Little Brown Jug," "Susannah," "Billy Boy," and many others.

Others on the bill were William Egdierettee and his posing horse and dogs; Lynne Overman and Peggy Hopkins in a speedy farce; Charlie Ahearn and his troupe of cycling comedians; Harry Lester Mason in a monologue; Hugh McCormack and Grace Wallace in a ventriloquial act; Jock King and Morton Harvey in a singing act, and the "Five o' Clubs," a group of club swingers, in one of the best acts of this kind ever seen on this stage.

"ROLLING STONES" RETURNS TO THE CASTLE SQUARE

Large Audience Receives Comedy with Enthusiasm.

"Rolling Stones," a comedy in four acts and seven scenes, by Edgar Selwyn, featuring George F. Smithfield, is the offering at the Castle Square Theatre this week.

After a long run in New York and a shorter stay in Boston last season, the company at the Castle Square Theatre revives the play to big houses. Last night's audience vied, not only in size, but in appreciation of this rollicking comedy, with any that made the play a success during its former Boston visit.

"Rolling Stones" tells the story of a young man, who, having become desperate after he had vainly looked for a position, until he was stranded for money, meets another in worse straits than himself, of their advent into the financial world, while the real heir to the business they take over under false pretences views their efforts in glee because, through his marriage, he stands to be cut off unless he can see the girl in the case married. All ends well with everybody happily married.

Mr. Smithfield as Dave Fulton, a down and outer who becomes a financial power in the candy business, plays the part to perfection. The supporting company aids him in bringing this play up to the standard set by the company during their stay in Boston.

Ca- 18.1916

Contributors are acquainting us with the poems in free verse of the late Footingham Clancy. Several have favored us with their own experiments in this field. More have reminded us of old and touching ballads of the heart and home. No one has mentioned the name of John Lofland, "The Milford Bard,' who, as his biographer, Mr. Smithers, assures us, was the earliest and most distinguished poet of Delaware. Alas, he was a poor, weak mortal. The Demon Rum claimed him for his own, and when the Demon was elsewhere engaged the bard found inspiration in opium. He fought against the tempters. He had his hours and days of remorse. He lectured on temperance, possibly exhibiting himself as a shocking example. On one occasion, when he was in a hospital—Junius Brutus Booth was in the next room—he found a pint of brandy in the doctor's office. "In a little while I was immortally glorious. I seized a sheet, wrapped it around me and flew upstairs. The ladies were at tea; no one was in the upper parlor. One of Pickering's grand pianos stood open before me. I sat down and commenced playing the 'Battle of Prague.' The doctor, hearing the thundering bass, came up, took me by the pulse, and said, 'Bard, where did you get it?'" A sad tale.

Delaware Verses.

We are not now concerned with the life of the Milford Bard; nor do we now purpose to discuss his poetry.

Fair lady, the day of my bondage is o'er,
The chains of the demon can hold me no more:
The charm is dissolved that enchanted my soul,
For I long since awoke from the dream of the bowl.

These lines are from his answer to "A Daughter of Temperance," who begged him to be good. We quote from 'The Last Resolve":

Should ever I again give way
To the all dark and damning bowl,
The dagger shall decide the day,
And send to unknown realms my soul.

Nevertheless we prefer for poetic fire the poem in the old reading book, beginning:

O water for me, O water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
Water cooleth the blow and it cooleth the brain,
And it maketh the faint one strong again.

A Versatile Bard.

It was about 1847 that the Milford Bard wishing to be of service to mankind announced as literary editor of the Blue Hen's Chicken that he would write for any person in Wilmington or the United States on any subject connected with literature.

"Lectures and Orations on any subject from $5 to $10, according to length; sentimental letters, $3; Inscriptions for Tombs from $3 to $5; Medical Theses, $20; Pieces for Declamation, $3; Sentimental Tales from $5 to $10; Essays from $3 to $5; Addresses on presenting presents, $5; Advertisements from $1 to $5; Songs, Sentimental, Patriotic or Comic, $3; Acrostics, $1; Poetic Addresses to Ladies, New Year's Addresses, $5; and Poetry for Albums, etc., etc., 5 cents per line." Payment in advance.

Mr. Smithers says that the Bard built up an enormous business. Some of the letters addressed to him are quoted. "The signatures are withheld as a matter of justice, for some of the writers have since occupied distinguished public positions and are still living." (This was written in 1894.)

An enamored youth in New Jersey enclosed $3. "I want a poetic addressed to a young lady whose name is Isabella. My Friend saw her (or you may say Me at present) at a methodist Chapel near Mount Holly in the country. I want it in plain verse or poetry, the Girl is Eighteen, Black Eyes, Beautiful Auburn hair and the most beautiful natural Curls you ever have seen. My friend loved her and the Feeling was doubley reciprocate and a almost weekly intercourse was kept up until lately. In your lines to Isabel you take the best part of this you think best. My F proposes to commence a Fresh with the spring, or it will somewhat depend on the Efeact produced by your Composition (her Father is dead) She has lately had a suitor whose name I send you to use in the poetry if you think proper—it is —— —— My Friend was Slandered during his visits to I and he thinks that was the cause of her very sudden change etc. She was once playful and kind. Now she is disposed otherwise, and we wish to draw her out fully through our friend. . . . P S 18 years old—lives in the country—black eyes—auburn hair, curls beautifully—Father dead—last rival —— —— **discarded. Met at Methodist Chapel nigh** to Mount Holly last 4th July. Love on first sight—good feeling until lately—we want to know the cause—basely slandered a coldness Followed. The slander was a charge of dealing too Free with the Critter or Intemperance. 'Tis not true The initials of my friend are T. J. My friend T. J. is a clever fellow, and I want you to do him all the justice you can."

Another correspondent wished to present his daguerreotype in a golden locket to a lady who was to be his companion through life. He wished "to present it in poetry." "Her age is 22 years, beautiful form—fair skin, cold black hair and eyes, rosy cheeks, beautiful lips and teeth, and ever wearing a cheerful and lively countenance. In fact, she is possessed of nature's finest stamp of beauty, and besides all this her intellectual and mental powers are very great. It is not altogether upon her beauty that I wish you to write, but the manner in which she must accept of it—that is, the picture of her devoted lover and intended companion; she must reject all others that offer to her their hands. Enclosed you will find one dollar bill, which I suppose is the amount you charge."

We wonder whether "F. S.," who wrote that he had "a loud and distinct voice"—"My gestures are perfectly natural and easy, and not acquired"—received his Fourth of July oration. "I shall not even now have time to study it properly, and if I do not get it soon I shall be disgraced."

Ca- 19.1916

Housekeepers in Pittsfield may well be dismayed if the Servant Girls Union stands firm in demanding a minimum wage of seven dollars and service of only ten hours. Nor will they be comforted by the knowledge that footmen in the time of Bernard de Mandeville formed a society, made laws to regulate their wages, agreed not to carry burdens above two or three pounds' weight, and established a common fund to maintain suits at law against rebellious masters.

We hear on every side complaints concerning the preposterous demands and the arrogant bearing of servants in the offices ironically termed "intelligence." That invaluable person known as the general housework girl is fast becoming extinct, as is the general practitioner in the medical profession. The Pall Mall Gazette has been publishing letters from mistresses and maids showing there is a similar state of affairs in London. One mistress tells a sad story of the family eating margarine while the dwellers in the servants' hall insisted on the best butter, and threatened to leave if rhubarb were served either stewed or in a tart, having no regard for the medicinal properties of the plant.

Various reasons are given for the present haughty attitude of serving women: the falling off in emigration, high wages in munition factories, etc. Are not mistresses themselves to blame in a large measure? Some pay gladly any price to be relieved of care and responsibility. They seldom visit the kitchen; they never look into the ice chest; they dare not criticise, much less give orders. Then there are a few misguided women who have much to say about "uplifting movements." They urge servants to assert their rights, to demand higher and higher pay and fewer and fewer hours. Thus they regard themselves as philanthropists.

We have full sympathy for the under dog, for all those misunderstood, neglected, oppressed. We know that there are cases of serving girls overworked, underfed and poorly lodged; but in the great majority of houses in this city the mistress is the under dog.

Encouragement.

As the World Wags:

Many persons underestimate the worth of a study of their native tongue. Accordingly, any discussions are fitting that tend to arouse interest in the question of our speech. Recent contributors to your column have already aroused interest. Let them continue. A good polemic is often a good diversion.

Arnold Bennett is surely "meticulous"; his portraitures of "meticulously got up" females are "mercurial"—have you

not ... to "ri's ... Arnold, however. ... rig ... lag ... Scarlatti who had "the goods" without "the extras." TARBELL
Boston.

The Spanish Main.

As the World Wags:

A correspondent in the Herald locates the Spanish Main on the mainland of the Caribbean. E. Cobham Brewer describes the Spanish Main as "the circular band of islands forming the northern and eastern boundaries of the Caribbean sea, beginning from Mosquito, near the isthmus, and including Jamaica, St. Domingo, the Leeward and Windward islands to the coast of Venezuela."

Francis Bacon says: "We turned conquerors and invaded the Main of Spain."

There is also a rollicking song of the

... the ... theory:

... England's shore,
... train
... true love,
... away.

Boston. J. D. K.

The ... Dictionary, vol. IX, gives the definition: "Spanish main, the mainland of America adjacent to the Caribbean sea, especially that portion of the coast stretching from the isthmus of Panama to the mouth of the Orinoco, in later use also, the sea contiguous to this, or the route traversed by the Spanish register ships." Quotations are added. "1725 ... Jamaica II. 297. This is brought from the Spanish Main, or continent of America. 1760 Phil. Trans. LI. 50 the portrait of a child born of negro parents upon the Spanish Main. 1803 J. Burney ... South sea I. 17 that part of the continent, since known by the names of 'Terra Firma' and the Spanish Main. 1839 Longf. Wreck Hesperus IV. Then * * * spake an old sailor, had sailed the Spanish Main. 1899 J. Corbett, Drake VIII. 119. Cartagena was the capital of the Spanish Main. Main as short for Spanish Main also occurs: Henley, Hawkins and Lavender (1897) the trim sayer * * * Held * * * Her muddy course from Benin to the Main, and back again for niggers."—Ed.

Rightful Hyphens.

As the World Wags:

It was something like a real relief to find in this morning's Herald the word "Reichstag" divided as it should be (Reichs-tag). In nine cases out of ten, I think, I have found it divided Reich-stag, which probably indicates that neither the compositor nor the proof reader has the slightest idea of what it means. It is the same with the name England. Even in scientific text books I have found it divided En-gland, which deprives it of all sense and significance. The hyphen ... enough in its place, but out of ... it is sheer idiocy.

OLIF TANDBERG.

Dover, N. H., Oct. 14.

For Bright-Eyed Willie.

As the World Wags:

A correspondent of the Herald in describing a visit of the Kaiser to the west front last summer, declared that he was present at a review of the soldiers for rewards of the most of an hour. How long would that be?

Boston. JOSLYN GRAY.

Oct. 25 1916

LEVITZKI

By PHILIP HALE.

Mischa Levitski, pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach-Liszt, Organ Prelude and Fugue, A minor; Gluck Brahms, Gavotte; Mozart, Marcia alla Turca; Beethoven, "Waldstein" sonata; Schumann, Des Abends, Aufschwung, Warum, Traumeswirren; Chopin, Ballade, A flat major, Nocturne, F minor, Waltz, E minor; Liszt, Rhapsodie No. 6.

It is reported that Mr. Levitski, born in New York of Russian parentage, studied in that city with Mr. Stojowski and later in Europe with Mr. Dohnanyi. He has evidently had sound training, but although he is young, he is not adventurous: the program proved it.

Oh, the fine old creased program! No pieces that are not warranted to wash; pieces that are copper-bottomed, riveted and nickel-plated; pieces that have met the approval of our best people; pieces that recall the advertisement of a ... quality, removes superfluous hair, is an excellent substitute for pure butter, none genuine unless stamped on the blade." No moderns need apply. Safety first!

There was the expected Lisztian transcription of a Bach organ fugue as though Bach had never written for predecessors of the piano. There was the inevitable sonata by Beethoven. There was the equally inevitable "Des Abends," a little more Schumann, a few pieces of Chopin, and the final pyrotechnical display provided by the Abbé Liszt.

Mr. Levitzki has mechanical fluency and musical comprehension. He showed as a rule good taste in phrasing. His bearing is modest and prepossessing. The interpretation of the Fugue was more to be commended than that of the Prelude. In the former the contrapuntal reading was delightfully clear, the reading of the Prelude was monotonously thunderous, yet this Prelude on the organ admits of significant and pleasing contrasts. His interpretation of the Sonata might be characterized as sane; but there is in the rondo of Beethoven a devine frenzy, a Dionysiac intoxication, which yesterday would not have been suspected. Mr. de Pachmann, of all men in the world, worked wonders with this rondo. No one that we have heard has equalled in making tho apparently unessential measures glow with riotous and radiant beauty. Mr. Levitzki left us cold. His interpretation of the preceding Adagio was appropriately simple and thoughtful, nor was it wholly without the peculiarly Beethovian depth of feeling.

Let us hear Mr. Levitzki again. Perhaps he will then show a warmer emotional side in his performance.

Mr. John Lane, the London publisher, has often traveled in this country with observing eyes and ears. He is at home in Boston, and his wife, the daughter of Julius Eichberg, long dwelt in this city. When he writes or talks about life in the United States he therefore does not remind one of the Englishman who spent a week in New York and made a hurried trip to Niagara Falls.

In Notes and Queries of Oct. 7 is an interesting article, "Americanisms?" by Mr. Lane. He begins: "I have noted at different times the use in New England and the southern states of many words and phrases which were quite common in Devon in the days of my youth; for instance, 'I reckon,' 'I guess' and also 'cricket' for a three-legged stool."

"Cricket" was a common word in western Massachusetts in the sixties, but the stool was not necessarily three-legged. The pews of the Old Church at Northampton were furnished with crickets. They were long or short, made of wood, sometimes upholstered. We stood on one during the long prayer. "Cricket" is found in English literature in the 17th century. The word is also in a play by Shadwell, and in the Guardian. Gray spoke of nine chairs, five stools and a cricket. Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Yonge used the word. It is defined as a low wooden stool, but here is a description of the stool as known in Shropshire: "The cricket is rectangular in form, but longer than wide; it is closed in at the ends and sides, and so stands as upon a frame, instead of legs. A curvilinear aperture at the top admits the hand for carrying it." The crickets with which we were familiar were not always closed, nor did they always have a "curvilinear aperture." The English cricket had either three or four legs in some provinces. It served "as a footstool, a milking-stool, or a child's seat."' We never heard the word applied to a milking stool in either Massachusetts or Vermont; nor have we heard the word in Boston. Using it once at the Porphyry, we found that many well informed men knew cricket only as a game or an insect.

Mr. Lane says: "Over a shop at Brattleboro, Vt., I once saw the legend, 'John Jackson, Razors Honed,' though I had never before found the verb 'hone' used out of Devon." But in an issue of Fraser's Magazine in 1837 a writer spoke of honing a knife. Carlyle mentions a 'honer.'

"Some 10 years ago in Cornwall. . . I was asked if I liked my beef 'rare.' On my claiming the phrase as an Americanism, I was assured that in Cornwall it was quite a usual term." "Rare" in this sense has been used by many English writers. Good old Dr. Moufet asserted in 1655 that "a rare Egg any way dresst is lightest of digestion, a hard Egg is most rebellious"; again, "Eggs being rare-roasted in embers make thickest and strongest blood." Charles Lamb mentioned "the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays" in his essay on Christ's Hospital. In English dialect the spelling "rear" is common. There is a note on this word in the introduction to the second series of "The Biglow Papers." "The word 'rare' (which has Dryden's support) and which we say of meat where an Englishman would use 'underdone,' I do not believe with the dictionaries that it had ever anything to do with the Icelandic 'hrar' (raw) as it plainly has not in 'rare ripe,' which means earlier ripe. And I do not believe it, for this reason, that the earlier form of the word with us was, and the commoner now in the inland parts still is, so far as I can discover, 'raredone.' Golding has 'eggs reere-rosted.'"

"A great authority on bridge has just told me," says Mr. Lane, "that he recently published a book on this game, and his publisher was only able to place an edition of 250 with an American house. The American publisher informed the English publisher that if the knave had been called the jack he could have disposed of 2000 copies. In Devon we always called tho knave jack." That's what the American publisher said, probably in a friendly, apologetic way. It would seem that in England the term "jack" was first applied to the knave of trumps in the game of all-fours; later to any one of the knaves. Cotton's "Complete Gamester" (1674-80): "This game is called 'All Fours' from highest, lowest, jack and game, which is the set as some play it". "He turns up a card, which is Trump; if Jack (and that is any knave) it is one to the dealer." Dickens in "Great Expectations": "He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy!" Now, "Jack," denoting a man of the common people, came to mean a low-bred, ill-mannered fellow, a knave, "to play the jack" was "to play the knave, to do a mean trick." (See Shakespeare's "Tempest.")

Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" says that "jack" for the knave at cards is in general colloquial use. There is a question from "Q's" novel "Troy Town." "When Mr. Simpson had spoken of the 'Jack of Oaks' (meaning the Knave of Clubs) we had pretended not to notice it."

Lines from an old Rump song (1662) are quoted in "Slang and Its Analogues:"

No admiral like an old Puritan Jack.
A craftier knave you can't find in the pack.

The French have slang terms for the knave (le valet) at cards. Domestique, Galuchet, Larbin Savonne, Massepain, Milloget are given in Aristide Bruant's "L'Argot au XXe Siecle." Henley mentions "Mistigris."

In our boyhood the old people playing a solemn and stupid game of whist spoke formally of the Knave. We heard the word "Jack" for the first time in connection with euchre.

Mr. Lane's curious remarks about "sticks" and "canes" invite a discussion that must be deferred until tomorrow.

Oct - 21 1916

CHAUSSON WORK

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Chausson, Symphony in b-flat major; Wagner, A Faust overture; Schelling, concerto for violin and orchestra (first time in Boston; Mr. Kreisler, violinist); Brahms, Academic Festival overture.

Chausson's Symphony has not been performed here since Mr. Gericke conducted it ten years ago last January. It is surprising that the Symphony has been so neglected. Chausson was a pupil of Cesar Franck. The influence of that great composer is plainly observed in his pupil's music. In the first movement of the Symphony there is practically a quotation from the Symphony of Franck. Chausson was also under the spell of Wagner. This is to be observed in the second movement of the Symphony. All this is natural and to be expected. Chausson, a rich man, and at first an amateur, not satisfied with the routine instruction at the Paris Conservatory, studied with Franck. That he should have escaped the influence of that master would have argued poorly for his future. But Chausson was by no means a slavish imitator. He had much to say for himself in his own way.

The prevailing characteristic of this Symphony is a gentle melancholy that is neither depressing nor irritating. The mood is not lugubrious; it is not pessimistic. The mood of the Symphony is that of other works by Chausson, instrumental and vocal. He was enamored of Death and found varied expression of this absorbing theme. Perhaps he had a premonition of his cruel fate. This obsession puts him on a lower plane than that of his master. The sadness Franck expressed in music is that felt by a serene and compassionate soul above the din and the anguish; there is also the triumphant spirt of hope and assurance. The melancholy in Chausson's Symphony is seldom relieved by a light-hearted or aspiring episode.

And in this symphony, noble as it is in its idealism, its refinement, its spirituality, there are pages that betray the pupil, still experimenting, still not wholly sure of his own force. Witness the coda of the first movement. There is not sufficient contrast in mood between the first and second movements. As a work of art, in contents and expression, the first movement is the best. The third is much less significant until the introduction of the sacred hymn, which brings a sonorous and contemplative ending. But even here, in spirit and in technical matters, as in the treatment of the bass, there is the suggestion of Franck reviewing and encouraging the work of his disciple.

Beautiful music, for the most part; music that should be more familiar. This and certain other compositions have been played at Symphony concerts once within the last dozen or fifteen years and then put aside. The audience has had no opportunity of becoming well acquainted with them. In their place we have had endless repetitions of well known compositions: overtures by Weber, symphonies by Mozart and Haydn — the same old symphonies by Haydn. Wagner's "Faust" overture might well stay on the shelf for a while. Would musical righteousness suffer if the "Academic Festival" overture of Brahms were not played regularly once in two or three seasons. The years glide by; there is much music; comparatively little of that which is noteworthy in the modern period is as well known as mediocre compositions of the 19th century.

The superb performance of the symphony and the quality of the music itself were fully appreciated by an audience that filled the hall.

Mr. Schelling wrote his concerto for Mr. Kreisler in July and August of this year, but he had the concerto in mind when he was on the Pacific coast. The concerto is not a virtuoso piece in the ordinary sense; music for the display and glory of a violinist. There is no pompous introduction to introduce the gentleman; there is no obsequious accompaniment. The concerto is for the most part a symphonic work in which the solo violin is in the ensemble. Only in the recitatives an episode borrowed from Mr. Schelling's "Impressions from an Artist's Life" (played here last season), does the solo violin have the traditional lead. To us the most fascinating pages of the concerto—Mr. Schelling as a composer is always interesting—are those of the interludes "Lagoon," with its original and charming orchestration—the whispering of strings—the variation above mentioned "Fr. Kr.," the dramatic recitatives and the interlude in the Spanish vein. In the last pages—those of the Scottish jig and Spanish folk songs—the orchestration is too heavy, too thick. The orchestration of the opening pages might also be lightened.

These faults can easily be remedied. The finer features of the concerto which show poetic feeling, true imagination and technical skill far outweigh them. Mr. Kreisler displayed his customary facility, verve, beauty of tone, also a spirit of personal friendship and devotion. To him the concerto is a masterpiece. Fortunate the composer that has so brilliant and sympathetic an interpreter.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Schumann, "Rhenish" Symphony; Wagner, Isolde's Narrative (Mme. Gadski); Beethoven, Fugue for string orchestra, op. 133 (first time at these concerts); Wagner, Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde" (Mme. Gadski.)

We quote again from Mr. John Lane's article, "Americanisms?" published in Notes and Queries of Oct. 7:

"Those who are familiar with American life will realize that an American seldom carries a stick, and if he does, it is always a 'cane,' no matter what the wood. Is this a relic of the sugar cane, or the emblem of slave-owning? Some years ago I was in Washington square, New York, when I caught sight of a gentleman carrying a stick. At once I put him down as an Englishman, and as he came nearer I recognized the well known features of Mr. St. George Lane-Fox-Pitt. Again, an American never carries a purse. It is invariably a pocketbook, this arising naturally from the use of a paper currency. Indeed, I have never seen an American gold coin in circulation. There are many cunning devices for holding the notes securely, and some of these are necessarily coming into use in this country."

Canes, Sticks, Etc.

Let us inquire into this matter of canes and sticks. First of all, let us consult the great Oxford Dictionary:

"Cane, 4. A suitable length of a cane stem, especially of one of the slender palms prepared and used for a walking stick, or a rod for beating. Hence, by extension, a slender walking stick of any sort." Among the quotations in illustration is one from Southey: "'That portly gentleman with gold-laced hat and golden headed cane."

What does Mr. Lane say to Pope's famous line, "And the nice conduct of a clouded cane"? Hazlitt, speaking of Madame Vestris as Captain Macheath, mentions her making a free use of "a rattan-cane." Neither Pope nor Southey gives any idea of the size or substance of the cane. Neither Pope nor Southey is quoted in the article of the Dictionary.

Chapter XXXVIII. of Leigh Hunt's "Indicator" is entitled "Sticks." In this chapter he speaks of "our light modern cane," tho gold-headed cane of the physician; the smooth, venerable amber-colored canes of old ladies, canes with a gold head, but oftener with a crook of ivory, "bamboo and other canes," "the common sabbatical cane." He quotes Pope's line. He begins a paragraph: "Canes became so common before the decline of the use of sticks, that whenever a man is beaten with a stick, let it be of what sort it may, it is still com-

mon to say that he has had a 'caning.'"

It is not necessary for Mr. Lane to wonder whether an American's cane is "a relic of the sugar cane or the emblem of slave-owning."

"An American never carries a purse." Tut-tut, likewise, go to. Many American men carry a pocketbook for bills and a purse for small change. American women carry purses. It is unfortunate that Mr. Lane, being a publisher, has never seen an American gold coin in circulation. It is a pleasing sight.

"I have also noticed that Americans habitually use the word 'office' in referring to a doctor's or dentist's surgery or consulting room." We might answer that Shakespeare's Romeo consulted an "apothecary," not a "chemist."

"Four-In-Hand."

As the World Wags:

"Why is a certain form of cravat called a 'four-in-hand'?"

Can it be that you have forgotten the days of the "made-tie," particularly the "Lord Stanley"? Mechanically, they were made up on a pastcboard centre, with a concealed pin, which used to prick your finger when you tried to put the thing on. The "Lord Stanley," a three-fold affair, is still worn by English or near-English grooms. The "four-in-hand," worn by the gentlemen drivers of coaches, was likewise initiated in "make-up" goods, the makers marketing it under that name. It had the same pasteboard, concealed pin, etc. It used to be considered very bad form to wear a scarf pin with a made-up "four-in-hand," but quite the correct thing with a "Lord Stanley."

WILLIAM DE WAMPUM.

Wrentham.

We merely asked why a "four-in-hand" cravat was so-called. We remember the "Lord Stanley" well. It was often worn in college days—in the Seventies—to cover an honest heart and a dirty shirt. By the way, did Lord Stanley ever wear this sort of a cravat?—Ed.

Religious News.

Some one has sent to us a clipping:

"The Rev. William Burd, pastor of the Hillsdale (N. J.) Methodist Church, will introduce a whistling club of 20 boys at the Sunday evening services. The club will whistle 'Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus' and 'Wonderful Words of Life.' All the boys are good whistlers and are being trained by the pastor. His wife will accompany the whistlers on the piano."

A Pirate's Song.

As the World Wags:

I venture to hope that this amiable lyric may be of interest to Mr. Shaghellion, and perhaps to others as well. It was sent to me by a friend.

MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester.

There was three men in a row,
Aloft on the gallows tree.
One was Bill, and tother was Joe,
And the third o' the lot was me, yeo-ho!
The third o' the lot was me!

When th' wind come on to blow
Danced on nothin' did we.
Gay was Bill, and jolly Joe,
But th' merriest dog was me, yeo-ho!
The merriest dog was me!

Jack Ketch he knotted the bow,
Neckties o' hemp for three,
Swee' on Bill, an' pooty on Joe
But th' most becomin' to me, yeo-ho!
The most becomin' to me!

Land-lubbers passin' below
Shuddered the sight to see.
Paled at Bill, an' sickened at Joe,
But they shuddered the most at me, yeo-ho!
They shuddered the most at me!

Jolly we looked in a row,
Skillitons out on a spree.
Hopped did Bill, an' capered did Joe,
But the liveliest bones was me, yeo-ho!
The livellest bones was me!

Food for the carrion crow,
Dilikit mossels was we.
Salt was Bill, an' tarry was Joe,
But the tastiest mossel was me, yeo-ho!
The tastiest mossel was me!

Hangin' aloft in a row,
Fruit o' the gallows tree.
Dead was Bill, and dead was Joe,
But the deadest o' all was me, yeo-ho!
The deadest o' all was me!

Oct. 22 1916

"Six plays of the Yiddish Theatre by David Pinski, Sholom Ash, Perez Hirschbein and Solomon I. Rabinowitsch" are published by John W. Luce & Co. of this city, a firm that has shown enterprise, taste and courage in publishing books and plays by Russian, French, English and Irish authors. These Yiddish plays are translated and edited by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. The publisher's note admits that several of them are somewhat crude, representing a dramatic movement in the making, "a stage of development perhaps of greater interest to the student of the drama than one in which the ultimate possibilities of development have been reached. * * * And yet, notwithstanding these crudities, one may search far for a bit of drama more suggestive in composition and color, of a nocturne by Blakelock or Whistler than is 'The Sinner,' or a piece of more florid tone, drawn in with more sweeping curves and with a broader line than in the fine biblical drama of 'Abigail.'" The note also admits that the Yiddish Theatre has as yet produced no piece comparable with "Riders to the Sea," nor can it boast of a dramatist like Synge.

"But on the other hand, while the Irish Theatre, considered as a whole, never gave promise of becoming more than a reflection of local characteristics, and after a short period of brilliant creation, within very narrow limits to be sure, came to a dead halt, the Yiddish stage shows every evidence of a tendency to so broaden its scope as ultimately to establish a well balanced drama of permanent vitality that will find its place in a great stream of drama the current of which flows through the literature of all intellectual peoples." We cannot agree with the writer in his remarks about the Irish Theatre. It does not seem to us that the plays of Synge and some of the other writers for the theatre in Dublin are only "a reflection of local characteristics," nor are we prepared to admit, if reports of plays produced within the last three years are trustworthy, that the creation has come to "a dead halt."

There are short sketches of the Yiddish dramatists represented in this volume. Pinski, a Russian, born in 1872, having dwelt, studied and written in Moscow, Warsaw and Berlin, came to New York in 1899 to be literary editor of a Socialist weekly. He has written "naturalistic" plays, and a series of plays dealing with the loves of King David. "Abigail" and "Forgotten Souls" are in the volume of which we are speaking. The story of Abigail is told in the first book of Samuel. Pinski has been singularly happy in characterizing the miserly and drunken husband, the self-control of David the amorist, and the modesty of Abigail conscious of her love for the king. The play is much more than a paraphrase of the biblical narrative. In many respects it is the most skilfully contrived and most eloquent of the school as here represented. "Forgotten Souls" is a simple and pathetic tale of a woman's self-sacrifice. Longing for love and bitterly disappointed, she at last turns to a poor crippled teacher for consolation.

Rabinowitsch ("Sholom Aleichem") who died last May, known as the Yiddish Mark Twain, was born about 57 years ago in Russia. He did not profess to be a great dramatist, but he was largely responsible for the revival of Yiddish poetry. "She Must Marry a Doctor," is an amusing study of a marriage broker and a young girl, thoroughly modern, whose ideas on matrimony do not coincide with those of her parents. Note the description of the wife Anna in the list of characters: "Of uncertain age manages to keep young by mixing with the up-to-date youngsters. Lavishly bedecked with ornaments of gold, diamonds, brilliants and pearls." In the parlor furnished garishly, a pair of brushed trousers and a white vest are hanging on costly, but dried up plants. Bread crumbs and a jar of preserves are on a bookshelf.

Sholom Ash was born about 35 years ago near Warsaw. It is said that he is a person of broad and deep culture, "a pasionate lover of art, philosophy and nature" who has been charged as a writer with erotomania. "Such a play as 'Jephthah's Daughter,' with its dramatization of the sex impulse is, despite its monotonous sincerity, possessed of a certain elemental power and is essentially moral. 'The God of Vengeance' is an impressive, if overdrawn, study in the retribution visited upon parents who own a brothel which finally corrupts their own daughter." This play was brought out in German by Max Rheinhardt at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin. Two of Ash's one-act plays are included in this volume. The first is "Winter," again a story of self-sacrifice. Roma, 32 years old, wrinkled about the eyes and mouth, with hair combed well back on her forehead, is not yet married. A match-maker, Mrs. Grosberg, proposes a suitor for Ulka, the 20-year-old sister. She says to the widowed mother: "You musn't let yourself sacrifice one daughter for the sake of the other. Don't forget that Ulka is 20 years old. A young girl, my friend, is liko an apple on the treo. It's beautiful and appetizing as long as it's ripe. Once it gets ripe it must ask for some one to come along and eat it, and say grace over it. If it stays there too long, it begins to decay." Roma, a devourer of romances, tells her mother she does not wish to marry. The mother answers: "I spoke to you about it, I warned you, not only once, nor twice—'Roma, Roma,' I said to you, 'don't let your opportunities go by!' And you would talk with this fellow, go out walking with that one, until a wretch came along who made you all kinds of glowing promises. You were as fresh as a rose then. And they came along to breathe your perfume and leave ——. Then the rose lost its bloom and its perfume evaporated. Every girl has her season; once it passes, she is lost." Roma, thinking that the match-maker has been talking about her, knowing that a prospective bridegroom will call that day, agrees to marry him and is secretly overjoyed. She finds out her mistake, for a moment is overcome, then adorns her sister for the visitor whose footsteps are heard in another room.

Ash's play, "The Sinner," is a grisly little drama. The scene is a Jewish cemetery. What had the sinner done that the ground rejected his dead body? Who is the mysterious woman in black? Is she widow or mistress, Jew or Gentile? The grave diggers, with all their striving, cannot make room for the corpse. The Rabbi, the Dayons and others each surrender a good deed forever that the corpse may rest in a Jewish grave. At last the earth receives the body. The woman alone, by the pale light of dying embers, throws her black veil on the grave. To us this little drama, whatever its meaning, or its "indecisive symbolism" may be, is the most impressive of those chosen by the editor. There are suggestions of the earlier Maeterlinck.

The last play in the book, "In the Dark," is by Perez Hirsehbein, born in a small Russian town about 35 years ago. The editor says that Hirschbein has been greatly influenced by the French symbolists and mystics. "In fact, some of his one-act plays incline so strongly to the mystic that the very element which adds to them perhaps, as poetry, injures them as actable drama. In these plays Hirschbein is first of all the prose-poet, and dramatist in a secondary sense only." "In the Dark" is a gloomy, pitiless tragedy of abject poverty. There is a blind mother of a wretch who performs odd jobs in the streets, when he can find them; there is his daughter Peshke with her young lover, a sooty chimney sweep. A tragedy of cold and hunger. Peshka finally dreams that life is easier and happier, that her youth will not always be so wretched; her heart is pounding from gladness. So she tells her grandmother, as she turns down the light of the lamp slowly, and goes toward the rope in which she has made a noose. The old woman speaks as if to herself: "The light's dying out, the light's dying out. Dying out."

Some have said that Miss Matthison, much as they admired her impersonation, appeared too young and handsome as the Queen in "Henry VIII." Yet Mrs. Siddons played the parts of Katharine and Volumnia before her first appearance in London as Juliet. She is strikingly handsome in Henry Harlow's picture "The Court for the Trial of Queen Katharine," and Genest says that one who had not seen Mrs. Siddons would form from this portrait a better idea of her figure, face, and manner than from any description. She is represented by the painter as turning from Campeius and thundering at Wolsey—"Lord Cardinal, to you I speak." In this scene Mrs. Siddons "turned impatiently"; she then made "a sweet bow of apology, but dignified" to the legate. Was not Miss Matthison a little too contemptuous in her treatment of Campeius in this scene? As a whole, her performance was finely conceived and nobly carried out.

Seeing Mrs. Siddons in Harlow's painting, we can hardly think of her as saying to the Provost of Edinburgh in a tragedy contralto tone, "Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord," or saying in the presence of Tom Moore at a supper table: "I do love ale dearly." Did not her butcher say: "Never was such a woman for chops! Madame Catalani was a wonderful woman for sweetbreads; but the Kemble family, the gentlemen, sir, rump steaks and kidneys in general was their taste; but Mrs. Siddons, sir, she liked chops." One night a stupid boy who had been sent to fetch her a pint of ale walked on the stage and gave it to Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene. Alas, she grew fat, so fat in 1808 the chair set for Queen Katharine was not wide enough, so that when she rose, it rose with her.

Surely the dramatist, or dramatists, intended that the stage Katharine should be handsome, or why the line given to Henry in praise of his sweet bedfellow?

Mr. Harding's Henry was remarkable as an exhibition of mimicry. Holbein's portrait came to life. There were all the external characteristics of the King in Mr. Harding's manner of speech, gestures, walk, as tradition has handed them down. Hazlitt in his essay on "Henry VIII." goes out of his way to rage against all Kings. He speaks of Henry's "gross appearance, his blustering demeanor, his vulgarity, his arrogance, his sensuality, his cruelty, his hyprocrisy, his want of common deceney and common humanity * * * The authoritative expletive 'Ha!' with which he intimates his indignation or surprise has an effect like the first startling sound that breaks from a thunder cloud. He is of all the monarchs in our history the most disgusting * * * We have often wondered that Henry VIII. as he is drawn by Shakespeare, and as we have seen him represented in all the bloated deformity of mind and person, is not hooted from the English stage." Here we have Hazlitt in his splenetic mood. We do not for a moment believe that the authors of the play intended to represent the King as a monster. There was a jovial twist in Mr. Harding's representation. The audience of the first night evidently sympathized fully with Henry. Even when the King was terribly serious there were laughs and snickering. Excellent as was Mr. Harding's impersonation in many ways, there is a deeper note in the character that was sounded only in his sudden and remorseful praise of his Queen.

To the Editor of the Herald:

In the cast for the first performance of "Henry VIII." in Boston, given in the Herald on Sunday last, Mrs. Whitlock is set down for the character of Katharine. Few will recall the fact that this actress was the sister of the great Mrs. Siddons, and that John Philip Kemble and Charles Kemble were her brothers. She was a favorite actress in this country, although she never acquired much fame in England, perhaps because she was overshadowed by the genius of the superior Sarah, who queened it for so many years at Drury Lane. Mrs. Whitlock was not a woman of much culture, according to her celebrated niece, Mrs. Kemble, as she was pleased to call herself after her divorce from Pierce Butler, but she had the dramatic instinct, which was the heritage of all the children of Roger Kemble, strongly developed. Indeed, in private life sho was a Mrs. Malaprop in her way, and like Mrs. Pritchard of Dr. Johnson's day, may never have read the tragedy of "Macbeth" through, although she acted powerfully the guilty wife of the murderous and ambitious Thane.

And now that I am lifting the curtain of the past, may I ask why a recent writer in the Detroit Free Press, in referring to Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," says that he and a Mr. Morris founded the New York Mirror? Shades of the departed sentimental Methodists, why should the author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree" be treated so indefinitely? George P. Morris was not a great poet, neither was Mr. Woodworth, but as a song writer he was as popular in his day as was Stephen Foster of a later time, and as a dramatist he achieved remarkable success in his play of "Brier Cliff: a Tale of the American Revolution," which the elder James W. Wallack produced at the Chatham Theatre in New York in 1826. It had a run of 40 nights at the playhouse mentioned and was simultaneously acted at three other theatres of the metropolis. It put between $3000 and $4000 into Gen. Morris's pocket, a goodly sum for a dramatic production in the days of my grandfather. He also wrote the libretto for Charles Horn's opera, "The Maid of Saxony," which was brought out at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1842. He was associated with Woodworth on the Mirror for many years until its discontinuance in 1842, and he revived it with Nathaniel P. Willis the following year and shared with him the editorship of the Home Journal, which succeeded it. Mr. Willis in his glowing prose praised unstintedly the spontaneous music of his longtime associate's verse.

Well, no families are "gathered around the Clementi piano" now to sing "Near the Lake," or "When We Were Boys Together," and perhaps, these witless songs belong to the bread and jam period of music, but they added to the pleasures of the unsophisticated home life of the period when Boston sat on her three hills in a less assertive way than she does now when she has only two.

Mr. Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket," however, still keeps coming up from the well at picnics and like informal gatherings, and in these prohibitory days will lose none of its popularity. It is the only piece of verse of its author that is worth remembering. The sewing machine has blackened the eye of "The Needle," of which he sang with enthusiastic praise.

Mr. Woodworth, by the way, was something of a dramatist. His plays were successful and one "The Forest Rose," I remember seeing at the Federal Street Theatre when I was a boy. His other pieces were "Lafayette, or the Castle of Olmutz," the "Deed of Gift," and "The Widow's Son." Like the author of that other apparently immortal song, "Sweet Home," Mr. Woodworth died poor. He was for many years an invalid and a complimentary benefit given him at the Park Theatre by leading gentlemen of New York lightened the burden of his closing hours.

The foregoing mentioned song writers I never saw, but I have a dim remembrance of Samuel Lover, who was here when I was a child in the middle forties of the last century. At that time Leonard, the Irish comedian, was playing in the old National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Traverse streets, and my father and this actor went to call upon Lover at the Tremont House, which was then the leading hotel of Boston. They found the novelist and bard in bed, but he got up and received them cordially, after the custom of his countrymen, and an intimacy was created which lasted while he was in the city. My father was fond of singing his songs, and they are still popular in certain circles on account of their wit and humor, as well as for their lively melodies. Lover did not shine particularly as a novelist, but he has created one undying character in Handy Andy. His contemporary, Charles Lever, was a better writer of Hibernian fiction, though he was not so accomplished a man as Lover, who was poet, painter, dramatist, musician and novelist, winning his way in all these activities without attaining to the highest eminence. His versatility was to him rather a drawback than a help, for he never gave himself entirely to the one pursuit that might have won for him the most enduring fame. The first novel that I ever struggled through was Charles Lever's "Charles O'Malley," and it made me an embryo duellist at the mature age of eight or nine.

Leonard, the comedian I have referred to, I saw in "The Irish Ambassador" and within a very short period I saw both Collins and Brougham in the same play, a favorite one with Tyrone Power, who was before my theatre going days. They were all superior to the beg-starting James Williams.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Oct. 7.

Let us analyze Mr Ryan's interesting letter. Elizabeth Kemble, a sister of Mrs. Siddons, was apprenticed to a milliner, but "the call of the blood" prevailed. When she was old and stout and married she told Macready that "when on the stage, she felt like a being of another world." But during her two or three seasons at Drury Lane she did not shine. In 1785 she married a godson of the young Chevalier Charles Edward Whitelock—called in this country as Whitlock. He was a dentist and an actor, playing in a circuit of England circuit. They came to this country in 1793 when they played in Wignell's company. In 1807 she returned to England at the age of 46 and was unsuccessful at Drury Lane. She and her husband settled in Newcastle, "where they were highly respected." In 1811 or 1812 she acted there for the elder Macready. Mrs. Siddons wrote of her in 1807 "She is a noble, glorious creature, very wild and eccentric, not so old as myself by six years, not so tall, not so handsome, but in all else my equal, if not superior. I have known nothing of her from my childhood till now." Campbell found her a nice old lady "very like Mrs. Siddons, and the remains of nearly as fine a woman; but she is Mrs. Siddons without her fudge and solemnity, just what Mrs. Siddons would have been if she had swallowed a bottle of champagne." It is said that Mrs. Whitelock, a blonde caricature of her famous sister was a chatterer "She used to preface her exaggerated statements with 'I declare to God' or 'I wish I may die,' and when Mrs. Siddons sought to stem her loquacity with 'Elizabeth, your wig is on one side,' she would nonchalantly reply, 'Oh, is it?' and, giving the light auburn coiffure a shove that 'put it quite as crooked in the other direction,' proceed with her discourse."

Mrs. Whitlock appeared here at the Federal Street Theatre as early as 1796. Her first role at this theatre was Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage." It is said that her husband was then "past the meridian of life and dependent upon his wife's attractions." A critic of this city wrote of her "Many votaries of the tragic Muse, in their attempt to personate the leading characters of the drama, have discovered more ambition than talent, and in some instances, not destitute of merit the momentary display of partial excellence has been blemished by some outrage of sentiment—'Which sham'd the noblest beauty that they owd.'—But Mrs. Whitlock never violates the unity of characters by departing from the dramatic personages she assumes. There is less of the theatrical imposture, and more of the educated mind; less of the mockery of sensibility, and more of the discrimination of taste in her performances, than, perhaps, in strictness, the scenes of imitative life demand." Critics and public took the theatre seriously in these days. There was apparently little consideration shown for "the tired business man."

Col. Clapp in his "Record of the Boston Stage" says that Mrs. Whitlock had the honor of playing before Gen. George Washington in Philadelphia. "That great man was by no means a stoic at the sight of tragedy, but he hated to be seen weeping and always wiped the tears with his handkerchief hastily from his eyes."

The new Federal Theatre, of which Mr Bulfinch was the architect, was opened in 1798, and Whitlock and his wife were in the company. In 1809 he engaged the theatre and went to England in search of attractions. "George Barnwell" was played with "moral effect." "Pizarro in Peru" was brought out. Lady Macbeth was impersonated by Mrs. Whitlock. The season resulted in a loss of $900 to her husband.

In the National Dictionary of Biography the name is Whitlock. The actress died in 1814.

Of the plays mentioned by Mr. Ryan, "The Forest Rose, or the American Farmer" was produced at the Chatham Theatre in New York in 1825. Col. Brown says that the character of "Brother Jonathan" was first introduced in this play. "Lafayette" was first acted at the Park Theatre in New York in 1824.

No doubt there are some in Boston who remember gratefully Agnes Robertson, the wife of Dion Boucicault. Arriving at New York in 1853, she made her first appearance at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre on Oct. 22 of that year in "The Young Actress," a "musical interlude by Boucicault, altered from an old farce, 'The Manager's Daughter.' In January, 1854, she appeared at the Boston Museum. We now quote from Mr. Townsend Walsh's excellent life of Boucicault published by the Dunlap Society. "The excitement caused by her performances spread throughout the city and environs; it gained the neighboring villages and towns of New England, and special trains were run for the first time to bring hundreds to witness the performances of the actress. The engagement was prolonged 'for two to four weeks, then to six and subsequently to eight weeks.'

"Old Bostonians, who recall these appearances, say that the furore was beyond all precedent. The tickets of admission were sold at a premium of $5 and $6 each, and at her benefit the last night of her engagement the applicants for seats blocked up the access to the theatre and the street in front. The overjoyed manager of the Museum, Moses Kimball, induced Miss Robertson to prolong her engagement for the ninth week, and within four hours, such was the crowd, every seat in the theatre was bought up for the ensuing week. The enthusiasm created by Agnes Robertson among the women of Boston was so great that her promenades through the streets were beset with crowds who followed her from place to place. The corridors of the Tremont House, where she resided, were blocked up with fair admirers, who almost invaded her apartments. The childlike grace and modesty of manner with which she received all these honors that fell so suddenly and thickly upon her won more hearts to her cause than the exquisite powers of her acting on the stage. Mr. Kimball, the manager, netted something like $20,000 on the engagement."

The London Daily Telegraph announced the death of Mrs. Boucicault, which took place in London on Oct. 1. "Singularly beautiful in face and figure, Mrs. Boucicault legitimately earned the description of 'The Pocket Venus,' and it is a pleasure to know that in spite of many griefs and troubles which would have killed some women, this amiable and accomplished lady lived to a good old age, and was able, even in her later years, to take a keen practical interest in the affairs of the theatre, besides seeing her son, Dion, and her daughter, Nina, occupy high and lawfully-earned positions of prominence before the London public."

Agnes Robertson, born at Edinburgh on Christmas day, 1833, sang as a little girl at a testimonial concert given to Morris Barnett. At the age of 10 she played at Aberdeen the part of Little Pickle in the farce, "The Spoiled Child." She afterwards performed with Macready, Fanny Kemble and Tyrone Power. In Dublin she studied dancing and was the first woman to dance the polka in that city. She made her first appearance in London in 1850 in "The Wife's Secret." Associated with the Keans, she was in the original cast of "The Corsican Brothers" (English version) in 1852.

She made several visits to this country. In 1896 she appeared as Mrs. Cregan in "The Colleen Bawn" at the Princess Theatre, London.

Boucicault and Miss Robertson fell in love, one with the other, when he met her in Charles Kean's company in 1852. He had already been married. In 1843 he took a French woman to wife in Paris. She was his senior. They made a wedding tour in Switzerland. "The loving pair started one day to cross a mountain, but only the husband came down on the other side. This, of course, is more or less legendary. But he turned up in London shortly after, dressed in the deepest mourning for his wife, who, according to the story he told, had fallen down a precipice in the Alps."

In 1885 Boucicault married at Sydney, Australia, Miss Louise Thorndyke. The news excited incredulity and indignation. A divorce was granted by the British court in 1888 to Mrs. Agnes Robertson Boucicault. The court also awarded alimony, but the defendant escaped service. Boucicault's conduct in the whole matter was regarded by even his warmest friends as unaccountable and outrageous.

In 1879 she played with her husband at Booth's Theatre in her old role in "The Colleen Bawn." Her last appearance in America was as Mary Carroll in Bartley Campbell's "My Geraldine," at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, in September, 1887.

It is not easy for us to realize the success of "The Colleen Bawn," "The Octoroon," and "Arrah-na-Pogue" when these plays were first performed—"Arrah-na-Pogue" in Dublin (1864), "The Octoroon" in New York (1859). The cast of the latter was a remarkable one, the chief parts were played by Mmes. Robertson, J. H. Allen, W. R. Blake and by Joseph Jefferson, George Holland, J. H. Stoddart, Boucicault, George Jamieson, T. B. Johnston and A. H. Davenport. Even in England the success was repeated. To quote the Daily Telegraph. "The drama reeked with sensations, but the slave sale was the grand climacteric, and here the Octoroon, by taking poison, was released from her troubles. The sensitive heart of the English public was touched by this calamity. It was 'against the audience.' Mrs. Boucicault had surprised her admirers by the force of her delineation, but the tragic termination of her stage sufferings was resented. Accordingly, her husband announced that he had arranged a happy ending 'as a grateful tribute to judgment and taste which he would be the last to dispute.' To this day 'The Octoroon' crops up in the country and in the suburbs, and very few melodramas of like quality and calibre have been seen in our time."

The success of "The Colleen Bawn" in London—the play ran 365 consecutive nights in London, an extraordinary run at that time—was shown by the fact that the red cloak worn by Mrs. Robertson became the fashion. The daughter of Frith, the artist, mentions this fact in "Leaves from a Life." After confessing that Boucicault was the most fascinating man she ever met, she adds: "He had married an exquisite girl called Agnes Robertson, and oh! how pretty she was! She had the most beautiful blue eyes with black lashes, quantities of lovely black hair, and spoke with the sweetest voice possible. . . . She worked most frightfully hard, was one of the sweetest actresses of the time, and we used generally to see her and the children in the afternoon, before the early meal which preceded the theatre."

MME. TERESA CARRENO GIVES PIANO RECITAL

Interesting Program Performed at Jordan Hall.

Mme. Teresa Carreno gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1; Schumann, Fantasie in C-Major, Op. 17; MacDowell, Sonata Op 59, "Keltic"; Liszt, Liebestraum, au born d'une source; Schubert-Tausig, Marcho Militaire.

It was said that news of her husband's serious illness had just reached the pianist. That she played under protest. Yet in her admirable performance there was no hint of agitation, no trace of disordered nerves.

Mme. Carreno belongs to a Titan race of artists, a race, unfortunately, fast disappearing, to be replaced by youth impertinently eager to rush upon the concert stage with few lessons learned from the great book of life and in various stages of callowness and crudity.

Mme. Carreno like other artists of her generation is first of all an interpreter. Her eloquent hands, calm and direct in relation to the keyboard, free from distorting mannerisms in the mysteries of producing tone as in the performance of intricate technical passages, weave enchantment, spells. Broad contact with life has quickened her imagination and stimulated her emotional nature. She has much to say, and she knows the language of tenderness, poetry and passion.

Yesterday the tremulous intimacy of her pianissimo was remarkable. This was used with mysterious and fascinating effect in the opening measures of Beethoven's sonata. The whole work was vividly recreated. Mme. Carreno played Bach's music in the grand manner, with authority and a keen appreciation of sonorous contrasts. In Schumann's Fantasie there was the suggested glow of a fire which in other years swept all before it. In MacDowell's sonata, as throughout the afternoon, there was a display of power, brilliance, infinite imagination.

A audience of good size applauded warmly.

Oct 23 1910

Yes, infinitely terrible is the Gallows: It bestrides with its patibulary fork the Pit of bottomless Terror!

A Needed Anthology.

The grim poem sent to us by Miss Miriam Lowell of Winchester should be only one in a rich anthology of patibulary verse. Is there a collection of this kind? Mr. Farmer in his blundering way published "Musa Pedestris" (privately printed for subscribers only), "Three centuries of canting songs and slang rhymes." There are many allusions to the dancing on air in these songs, but very few verses especially devoted to the cart, the last drink, the roaring crowd and the sickening fall. There is that glorious song, a hundred years old, "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched," long attributed to Dean Burrowes, but written probably by Will Maher, a shoemaker of Waterford, with the verse:

When he came to the nubbing cheat,
He was jack'd up so neat and so pretty;
The rumbler jugg'd off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.
He kick'd, too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
And as soon as the noose was unried,
Then at darkey we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground-sweat.

Father Prout's marvellous translation into French, "La Mort de Socrate" should accompany it.

Mr. Farmer includes Bon Gaultier's "The Faking Boy to the Crap Is Gone":

The faking boy to the crap is gone,
At the nubbing cheat you'll find him;
The tempen cord they have girded on,
And his elbows pinned behind him.
"Smash my glim!" cries the regular card,
"Though the girl you love betrays you,
Don't spill, but die hath game and hard,
And grateful pals shall praise you."

Poems of the Gallows.

In our anthology Villon's famous ballad should have the first place. There would be room for

And three merry men were we;
I on the land, thou on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows tree.

Years ago we read this in "Ghosts from Gibbet Island," but is it not a drinking song put into Dick Hatteraick's mouth? "The Three Friends," by Charles Godfrey Leland, would not be missing:

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing in the triple tree,
Or die in my grave as a Christian should, is much the same to me.

Leland wrote it first in German and named only two friends. The original version is more concise:

Und sterb 'ich wie ein Heiliger der geht in's Himmelreich,
Und schwing ich an dem Galgen mir ist es alles gleich.

Room, too, for Fitz James O'Brien's "Demon of the Gibbet"; how Something leaped from the gallow's tree as Norman and his bride rode beneath:

"Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,
That wrapped you oft beyond the sea;
The wind is bold, my bones are old,
And I am cold on the gallows tree."

Thomas Hardy's fine song should not be overlooked.

The Test of Artistry.

Alas, this is a prosaic age. The eletric chair has not inspired the Muse. The guillotine has fared better: Witness the story of the woman with the velvet neckband told by Washington Irving and in a much more elaborate form by Dumas the elder; also Villier de l'Isle Adam's "Secret of the Scaffold."

There should be a companion volume of prose with copious extracts from the Newgate Calendar—the edition on which George Borrow worked—and Mr. Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels." As Mr. Whibley says, the gallows is a stern test of artistry. "Perfect behavior at an enforced and public scrutiny may properly be esteemed an effect of talent—an effect which has not too often been rehearsed." Samuel Shotland on the scaffold took off his shoes and hurled them at the crowd. "My father and mother often told me," he cried, "that I should die with my shoes on; but you may all see that I have made them both liars." As the excellent Whibley remarks, "A great man dies not with so mean a jest, and Tyburn was untouched to mirth by Shotland's facile humor." Splendid is the example given by Tom Austin. The chaplain asked him if he had anything to say. "Only there's a woman yonder with some curds and whey, and I wish I could have a pennyworth of them before I am hanged, because I don't know when I shall see any again." Or consider the case of Roderick Audrey, whose brilliant career was choked when he was only 16. His biographer relates that "he went very decent to the gallows, being in a white waistcoat, clean napkin, white gloves, and an orange in one hand." Deacon Brodie had only one fretful moment. "When the halters were found too short, his contempt for slovenly workmanship urged him to protest, and to demand a punishment for the executioner." A model of the scaffold had been given by him to his native city a few years before.

Translators.

As the World Wags:

It would be interesting to see Prof. Muensterberg's letter in the original and compare it with the translation. It is often apparent that mistakes are made through ignorance of idiom. We have seen "pompiers" translated "pumpers" instead of "firemen"; "tout le monde," "all the world" instead of "everybody"; "Qu'est ce que c'est," "What is it that it is" where the proper rendering would be "Huh"? I have even seen "Sac de nuit" translated "nightgown."

These misunderstandings at times lead to unpleasant interpretations, as in the case where the German pedler, extolling the virtues of his perfumery, requested his prospective customer to pour a little on his handkerchief and notice the delightful fragrance. Or where one of his compatriots advised a lady who wished to match some material to take it and go in the hell with it.

GUILLAUME DIMANCHE.

Boston.

FRANCES ALDA

The first of the regular series of Sunday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall was given yesterday afternoon by Mme. Frances Alda, soprano, and Giuseppe De Lucca, baritone, both members of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Mme. Alda sang three songs: Bach, aria from "Carattaco"; Mozart, "Non so Pou"; Munro, My Lovely Cella; Faccio, Sortita d'Ofelia; Pertl, Canzonetta; Merikanto, Sinulle; Grieg, Margarethlein, Erstes Begegnen; Burleigh, Deep River; Coleridge-Taylor, Life and Death; Sibella, L'Automne; Fourdrain, Edelweiss, Chanson Norvegienne; La Forge, Unrequited Love, Song of the Open. Mr. De Lucca's numbers were as follows: Rossini, Largo del Factotum, from "The Barber of Seville; De Leva, Canta il Mare; Denza, Occhi di fata; Morlacchi, Serenata; Pennino Sulla Laguna; Lalo, air from "Roi d'Ys"; Verdi, "Eri Ta," from "Un Ballo in Maschera"; Frank La Farge was accompanist for Mme. Alda. Harold Fix played noisy, restless and unskilled accompaniments for Mr. De Lucca.

Those who heard Mme. Alda's performance as Mimi at the Boston Opera House last spring were disappointed by her singing yesterday. It was evident from the first that her thoughts were chiefly upon tone production. Diction, enunciation, interpretation were sacrificed. To be a distinguished singer of songs it is necessary to be emotional,

...e, imaginative. It is not enough ...t tones are correct in volume: that ...ases are attacked and dismissed with ...torical precision. There must be ...or, spontaneity. Mme. Alda's voice ...elf a pure and brilliant soprano, ...ers natural advantages. Her man...red and colorless performance was ...e more deplorable.

Only in the extreme upper notes, full ...nd rich in quality, was their a semblance of warmth. The middle voice was often rigid. In rapid passages the singer's tonal contemplation was so intense that she defeated her aim. The melodic line was not well sustained, the voice wabbled.

She sang the first group of songs cautiously, with prevailing artificiality. There was no suavity, no calm mastery of vocal art. This impression was not corrected by an elaborate and coquettish performance of "The Lass With the Delicate Air," which she added to the program.

As an interpreter Mme. Alda was not engrossing. One song was like unto another. She showed little dramatic intelligence and failed utterly to establish and maintain contrasting moods. Her diction was poor and her enunciation slovenly. Thinking of tone, the singer was often textually unintelligible alike in French, German, English and Italian.

It might be said that the program made no serious emotional demands, that elegance, tenderness, pathos were chiefly required of the singer. Yet Grieg's "Erstes Begegnen," Burleigh's "Deep River," Coleridge-Taylor's "Life and Death" deserve something more than superficial emotion and in these songs Mme. Alda was refined or coolly descriptive, where she should have been passionate.

The songs by Sibella and Fourdrain were heard here for the first time. The Frenchman's "Edelweiss" shows imagination, an eye for color, marked originality. Mr. La Farge's new songs are not in his happiest vein.

Mr. De Luca's artistic sincerity was a great pleasure. Gifted with a sonorous and noble voice of rare and mellow quality he refrained from roaring, after the manner of baritones eager to impress the gallery. Hampered by Mr. Fix's relentless speed and fury in Figaro's song he sang with animation and a sense of humor.

His performance of simple Italian songs recalled in finesse, ease and distinction, Mr. Clement singing in French. When occasion demanded there were tones, thrilling in emotional significance and native fervor. Repeatedly recalled, the audience was loath to have him leave the stage.

There was applause for Mme. Alda. Mr. La Farge's skilful and polished playing gave pleasure.

Mr. Kreisler will play next Sunday afternoon.

Oct 24 1916

MRS. FISKE

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Erstwhile Susan," a comedy in three acts, based by Marion de Forest on Helen R. Martin's novel, "Barnabetta." Produced by Messrs. Corey and Riter. First performance at Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1916.

Barnaby Dreary.....Walter Wilson
Jacob Dreary.....Robert Stowe Gill
Emanuel Dreary.....Rikel Kent
Abel Butcher.....John Daly Murphy
David Jordan.....Henry Mortimer
Robert Marsh.....Hugh Chilvers
Absalom Puntz.....Sol. Aiken
Juliet Miller (Erstwhile Susan).....Mrs. Fiske
Barnabetta Dreary.....Madeline Delmar
Ramah Schwenkfelders.....Wylda Millisou
Mrs. Winthrop.....Anita Clarendon
Alice Winthrop.....Frances Stirling Clarke
Helen Meredith.....Ethel Craven
Joseph Yoder.....Samuel Aldenfelder
Abraham Wachernagel.....Henry B. Folger
Em. Wachernagel.....Virginia Chauvenet
Jennie Getz.....Anna Reader
Sheba Yoder.....Eleanor McMurtrie

Those who are acquainted with the life, manners and speech of dwellers in the old Dutch region of Pennsylvania may pass judgment authoritatively on the truthfulness of the scenes and dialogue of this entertaining comedy. They that still look upon Pennsylvania as a remote state can say only this; that the play and the performance give the stranger the impression of veracity, if a certain amount of exaggeration thought necessary perhaps for theatrical effect, is granted. We have not read the novel. Whether the comedy closely follows it, or whether it serves only as a foundation is immaterial. The comedy is to be judged as a play.

It is interesting in many ways. There is genuine drawing of character. These characters are unconventional, partly in themselves and partly because they play their parts in a region unfamiliar to hardened spectators. The speech of the dwellers in the village is also unfamiliar, but as spoken by the comedians it is quaint, and it seems natural, not affected for the sake of exciting laughter. While the story itself is simple, baldly simple, it is told in an agreeable manner. Even the entrance of Robert Marsh, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a wholly superfluous character, does not provoke a smile, and the long anticipated answer of Barnabetta to Mr. Jordan's wooing is not considered at the time to be tiresomely conventional.

Juliet Miller, an eccentric elocutionist and "uplifter," had seen a young girl Barnabetta, and was interested in her. This girl, the daughter of Barnaby, was a household drudge. The father, twice a widower, was mean, coarse, selfish. Although he was 55 years old, he wrote to a matrimonial bureau for a wife. Miss Miller answered the inquiry, went to Barnaby's house, and married him. She had money of her own. Little by little, she won the affection of the daughter, changed the appearance of the living room and tried to soften the manners of the father and two clownish sons. She put an end to Barnaby's brutal discipline with a strap. The girl was sent to Boston, for she had dreamed of an education. Jacob, the elder son, as malicious as he was rough, suspected his stepmother of a past. The younger son responded to her humorous and sensible appeals. Barnaby, the tinsmith, between the second and third acts had fallen off a roof, the roof of a Methodist Church. It was revealed that he had died intestate, leaving a million, through a profitable investment in land. Jacob, when the announcement was made, sprang his trap, but in vain. To describe his discovery and disappointment would spoil the pleasure of the many who will see the play. It is enough to say that the scene gives Mrs. Fiske opportunity for a brilliant explanation, which she makes in a vein of delicious humor and with incomparable verve.

It is a great pleasure to see Mrs. Fiske in a part that is thoroughly suited to her as an accomplished actress in light comedy. She played with infinite spirit, not merely as one conscious of the fact that she was reciting amusing lines which she first of all appreciated. These lines, larded with quotations from poems and plays that were her stock-in-trade as an elocutionist, were in the character, not extraneous. The lightness was not flippant; the brilliance was not hard and metallic. Whether she was in a gently ironical manner chiding the family for table manners, disregarding Jacob's questions about her former dwelling place, braving the brute Barnaby, or telling the Mennonites assembled for the reading of the will why she did not wear mourning for the late lamented, she was a charming woman with a keen sense of humor and an eccentric personality, not merely a repeater of smart phrases and familiar quotations. Her cocksure manner suited admirably the character she impersonated.

Mr. Wilson took the part of Barnaby, which was first played by Mr. Cope. Mr. Wilson's performance was vivid and within the bounds of reason. Miss Delmar showed in a convincing manner the change from drudgery and despondency to happiness. Mr. Murphy was a capital Abel Butcher, the prize catch of the village. Mr. Gill played Jacob effectively, with an occasional tendency to overact. Mr. Mortimer was sufficiently amiable and polished as the lawyer from Reading, the old friend of the elocutionist and lover of Barnabetta.

The comedy and the performance are well worth seeing in this theatre that has been renovated in a tasteful, attractive manner, with a view to the comfort of the spectator.

It appears from Liverpool Jarge's veracious Chronicler that Jarge met death in several extraordinary ways.

Jarge Dies Again.

As the World Wags:

When a man falls from aloft and hits his head on a ring bolt so you can stick your hand in the hole, the old man gives him a dose of salts and chucks him in a bunk and lets nature take her course and he gets well or dies, and no doctor can do any good.

I never held with doctors. Not any. Nor women. And when a sailorman runs afoul one or the other he's headed for the breakers. When he runs afoul both to once he's on the rocks.

I mind the time me and my old shipmate Liverpool Jarge, him I've spoke of before, ships aboard the bark Kerrygow out of Frisco with general cargo for the East and a bad found hooker she was with a Yankee skipper as bad as ever was. We was 200 miles clear of the Midway islands when she carried away her steering gear and we floundered around in the North Pacific for 27 days until we rigged a jury rudder out of a spare spar and limped into Yokahama leaking and lucky to be there. We shipped a new rudder and then there was trouble with Lloyds and it was better than three weeks before we dropped down the river.

There must have been something the matter with the old man for he give us shore leave, no end. Me and Jarge was flush with coin. I had a piece of the true Manger, that I had off a Port au Prince nigger for two bob that had it off his father who was 98 when he died, scrimshawed nicely to show the Virgin and Joseph and all in a shammy case with a pocket and a cord to hang about the neck. A very thefty piece of gear it was to carry gold in if you had any, besides keeping the devils off. And I had two gold eagles won off a faro bank on the Barbary coast. Jarge had a matter of six pound sewed into the walstband of his other trousies.

Well, me and Jarge went ashore and found a tattoo artist as was if I do say it, and Jarge engaged to have a skaly dragon put around his right leg with the head in his back and the tail at his foot and covering up a school of mermaids he had tired of and two hearts with the name of a girl he knew in Sydney. Nothing paid down, Jarge being very stingy at the moment and close with men when soher anyhow.

On the way back to the ship we got into an alley called the Street of the Ten Thousand Peach Blooms, but it smelled different, and a tea house behind the Orient Docks where they had no tea but a kind of gin named sakee and a lot of girls. The woman who run the place was a Eurasian, very dark, she said she had royal blood in her veins called Lou, and Jarge was much taken with her from the first. After she found Jarge was keen on tattooing she said she was expert at it and brought out some needles and three colors of ink and Jarge asked her to marry him. Jarge paid her two pound and we went on to the front.

That night I argued with Jarge and said he was foolish, and he asked what did I know about women, and I said nothing. Then he said he should know more about women than me, having a wife that was a barmaid in a low pub outside Bristol and another in Baltimore, and for me to stow my gab. I asked would he commit bigamy, and he asked what that was, and I said having two wives at a time. And Jarge said, there, I've been doing it now for years and now I'm going to make it three and get free of crime; you try to stop me. So I shut up.

We went ashore every day after that and Lou started on Jarge; but her hand was heavy and pained him and I tried to persuade him not, but he said with a tattooer in the family two would live cheaper than one, so I shut up. He paid her a pound a day.

The first day and every day after a cove showed up that seemed to me to belong to Lou, with a pointed beard, that Lou said on the quiet was a doctor cashiered out of the British army, and all the time he looked savage at Jarge. Jarge talked very shirty and said he was the son of a duke aboard ship for seeing life, though anyone with half an eye would know different; but he wouldn't listen to me.

The day Jarge begun to borrow off me to meet the pound a day for Lou the Doctor said how he could make the tatooing less painful he knowing all about drugs through taking them himself and smoking opium and such. And he got out a little bottle filled with some yellow slush and put it in the ink and after that Jarge laid back and smiled and begun to talk about heaven and angels. Jarge had two pound off me that night instead of one and going out in the sampan said he was floating on feathers.

Well, the next morning Jarge got very bad with a head ache and begun to burn up and the old man gives him a dose of salts. And after a while he swells up like a ballon I see once and toward night he got all blue and the back of his neck bust and matter run out and he died.

A doctor, the old man had aboard from the consulate, said as near as he could make out it was a combination of cholera, tyfus fever and small pox that killed Jarge. That was the end of Jarge,—practically. I put in a claim to the old man for the money Jarge had borrowed off me and he give me Jarge's duffle but there was nothing in it worth saving but a clasp knife that I carry to this day and a lot of slushy letters wrote to him by a girl named Myrtle in Liverpool that I read to the dogwatch when we was in the doldrums in the China Sea. One of 'em I sold for a quid to the boson that wanted to copy it to send to a wife he had in Frisco.

JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION.
East Boston.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Her Soldier Boy," a new musical play in two acts and a prologue, by Victor Leon, adapted by Rida Johnson Young. Music by Emmerich Kalman, with additional numbers by Sigmund Romberg. First performance in Boston.

Alfred Appledorp.....Jack McGowan
Frantz Delaunay.....Frank Ridge
Alain Teniers.....John Charles Thomas
Marlene Delaunay.....Margaret Romaine
Elsje.....Eliz Gergely
Teddy McLane.....Clifton Crawford
Monty Mainwaring.....Cyril Chadwick
Desiree.....Eleanor Dawn
Vitus Appledorp.....Harold Vizard
Baron von Artveldt.....Clarence Harvey
Amy Lee.....Lilian Tucker
Madame Karoline Delaunay....Louise Galloway
Martin von Artveldt.....Byrd Goolsby

In this play music and comedy are happily combined in a timely and military setting. There is a spirited and unusual prologue. Soldiers behind the lines, "somewhere in Belgium," are giving an impromptu concert. There is much gaiety and boisterous merriment. Just such concerts are no doubt now taking place in Europe when, between battles men seek a moment's forgetfulness and diversion.

The simple story is quickly told. Young Frantz Delaunay feels the premonition that he is about to be killed in battle. He gives his friend, Alain Teniers, who seeks to hearten him, tokens and messages for his mother and sister at home.

Delaunay's promonition is fulfilled, and in the first act Alain, true to his promise, arrives on his mission at the Belgian village of Ghistelle. Here he finds an American, Teddy McLane, and his friend, Monty Mainwaring, are guests at the Chateau Delaunay. He also learns that the aged Mme. Delaunay is blind. To save her feelings, he masquerades as her son, and thus retards his romance with Marlene.

Marlene's friend, Amy Lee, who becomes a Red Cross nurse, is also at the chateau. Teddy courts her and seeks to inspire her with hero worship by proclaiming his capture of the protesting Monty as a spy.

The course of true love finally runs smoothly for both couples. One or two minor characters flit through the scenes. Chief among them is Elsje, the little Dutch maid, in search of a husband.

The piece has the advantage of being excellently cast with two singers of surpassing merit, Miss Romaine and Mr. Thomas and a clever comedian, Mr. Crawford, in the leading roles.

Miss Romaine sang with much animation and beautiful quality of tone and otherwise gave character to a part which made no exacting histrionic demands. Mr. Thomas, a stalwart and commanding figure in his uniform, used his manly voice with skill and displayed pleasing sonority. His voice and that of Miss Romaine were well matched and sympathetically blended.

Mr. Crawford has not been seen here to better advantage. He is unctuous, droll, irresponsible. When alone, he fills the stage. He is constantly amusing in a spontaneous manner. As Teddy, pursuasively describing the contemplated execution of the shuddering Monty he was irresistibly comic. His wooing of Amy was whimsical yet persistent. His modern version of historical characters excited laughter. His exposition of a new dance step in the second act was neatly done.

Miss Gergely's Elsje was conspicuous among the minor characters. Her aplomb was of the soubrette variety. She made her points well and sang her little song in an artless and engaging manner.

The music is unpretentious, tuneful, quickly forgotten. The play provides clean and refreshing entertainment. A large audience was evidently pleased.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn English Opera Company in "The Jewels of the Madonna," opera in three acts based on Neapolitan life; plot and music by Ermanzo Wolf-Ferrari; verse by C. Zangarini and E. Golisciani. First performed in this city Jan. 17, 1913, with Mr. Zenatello, Mme. Gay, Mme. Edvina and Mr. Marcoux in the principal roles.

Gennaro.....Salvadore Giordano
Carmela.....Marie Louise Biggers
Maliella.....Bianca Soroya
Rafaele.....Millo Picco
Blaso.....Joseph Inzeranto
Cicilio.....Louis Derman
Rocco.....George Shields
Stella.....Elsie Meyer
Concetta.....Grace Baum
Grazia.....Emilie Schill

For many seasons, with varying success, the Aborns have produced opera in English at popular prices. In the old days they were content to hold to old favorite, tried and true friends, to the heroic tenor, the florid soprano or the villanous basso. More recently they have added the more modern operas, such as "Madam Butterfly," "Thais" and "La Boheme." And now comes "The Jewels of the Madonna," scarcely four years old.

In a sentence the opera tells the tale of plundering to please a wanton's vanity. It is not a pretty story, nor are its characters of high morality. Maliella, born in the streets and now full grown in wickedness and insolent inconstancy, has that inflaming beauty which attracts lovers. Gennaro, a blacksmith, is one of these, but not desired by Maliella. Rafaele, bully, Camorrist leader, but withal a bit of a dandy, sees her in the village square, and would possess her. She repulses him with a hairpin. Then, as the procession of the Madonna passes, he swears that for her sake he would steal the sacred jewels that she might adorn herself. Later she repeates to Gennaro the impious boast. Gennaro goes forth, steals the jewels and returns to find Maliella in the arms of Rafaele. Though she accepts the fateful gift and the amorous Gennaro, she still longs for Rafaele, the bully.

These incidents, fairly melodramatic, make the first two acts. The third brings the grim, squalid climax. Maliella, for once stricken with remorse, goes to Rafaele in his Camorrist den and confesses to Gennaro's impiety. Rafaele, horrified, turns from her. Was she not sacrilegious in accepting the gift? Comes Gennaro, distraught, crazed by thought of his sin. He, too, confesses, then, before a rude shrine of the Virgin, plunges a knife into his heart. Maliella rushes off, to throw herself into the sea.

Here, then, are the incentives for melodramatic acting, for spectacular settings, for full-voiced singing, and, for

the greater part, rough-edged and bustling orchestration. These qualities are especially in evidence in the first act, which shows a public square in Naples on the day of the festival procession of the Virgin Mary. This is spectacle, pure and simple, with action and music to match. The second act, with only the four principals appearing, in Carmela's garden, with Neapolitan music "off stage" now and anon, moves more in tune to the accepted tenets of grand opera. The third, in Rafaele's den, again becomes melodramatic and high-pitched.

Last evening's performance, opening an engagement of two weeks, and marking the reopening of the Boston Opera House under the management of Lawrence McCarty, was noteworthy in many ways. It revealed the ambition of Messrs. Aborn at its climax; for they have produced, if "The Jewels of the Madonna" serves as sample, more elaborately than ever before. The stage settings were colorful, substantial and always picturesque and convincing. Principals and chorus were of finer calibre than any they have before presented; and in Mr. del Castillo they have a conductor who knows his trade yet is not blatant in its exploitation. The audience filled the lower floor, made more spacious by substitution of a parquet for the former first tier boxes, and the balconies were fairly well occupied. They should have been filled as well.

Mr Gordon was throughout the compelling figure. He belied the purport of this pretentious operatic enterprise by singing entirely in Italian. Yet it cannot be said that he offended thereby. Many an opera given in English is equally unintelligible to the audience. Intensely dramatic, with a wealth of consistent stage action, he dominated all scenes in which he appeared. His was genuine characterization. Vocally, he revealed that mastery of tonal effects which spells artistry and sanity. From his first entrance, as a pallid visionary, to his grimly tragic suicide, one of the most realistic stage deaths we have ever observed, he was admirable.

Miss Saroya, in order to meet the vicious demands of Wolf-Ferrari's music, was compelled to use her upper register almost to exhaustion. At times, therefore, her voice became shrill and vexatious. It is an exacting role, at best, and aside from vocal robustness and endurance, needs an actress who can affect deeply passionate moods. Miss Saroya played rather lightly to these moods. She was rather coquettish and "catty."

Mr. Picco's Rafaele was excellent in characterization and in voice. His was very good English, indeed, and his interpretation lost little thereby. Miss Biggers, in an uninteresting role, sang carefully and therefore safely. As has been said, the minor parts and the choruses were unusually capable and all showed the fruits of faithful stage direction.

Tonight and Saturday afternoon "Madam Butterfly" will be presented. "The Jewels of the Madonna" will be repeated tomorrow afternoon.

CECIL CUNNINGHAM GIVES COMIC OPERA AT KEITH'S

Several Other Clever Numbers Combine to Make Attractive Program This Week.

Few vaudevillians have essayed a one person comic opera. Cecil Cunningham, comedienne extraordinary, does that as the top liner of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, and in doing so proves herself as versatile as she is statuesque. She brings to Boston this week an entirely new act, with songs written exclusively for her. After a preliminary song or two she announces that she will sing a comic opera alone, acting the parts as she goes. From that moment last night's audience laughed.

Coming down the home stretch of popularity, crossing the wire almost neck and neck with Miss Cunningham on the bill, is the Avon Comedy Four, with an entirely new act. These four vocalists and humorists, bringing a kitchen scene from a French restaurant, have a lot of funny talk and several new songs. The act became as popular last night as their former act, "The Village School."

Evelyn Blanchard brings to B. F. Keith's Theatre this week Edwin Arden in a dramatic comedy, "Close Quarters." Mr. Arden, as the private secretary to "Dicky" Brief, defends his friend's escapades with the wife of James Trent (Robert Wayne). The act is fast and dramatic, but comes to a well-thought comedy climax, as Trent, through a dramatic ruse, flies from Brief's apartments, believing the secretary has murdered Brief, while the secretary calls to the invisible Brief just how tight quarters he has been in.

La Argentina, official dancer to the court of Spain, brings several Spanish dances of a whirlwind nature. This is her first visit to Boston. Others who make this week's bill one of the best this season are Emily Francis Hooper and Herbert Marbury in song and dance; Henry Regal and David Bender in a new talking and balancing act; "A Night in a Monkey Music Hall," with some really clever simian actors; Santley and Norton, in new songs, and the Three Steindel Brothers in a short musical recital.

Remarkable motion pictures of a United States battleship are being exhibited at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. They show the hugo new superdreadnought "Pennsylvania" passing down the East river and were taken by a dozen different cameras placed at various points of vantage around the river including scenes from the ship's fighting top; from the bridges above looking straight down upon the warship's deck and from various other angles.

JEWETT PLAYERS GIVE FAMOUS JONES EXPOSE

"Mrs. Dane's Defence" Especially Adapted to Local Actors.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," a play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. The cast:

Mr. Bulsom-Porter.....Fred W. Permain
Mrs. Bulsom Porter.....Elizabeth Merson
Mr. James Rosby.....Lionel Glenister
Mrs. Dane.....Isabel Merson
Lionel Carteret.....Leon Gordon
Sir Daniel (Mr. Justice) Carteret.....Cameron Matthews
Lady Eastney.....Gwladys Morris
Janet Colquhoun.....Beatrice Miller
Canon Bonsey.....Leonard Grey
Adams.....Arthur Dennis
Mr. Fendick.....Leonard Craske
Wilson.....Charles West

Henry Arthur Jones's delightful exposo has been played several times in this city, though this was the first performance in stock in Boston. Both Margaret Anglin and Lena Ashwell have been seen here as Mrs. Dane. Last evening there was a good-sized audience and there were many curtain calls.

The drama is especially adapted to the Jewett players. Singularly at home in the drawing room play, there was an ease and elegance to the whole performance. The story is already familiar and last evening the audience was again treated to the verbal thumbscrewing of Mrs. Dane; again there was the subtly contrived expose of her shady past; nor is the author the less interesting and pertinent with his shafts and vitriolic sting. A play that is decidedly lacking in action, there is the dialogue that never fails to interest and is never preachy.

Isabel Merson was seen in the uncongenial role of Mrs. Dane. The actress did not make the mistake of undue emphasis in her earlier scenes. There was a nicely developed crescendo and her emotional scene as the confession of her past was wrung from her was convincing and free from hysteria.

The Sir Daniel of Cameron Matthews was a splendid bit of acting. He went after Mrs. Dane none the less relentlessly and always the gentleman. Methodical in manner and speech, there was always present the suggestion of his reaching his objective.

Many others of the cast gave exceptionally good performances, notably the Bulsom-Porters of Fred W. Permain and Elizabeth Merson. The former was exquisite in a D'Orsayesque style, and Miss Merson was the irrepressible scandalizer and domineering wife to a nicety of detail. Leon Gordon as Lionel succeeded admirably in visualizing the befogged and disillusioned youth.

CASTLE SQUARE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Texas." Melodrama in four acts by J. Mauldin Feigl.

Col. Buck West.....C. Nick Stark
Mrs. West.....Hattie Foley
Texas West.....Jane Ware
Lord Angus Trevor.....John J. Power
Lady Cecile Trevor.....Helen Jackson
Lady Frances McKensie.....Lucas Daniel
Mrs. Peppercorn.....Anna Jordon
Pasquale.....William B. Wainwright
Holmes Okie.....Louis Thiel
Sam Sorrel.....Jimmy Judge
Bowie.....Eugene Beall
Chuggs.....Steve Spear
Corpus Christi.....Shadow Hartmann
Tank.....William Chatterton
Jack Dallam.....Alvah D. Sims

It was apparent at the Castle Square yesterday that "Texas" is a play of perennial fascination. It pleases by its sensational incidents, by its moments of pathos, its frequent humor. The hero is a young ranchman, with a strong, heroic soul, a ready wit, instant resources. There are few more absorbing plays of this kind on the American stage. The story is real; the characters have red blood. Never has "Texas" been given a better production than that of this year. Jane Ware is an admirable Texas West. Louis Thiel, who created the role of "Oklahoma" in the original production with great success, is playing the same role in the present company. "Texas" not only gives pleasure; morality pervades the piece.

RED CROSS CALL AT SHUBERT MEETS QUICK RESPONSE

Mayor's Appeal Seconded by Chorus Led by Miss Romaine with Flag Unfurled.

Mayor Curley, at the end of the first act of "Her Soldier Boy," at the Shubert Theatre, last night, stood before the curtain and said: "I want to see emblazoned upon the rolls of the American National Red Cross the names of 3,000,000 men and women of this country." And in the second and final act, Miss Margaret Romaine, the American Red Cross nurse in the play, led the chorus of white and blue garbed nurses with the lyric:

"Won't you join us! Won't you help us!
"There is always room for more.
"Our banner knows no country
"It is love we are fighting for."

The banner which knew no country—the blood red cross on a field of spotless white—was unfurled.

Both the impassioned plea of the city executive and the winsome invitation of the leading lady met with a satisfying response from the audience judging from the hundreds of signed applications to become members of the society which were filled out and handed in to the six young women at the door.

The theatre was decorated with American flags, Red Cross banners and the flag of the city of Boston. The ushers and attendants wore Red Cross armlets in honor of "Red Cross Night" which increased the enrollment in the society by several hundred in Boston.

Oct 25 1916

Looking over the Yellow Book of July, 1895, we came across a little story, a hospital incident, told by "Enoch Arnold Bennett." Why, o why, did Mr. Bennett drop the good old name of Enoch? It would go better than Arnold with his stories of the pottery region and the dwellers therein. "Arnold" suggests Benedict and Matthew. Tennyson did not scorn the name of Enoch; he gave it to his sailor hero who was rewarded with a singularly expensive funeral for his self-sacrifice. We cannot think of Enoch Hardy, Enoch Moore, Enoch Meredith or Enoch Conrad, but Enoch Bennett is fit and proper.

Only Fair.

Now is the time for Prof. Muensterberg to say a kind word in behalf of Mr. Edmund von Mach.

The Hand of Glory.

As the World Wags:

In compiling your "Gallus" Anthology don't forget the immortal excerpts from "The Hand of Glory."

On the lone bleak moor, at the midnight hour,
Beneath the Gallows Tree,
Hand in hand, the murderers stand
By one, by two, by three!
"Now mount who list and close by the wrist
Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist!
Now climb who dare, where he swings in air,
And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair!"
'Tis awful to see, on that old woman's knee
The dead, shriveled hand, as she clasps it with glee!
And now, with care, the five locks of hair
From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,
With the grease and the fat of a black tom cat
She hastens to mix, etc., etc., etc.

Dorchester. HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

It is well known that the hand of any person dying a lolent death dispells tumors, such as wens or swelled glands, if the place affected is struck nine times with the hand. A halter wherewith any one has been hanged if it be tied around the head will cure a headache. The chips of a gallows on which at least one person has been executed will cure the ague or prevent it if they are worn next the skin or round the neck in a bag. For further information on this subject consult good old Doc. Evans. Was "the hand of glory" ever used by housebreakers in this country? It stupefies those to whom it is presented and renders them motionless, so that they cannot fire even an ammonia pistol. Here is the recipe for preparing the hand. It must come from a person that has been hanged and exposed on the highway. "Wrap it up in a piece of a shroud or winding sheet, in which let it be well squeezed to get out any small amount of blood that may have remained in it; then put it into an earthen vessel with zimat, saltpetre, salt and long pepper, the whole well powdered; leave it 15 days in that vessel; then take it out and expose it to the noontide sun in the dog days till it is thoroughly dry; and if the sun is not sufficient, put in into an oven heated with fern and vervain; then compose a kind of candle with the fat of a hanged man, virgin wax and sesame of Lapland." The hand of glory serves as the candlestick. There is only one remedy against this charm. The hand of glory will not take effect if the householder rub the threshold of the door and other places through which burglars might enter with an unguent composed of the gall of a black cat, the fat of a white hen and the blood of a screech owl, but this mixture must be prepared during the dog days.—Ed.

Official English.

As the World Wags:

Some day I'm going to write an essay on Doctor's English, to be illustrated with horrible examples taken from these written for the degree of Ph. D. by graduate students at the universities of this enlightened land. After this essay shall come one on Official English, illustrated with examples of pomposity, verbosity and obscurity from the written and spoken utterances of legislators, executives and others in authority. The anarchic condition would have the advantage of being entirely without pub. docs. Some time since, I cut from a New York paper a letter written by a Lieutenant-Governor or some such superfluous person to somebody else in the official life of the state. It was a long succession of bombastic phrases, an impressive illustration of how the English language should not be written. The newspaper with unconscious malice had published it in one of those frames that are now used to pillory absurdities of the news, and with it went the picture of the writer, who looked exactly as he wrote. This gem I have unfortunately lost, but I have one of somewhat like quality from Mayor Curley, who is clever enough to know better. Here it is:

"I am extremely desirous that a more efficient system for the conduct of the activities now under the direction of the assessing department be established, and, in my opinion, the selection of Mr. F. R. Carnegie Steele, or some other equally eminent accountant, to introduce a system of accounting and efficiency in this department would be of great benefit."

What essential would the mayor have left out that he has here expressed had he written:

"I earnestly wish to see a more efficient system in the assessing department, and I think that Mr. F. R. Carnegie Steele, or some equally eminent accountant, might bring about such improvement"?

Mayors and things don't dare to "think," they have to tell us that they are "of an opinion"—a fool phrase. They cannot persuade themselves to be brief, lest they be thought undignified; they don't "wish" they are "extremely desirous"—another fool phrase. If public officers would write like human beings instead of stuffed prophets, they would save us millions a year in the expenditure for public printing. By the way, I've seen little recent narrative and descriptive prose as good as W. B. Cabot's best in his "In Northern Labrador."

Boston. TIRED REVIEWER.

MISS HELENA PLEASES IN "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"

Aborn Opera Company Gives Puccini's Piece as Second Offering.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn Opera Company in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Ignacio del Castillo conducted. The cast:

Cho-Cho-San.....Edith Helena
Suzuki.....Marie Louise Biggers
Pinkerton.....Giuseppe Agostini
Sharpless.....Millo Picco
Kate Pinkerton.....Grace Baum
Goro.....Louis Derman
Yamadori.....George Shields
The Bonze.....George Shields
Commissioner.....Joseph Interante
Yakuside.....George Pullman

Puccini's opera was the second offering in the repertory of the Aborn Opera Company. There was a fair sized audience, though the theatre should have been crowded, for here is an opportunity to hear grand opera commendably presented at popular prices; nor are the performances outside the means of those of slender purse. And this is not all, for the Messrs. Aborn are now offering to the public many of the operas that have heretofore been included only in the repertory of the more pretentious companies.

Miss Helena, who essayed the role of Cho-Cho-San, sang with irresistible charm. The singer, over-anxious in her entrance number, forced her tones and the upper notes grated. The actress quickly recovered herself, and for the remainder of the performance she sang gently and with full tonal value. Histrionically, her interpretation was always interesting.

The Pinkerton of Giuseppe Agostini was more interesting from the vocal standpoint. As an actor he often lost sailorish one would associate with an American naval officer, and a less conniving Cho-Cho-San would be suspicious. Millo Picco made all that was possible out of the drab role of Sharpless, both vocally and dramatically.

Louis Derman essayed the role of Goro, the marriage broker, in Gilbertian style. He might as easily have been playing Ko-Ko. This, notwithstanding the fact that without the conniving of this sinister and malicious fellow there would be no reason for the tragedy. And why should the chorus trot around in half-measure gait? Those who know their Japan aver that the Japanese walk around even as the rest of us.

Oct 26 1916

By PHILIP HALE.

A pleasant concert was given in Jordan Hall last evening by Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, pianists, assisted by Miss Josephine Durrell, violinist; Miss Anna Golden, viola, and Miss Mildred Ridley, 'cellist. The program was as follows: Mozart, piano quartet in G minor (pianist Mr. Maier); Debussy, "In Black and White," three pieces for two pianos (new, first time here); Ravel, piano trio (pianist, Mr. Pattison), and Aubert's Minuet and Berceuse, Arensky's Scherzo and Chabrier's "Espana" for two pianos.

The performance of Mozart's music was clear and euphonious. Occasionally in the Rondo Mr. Maier lost poise in speed, and daintily tripping and decorative passages were hurried.

Debussy's pieces are dedicated to A. Kussewitzky; to the memory of Lt.

Chariot, slain in defence of France, and to Igor Stravinsky. There is a motto for each piece. It has been said of late that Debussy is now echoing feebly his earlier works. A colleague in Paris said some years ago that Debussy was interested chiefly in the wine cellar which his second marriage had brought him. An uncharitable, and, probably, an unwarranted remark. It has also been said that he was suffering from a cancerous affection. However this may be, and all will hope that he is recovering, the later piano pieces that we have heard and not to be compared for originality and beauty with the earlier ones after he had escaped the influence of Massenet. Of the ones played last night the first was the most definite and characteristic. The one in memory of Chariot, with a motto taken from Villon's "Ballad Against the Enemies of France," seemed rather vague, perfunctory, even affected, except in the heroic ending; perfunctory in the Debussyian vein, showing an attempt to voice lamentation in an unconventional form. The third, with its good-natured jibe at Stravinsky, is amusing.

The "Trio of Ravel," which was composed about the beginning of the war, was played here by the Kneisels last March. It is one of the finest works of the ultra-modern school, poetic, imaginative, singularly beautiful in lighter and graver moments.

There was a large and friendly audience, which evidently enjoyed a program that was not hackneyed, and appreciated the ambitious endeavors of the players.

Our poem for the day is taken from the London Daily Chronicle:

Omnibus Knee.

(A Lady Conductor's "Complaint.")

It is a serious step indeed,
This two-floor tripping after fares;
The buss conductresses you need
Are chorus ladies, used to stares.

Sarah and the Falls.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt of course was happy to spend her 71st birthday "in America with American people." She admired Niagara Falls and thought the rapids "simply wonderful." "I would never tire of them." No doubt she has been photographed in the act of wondering. Her emotion is equalled only by the unknown poet who, overcome by the mass and rush of waters, burst out in fine frenzy:

Niagara, Niagara,
You are a staggerer.

Pill Makers and Takers.

Sir Joseph Beecham is dead. His father founded a great pill industry which Sir Joseph continued until Death mocked at his pills. Sir Joseph's son, Sir Thomas, conducts orchestral concerts and operas. He married an American, Miss Utica C. Welles of New York. (All jokes on "no pent-up Utica" are barred.)

Sir Joseph! Sir Thomas! Thus does the English government honor makers of pills and rank them with brewers and play actors. In this country the compounder of a celebrated pill attempted to run for Congress and thus incited "Warrington" to write a stinging article for the Springfield Republican.

If there were famous pill makers so there were famous swallowers of pills. We like to think of Mr. Samuel Jessup, an "opulent grazier," who died in 1817 at Heckington, aged sixty-five. A short time before his death he was sued by an apothecary. The evidence showed that in twenty-one years, from 1791 to 1812 Mr. Jessup had taken 226,934 pills supplied by a respectable apothecary at Bottesford. That was at the rate of 29 pills each day; but in the last five years preceding 1816, he took the pills at the rate of 78 a day, and in 1814 he swallowed 51,590. He also had put down 40,000 bottles of "mixture, and juleps, and electuaries." Nevertheless, he lived to be 65 years old. Peace has its heroes.

There are persons who scoff at pills. An answer to them may be found in Thomas Hood's "Ode to Dr. Hahnemann, the Homoeopathist":

Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,
When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
Take a hard dumpling?"

Familiar Phrases.

"When the history of the war comes to be written."

"A glance at the map will show"

The Comic Times.

Paragraph 1696 of the King's regulations read: "The hair of the head will be kept short. The chin and under lip will be shaved, but not the upper lip. Whiskers, if worn, will be of moderate length."

On Oct. 6 an army order was issued directing that the words "but not the upper lip" be deleted.

The London Times comments on this order in so serious a manner that we suspect the writer of being an unconscious humorist. The whole paragraph is worth reading:

"That the moustache should now no longer be compulsory in the army may come as a surprise to the older, and as a relief to some of the younger, members of the service. Though not, as history shows, an ancient institution, it had become sufficiently time-honored, and was a mark of the British soldier whether it was the newly joined ploughboy's youthful wisp of straw-colored hair or the cognit canities of the veteran with a long record of service under tropic suns. But in civilian circles fashion has been going against it steadily for the last 20 years or more, and its compulsory growth by clean-shaven civilians on joining the army must have often gone against the grain. More than one pattern has been evolved of late; and the now permissible clean sweep of the razor over the upper lip every morning will probably occupy less time than some of the niggling operations which the latest developments render necessary. It must always be a moot point whether the moustache adorns the person or not; but the evidence of civilized humanity is on the whole against it. It was a barbarism in the ancient world—witness the statue of the dying gladiator; it was not until after the Crimea that the modern world came to tolerate it in polite society. But the soldier in many countries and in many ages has worn it, either as a symbol of his manhood or a terror to his enemies. Neither of these reasons for wearing it is as cogent as they were. The hispid and the horrific count for little in practical warfare, we are not believers in the doctrine of Schrecklichkeit and the moustache does not make the man."

An old gentleman told us some years ago that when in the middle Forties he went back to his home in a Vermont village sporting a mustache and a scanty beard his father seeing him for the first time exclaimed in a fit of anger: "Go back, you goat, go back!" That was in the days when a son addressed his father in writing: "Respected sir."

An Appreciation.

The New York Evening Post says of the music of "So Long Letty" that it is "just the kind of stuff that the 'p'fess' who presides at the piano (with his hat on) has been playing for the boys in the back room night after night."

Eagerly Anticipated.

As the World Wags:

Some time I'll tell you the tale of my old shipmate, Liverpool Jarge, and how he comes nigh getting hung from the yard arm of the good ship Belgian Prince, but escaped through being shot down by the skipper, one Meatnose Thompson, as bad as ever was.

JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION.
East Boston.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Large House Enjoys Performance of the Aborn Company.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn Grand Opera Company in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." The cast:

Lord Edgar of Ravenswood	Giuseppe Agostini
Sir Henry Ashton	Millo Picco
Lucy Ashton	Edith Helena
Sir Arthur Bucklaw	Louis Derman
Bide-the-Bent	George Shields
Norman	Joseph Interante
Alice	Grace Baum

Donizetti's opera yields to none in popular favor. A good-sized audience enjoyed the performance last evening. Mr. Castillo conducted.

Miss Helena's performance was interesting from many viewpoints. She broke away from traditional methods in the mad scene.

Giuseppe Agostini was a romantic Edgar. All the principals gave pleasure and the chorus added to the impressiveness of the sextet.

Owing to insistent demands that the Aborn English Grand Opera Company give at least one performance of "Faust" during their fortnight's engagement at the Boston Opera House, Messrs. Aborn have decided to give only one more performance of "Madame Butterfly," which will be presented for the last time on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 28. In place of "Madame Butterfly," which was the original bill for Friday night of next week they will present "Faust." Salvatore Giordano will enact the title role with George Shields as Mephistophiles, Millo Picco as Valentine, Lillian Eubank as Siebal, Blanca Saroya as Marguerite, Joseph Interante as Wagner and Marie Louise Biggers as Martha. Ignacio Del Castillo will conduct.

There is no change in the cast of "Madame Butterfly" from that originally published.

Oct 27 1916

"S. H." of Westminster writes:

"While your correspondent 'J. D. K.' is in all probability right as regards the location of the Spanish Main, I think his memory is at fault in quoting the old song, 'Blow Ye Winds.' As I recall it, it is as follows and refers to Australia:

I would that I were a boatswain bold,
Or only a Bombadier,
I'd build me a boat, and set it afloat,
And straight for my true love steer.
And straight for my true love steer, my boys,
Where the sportive dolphins play,
And the whales and sharks are kicking up their larks
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus.

Blow ye winds in the morning
Blow ye winds, ye ho!
I'll stay no more on England's shore
So let the music play.
I'm off by the morning train
To cross the raging main,
For I am bound for my own true love
Ten thousand miles away.

Oh it's dark and dismal was the day
When last I saw my Meg.
She had a government brand upon her hand
And another upon her leg.
So while I sing this lay, my lads
Yes, while I sing this lay,
She's lagged for life, in a foreign land
Ten thousand miles away.

"Has not 'J. D. K.' got his line anent the Spanish Main from Charles Kingsley's 'Last Buccaneer'?

The pleasant Isle of Flores,
That is on the Spanish Main.

There are many variants of the song "Blow Ye Winds." One that was sung by collegians in the Seventies contained the lines:

She is doing the grand in a distant land,
Ten thousand miles away.

Another Weary One.

As the World Wags:

Good for "Tired Reviewer"! Like Walt Whitman, I whoop, I exult, and hereby rally to the standard of King's English. Let us call for recruits! Let us take action! Let us make ourselves known through all England and America by one last desperate thrust against evasion and tautology.

For myself I hope, if I prove worthy, to command the legal drive. Eight hours a day I sit at present forced to read these things:

"As to the amount of compensation which claimant is entitled to receive, the board is disposed to believe that the committee of arbitration has adjudged that question rightly, and that the amount fixed in and by the award of said committee of arbitration is just and correct. It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed"—

Ee-yah! ROBERT W. MORSE.
Andover.

The Unsettled Main.

As the World Wags:

The Spaniards had little to do with the Windward and Leeward islands, and I have never seen them referred to as a part of the Spanish Main by past or present writers who have known the West Indies intimately. The present-day traders of the Caribbean use the term 'Spanish Main' in speaking of that part of the South American coast, which runs from Trinidad to Panama, which, in the old days, was called Veragua by the Spaniards. Anthony Trollope makes this distinction in his book, "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." (1862.)

FREDERIC A. FENGER.
Chestnut Hill.

Mishyphenates.

As the World Wags:

What's all this gabble about one Jerry O'Leary cohabiting with Charles Evans Hughes? Somehow a Republican Irishman always reminds me of a Democratic colored gentleman. Each failed to act his part naturally or gracefully. Where is our old friends, Sir Boyle Roche, in this crisis? OBADIAH WILLIAMS.
Brookline.

Mistranslations.

As the World Wags:

Anent the paragraph on "Translators" in Monday's issue. It is a pity that some one has not attempted an anthology of curious mistranslations. There are many beautiful fragments extant, more or less apocryphal, such as "cavalry" for "hors de combat"; and the Chinese dialects, in which the meaning of a phrase is utterly changed by the inflection or tone of voice, have caused anguish to many a missionary. But for a true instance, I would select the tales of Maupassant, edited by a noted Harvard professor, and published in 12 volumes, of English which will richly repay the explorer who cares to compare the original French with the "Harvard" translation. For a starter, take the young rake who invites a woman to dine at a lively cafe, and gallantly urges her to join him in "an aperient" ("aperitif" in the original). As the low, common people say, "Can you beat it?"

JOHN H. CARRICK.

There is a remarkable translation in the first American libretto of "Il Trovatore." The Italian stage direction, "Tutti scendono alla rinfusa giu per la china: tratto, tratto, e sempre a maggior distanza, odese il coro canto," was thus put into English: "All go down in disorder, and ever from a greater distance are heard singing to the Chinese tratto-tratto."—Ed.

Exclusive.

On the envelope of the Imperial Laundry Company of Birmingham, Ala.—the envelope is stamped Birmingham, Oct. 7—we read:

"We Wash for White People Exclusively."

MISS ETHEL FRANK GIVES RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

Young Singer of Promise Makes Good Impression.

Miss Ethel Frank, soprano, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last evening. Mrs. Mary Shaw Swain was the accompanist. The program was as follows: White, a Finland Love Song; Colburn, Rueckzug; Foster, The Little Ghosts; Hugo Wolf, Der Gaertner, Auf ein altes Bild, Er ists; Salter, The South Wind, The Elves; Scontrino, Piccini Perche; Hachensoellner, Se siete Donna; Duparc, Chanson Triste, Le Manoir de Rosamonde; Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"; Strauss, Cacilie; Gretchaninov, Slumber Song; Poldowski, L'Heure Exquise; Daniels, In the Dark.

Miss Frank's choice of English songs showed a questionable taste. Those by White, Foster and Salter are cheap, unworthy of serious attention. Daniels's "In the Dark" is out of place in a recital, though excellently adapted for the purposes of a music hall. It was the more incongruous as the closing number and following Poldowski's chaming setting of "L'Heure Exquise." Otherwise the program was pleasing and unconventional.

Miss Frank sings intelligently and with taste. Her light voice is effective in sustained passages. It has body and brilliance in emotional outbursts. Although her phrasing is musical, she has not yet learned to control her breathing so that there will be the necessary reserve. Of an emotional nature the singer's intensity sometimes marred the quality of her tones. At times they were pinched and nasal, at times shrill. The intonation sometimes wabbled.

Miss Frank's diction is good, her enunciation delightfully clean in English, French, German and Italian. As an interpreter she is already interesting, for she has imagination. In Colburn's "Rueckzug," which has atmosphere, genuine distinction, she was successful in suggesting the melancholy expressed by poet and composer. In Wolf's "Der Gaertner" and "Auf Ein altes Bild," there was effective contrast. The two songs in Italian, Duparc's "Chanson Triste," Gretchaninov's slumber song, were finely sung. Varying emotions eloquently voiced.

In every way Miss Frank shows promise. She should strive to increase the volume and richness of her voice, not by forcing, but by gaining a firmer control of breath.

ABORN COMPANY PRESENTS "SAMSON AND DELILAH"

Admirable Singing of Miss Eubank Features Performance.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn Grand Opera Company, in Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah." Mr. Castillo conducted. The cast:

Delilah	Lillian Eubank
Samson	Fausto Castellani
High Priest of Dagon	Louis D'Angelo
Abimelech	Joseph Interante
An Old Hebrew	George Shields
Philistine Messenger	B. Cantor
First Philistine	Louis Derman
Second Philistine	John Goldman

Last evening's performance was the first heard in this city at popular prices. There was a good-sized audience and many curtain calls.

Fausto Castellani was heard for the first time during the engagement. The singer is by nature physically fitted for the role. The possessor of a robust organ, there is always the suggestion of great reserve, but his voice is often unmusical, and there is a tendency to wobble.

The principal feature of the performance was the admirable Delilah of Lillian Eubank. She sang as if enjoying the role.

The remainder of the cast gave interesting performances.

28 1916

THIRD CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Symphony No. 3, "Rhenish"; Wagner, Isolde's Narrative, Act I. of "Tristan and Isolde"; Beethoven, Grand Fugue, Op. 133 (originally for string quartet, played by all the strings); Wagner, Prelude and Isolde's Love-Death. Mme. Johanna Gadski was the singer.

The symphony had not been played at these concerts since 1910, when it was performed in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Schumann's birth. This music has not the buoyancy and exulting rush of Schumann's first symphony or the romantic spirit of the one in D minor. Nor are there pages equal in sheer beauty to those of the Adagio in the second symphony. The first movement and the last justify the remark of Vincent d'Indy: "While genius is shown in Schumann's works that are short and of simple construction, he found himself out of his depth when he attempted to rear a musical monument. Lack of thorough education left him to be guided by sentiment alone." The second movement expresses a sort of clumsy joviality. The third might be a pretty piano piece that had been orchestrated. The fourth movement, the "cathedral scene," is the most impressive portion of the symphony. Here we have lofty ideas and a solemn, ecclesiastical mood befitting a gorgeous ceremony of the holy church. But the peculiar genius of Schumann is

[illegible] , not in [illegible] in [illegible] elaborate [illegible] work.

Beethoven wrote a formidable fugue for the finale of his string quartet op. [illegible]. When the quartet was first played in Vienna [illegible] years ago this fugue was [illegible]. The publisher Artaria prevailed upon Beethoven to write another finale. The fugue was performed [illegible] as a separate quartet in 1827. It has been played by all the orchestral strings in New York at a Theodore Thomas concert, and in Chicago at a concert of the Chicago orchestra.

This work of Beethoven may interest students as a specimen of fugal writing. Played as a quartet it has little or no [illegible] charm. The greater number of fugues are dull when they are not sung. When the music is played by all the strings in an orchestra the inherent [illegible] is intensified. The hearer's only enjoyment [illegible] in observing the precision of the [illegible]. He says to himself: "Here are [illegible] men fiddling with all their might and main. How well they keep together."

On the night of April 26, 1890, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, then conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo," played, as the program stated, by [illegible] violins. The violinists stood in an imposing row. We remember the occasion well. The sight of [illegible] men doing the work of one excited the audience to frenzy. This clap-trap performance, which should have been accompanied by the illumination of Bengal lights, provoked the heartiest applause of the season of '89-'90. Yesterday the players, with the exception of the double basses, remained seated. The audience made no ardent demonstration of enjoyment or approval. Perhaps if the men had all stood there might have been an exhibition of at least moderate rapture.

It has often been said that Dr. Muck did not favor extracts from the Wagnerian music dramas at Symphony concerts. It was the more surprising to find on the program Isolde's story of her adventure with Tristan. The music loses much of its significance and effect when it is taken from the stage, without thought of the scenes that have gone before, without sight of the ship, without the appropriate dramatic action. Mme. Gadski was last heard at these concerts in 1905. During the 11 years she has gained in variety of expression, in tonal accuracy and in the art of tonal coloring. Yesterday she was vocally well disposed. Her performance on the whole was excellent. Only now and then did she indulge in the explosiveness so dear to the great majority of German singers that have visited us or been heard in German opera houses. Only now and then did she sing consonants instead of vowels. At a Symphony concert we prefer to hear Isolde's final scene played as an orchestral transcription, no matter how competent and emotional the singer may be who is chosen to impersonate the heroine in orthodox concert dress.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for Nov. 10 and 11 will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 1. Rimsky-Korsakoff, Symphonic [illegible] "Scheherazade."

EDITH HELENA PLEASES AS ELSA IN "LOHENGRIN"

Performance by Members of Aborn Company Generally Good.

"Lohengrin" was produced last night at the Boston Opera House by the Aborn Opera Company, with Edith Helena as the Elsa, Sig. Agostini the Lohengrin, Lillian Eubank the Ortrud and Louis D'Angelo the Telramund. It was the third appearance of Miss Helena this week and as Elsa she was especially satisfactory.

Barring a trifle of ragged [illegible] in the women's chorus in the [illegible] march, there was no jarring [illegible], and the ensemble work of the male chorus, particularly in the first act, was unusually good. The voices of Sig. Agostini and Miss Helena were remarkably fitted to each other in their duets. Joseph Interante as the Herald was also in excellent voice. The acting on the part of the principals in the company now singing here deserves mention, for there is no striving for effect, no over-doing, while there is attention given to the little details so often overlooked.

For the matinee today "Madam Butterfly" will be repeated, with Blanca Saroya in the name role. "Il Trovatore" will be sung tonight, with Miss Helena as the Leonora.

We are indebted to the Montague Press for a prettily printed copy of "The Strange and Surprising Table Manners of the Crowned Heads of Europe" described in 15 verses by Robert Palfrey Utter, B. A., Ph. D. The Herald published a few of these thumbnail sketches some time ago. The following are appeal to us. We had not seen them before:

Queen Wilhelmina has a trick
Of eating oysters with a stick.
Her gown's [illegible] low, and not too tight,
And those that slip she finds at night.

The description of the Emperor William takes us back to student days in Berlin when the old Emperor was on the throne, and his grandson, the present Emperor, was talked about lightly, contemptuously, in fact, by honest Germans in restaurants and beer houses.

But Kaiser William is the best;
He dribbles oatmeal down his vest,
He greets each waiter with a whoop,
And rests his elbow in the soup.

In those good old days in Germany swaggering army officers at table d'hote combed their mustaches and brushed their hair over the soup plate, and thought themselves the more irresistible.

A Note on Venison.

Venison has been selling in the London market as low as 12 cents a pound. The Daily Chronicle suggests that the lord mayor, whose banquet this year is to be "modest," substitute venison properly jugged or roasted for turtle and thus advertise "a now somewhat neglected food that could with advantage be more extensively used." Another writer for the Daily Chronicle thinks that venison as a plain roast is not an interesting dish. "It is one of those foods that depend greatly upon the 'fixings' and the fixings nowadays seriously run up the cost. When you have paid for a pot of red currant jelly to go with it you haven't saved much. In the days when venison was an aristocratic food it was served with all manner of sauces, either piquant or sweet, into the composition of which wine entered, and the venison pasty of romance and the baronial hall was re-enforced with spices, unlimited eggs, and boned pheasants and partridges. People who have been trying it recently for the first time are not—well, enthusiastic about it."

A correspondent replies that expensive fixings are not necessary. "It is, indeed, quite a tasty dish with veal or sage and onion stuffing, onion sauce, or made into a pie or pasty with slices of bacon." He advises roasting on an old-fashioned spit before the fire and careful basting. We regret this correspondent's use of the word "tasty." Not because the great Oxford Dictionary says that the word is now colloquial and dialectal. With the meaning, tasteful or elegant, Goldsmith used it; but listen to Coleridge: "I wish I could find a more familiar word thaan aesthetic. To be sure, there is tasty; but that has been long ago emasculated for all unworthy uses by milliners, tailors and dandies." This was written in 1821. Tasty, meaning appetizing or savory, disqualifies the dish to which it is applied. Let them say in Devonshire "Wor the tea to your liking?" "'Twas tasty tea." Let them in Cornwall exclaim: "Brave and tasty these onions are." Dr. Wright, discussing the word in his "English Dialect Dictionary" notes the fact that it is used in America. Those who think venison a "tasty" dish probably pronounce the word in three syllables and wear "pants."

As for venison, let us listen to Robert Burton. "All venison is melancholy, and begets bad blood; a pleasant meat; in great esteem with us (for we have more parks in England than there are in all Europe besides) in our solemn feasts. 'Tis somewhat better hunted than otherwise, and well prepared by cookery; but generally bad, and seldom to be used."

The correspondents quoted do not refer to Burton, nor do they allude to a curious theory advanced by Sir Kenelm Digby in his discourse on "Sympathy"; that the venison which in July and August is put into earthern pots to last the whole year, is difficult to be preserved during those particular months which are called fence-months; but when that period is passed, nothing is so easy as to keep it "gustful" during the whole year after. For there is a sympathy between the potted meat and "its friends and relations, courting and capering about in its native park."

A Compliment to Boston.

M. Pierre Kohler in his book on Mme. de Stael, published recently in Lausanne, tells of his finding the entry of the baptism of a son to Theodore Giles, Boston, Mass., and Henriette (nee Preston), his wife, born in 1812. M. Kohler identifies this child as Louis Alphonse Rocca, the son of John Rocca and Mme. de Stael, for whom fictitious parents had to be found, as the parents were not married, secretly, until 1816. How did they happen to think of one Giles in Boston as the putative father?

Beecham's Church Adv.

As the World Wags:

Your humorous reference to Sir Joseph Beecham, the famous manufacturer of pills, reminds me of a story that I heard in England many years ago. I do not vouch for its truthfulness. It was said that a little parish church in England in which the Elder Beecham was interested, was greatly in need of hymn books. He was applied to for the necessary funds, and after a moment's reflection promised to supply the money, provided he could insert his advertisement in the books. That was agreed to, and a few Sundays later the congregation on entering the church found a handsome book in each rack. In due course the minister announced the hymn. It read as follows:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Beecham's pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
Two for an adult, one for a child.

Brookline. T. S. C.

Words and Their Misuses.

"W. B. S." in Notes and Queries says he is offended by the use of these words that are constantly appearing in the newspapers:

"Annihilate. E. G.: 'After a body of men have been annihilated, there is always a large number that escapes.'

"Decimate. This word is generally made to imply almost entire destruction.

"Asphyxiating gas. Written inaccurately instead of 'irritant gas,' a very different matter.

"Orienting. This word is used in a way that sometimes becomes utterly ridiculous, as, e. g., we were told some months ago that 'Bulgaria was orienting towards the central powers.'"

We spoke last Sunday of the death of Agnes Robertson. The next day we happened to find a play bill of the Boston Theatre, dated April 14, 1858.

"Benefit of Miss Agnes Robertson on which occasion she will have the honor of appearing for the eighth time in this city, in her original character of the new drama of 'Jessie Brown,' as played by her in New York for six weeks to Houses crowded from floor to ceiling. The Public is respectfully informed that the magnificent scenery at once most interesting and instructive affords a Perfect Panorama of Lucknow, the present centre of the Indian Rebellion, and that the costumes and uniforms complete a picture unrivalled at any time in the history of the American stage."

Then followed opinions of the Boston press: The Herald, Advertiser, Transcript, Courier, Traveler, Journal, Bee and Post. The Herald was quoted as saying: "In this play India stands before the spectator as natural as life, and a view of the scenic display alone is worth double the price of a ticket to the theatre."

"Notice. A box in the Second Tier has been assigned for the use of colored persons who can only be admitted to that part of the theatre."

The prices were: Private Boxes, $6; Parquette Balcony and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. The performance began at 7:30 o'clock.

Miss Robertson, Lizzie Emmons, Ida Vernon, Miss Barnett, John Gilbert, William Davidge, J. B. Howe, Mr. Davenport, W. A. Donaldson, S. D. Johnson, and Mr. Cowell were the chief players. "Two Buzzards," a farce by Morton, then new, preceded "Jessie Brown." It was played by Messrs. Davidge, Davenport and W. H. Curtis, Mrs. J. Gilbert and Miss Ida Vernon.

There was a long synopsis of the play ending: "The final charge of the Highlanders with which this intensely interesting and exciting drama concludes, arouses the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. The scene has been called for twice and thrice each night, amidst an excitement never equalled." In this bill Miss Robertson is characterized as "the fairy star."

J. B. Howe's real name was O'Flaherty. He took the part of Randal McGregor. The part of Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor, was played by Mr. Donaldson.

Boucicault, the author of "Jessie Brown," was then known as Dion Bourcicault, Esq. The play was produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, Feb. 22, 1855. Let us quote again from Mr. Townsend Walsh's life of the dramatist and actor: "Wallack's Tdeatre was given over to tom-toms, khitmutgars, sowars, spleuchans, pipes, tartans and all the mingled paraphernalia of an East Indian spectacle. He himself acted the merciless Sepoy. In London, where a dramatization of the episode had also been made, the unhappy individual who represented Nana Sahib had been dealt with not according to histrionic skill but according to the merits of his 'principal,' and provoked such storms of wrath and fury from pit and gallery that the stage became a kind of beleagured fortress and the play was carried on under a shower of missiles. Not only the traditional and harmless orange-peel, but sticks, bottles, umbrellas and apprentices' caps rained upon the miserable rajah whenever he made his appearance, and at the close the manager was obliged to carry him away, 'like the monarchy of July,' in a cab from the threatened violence of a mob assembled outside the stage door. Small wonder, then, that every actor in New York refused to risk his life in playing the part. With splendid audacity, Boucicault stepped into the breach and himself personified the 'Demon of Cawnpore.' When he strolled down to the footlights, with his carcanet of brilliants, his rustling tunic, his walnut physiognomy and a magnificent pair of moustachios, the gallery held its breath in awe and threw nothing at him."

Mr. Walsh says in a footnote: "Never moderate in praise of himself, Boucicault delighted in writing the 'leads' for the newspapers, thereby acquainting the world with the worth of his services. He usually found a fresh supply of superlatives to boom every new play from his pen. The production of 'Jessie Brown,' for example, was preceded by florid proclamations declaring him to be 'the only author now living of the English drama whose works have withstood that truest and greatest of all critics—Time.'" Did he contribute to this Boston Theatre bill? The play was produced "under the immediate superintendence of the author."

When was "The Merry Wives of Windsor" played in Boston for the first time? The play bill of June 4, 1802 (Federal Street Theatre), says that the performance was "The second time in Boston these five seasons." This performance was for the benefit of Mr. Hewes, "who for many years has attended the office for the sale of tickets with fidelity." The cast on this occasion was as follows:

Sir John Falstaff	Mr. Bates
Mr. Ford	Mr. Harper
Mr. Page	Mr. Dykes
Sir Hugh Evers (sic)	Mr. Powell
Doctor Caius	Mr. Dickenson
Justice Shallow	Mr. Kenny
Master Slender	Mr. Taylor
Fenton	Mr. Downie
Host of the Garter	Mr. Bignall
Pistol	Mr. Rutley
Bardolph	Mr. Coles
Falstaff's Page	Miss Graupner
Mrs. Ford	Mrs. Harper
Mrs. Page	Mrs. Graupner
Dame Quickley	Mrs. Bates
Anne Page	Miss Bates

In the course of the entertainment a hornpipe was danced "by a lady," and a favorite song was sung by Miss Graupner.

"The Female Duellist, or the Farm House," preceded Shakespeare's comedy. Mrs. Powell took the part of Aura, the female duellist.

At the Boston Theatre John Gilbert, James H. Hackett and W. H. Crane have been seen as Falstaff in love. Sir Herbert Tree, then Mr. Tree, produced the comedy at the Tremont Theatre on March 25, 1895, and at the following Wednesday matinee. Frances Ivor was Mrs. Ford; Lily Hanbury, Mrs. Page; Mrs. Tree, Anne Page; Henry Neville, Ford; Herbert Ross, Slender, and Mr. Wigley, Sir Hugh Evans.

There were performances at the Boston Opera House, beginning Jan. 18, 1915. Falstaff, Henry Crocker; Ford, Alexander Calvert; Slender, Leonard Mudie; Dr. Caius, Max Montesole; Sir Hugh Evans; Mrs. Ford, Vivienne Whitaker; Mrs. Page, Viola Compton; Anne Page, Viva Birkett; Dame Quickly, Agnes Elliot Scott. Claude Beerbohm, now in the English army, played Pistol.

To the Editor of the Herald:

In my introduction to a few memories of Gen. George P. Morris last week I was made to say "Shades of the departed sentimental Methodists," when I merely appealed to some of the melodists of the past. There may have been men of sweet sensibility among the followers of the Wesleys, but they would not have written even in the frolicsome Forties "She wore a wreath of roses, the night when first we met," or other song-poems of similar character, though they might have composed verses like "When I shall read my title clear to mansions in the skies" and have frowned on the ribald parodist who had something to say about shooting his rifle clear to pigeons in a heavenly direction.

But all this is neither here nor there, as the saying goes. The word I employed was "melodists," but the compositor took the music out of it, and left me not a note to stand on. I do not blame him because I cannot always read my own handwriting after it gets cold. I have no typewriter; but do not present me with one, for I would not know how to use it. I resemble the ancient canine in the adage.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Oct. 21.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza talked in an entertaining and instructive manner with a reporter of the New York Evening Post (Oct. 21). He thinks that after the war European governments may be highly centralized and powerful autocracies be in control. "Such forms of government are usually favorable to artistic expression, for art is one alternative to political expression.

"While there may not be a reaction, exactly, from the complicated musical forms of the futurists and the impressionists, it is my belief that people will be tired after the war, that they will turn away from the sophisticated in music and the elaborate and the studied, and will seek for recreation, and for the utmost simplicity.

"That is not to say that the return will necessarily take the form of the romantic movement which succeeded the Napoleonic period. But some change there will be and I believe it will be in the direction of simplicity.

"In prophesying as to things artistic, and particularly as to opera, it must be remembered that general rules do not apply. For the fate of any art may rest in the hands of three or four individuals of genius who may not now be known.

"As to the difficulties which confront us at present, the war has merely intensified those which existed for several years before it began. The demands which we make upon new operatic singers are very great. They belong to one generation, and they are asked to sing the operas of the preceding generations. If there were a plentiful number of new operas of merit our problem would be simpler. As it is, the singer must be able not only to take part in those operas which require bel canto, he must also be fitted for the declamatory style of singing which is the result of the Wagnerian influence.

"It is more or less an anachronism to ask of our young singers to appear in the operas of Mozart and Donizetti. But in the absence of suitable modern operas this necessity confronts us.

"The result is that new singers, even before the war, were increasingly hard to find. Now that many of them are detained, the problem is becoming more serious. * * * Let the war continue two years more, and we shall be hard put to it to recruit our forces.

"As to new operas, they are not being written now. But there is one additional obstacle in the way of producing them which may not have occurred to the opera-goer. And that is that opera scores are suspect to military authorities all over Europe. Censors as a rule do not know anything of music, and when they see the orchestra score of an opera, immediate question is raised as to whether a code system may not be concealed in the notes and musical symbols. Several times we have with the utmost difficulty obtained the music necessary to a performance."

In schools of singing Mr. Gatti-Casazza does not place much hope. Some singers have risen without any training, and some have studied a lifetime without making a career. The fact is that singers are scarce. And the future, to an impressario, is black.

As to the great America opera, Mr. Gatti-Casazza's attitude is as sceptical as is the play-producer's towards the great American play. So far it has not made its appearance.

"We have, of course, presented several American operas of merit," said Mr. Gatti-Casazza, "and there is no reason to suppose that a work of genius may not come from this country. As you know, we are producing this season Reginald de Koven's 'The Canterbury Pilgrims.' But the operas which are submitted do not, as a rule, justify the experiment of producing them at the Metropolitan Opera."

Miss Gertie Millar, famous in musical comedy, having returned to London, gave her impressions of the United States for the benefit of readers of the Pall Mall Gazette. It appears that America is "an astounding country, full of wonderful things, with a people who have developed the joie de vivre to the last degree of perfection." She wishes she could spend three months of each year in New York. "It is a wonderful city, charged with wonders of luxury." The restaurants are a revelation. "There are no coon orchestras, but orchestras—sometimes two in one restaurant—which are unequalled anywhere else in the world."

"There seems to be a universal passion for dancing, which is taken very seriously in New York. Men dance without the little evidences of excitement, which not infrequently make themselves apparent after dinner or supper in other countries. Hospitality reaches its high-water mark in the United States if the people happen to like you. In every direction one is impressed by the science of little things which have come into being to forestall one's most exigent desires. There are no delays or crushes after the theatre. One's car appears almost automatically the instant one reaches the threshold when the performance is over. The country teems with ideas—ideas conceived to make life more enjoyable, and, incidentally, more comfortable and more complete and perfect.

"I entered the New York train at Philadelphia one day with my 'dame de campagnie,' who was wearing white fox furs. Before we had been in the car a moment the attendant brought a large white paper bag, without, of course, being asked, and then took the furs and placed them in the bag, 'to keep them clean,' as he said, 'during the journey.' I was impressed by the forethought of the thing, by the provision for the smallest of one's requirements. Yes, they seem to think of everything.

"I never heard a single word of German during my visit to America. There were Germans about, but the bulk of the population appeared to me to lean in favor of the allies.

"I think American women are lovely. American chorus girls of the best type are exquisite. In a land where everything is so lavishly luxurious it is curious that the theatres are not quite as comfortable as ours. Audiences are easier to please, too, I think, and, what is equally interesting, they are invariably present en masse before the curtain goes up. There is nothing more annoying than having people straggle in after the play has begun, but, alas! it is a fault only too common in London. In New York this condition is unknown. The entire audience is punctual, and plays commence with a full house at 8 o'clock or 8:20, as the case may be."

Joyous Gertie! Happy New York!

Mr. E. Markham Lee is the author of "The Story of Symphony," published in the "Music Story" series, by Walter Scott Publishing Company, Ltd., London, and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Mr. Lee begins with embryo forms of symphony and comes down to the ultra-modern composers. His book is easy reading, but it is written from the orthodox standpoint. Many pages are given to analyses of Beethoven's symphonies. Mr. Lee admits grudgingly that Berlioz was 'something of a pioneer," that he has a "place of some importance," but his melodic gift was poor and his capacity for "legitimate" development of his ideas was limited. Liszt has only a few lines. As for Brahms, "his mighty chain of great works stands, like a row of snow-clad peaks, pure and noble, in distant whiteness." Sibelius has four lines, and is introduced as the composer of only two symphonies. Mr. Lee dates his preface 1916. Does he not know that Sibelius has written four symphonies, all of which have been performed in many cities? The appendices are a chronological list of composers, a glossary of terms. Lists of instruments employed in symphonies of different periods, symphonies with definite titles grouped under alphabetical list of composers' names, a bibliography. There are a few portraits, inserted apparently at random: thus Tschaikowsky is melancholy in the chapter on Haydn, and Brahms and Dvorak illustrate Beethoven's last symphonies. Scant attention is paid to the modern French. There is no mention of Chausson and Rabaud as writers of symphonies and symphonic poems; d'Indy and Dukas are merely named; and Debussy is mentioned only as influenced by Strauss! The book is of little worth, either as a critical or historical study.

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Stage

A concert of Armenian songs and hymns under the direction of Mr. K. Proff-Kalfaian of Paris took place in Jordan Hall on the evening of Oct. 12. The program was in Armenian and there was no attempt to invite the attention of the general public. The songs were those inspired by national and religious feeling. Some of them, as "the Crane" and "Mother Arax," have been translated into English. The music of Mr. Proff-Kalfaian is described as eminently racial and expressive. "There was no trace of European feeling or method," a correspondent writes, "no hint of cosmopolitanism—a high testimony to the power of the composer, who has had most of his training and spent all of his life as a producing artist in Paris." The second part of the program consisted of hymns and liturgical music, "Holy God," "The Body of the Lord," "Lord Have Mercy Upon Us," "The Lord's Prayer" were all sung in "classic Armenian" with ancient music harmonized and arranged by Mr. Proff-Kalfaian. He was assisted by Mr. Shah Mouradian, a tenor who was graduated at the Paris Conservatory. The chorus was made up of Armenian amateurs. "Two months only had been spent in rehearsal. None the less, they acquitted themselves admirably, a proof that our local Armenian colony is capable of high community effort." We are indebted for these notes to Miss Bertha S. Papazian of the Civic Service House.

Mr. de Pachmann gave a recital in London on Sept. 30 "in the presence of a £600 audience." The Daily Telegraph also said: "It was almost as much a causerie, at which the pianist and causeur were the only Pachmann. And whether as pianist or as verbal interpreter, Pachmann was in his finest form * * * Though his gesticulation and perpetual chatter may annoy some, neither really matters, because neither (not even both) interferes with a wonderful poesy, accuracy, and the rarest beauty and endless variety of tone color."

The French bandsmen were quite at home when they greeted the Lord Mayor with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Not even we British can sing that tune with more vim than can Frenchmen, who have been singing it—to the libretto of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en gucrre"—for over two centuries. The battle of Malplaquet—or Mons—was a victory for the Duke of Marlborough, but so far as the losses on both sides were concerned honors were fairly easy, and an unknown French soldier consoled his comrades (wounded, like himself, and hiding in a deserted farmhouse) by composing the famous skit on the English general, the melody of which we later found so useful for convivial gatherings. A few years ago, by the way, Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer, heard the tune for the first time in England, when it was sung in his honor. It pleased him so immensely that he promised to utilize it for a set of orchestral variations, which have probably been hung up owing to the war, as Rachmaninoff is "doing his bit" on the eastern front. However, when he has time, he might forge what ought to be a pleasing musical link in the strong chain of the triple entente. —London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Sidney Lee tells in the London Times of guiding small parties of overseas soldiers on short furloughs in London. "During the early autumn flamboyantly advertised revues were the only dramatic and musical entertainments which were brought effectively to the notice of strangers in London. Not much else was indeed in evidence. I express no opinion on the moral issues lately raised by Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who boldly imputes to the revue at large pernicious tendencies, especially harmful to our soldiers. But, in my capacity of guide, I learned from overseas soldiers of all degrees of intelligence who, yielding to the imperious advertising call, patronized the autumn revues, that they found in these spectacular and orchestral displays mere vapidity and tedium. The clownage was barely intelligible. The better educated naively expected the playhouses of the imperial capital to offer them sound and exhilarating music and drama, something far better than they were familiar with in Melbourne or Sydney or Wellington. Some of our disillusioned guests went as far as to apply the epithet 'atrocious' (exclusively from the artistic point of view) to the dramatic and musical pretensions of the best-boomed theatrical fare of autumnal London. * * * The theatrical situation has since improved. None the less, from the special point of view of the colonial soldiery who are still visiting London in their thousands either before joining or during a brief absence from the firing line, West-end theatredom is still cursed by a crying defect. In the main theatrical quarter of London neither our classical drama, which gives us national renown, nor opera such as rejoices the hearts of music-lovers is at the playgoer's disposal. It is, of course, to a minority alone of our imperial soldier guests that such luxuries of art are positively known to appeal. Yet an honorable obligation would seem to lie upon Londoners of meeting so rational a demand, even if it proceed from a minority. As things are, moreover, the size of that minority cannot be correctly estimated, while the demand is of a kind which is certain to grow in response to a well-considered means of satisfying it." Lee calls attention to a Shakespearean season at "The Old Vice." "This week (Oct. 1) and for 20 weeks and more to come Shakespearean drama will alternate on the same boards with an admirable selection of standard operas under efficient management. The theatre is of spacious dimensions and the tariff of admission ranges from 3d. to 2s. 6d. The playhouse has stood for just a century and the temper of the audience still preserves (to judge from last night's experience) the sociable responsiveness to the stir of literary drama such as is reflected in the playhouse impressions of Lamb and Hazlitt a hundred years ago. If those who are now caring for the overseas soldiers on their London furlough would bring them into touch with The Old Vic's activities, fewer reproaches would be levelled by our imperial guests at London's dramatic and musical domination by frivolity and futility."

"Mr. Jubilee Drax: A Play of Adventure" by Walter Hackett and Horace A. Vachell was produced at the Haymarket, London, on Sept. 30. "The piece is a fresh example of that last flower of ingenious insincerity—so largely cultivated in America—the 'spook-crook' or 'crook-spoof' play. That is to say, a farce of crime in which various lively people pretend to be thieves, forgers, cut-throats and so on just for the fun of the thing, and engage in a play which, for a similar reason, begins at the end or ends at the beginning, or hops about it in between, the idea being to 'spoof' the audience in children's party fashion. The whole thing is really a side product of the cinema. It is a useful craze in so far as it tends toward technical freedom. Significantly, it has been only satisfactory in England where there has been something genuine at the back of it. * * * In 'Mr. Jubilee Drax' there is hardly anything except this 'new art' of dramatic thimble-rigging for its own sake, and the trickery itself is not flawlessly done. The result is inevitably hollow and sometimes merely bewildering." Drax, an adventurer, is commissioned by an American to buy a blue diamond from a Levantine. Three crooks, an aristocratic woman forger, a heavy swell and a sol-disant French viscount go after the diamond, too, as does a charming female detective. In Constantinople and afterwards in Paris they all play at "catch-as-catch can," with all sort of disguising and pistol flashing, the diamond passing from hand to hand and from pocket to pocket, and finally, finding itself in the Knob of Paraday's (the swell's) stick. It is proved that the stone was originally stolen. The crooks are arrested and Drax pairs off with the girl detective. 'The little crowd conduct themselves as no one would in any sane country."

Sir Thomas Beecham referred last night to "that worst form of snobbishness that had prevailed in England for many years—that a foreigner, by reason of being a foreigner, was better than an Englishman." Sir Thomas, of course, was talking about musical snobbishness; and what he said is true, but not so true as it was, say, 10 years ago. The truth is we have allowed foreigners—principally Germans—to capture all our musical institutions and suffered them to dictate to us what is and what is not good music. Our own musicians have had to suppress their native genius and struggle to express themselves in foreign forms. It is only good sense, not jingoism, that calls for a return to the English tradition.—Pall Mall Gazette, Sept. 26.

As there are many French and Belgian actors in London, J. T. Grein and Jules Delacre have founded the French Players, who purpose to do for the French drama what the Stage Society and other bodies do for the English drama—give representation to plays which otherwise might not be seen in England. The repertory will run from Moliere to living dramatists. On Nov. 12 the program will include Musset's "Fantasio" and Bernard's "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle."

Isidore de Lara on Sept. 28 spoke of the recently issued prospectus of the London Symphony orchestra, in which 19 out of 24 promised works are by German composers. "He contended that such a prospectus could not possibly have been issued if there were a ministry of fine arts in this country, a ministry which would recognize that while we were fighting the very spirit of Germany, we had no business to extend toleration to any manifestation of that spirit." The native composers represented in six programs are Elgar (twice) and Sullivan (once).

Promenade concerts in London: Sept. 28. "Save that both material and construction are of better quality, Rebikoff's suite from his little drama 'The Christmas Tree' might pass as the musical equivalent of the penny toys we used to buy on Ludgate Hill at the festival season. They display the same kind of ingenuity, are made of the same minute odds and ends, and have the same superficial neatness. But, if one strips away the showy orchestration, very little remains, as anyone can judge by the piano score. Still, the little pieces are, as the program stated of his piano albums, 'piquant and amusing.' There were even passing moments when a deeper note was struck."—Pall Mall Gazette. The suite is incidental music to a psychological play—the story of a poor orphan girl who passes upwards to cull "the flowers of eternal beauty." The Daily Telegraph said that the music is fascinating and scored in a dainty, fragile, unforced manner.

Hamilton Harty, Herbert Fryer, Kennerley Rumford, Theodore Byard, musicians known in this country, are in the English military service.

"The Clock Goes Round," a new play by Harold Brighouse, the author of that delightful comedy "Hobson's Choice" was produced at the Globe, London, Oct. 4. The Pall Mall Gazette says the new play disappointed. "In 'The Clock Goes Round' he seems to have tried to get out of writing a good play on the familiar 'something better' excuse, and has given us instead an essay on the soul of Pierrot. No use! We know all about the soul of Pierrot. What we want from Mr. Brighouse is a good play. We can get sermons, essays, anything else to better purpose elsewhere, and far cheaper. A horrid bore for him, doubtless, to have to go humbly through the old purgatory again; but nothing else will do! As a matter of fact, even as a study of the Pierrot tradition, 'The Clock Goes Round' is very far from being either true or satisfactory." A modern seaside Pierrot named Ronald saves a stockbroker from drowning. Ronald makes love to the stockbroker's pretty sister-in-law. There is a foundling Pierrette in love with Ronald. He turns to her when the sister-in-law has given him the mitten. "There is a very false and tedious love scene, with policemen intervening, on the beach at sunset, and a last act of bread-and-butter in Pierrot's lodgings, where the dialogue reminds one all too strongly of an after-dinner speaker trying to find a sentence to sit down on." Joseph Coyne took the part of Ronald, and Lennox Pawle was praised as the low-comedy manager of the Pierrot troupe.

Most of us have heard of the "Hymn of Hate," and of how the British and French troops quickly learned it, and then astonished the Germans by yelling it triumphantly back to them across the waste land between. At a well-known and popular seaside resort the other day the band was asked as a favor to play it to the audience, who were curious to know what it was like. The band did so, and at the end a notice was put up, bearing the words: "Our reply." Everybody naturally enough, got ready to stand up, expecting to hear the national anthem, but were much astonished and amused when the band began to play, softly and sadly, "Two Lovely Black Eyes"!—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Sheldon's "Romance" celebrated its year's run in London on Oct. 6. Miss Doris Keane still played the heroine. It will be remembered that the play had little success in Boston.

"The Law of the Land," a little play by Robert Hichens, was produced in London Oct 9. It is "full of that fierce passion which Mr. Hichens delights to portray," the Times stated. "The scene is an inn at the edge of the desert of Sahara; and here Enid Vane, the Spanish wife of an Englishman, learns that her husband has been false to her and has been murdered by an outraged husband. It is the murderer himself who tells her the story, and when she learns the truth she hides the man, whose deed she applauds, and is herself marched away by the police as an accessory after the fact." Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the part of Enid. There was incidental music of an Arab character by Maude Valerie White.

Stanford's piano concerto produced at the Norfolk, Ct., festival last year, will be performed at Bournemouth, Eng. The pianist will be Mr. Moiseiwich. The concerto was written for Rosen-

tral. A piano concerto by J[illegible] Fol-ville will also be played at Bourne-mouth. The Daily Telegraph asks why the pieces on M[illegible] program cannot be heard in London. Bantock's Scottish Rhapsody, Howard Carr's Suite, [illegible] 'Tom the Rhymer,' [illegible] 'Fyrdmlen,' Pal-mer's [illegible].

Mme. d'Alvarez, well remembered here, [illegible] concert in London Oct. [illegible].

J. A. Meale, organist of the Wesleyan Central Hall, Westminster, is giving re-citals weekly until May at 1 P. M. The increasing [illegible] that the average audience numbers [illegible] to 1600.

T[illegible] "Procession du Rocio" in two movements will be performed in London on Nov. [illegible] at a symphony con-cert led by Sir Henry Wood. On Nov. 5 Mr. de Pachmann will play Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise with orchestra, and "Will o' the Wisp," a caprice for orchestra by W. H. Reed, will be heard for the first time.

On Oct. [illegible] orchestral arrangements of two of MacDowell's piano pieces were played at a Promenade Concert in Lon-don. "For both works a 'Poeme Ero-tique' and a 'Scotch Poem,'" says the Daily Telegraph, "MacDowell found in-spiration in verses of Heine, and pre-sumably if he had thought his ideas lent themselves better to orchestral treatment, he would have trickled them out this himself. As it was, we heard last evening a pleasantly scored version of the first 'Poeme' and a rather heavily-orchestrated version of the other, the second theme of which brings to the ear a typically Scottish melody." The orchestrator was Ross Jungnickel of New York.

Many English people are learning for the first time that not "band" but 'musique" is the French for a band of music, and if ever a German band visits this country in some distant future a similar discovery will be made about German. Our word is a curious instance of verbal specialization. For "band" and "crew" hoth mean simply a collection of people, and we still preserve such ex-pressions as "band of brothers" and "a rackety crew." But the words by them-selves are almost completely specialized to musical and marine purposes, neither of which ' really implied by them.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. James D. Dewell, Jr., of New Haven wrote to the Sun, New York: "With true sociological acuteness and with love of art, Desire Lescarboura rambles into the heart of nature and, hearing the strains of one of Chopin's nocturnes float upon the autumn breeze from a farmhouse and perceiving that the liquid melody is made by a farmer's daughter, assumes that this is the cause of the high price of pork, turkeys, wheat and 'most everything else. Now, this is contrary to the teachings of professors who have in many bright and interest-ing pages informed us that to make the farmer's life happy with music, travel-ling libraries and art would tend to at-tract people to the farms, increasing production and hence lessening the cost of living. So, unless this girl played the nocturne very poorly, it would seem that professors are right."

From the diary of a "Promenader" in a musical contemporary: "Sept 4, Wagner chiefly. Prelude to act 3 of 'Tristan,' with cor anglais solo. Timed it—three minutes, which is one hundred and sixty seconds too long."—London Daly Telegraph.

Like many other composers of all countries, Rimsky-Korsakoff, too, had his attack of German measles, which took in his case an acute Wagnerian form, happily without complications. In the operas of this period references to the 'Ring" are frequent, and "Pan Voyevoda," from which last night's suite was taken, is one of them. The 'Rhine-gold" is a little too apparent, but other-wise the rash that accompanies this form of disease is no more unsightly than usual. Other numbers of the suite take the form of Polish dances, the material of which is banal and quite unworthy of its author, who seeks to redeem himself by his skilful orchestra-tion.—Pall Mall Gazette, Oct. 11.

[C]URTAIN CALLS MARK OPERATIC PERFORMANCE

[A]born Company Delights with "Il Trovatore."

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the Aborn English grand opera company in "Il Trovatore" at the Boston Opera House last night. Curtain call after curtain call and hearty applause after each scene illustrated the popular-ity which this exceptionally well bal-anced company has won. Edith Helena, singing Leonora, and Giuseppe Agostini, as Manrico, were the recipients of enthusiastically expressed appreciation. At the matinee yesterday "Madam But-terfly" was given.

The cast for "Il Trovatore."

Leonora	Edith Helena
Azucena	Marie Louise Biggers
Manrico	Giuseppe Agostini
Count Di Luna	Millo Picco
Ruiz	Louis Dernan
Inez	Grace Baum
Ferrando	George Shields
An old gypsy	George Pullman

PIANO RECITAL GIVEN BY OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a piano re-cital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op. 31, No. 3; Schu-mann, Sonata in G minor; Chopin, Noct-urne, E minor, op. Posth, Etude, F major, op. 10, No. 8, Valse, A flat major; Ravel, Jeu d'Eaux; Debussy, Clair de Lune, l'Isle Joyeuse.

Mr Gabrilowisch, always a welcome visitor to Boston, should have filled the hall. Last year he gave a series of his-torical recitals and there were over-flowing audiences. There was an op-portunity for lovers of the classics, of Chopin, for the modernists to choose their program. Yet the artist, not the program should be the true magnet. A pianist's understanding of works and composers ripens with his career. His interpretations gain new weight from his contact with life.

Certain features set Mr. Gabrilowisch's playing apart. He is remarkable for amazing clearness, for surpassing beauty of tone. His variety of touch is endless. Yesterday his quality of tone, his general treatment of the com-positions was varied to meet most elo-quently the demands of every composer on the program. His legato playing was above praise, his diminuendo en-chanting in poise and delicacy. Mr. Gabrilowitsch listens to inner voices His tones are colored by a sensitive and prismatic imagination. The ideals of few pianists are as pure or as nobly expressed.

There were lofty moments in Bee-thoven's sonata. Schumann's work glowed with the spirit of romanticism. Chopin's pieces were poetically played. Ravel's Jeu d'Eaux was an exquisite study in tonal color while Debussy's islanders stamped and shouted with un-reasoning, pagan gaiety.

The audience, though not large was warmly appreciative and the pianist was generous in adding to the program.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch will give a second recital at this hall on Friday afternoon, Dec. 1.

Oct 30 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Contributions to the Gallows Anthol-ogy are coming in. We welcome espe-cially the poems that are ingeniously annotated.

M'Pherson's Rant.

As the World Wags:

My opinion may not be worth much, but, greatly as I admire Villon's fa-mous ballad, I think it should come second, in a Gallows Anthology, to M'Pherson's Rant which begins thus:

I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauched my health and strength;
I squandered fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.
But dantonly, and wantonly,
And rantingly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows-tree.

And he did.

The freebooter, James M'Pherson, was a bastard of the Inverschie family by a Gypsy mother. Of great personal strength, and an excellent violinist, he had held the counties of Aberdeen, Banff and Moray in fear for some years, when, with his Gypsy followers, he was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Duke of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banff (Nov. 7, 1700). In the prison, while he lay under the sentence of death, he composed the song from which I have quoted and an appro-priate air. When brought to the place of execution, at the cross of Banff (Nov. 16, justice moved rather swiftly in those days!), he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instru-ment as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he snapped the fiddle across his knee, and threw away the fragments; after which he submitted to the executioner.

There [illegible] note of defiance in M'Pherson's Rant entirely absent from Villon's Ballad. Villon was somewhat of a whiner. M. J. L.

Lynn.

We do not hear any whine in Villon's Ballad. We might say of it what Mr. Hilaire Belloc said of Villon's "Dirge": "See how sharp it is with the salt and vinegar of his pressed courageous smile."—Ed.

Hudson and Howe.

As the World Wags:

Solitude is the mother of reflection. The soot-begrimed walls and rusty por-tals which are common to every jail furnish ample food for reflection and retrospection, and the natural gloom of the corridor inspires the unhappy occu-pant to invoke the Muse. Within the sombre precincts of jails have been con-ceived some of the most beautiful com-positions of our literature. The "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was written by Oscar Wilde while he was under sentence in an English prison. It graphically por-trays the convict's inner life, and draws a healthy spiritual moral which the pen of a Wilde alone could conceive. The whitewashed walls of jails are filled with poetical compositions possessing more or less literary merit, but Boston can fairly claim the distinction of being the first and perhaps the only place where a convicted criminal read a poem previous to the imposition of sentence. Speeches delivered from the scaffold and orations from the docks of criminal courts are common occurrences in the history of jurisprudence, but a literary treat like the reading of a poem at the time of execution of sentence is, to my mind, a decidedly novel and unique in-cident.

The trial of Seth Hudson and Joshua Howe took place in the year 1760 in the city of Boston. The following facts have been ascertained concerning the character and early history of these men. They were brothers-in-law. Hud-son was a man of good education, and a physician by profession. They came to Boston from New York in the year 1760 and began business in partnership. Nothing is known of their previous his-tory.

Being unsuccessful in their undertak-ings, they resolved to make money enough to enable themselves to estab-lish in business elsewhere, by undue means. Accordingly they forged an order on the treasury for a considerable sum, presented it, received the cash and absconded. They were pursued and apprehended within the limits of Massa-chusetts, and were indicted for forgery, tried, convicted, and condemned; the one to a public whipping; the other to exposure in the pillory.

The sentence was executed in State street in the presence of the multitude. While Howe was having his back stripped, Doctor Hudson delivered the following address to the spectators:

What means this rout, this noise, this roar?
Did ye ne'er see a rogue before?
Are villains there a sight so rare
Ye needs must press and gape and stare?
Come forward ye, who look so fine,
With gains as illy got as mine;
Step up—you'll soon reverse the show—
The crowd above the few below!

Well, for my knavery here I stand
A spectacle to all the land,
High seated on the stage,
The greatest rascal of this age;
And for the mischief I have done
Must put this wooden neckcloth on.

Then Howe his brawny back is stripping,
Quite callous grown by frequent whipping.
In vain you wear your whipcord out,
You'll ne'er reform a rogue so stout;
To make him honest, take my word,
You must apply a bigger cord.

Now all that see this shameful sight,
That you may get some profit by it,
Keep constantly in mind, I pray,
The few words that I have to say:
Follow my steps, and you may be
In time, perhaps, advanced like me,
Or, like my fellow laborer Howe,
May get perhaps, a Post below.

After the execution of the sentence the culprits were discharged, and what became of them afterwards is unknown.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

It is strange that Mr. Drake does not mention this incident in his "Old Land-marks and Historic Personages of Bos-ton." He tells of the public whipping inflicted on Pierpont, the owner of the brig Hannah, and Storey, master of the brig, for fraud in the lading and loss of the vessel. This was in 1803. The pillory was then placed in State street, near "Change" avenue. The post and pillory were situated near the West street gate after they were removed from State street.—Ed.

HEARS KREISLER

Mr. Kreisler gave a violin recital yes-terday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Carl Lamson was the accompanist. The program was as follows: J. S. Bach, Concerto No. I. in A minor; Conus, Concerto in E minor; Martini, Preghiera; Leclair, Tambourin, C major; Couperin, Aubade Provencale; Porpora, Minuet; Wienlawski, Caprice, A minor; Kreisler, Romance in E flat: Schubert-Kreisler, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Dvorak-Kreisler, three Slavonic dances.

It is said that Julius Conus, whose concerto in one movement was the second number on the program, has fallen fighting for his country. He was born at Moscow in 1869. He studied and later taught at the conservatory of that city. At an early age he re-ceived a gold medal for one of his compositions. The Russian government further recognized his talent as a com-poser by awarding him a pension. It is said that he was a friend of Tschai-kowsky's and accompanied him to America, that he spent some time as a member of an orchestra in New York.

His concerto has been played by Petchnikoff at Leipsic and Munich, by Mr. Kreisler in London and New York. Last March Miss Katharine Kemp Still-ings played it in recital.

The work is in three sections, allegro molto, adagio, and allegro commodo. Of these the Adagio, with its melan-choly song, has the most character. Otherwise the work, evidently composed by one familiar with the possibilities of the instrument, is something of a show piece, ennobled by Mr. Kreisler's art and treatment.

Mr. Kreisler was in the vein. He has a genius for giving significance to little pieces and the dance music which large-ly composed the program was played with exquisite beauty of tone and ir-resistible appreciation of rhythm. The violinist was also at his best in his own charming romance which he played with the melting quality of tone with which his name is inseparably associ-ated.

The hall was crowded. Many sat on the stage. Others stood. There were scenes of enthusiasm and Mr. Kreisler lengthened the program.

The violinist will give a second recital on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 26.

The concert next week will be given by Mme. Alma Gluck.

Oct 31 1916

'A LADY'S NAME'

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First per-formance in Boston of "A Lady's Name," a comedy in three acts by Cyril Har-court. Performed at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, May 15, 1916.

Franklin	Miss Julia Chippendale
Maud Bray	Miss Maud Andrew
Mabel Vere	Miss Marie Tempest
Flood	John Sharkey
Gerald Wantage	W. Mayne Lynton
Adams	Stanley Harrison
Noel Corkoran	W. Graham Browne
Mrs. Holmes	Miss Daisy Belmore
Margaret	Miss Nellie Strong
Emily	Miss Marie Kerwin de Becker
Kennedy Bird	Harry Lambart
Sam Bentley	Algernon Greig

This comedy, which at times totters on the boundary line of farce, is an amus-ing play. Some might call it thin and trifling, but the dialogue makes amends, and it is not an easy task to write light-ly without straining after humor, wit and epigrams. Furthermore, Mr. Har-court, already favorably known here as the author of "A Pair of Silk Stock-ings," has succeeded in putting on the stage distinct and definite characters, whose verbal expression fits their re-spective walks in life. If the comedy were not played by the well-graced comedians at the Plymouth, there would be moments when the dialogue might halt; when the people on the stage would apparently be treading water, wonder-ing what they were to say next; but these moments are few and last night the players acted with unflagging spirit.

Mabel Vere, a novelist, whose last work was so bad, as she confessed, that it came near to being a "best seller," advertises for a husband, hoping that several will call so that she will be pro-vided with "copy" for her next romance. The fact that she is already betrothed does not stand in her way. This be-trothed is a young money grubber who does not amuse her. He turns out to be a full-fledged cad.

The suitors come. There is the rough Flood, the Colonial, who greatly to our regret is thrown overboard by Mr. Har-court in the first act. There is Adams, an oily, greedy butler, with his eye on "savings," the letting of lodgings that profit might accrue. There is Noel Corkoran, not at all shy, a well-to-do bachelor, a humorist, attractive in every way. Now Noel is the master of the butler. As a result of a bet at the club to which the betrothed belongs—a bet on a sure thing—two others appear towards the end of the play, Mr. Bird, who is married but given to adventure and tango teas, and Bentley, a young bounder.

Mabel is indiscreet. In her search for copy she accepts the butler's invitation to take tea in his master's kitchen. How she excites the jealousy of the cook, irritates the maid and takes the part of the abused slavey: how she attempts to cook the dinner and is surprised by Noel—all this must be seen; the view of life below stairs cannot be described so that the humor of situations and the delight-ful dialogue will be appreciated by those who were not in the audience.

The part of Mary is admirably suited to Miss Tempest. It is not easy to con-ceive of the comedy without her. Who else could play the part with the like piquancy, roguishness, lightness and grace? Long ago she was a dainty rogue in porcelain. The years have not chilled her spirits, or dulled her sense of humor. There are few, if any, who can so deftly play at verbal battledore and shuttlecock; few who are so eloquent in hesitating speech or in a complete pause. She makes that which would otherwise be extravagant, plausible; she turns the absurd into reality. Her bril-liancy is individual. Her finesse is never

artificial, in her petulant and inconsequential remarks as in her sly or frank behavior, she assures the spectator of the spontaneity that is the flower of art.

Her company is excellent. So excellent that it is not easy to imagine any part played in a different manner. Miss Andrew is the most wholesome of suffragettes. Her delight in physical exercises is a joy to those that see her. Then there is Mrs. Haines, the cook, crushed by the perfidy of Adams, consoled only partly by the thought that the butler has been "took in." Her final characterization of Mabel as "a Bohemian" was irresistible. The other servants are true to life. The men were all capital.

Let us add to the Gallows Anthology. Let us quote from the good old street ballads, for which Jemmy Catnack, the publisher, paid half a crown apiece. Our favorite is "Life of the Mannings," who were executed at Horse Monger Lane Gaol on Tuesday, 13 Nov., 1849.

See the scaffold, it is mounted,
And the doomed ones do appear,
Seemingly borne wan with sorrow,
Grief and anguish, pain and care.
They cried, the moment is approaching
When we, together, must leave this life,
And no one has the least compassion
On Frederick Manning and his wife.

Maria Manning came from Sweden,
Brought up respectably, we hear;
And Frederick Manning came from Taunton,
In the county of Somersetshire.
Maria lived with noble ladies
In ease and splendor and delight,
But on one sad and fatal morning
She was made Frederick Manning's wife.

This Maria Roux had been courted by one O'Connor, "possessed of wealth and riches." She preferred Manning. O'Connor at first tore his hair and beat his breast.

At length they all were reconciled
And met together night and day;
Maria, by O'Connor's riches,
Dressed in splendor fine and gay.
Though married, yet she corresponded,
With O'Connor, all was right;
And off he went to see Maria,
Frederick Manning's lawful wife.

At length they plann'd their friend to murder,
And for his company did crave,
The dreadful weapons they prepared,
And in the kitchen dug his grave.
And, as they fondly did caress him,
They slew him—what a dreadful sight,
First they mangled, after robbed him,
Frederick Manning and his wife.

They absconded but were apprehended, tried and convicted. The judge sentenced them in verse. The poet ends with a moral:

See what numbers are approaching
To Horse Monger's fatal tree,
Full of blooming health and vigor,
What a dreadful sight to see.
Old and young, pray take a warning;
Females, lead a virtuous life;
Think upon that fatal morning,
Frederick Manning and his wife.

W. Palmer, M. D.

There is a ballad "The Life and Trial of Palmer," who was executed June 14, 1856. This ballad has a chorus:

My trial causes great excitement,
In town and country everywhere
Now guilty found is William Palmer,
Of Rugeley town in Stafford Shire.
Three verses must suffice.

Many years I was a sportsman,
Many wondrous deeds I've done,
Many a race I have attended,
Many a thousand, lost and won.
They say I poisoned my wife's mother,
And took away her precious life,
And slew poor Cook and my own brother,
And poisoned my own lawful wife.

In Rugeley I was once respected,
A gentleman, lived at my ease,
With noblemen I was connected,
And sporting men of all degrees.
Although a doctor no one knew me
To do anything amiss,
Now each one strives to undo me,
I never thought I'd come to this.

Dreadful is my situation,
Before the awful bar I stand,
I might have filled a noble station,
Unfortunate, unhappy man.
Infants yet unborn will mention,
When to manhood they appear,
The name of Doctor William Palmer,
Of Rugeley town, in Staffordshire.

There is a ballad of Mary Arnold, "the female monster," who bound round her infants eyes black beetles placed in walnut shells, but she was not hanged; she was only transported "10 long years across the briny seas."

We know of no better book for healthy and ambitious boys than "The Pirates Own Book, on Authentic Narratives of the Lives Exploits, and Executions of the Most Celebrated Sea Robbers." Our edition is that of Portland, Me., 1859. On the title page is a picture of "Gibbs carrying the Dutch Girl on board." (We believe the first edition is dated 1837). We regret to say there are no poems of the scaffold. At the end of the book is a pirate's song, but it is feeble stuff, not to be compared with "The Red Flag" which Thackeray heard in the Cave of Harmony sung by Mr. Hoff, a gentleman whom Thackeray rememmbered to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer. The atrocious Charles Gibbs, who once kept a drunkery in Ann street (now North street) of this city was tried in New York and hanged. He addressed the spectators, but not in verse. "Gibbs died hard; after being near two minutes suspended, he raised his right hand and partially removed his cap, and in the course of another minute raised the same hand to his mouth. His dress was a blue round-about jacket and trousers, with a foul anchor in white on his right arm." From Bellevue prison of March 20, 1831, he wrote a letter to a woman. It ended:

Rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll—
For many an evil voice is near
To chide my woes and mock my fear—
And silent memory weeps alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness known.

Don Pedro Gibert, tried with others, before Judge Story and defended by David L. Child and George Hillard, only remarked to an interpreter on the scaffold "I die innocent, but I'll die like a noble Spaniard." There is a brave ballad of Capt. Kidd—"As I sailed, as I sailed"—but it is not in the volume, nor is it peculiarly one of the gibbet. Capt. Condent put his head in a noose: he married the Governor's sister-in-law on the island of Mesearenhas. There are brilliant accounts of violent and shameful deaths in "The Pirates Own Book," but there is nothing that would grace the Gallows Anthology.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Sybil," a musical comedy in three acts; book and lyrics by Harvey Graham and H. B. Smith, adapted from the original by Max Brody and Frank Martos; music by Victor Jacobi.

Sybil Renaud.....Julia Sanderson
Grand Duke Constantine.....Donald Brian
Otto Spreckles.....Joseph Cawthorne
Grand Duchess Anna Pavlovna....Rene Detling
Governor of Bomsk.....George E. Mack
Capt. Paul Petrow.....Stewart Baird
Margot (Mrs. Spreckles).....Queenie Vassar

A conventional Boston audience assembled last evening to applaud, not too noisily but with proper, almost decorous enthusiasm, one of the cleanest, most dramatic and oftentimes melodious musical comedies presented in this well-known depository of second-season successes.

"Sybil," Anglicized by Messrs. Graham and Smith and slightly, ever so slightly, Germanized by Mr. Cawthorne, makes excellent after-dinner entertainment. It is easy to read into the perfectly transparent humor of the text and to know that Mr. Smith, aided by Mr. Cawthorne, has earned his royalties, thanks to his invaluable scrapbook. Many old friends are recognizable in the quips which pass to and fro, yet so rapidly do the audiences of today evolve from those of yesteryears that these selfsame jests appear to the majority as spontaneous sayings of the moment. This makes it so much easier for Mr. Cawthorne, who has the greater part of the comic responsibility.

The regrettable phase of the situation is that whereas Mr. Cawthorne once was wont to lapse from twisted Teutonic dialect occasionally into straight English, nowadays he too infrequently forgets himself and lapses from straight English into the droll accent which made him irresistible in the nineties. Also, and this is a sinister suspicion, can it be that Mr. Cawthorne hopes some day to substitute his personality for that of the retired Francis Wilson? Last night he was strongly suggestive of, that persuasive comedian.

Mr. Cawthorne, by reason of his seniority, has been given the introductory space in this review. Cruel jibes aside, it is cheerfully admitted that his ebullient presence as the blundering impresario lifts "Sibyl" from commonplace dancing operatta to genuine musical comedy. Regardless of his cheery characterization, his jestful spontaneity, he deserves high encomium if only for his clever ditty, "I Can Dance with Everybody but My Wife."

Of the vaunted trio which has found exceptional popularity in the past few seasons, remain Miss Sanderson and Mr. Brian. The former is of a cloying sweetness. She has been before the public for several seasons successfully in stellar roles. Those who admire her simple methods are wonderfully loyal. There are those, also, who hold that her stage ways are those of the amateur schoolgirl performer, who sings without exciting the emotions and who acts by obvious rote. Last evening Miss Sanderson had many demonstrative friends.

Mr. Brian, he of the dancing legs, disclosed to Boston a new, one might say, ideal, dancing partner. Her name, Clssy Sewell, did not appear even in the cast. In fact she had no occasion to open her mouth, which might have condemned her as a bad actress. As a dancer, however, she combines the grace of Marilynn Miller and Anna Pavlowa. Mr. Brian stepped lively to follow her. The songs allotted him were too low of register, his lines were not the pleasant lines of those given him in "The Merry Widow," which brought him rhythmic recognition. But his dance with Miss Sewell proved one of the gems of the evening.

The remainder of the cast, with two exceptions, was that which diverted New York audiences the greater part of last winter. Queenie Vassar, a favorite of—let us be kindly and say—a few seasons ago, replaced Maisie Gay as the plump and vocally indisposed Mrs. Spreckles, and Rene Detling, appearing briefly, made an effectively imperious and fascinating grand duchess, vice the original Josephine Whittell.

The story of "Sybil" has been freely exploited in the advance notices. It suffices now to state that it has exceptional dramatic moments, that it follows with more than average consistency the plot on which it started. Usually musical comedy plots evaporate after the first act. Musically, the piece is of average merit. As a matter of fact the catchiest tune comes almost at the end, in "When Cupid Calls." The choruses, of both sexes, show the disciplinary effects of Mr. Latham's experienced leadership; and the stage settings, all interiors, are drawn with brilliant colorings. If Mr. Cawthorn only had rolled his r's as in the olden days, it would have been, according to an old-timer, a flawless evening's entertainment.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"The House of Glass," a play in four acts by Max Marcin. First performance in Boston.

Nellie.....Mary Gildea
Margaret Case.....Mary Ryan
Mrs. Brandt.....Ada Gilman
James Burke.....Frank M. Thomas
Carroll, a detective.....Thomas Findlay
Watson.....John Fenton
Harvey Lake.....Frederick Burt
Edward McClellan.....Harry C. Browne
Judson Atwood.....William Walcott
Jap.....Sabay Asakura
Edith.....Florence Walcott
Hon. B. T. Patterson.....Frank Young

Margaret Case, a stenographer, living in New York, is engaged to James Burke, a chauffeur. She believes him to have come into the sudden possession of inherited wealth. On the eve of their departure for the West, where they are to be married, Burke is arrested as an accomplished thief. A valuable necklace, among his booty, is found in the young woman's trunk. She is convicted as his accomplice upon this circumstantial evidence.

Released on parole she escapes. Eight years later she is happy in Kansas City as the wife of a railroad magnate. Chance calls her husband to a brilliant position in New York. Here Mrs. Lake is promptly recognized by Detective Carroll, who had arrested her as Margaret Case. Burke, trapped as an important witness, throws light upon Mrs. Lake's dilemma and swears to her innocence. Mr. Lake is fortunately in the good graces of the Governor of the state. In his delicate position he can hardly afford to throw stones, so he agrees not to prosecute the Jackson boy, in whose fate the Governor is interested and who has stolen funds from the railroad company. It is natural that the Governor should wish to return the favor. There is a happy ending.

Mr. Marcin, a young New York journalist, has written magazine stories and other plays. The one given last evening is an engrossing melodrama in which the interest of the audience is consistently maintained. The story is well made, exciting, plausible. The elements of suspense and of the unexpected are effectively used. The characters are of flesh and blood. The author has contrived effective endings for the four acts.

The play might also be taken as a strong argument in favor of modern prison reform, in approval of the enlightened methods practically applied by Thomas Mott Osborne.

Yet Mr. Marcin declines to take sides. If Margaret Case, innocently convicted and relentlessly pursued by the Nemesis of the law in the shape of Detective Carroll, is a pathetic figure. There is Harvey Jake, who voices with honest conviction the prejudices of the unawakened, who wishes the criminal punished to the utmost limit, whose faith in the courts of justice is childlike and unbounded.

The play was acted with spirit. In the first act at the boarding house there was opportunity for amusing character sketches by Miss Gilman as Mrs. Brandt, the boarding housekeeper, by Miss Gildea as Nellie and by Mr. Hart as Crowley, Carroll's assistant in making the arrest.

Miss Mary Ryan played a trying role with discretion and showed latent talent as an emotional actress. In the first act her joy at leaving her drab surroundings, her hope of future happiness was expressed with becoming exuberance. In other acts she was frail, tremulous, wholly feminine, pathetic in her distress, touching in her love for her husband and her longing for security, touching in her moments of abject fear. In the scene when Burke forces an entrance to her home in Kansas City, when the detective confronts her in her home in New York, the actress played with poise and distinction.

Mr. Thomas played Burke sturdily. He was not wholly a villain, for when he made good his escape his first thought was to find the girl he had incriminated that he might make good to her.

Mr. Burt was a dignified Lake, softened only by the tragedy in his own home. Mr. Browne as McClellan was breezy and supplied pleasing contrast. Mr. Findlay was sincere in his impersonation of Carroll.

An audience of good size was interested and enthusiastic.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"In Walked Jimmy." Comedy drama in four acts by Ronie H. Jaffa.

Kitty Blake.....Kitty Wolfe
Della Dunn.....Lelia Bennett
John Trellivan.....Harry Nelson
Arnold Baker.....Edwin Clayton
Hiram Higgins.....W. I. Clark
Josiah Bartlett.....Earl Burnside
Bobby Day.....Vincent Dennis
Billy Blake.....Ewing Cherry
Detective Norris.....Neil Barrett
Irene Lindenberg.....Rene Porter
Helen Rollins.....Mazie Robinson
Tessie Hoynes.....Frances W. Harris
Bessie Glendeling.....Edna Bricker
"Jimmy".....H. C. Blaney

Any man about to put a bullet through his head because of business reverses would do better to see if he couldn't get an optimistic young man to walk in on him like the breezy chap who furnished the surprise for John Trellivan. Because the Cinderella Shoe Company was about to go on the rocks, Trellivan, the owner, decided life wasn't worth living. Then in walked Jimmy.

Mr. Blaney is a favorite, and his return to the stage awakens memories of the days when he was starred in stirring plays.

Mr. Blaney's new play tells of the success which follows the efforts of the mysterious Jimmy to rehabilitate the affairs of the failing company. Like all heroes, he is willing to suffer for another. This time it is to save the wilful young brother of the girl he loves.

Vivacious Kitty Wolfe takes the part of the heroine. Bright sayings fall continually from the lips of Jimmy. This evening 200 members of the Rotary Club will be present.

LIONEL GLENISTER LEADS IN "JIM THE PENMAN"

Is Well Supported by Other Henry Jewett Players.

"Jim the Penman," one of the older plays familiar to Boston theatregoers, is the bill at the Copley Theatre this week, presented by the Henry Jewett Players. It is a play easy to spoil by overacting. The Henry Jewett Players, however, despite their great attention to the minor details of acting, never overdo it and in the opening performance of last evening this fact was especially noticeable.

The scenes being laid in England found each member of the company of English players thoroughly at home not only in language, but manners, and each "bit" was naturally done. The honors of the piece go to the actor who has the title role, Lionel Glenister, but they were not the only honors deserved. Isabel Merson as Mrs. Ralston was ideal, particularly in the concluding scenes of the third act. The sleepy, wide-awake detective of Leon Gordon was capitally done, for he made the character sensibly humorous without being grotesque.

Beatrice Miller's impersonation of the newly engaged daughter was admirable, and Leonard Craske as Lord Drellncourt was sufficiently loverlike. Although Cameron Matthews hardly looked like the wealthy American he was presumed to be, his lines "got over" and the audience sympathized with him in his affections and afflictions of the heart. Fred W. Permain as Baron Hartfeld, was excellent in the chief character role.

"Jim the Penman" will be repeated this afternoon and with matinees on Thursday and Saturday will complete the week, to be followed by "Sweet Lavender."

ENJOYABLE BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Big Act Is Miniature Musical Comedy, "The Four Husbands."

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week turned out to be one of the most enjoyable of the season. The big act is the miniature musical comedy, "The Four Husbands," featuring Raymond and Bain. The piece goes with a snap and spontaniety that does not fail to make itself felt. Both Miss Bain and Mr. Raymond were interesting in their roles, and the comedy act of George W. Jinks gave pleasure.

Others on the bill were Rae Eleanor Ball, in a varied program on the fiddle; Carl Byal and Dora Early in "A Scotch High Ball"; Mrs. Gene Hughes and company in a sartorial comedy, "Gowns," by Edgar Allen Woolf; Page, Hack and Mack in a hair-raising balancing act; Jack W. Conly and Margaret Webb in a musical act; Lou Lockett and Jack Waldron in a comedy and dancing sketch and the Guzmani Troupe, novelty gymnasts.

ABORN OPERA

The New Aborn Opera Company at the Boston Opera House entered on the second and last week of its engagement last night, when "The Jewels of the Madonna" was produced for the third time and evoked even more enthusiastic appreciation than when it was presented here last week.

Mr. Agostini as Gennaro, Mr. Angelo as Rafaele, Miss Eubank as Carmela, Miss Helena as Maliella, Mr. Derman as Totonno and Mr. Shields as Rocco were all effective. Tonight "La Boheme" will be performed for the only time; "Il Travotore" will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee; for Wednesday night and the Saturday matinee, "Faust"; Thursday night, "Lohengrin", Friday night, "Lucia," and Saturday night, "Rigoletto."

Nov 1 1914

THE KNEISELS

By PHILIP HALE.

An audience that filled Steinert Hall greeted the Kneisel Quartet at the first concert of its 32d season, the first concert of a regular series that

it has been here in the afternoon instead of in the evening. The quartet was assisted by Hans Ebell, pianist, and Louis Bostelmann, second viola. The program was as follows: Bruckner, quintet for two violins, two violas and violoncello; Rubinstein, sonata violoncello and piano in D major, op. 18 (Messrs. Willeke and Ebell); Beethoven, quartet in D major, op. 18, No. 3.

It was a pleasure to see the large and deeply interested audience and to hear the Kneisel quartet in this ideal hall for chamber music, a hall in which the players are not remote, in which the music fills, to use the phrase of Berlioz, every the hearers.

The quintet of Bruckner was performed here for a while for the first time. It was played as far back as Jan. 8, 1887, in Vienna by the Hellmesberger quartet. The Adagio was performed at a Kneisel quartet concert in Boston Nov. 22, 1905, when the quartet was reinforced by Messrs. Kneisel, Fiedler, Sveckli and Gosse. Mr. Zach then played the second viola.

Even if the name of the composer had not been printed on the program, the authorship would have been unmistakable. The Bruckner of the quintet is the Bruckner of the symphonies. There are noble and beautiful thoughts, there are the same disturbing mannerisms, the same essential, even trivial treasure, the same tiresome repetitions, the same fritting away of effects. While the themes have marked individuality there is too often mere idle musing instead of logical development. The exposition of the suave chief theme of the first movement is admirable. How lamentable the falling off in the succeeding movements! There is the pompous and resounding unison that arouses expectation and leads to nothing. In the manner of the Prophet—figs! In the Scherzo only the naive and delightful suggestion of a country dance with the fizzing pizzicato accompaniment compelling the phrase is of genuine interest. The finest movement is the Adagio in which Bruckner for once does not scatter his thoughts.

Rubinstein's sonata dedicated to Servais was formerly a great favorite; but the day for hearing violoncello sonatas with a florid cadenza has passed, no matter how skilful and sympathetic the performance. The greater part of this sonata is now old-fashioned, older, in fact, than many pages of 'cello music by Boccherini, for the age of a work is not always identified by the date of its composition. Pucini's "La Boheme," is already older than the music of "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "Traviata."

The next concert of the Kneisel quartet will be on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 26, when Mrs. Beard, pianist, will [illegible]

IN 'MERRY WIVES

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," Shakespeare's comedy in Sir Herbert Tree's version of three acts.

Sir John Falstaff.....Herbert Tree
Master Fenton.....Warburton Gamble
Justice Shallow.....St. Clair Bayfield
Master Slender.....George Hayes
Master Ford.....Len Harding
Master Page.....Charles Coleman
Sir Hugh Evans.....Ernest G. Cove
Dr. Caius.....Henry Herbert
Host of the "Garter".....Frederic Ormonde
Bardolph.....G. W. Anson
Nym.....Edward Forbes
Pistol.....Gerald Hamer
Simple.....George G. Carr
Rugby.....Alfred Shirley
Robin.....Miss Lucy Buller
Mistress Ford.....Miss Laura Hope Crews
Anne Page.....Miss Elsie Mackay
Mistress Quickly.....Miss Annie Angarde Butler
Mistress Page.....Miss Edith Wynne Matthison

Sir Herbert in a speech to the audience first said that he and his company played the comedy as a farce, as it was played before Queen Elizabeth who probably enjoyed it more than she did the other works of Shakespeare. The comedy was performed last night as a rollicking farce. This treatment was apparently justified by the attitude of the audience which laughed uproariously at the tumbling of Simple and Rugby and at the preposterous duel with all the hubbub and bustle between Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius. As space is limited, there is no room for an inquiry into Queen Elizabeth's taste, or into the origin of the stage business that now excites demonstrations of the public's delight. Nor is there room for questioning the opinion of some who say that the comedy as Shakespeare wrote it is one of his inferior plays and Slender, not Falstaff, is the leading character.

Sir Herbert Tree's impersonation of Sir John is interesting in many ways, though it is more suggested rather than a very potent performance. It is for the most part an affair of humors. It often lacks the unctuousness that we associate with the Knight's speech and behavior. Yet the acting by Sir Herbert of an adventurer who knew that his basket was full in his prime and admirably relished the fact. There were many fine points in the delivery of the performance as the manner in which he drawled out the gusting of the [illegible] Quick-treatment of Dame Quickly. In his first disappointed meeting with Mistress Page we should have liked a more flexible and, in a more inflammatory writing.

Miss Edith Matthison played Mistress Page for the first time and played in a spirit of delightful vivacity and genuine humor. Fair to look upon, she subdued with mirth. Miss Matthison took the adventure in the [illegible] It is not easy for her to be light and sprightly. Face, voice and bearing are for the expression of deeper emotions. Miss Mackay was a curious lachrymose Anne Page.

Of the men accepting Sir Herbert, Mr. Harding easily bore away the honors. His assumption of jealousy was convincing, he read his lines with fine understanding. Too many of the men were at times unintelligible in speech, but Mr. Coleman as the good natured, unsuspicious Page spoke with praiseworthy clearness, and Mr. Gamble as Fenton bore himself excellently.

The impersonations of Sir Hugh, Dr. Caius, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Simple, Rugby played as in farce comedy, no doubt as they had been instructed, yet we have a liking for them all and were disappointed at finding them so translated. Slender is more of a man than appeared in Mr. Hayes' portrayal of him. Slender was a simple soul, foolish, but a gentle, wistful creature. He might have said to Mr. Hayes last evening with a peculiar force, "yet I am not altogether an ass." His exclamation, "Sweet Anne Page," was the natural outburst of a shy but adoring swain. There is a pathos in it that should not excite laughter.

The scenery was effective, especially the last setting which was, indeed, beautiful. There was far too much music. The music between the scenes and much that was incidental was of poor quality, irritating by endless repetition. The large audience was greatly pleased throughout the farce.

ABORN OPERA COMPANY HAS ITS LARGEST AUDIENCE

Pleases in Performance of Puccini's "La Boheme."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn Grand Opera Company in Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Castillo conducted. The cast:

Rudolph.....Salvatore Giordano
Marcel.....Millo Picco
Colline.....George Shields
Schaunard.....Joseph Interante
Benoit.....Louis Derman
Alcindoro.....Louis Derman
Parpignol.....John Goldman
Musetta.....Marie Louise Biggers
Mimi.....Bianca Saroya
A Sergeant.....George Pullman
A Customs Officer.....Ernest Lambert

Puccini's opera drew the largest house thus far during the current engagment. There were many curtain calls. The performance was a creditable one, both musically and dramatically.

The Mimi of Bianca Saroya was easily the feature of the performance. Her Mimi was free from exaggeration. Miss Saroya could visualize and vitalize the consumptive and yet leave something to the imagination of the audience. She sang with irresistible charm and with great purity of tone.

All of the comrades acted with Gallic fervor and spirit. Salvatore Giordano, as Rudolph, sang with virility and at the same time with the requisite tenderness. Mr. Picco was always in the picture as Marcel.

RAYMOND HAVENS GIVES RECITAL FROM CHOPIN

Program Pleases Pianist's Audience at Jordan Hall.

Raymond Havens, pianist, played a Chopin program last evening at Jordan Hall. The pieces were as follows: Ballade, A flat, op. 38; sonata, B flat minor op 35; etudes, E major, C major, op. 10; Barcarolle, op. 60; Ballade, F minor, op. 52; Polonaise, F sharp minor, op. 44; etude, F minor, op. 25; preludes, F flat major, F major; scherzo, C sharp minor.

Mr. Havens has an agreeable touch and brilliance in execution. His technic is well developed. His program was exacting, for it required not merely a display of mechanical proficiency, but skill as an interpreter.

In certain respects Mr. Havens's playing has matured. His conception of Chopin's music is generally sane. He is faithful to tradition, yet there is an added note of originality. A friendly audience showed approval and recalled the young pianist.

Nov 2 9 18

MME. INGRAM

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Frances Ingram, contralto, sang for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows:

Marcello, "Il mio bel foco"; Sgambati, Separazione; Gluck, "O del mio dolce ardor," "Divinities du Styx"; Zucca, Leaves; Kjerulf, Synnove's Song; Grondahl, Eventide; Kursteiner, Invocation to Eros, the Soul's Victory; Raff, "Sei Still"; H. Wolf, Die Zigeunerin; R. Strauss, Mit deinen blauen Augen; Tschaikowsky, Schnell Vergessen; Van Fyken, Schmeid Schmerz; Brogi, Visione Veneziana; Peterson Berger, Maj, Titania, Gretchaninoff, Il s-est tu; Fourdrain, Carnival. Samuel Endicott was the accompanist.

We are informed that Mme. Ingram, having been a school teacher in Brooklyn, sang in a church choir; that she afterwards studied singing with Victor Maurel; that she sang last season the parts of La Cicca, Suzuki, Camella and the sister of Sparafucile in performances given by the Chicago Opera Association, of which she is still a member.

She is an unusually interesting singer. First of all, she has a beautiful voice. It is a rich, full organ of genuine contralto quality throughout a liberal compass. It lends itself to the dramatic expression of deep emotions, also to songs that are purely lyrical. Voices of this nature are rare. Mme. Ingram has excellent control of breath, so that she is enabled to phrase musically and effectively. She has a wide range of tonal nuances, but she varies expression without an extravagant use of them. In passages that demand vigor, she is authoritative, but not at the expense of tonal quality. Her command of resources was abundantly shown in the interpretation of songs differing widely in character. There are not many singers that could declaim the vibrant pending of "The Soul's Victory" so dramatically, and at the same time sing the song of Sgambati with such exquisitely maintained tenderness.

Truly a welcome visitor, as singer and interpreter, with a refreshingly unconventional program.

"Funem Rumpite" of Wollaston writes: "Speaking of canting songs and slang, I wonder whether your readers are acquainted with W. E. Henley's 'Villon's Straight Tip to All Cross Coves.'

Suppose you screeve, or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broads? or fig a nag?
Or thimble-rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight and land your pot?
How do you melt the multy swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or macer, or mack;
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack;
Fad with a slang, or chuck a fag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot,
You cannot bag a single stag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up-the-spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not!
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

"The 'nubbing-chcat' allusion is evident enough in the last, but some of the rest would, I think, challenge even a George Borrow. I should say, too, that Henley was a 'reg'lar card.'"

Our correspondent omits the third verse:

Suppose you try a different tack,
And on the square you flash your flag?
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummers mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag
At any graft no matter what!
Your merry goblins soon stravag
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

The Herald reprinted this ballad some years ago with annotations. It was written by Henley in 1887 in imitation of Villon's "Tout aux tavernes et aux filles." We again provide a key.

Into English.

Screeve, work with begging letters. Fake the broads, pack the cards. Fig a nag, play the coper with an old horse and a fig of ginger. Knap a yack, steal a watch. Pitch a snide, pass a false coin. Smash a rag, change a false note. Duff, sell sham smuggled articles. Nose and lag, father evidence for the police. Get the straight, get the tip and back a winner. Multy, an expletive corresponding to "bloody." Booze and the blowens cop the lot, may be rendered by Andrew Lang's translation of Villon's line: "'Tis all to taverns and to lasses."

Fiddle, swindle. Fence, deal in stolen goods. Macer, welsh on the race track or elsewhere. Mack, pimp. Moskeneer, to pawn for more than the pledge is worth. Flash the drag, wear women's clothes for any rascally purpose. Dead lurk a crib, break into a house in church time. Do a crack, commit burglary with violence. Fad with a slang, tramp with a show. Mump and gag, beg and talk. Tats, dice. Spot—the referee is to billiards. Stag, shilling.

Flash your flag, sport your apron. Mug, make faces—even Mr. John Drew mugged in Mr. Maugham's comedies for duchesses. Gohlins, sovereigns. Stravag, go astray.

Up-the-spout and Charley-wag, are expressions of dispersal. Wipe is a familiar word for handkerchief. Tickers and squeezer and scrag need no explanation.

Here is a task for any bright-eyed Willie or young and promising Adolphus between his supper and bed time. Only a few words should be given at a time, not to overload the memory. We suggest as a prize for perfect recitation a copy of the Pirates Own Book or the reports of certain departments in our city government.

Not the Same.

Mr. John Savage Shaghellion of East Boston writes:

"Liverpool Jarge was as good a shanty man as ever was and I mind well he used to sing a very pretty little song about a cove named Reuben Hall that was hung and what he said on the gallows. You'd like it. But my memory aint what it was and I only know one verse.

Me name is Reuben Hall,
Dam yer eyes."

We omit the other lines which convey the same sentiment. We do not like to contradict Mr. Shaghellion, but was not this Mr. Hall, who swore in a blood-curdling fashion as he was carted to the gallows, named "Sam," not Reuben, by his sponsors in baptism?

"Sam Hall" was a famous song sung by W. G. Ross in the older cellars of London. Thackeray alluded to it. Mr. Hall's account of what had happened and would happen to him will not bear repeating here, for the Herald is a family newspaper.

Also Exclusive.

As the World Wags:

Is this exclusive, also? Around the shirt band from the Laundry San Juan, Porto, I read, "I trust that I am whole and clean, and meet for heaven.—Tennyson." FRANK H. MARCH.

Wakefield.

Personal.

As the World Wags:

I notice that you refer to "the arrogant bearing of servants in the offices ironically termed 'intelligence.'" As an addendum to that reference to employment offices it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to give such offices a slap for inserting in the newspapers such deceptive advertisements as the one which I herewith enclose. There are lots of people who never knowingly apply at employment offices for help, but by such deceptive advertisements they are decoyed into doing so, the advertisements being so worded that the reader of them is led to think that they are the personal advertisements of those who are in search of situations.

Brookline. HENRY HARTUNG.

MISS STARR, VIOLINIST, MAKES BOSTON DEBUT

Young Canadian Shows Noteworthy Facility.

Miss Evelyn Starr gave her first violin recital last evening at Jordan Hall. Richard Epstein was the pianist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, C minor; Vitali, Chaconne; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole.

Miss Starr, a young Canadian, is a pupil of the celebrated Leopold Auer. She has played abroad and in New York with success.

At present she is both competent and promising. Her tone is well developed. She has facility and a certain brilliance in execution. Her musical personality, however, is not yet clearly defined. Her playing is neither wholly feminine, nor does she force tone in an attempt at pronounced virility.

The program, without the relief of lighter pieces, was strong fare for the audience and demanded endurance and versatility from the artist. Miss Starr played Beethoven's Sonata in a conventional manner. Not until the Chaconne did she show signs of thinking for herself in the matter of interpretation. Then, however, she was evidently under the spell of Vitali's music, and there was broader, more emotional treatment.

Lalo's Symphonie is not a piece for the artistically immature. It requires much more than intelligent, graceful phrasing, vigorous bowing, authoritative declaration of the enchanting melodies. On his last visit to Boston Mr. Thibaud played this piece with a wealth of color, a melancholy, known only to the Latin races, an abandon that are not easily effaced from the memory.

Mr. Epstein played with the facility, the luscious quality of tone for which he is justly admired. An audience of fair size was encouraging in its attitude towards Miss Starr. Recalled she lengthened the program.

'FAUST' AT OPERA HOUSE

The Aborn English Grand Opera Company presented "Faust" in the Boston Opera House last night. Salvatore Giordano sang the part of Faust and George Shields that of Mephistopheles. Bianca Saroya, as Marguerite, received applause. The other members of the cast were: Louis D'Angelo as Valentine, Lillian Eubank as Siebel, Joseph Interrante as Wagner and Marie Louise Biggers as Martha.

The company presented the opera in a highly creditable manner and the studio, garden and prison scenes received the applause usually given to these parts of the classic.

Nov 3 / 9 / 8

Mr. John H. Carrick of Plymouth, New Hampshire, writes to us: "No Gallows Anthology could possibly afford to omit the swan song of Sammy Small, as I have often heard it chanted in London. I have never seen it in type and there are many verses which I cannot remember now. I do not think it has ever been

sung in America. There is a great deal of repetition which lends itself pleasingly to the dirge, but is tedious to read. A fine, free defiance permeates the song throughout."

Mr. Carrick then quotes a few stanzas:

Oh my name is Sammy Small, Sammy Small,
Oh my name is Sammy Small, Sammy Small;
Oh my name is Sammy Small,
An' I hates yer, one and all,
Yes I hates yer one an' all—
Damn yer eyes!

"The theme of the other verses I recall as follows:

Oh I struck a man, they said,
And I'm glad the beggar's dead,
For I hashed his silly head,
Damn his eyes!

The parson he did come,
And he looked so orful glum
For he said 'twere caused by rum—
Damn his eyes!

So up the tree I go,
While my pals all down below
Cry, "Sam, we told yer so!"
Damn yer eyes!

There is another verse that we refrain from printing.

But this song is only a mild version of the famous song "Sam Hall," to which we have already referred; the song sung in London Cider Cellars years ago by W. G. Ross.

Mr. Carrick also writes: "Then there is a song I have heard along the Boston waterfront. The only verse I recall is the scene in court at sentence":

There stood my poor old father, weeping at the bar,
There stood my good old mother, tearing out her hair,
Tearing out her old gray locks while the tears were streaming down;
"My son, my son! What have you done
To be sent to Char-les-town."

Boelke in Boston.

When the news came of Capt. Boelke's death in the air, as he was attempting to kill a fellow-mortal, some remembered that he once sojourned in this city. Three or four years ago he left the German army and came to Boston hoping to go into business of some kind. He was then, as the story is told, an agreeable fellow, a delightful companion, but wholly inexperienced in business, apparently without any capability for a commercial life. He was handicapped because he could not speak English and understood little or nothing of the language. At last, discouraged, he went to South America, and he was there when the war broke out. Having embarked on a Dutch steamer, he made his way to Germany, and joined the aviation corps.

Silas G. Pratt.

The ambition of Silas Gamaliel Pratt, whose death is reported, outstripped his natural and acquired musical attainments. He wrote operas: "Zenobia," which he brought out in Chicago in the early eighties, and "Lucille," which was also performed; symphonies, suites, etc. He believed that it was his patriotic duty as a musician to celebrate natural scenery and historic events of his beloved country. Niagara, for example, should be made famous in music, as Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist living the last years of his life in the United States was moved to write an emotional "Hymn to Mt. Shasta" for the fiddle. Mr. Pratt had supreme confidence in his own genius. He gave concerts of his works in London and, if we are not mistaken, in some cities of the European continent. Admiring Wagner, he showed some of his compositions to him. Wagner was so amazed that he is reported to have exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Pratt, you are the Wagner of America," to which Mr. Pratt, wishing to be equally complimentary, replied: "And you, Master, must, then, be the Silas G. Pratt of Germany." About the time of the Columbian exhibition at Chicago he wrote a colossal work in honor of the event. Was it the "Triumph of Columbus" that was performed with pomp and ceremony under his direction in Mechanics building in this city? We have a vague recollection of the performance; of seeing Gov. Russell and his staff marching bravely in to do honor to the occasion. Or was the symphonic cantata a panorama of American history in music?

That Roman Citizen.

We have heard much of late about the manner in which a Roman citizen was respected throughout the world during the glorious years of the Empire how the mere declaration of his citizenship protected him in barbarous lands; how the Apostle Paul was freed from immediate danger by the statement that he was a citizen of Rome, etc., etc. Perhaps it would be well to remember Mr. Gladstone's answer to his own question, "What was a Roman citizen?" "He belonged," said Mr. Gladstone, "to an arrogant race, to a nation that would hold all others down by the strong arm of power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be enjoyed and by him rights were to be enjoyed that were denied to the rest of the world."

Surgery in the House.

Has due attention been paid to Mrs. Bertha Tallman of Rutherford, New Jersey? She is a female plumber, a sanitary plumber, and has been one for ten years or more. She calls herself a "house surgeon," but does not confine herself to capital operations. "She is qualified," we read, "to attend personally every detail of the work, including the opening of a large water main." Has she the ability in repairing to leave pipes, cocks, valves, etc., in such a condition that her services are required within the next twenty-four hours?

Nov 4 1916

GRAINGER PLAYS

By PHILIP HALE.

Percy Grainger, pianist and composer, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Brahms, variations on a theme by Paganini, Book 1; Bach, Partita, No. 1, in B flat; Roentgen, Four Old Dutch Peasant Songs and Country Dances; Cyril Scott, The Garden of Soul-Sympathy, Bells; Chopin, Barcarole; Albeniz, Eritana; Grainger, "One More Day, My John," "Gay but Wistful"; Stanford-Grainger, Reel.

Mr. Grainger played delightfully. The program was pleasingly unconventional.

What a relief it was to hear the Partita of Bach instead of a thunderous and murderous transcription of one of the organ fugues! Sir Hubert Parry has shed much ink in trying to prove that the set of Partitas are not inherently Teutonic, as some have insisted, saying that as Bach wrote English and French suites, he finally girded up his loins to show what he could do in the German line. But what matters all this to the Infinite—or to an audience of mortals? The music is there, and it is music that makes a universal appeal. It is not easy to say which of the movements is most beautiful; if there is any more conspicuous than the others, it is the Sarabande. The gigue, with the crossing of the hands, reminds one of Scarlatti's manner in the sonatas.

Of the four Dutch songs and dances, the first, the rollicking "Merry Tavern" it might illustrate one of Teniers's pictures and the second, the plaintive melody, "I Set Sail from Holland," are the most striking. Cyril Scott is not unknown here. Long ago Mr. Buonamici and Mr. Fox played little pieces by this impressionist, and the formidable and astonishing Mr. Ornstein wasted much valuable time in acquainting us with a sonata. The two pieces played yesterday are from Scott's "Poems." Each one is a tonal illustration of lines that were printed on the program. "The Garden of Soul-Sympathy" is in the Debussyan vein, poetic and appropriately vague. "Bells" is still more ingeniously constructed, is more imaginative, and also gives the idea of more spontaneous thought.

There are some who look upon Mr. Grainger as a passionate folklorist to whom it occurred to play the piano. This view is superficial and unjust. He is first of all a pianist, who when he is wholly in the vein, gives impressive and romantic interpretations of works by those commonly reckoned as masters: witness his performance yesterday of the compositions by Brahms, Bach and Chopin. When he plays his arrangements of folk songs and dances he is entertaining, although some of these arrangements may have little true musical worth. "Gay but Wistful," heard here yesterday for the first time, is an arrangement for the piano of a movement in his suite, "In a Nutshell," played last season at the Litchfield county (Ct.) festival.

It is, indeed, welcome news that a gaziek will soon be added to the Franklin Park Zoo. Mayor Curley and other City Hall ornithologists, who are accustomed to the sight of strange birds, admit that they have no idea what a gazick looks like, but they are sure it is a bird. We welcome also the Yucatan jays, the Mexican troopies, the Montezuma quails, the zebra doves, but the gaziek should be the guest of honor. The proper home for it, of course, is a gazebo.

But there is another bird that should be procured at any cost—the killilooloo bird that feeds on the dilson berries growing on the pamela bush.

Thrifty Lauder.

As Mr. Harry Lauder is not coming to this country immediately, we publish this news without fear of being suspected of serving him or any theatre as a passionate press agent. It appears that he has bought an estate on the east side of Loch Fyne at Glenbranter. "He denies that he paid £100,000, saying: 'Not at all; nonsense. It's a trifling affair of 14,000 acres.'"

Mr. H. G. Hibbert in his entertaining book, "Fifty years of a Londoner's Life," recently published, speaking of the demand for English performers of certain kinds in the American market, says: "Harry Lauder supplies a case in point. His demand is now for a minimum £500 a week. He was offered £800 a week for a special engagement at the Empire, and declined it. Few English variety theatres could pay such a salary—none, indeed, to maintain a well-balanced program." And Mr. Lauder is not a spendthrift.

Down in Maranhao.

As the World Wags:

I wonder whether your correspondent from Westminster or the brilliant chronicler of Liverpool Jarge is familiar with the appended doggerel version of "Blow Ye Winds."

Many's the time I have chanted this old song to myself in an effort to stay awake when keeping a midnight watch on the poop of the old barque Irvine during my apprenticeship days, and well do I recollect how I used to rattle it off when the "old man" was out of earshot and I was busily occupied in performing that arduous and back-breaking duty of "holy-stoning" decks, or else maybe when "chipping yards"—a job which always seemed to turn up when about one degree south of the equator, where, as Mr. Kipling would say, "the heat would make your blooming eyebrows crawl."

I can remember on one occasion down in Maranhao, Brazil, when two fellow-apprentices and myself were "jugged" by the customs officials for tying up to the dock after 6 P. M. in the ship's gig without an official permit, waiting for the skipper, who, by the way, had cast anchor in about 20 fathoms of Cachaca, and being considerably under the influence thereof was unable to navigate a satisfactory course to the landing stage; and how we were hauled up before an imposing bloke, brass-bound and with fierce moustachios and glaring eyes, who harangued us for about 20 minutes in some God-forsaken lingo and then committed us to the guard house until the "old man" hove in sight; and how we three, hungry and not knowing what to make of it all, and with visions of firing squads and the like, sought to bolster up our courage by yelling at the tops of our voices the exhilarating ditty of "Blow ye Winds," until, either as a reward for our performance or as a means of silencing our noise, our captors very generously provided us with bread, bananas and cachaca; and how at last, after many weary hours, the "old man," now completely rejuvenated, swept in, demanding in stentorian tones the whereabouts of her boys and who in the blankety-blank-blank had the audacity to "put 'em in irons"; and how after everything had been happily adjusted and we were safe aboard again the "old man" invited us aft for a pannikin of grog, cautioning us at the same time not to mention the little affair ashore to Mr. Hawkins, the mate. I wish Mr. Shaghellion could have been aboard that ship. FRED C. NEAL.

Hull, Oct. 31.

BLOW YE WINDS.

It's a capital ship for an ocean trip,
Is the rollickinig "Wind-o-blind."
No storm that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the skipper's mind.
And the man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the biggest blow,
But it often appeared, when the gale had cleared,
He'd been in his bunk below.

Oh! The captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And he dined in a regal way
On biscuits and figs, and pickles and pigs,
And gunnery bread all day.
The gunner was drunk and got out of his bunk
And sat on the after rail,
And he fired salutes with the skipper's boots
In the teeth of the blooming gale.

All nautical pride we cast aside,
And we ran our vessel ashore
In the "Gulliver's Isles" where the "Poo-Poo" smiles
And the ugly "rug-dugs" roar.
We sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bees,
And the cinnamon bats, with waterproof bats,
Flew round in the top-sail breeze.

We fed on bark from morn till dark,
Until we'd unusually grown,
But we uncommonly shrunk when a Chinese junk
Hove up in the Torrid Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we did not care,
And we cheerily put to sea,
And we left her crew to feed and chew
On the bark of the "rum-dum" tree.

CHORUS.

Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds all day.
I'll stay no more on England's shore
So let the music play.
I'm off by the morning train
To cross the raging main,
I'm off for a trip in a sailing ship
Ten thousand miles away.

The Czar at Table.

As the World Wags:

I fear you have not been told of the surprising table manners of the Czar.

Czar Nicholas is fond of hash,
It often sticks to his mustache.
He wipes it off with his leather boot;
I wish that I might see him do't.

Rockport, Nov. 2. E. COIT.

Dr. Robert Palfrey Utter gives us another view of the Czar.

The Czar of Russia, so they say,
Drinks whiskey sours night and day;
And every time he takes a drink,
He throws the lemon in the sink.

But Dr. Utter wrote this quatrain before the Demon Rum was overthrown in Russia.—Ed.

Mr. H. G. Hibbert has written his reminiscences. The book is entitled: "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life." Mr. T. P. O'Connor assures us in a preface that Mr. Hibbert is an energetic, competent, trained journalist, a loyal and steadfast friend. "Mr. Hibbert belongs to the same old-fashioned school of journalists as myself, who had to go through the severe mill and to turn their hands to everything that turned up, from an execution to a grand opera. But the subject that has attracted his attention more than any other is the stage. For many years he spent some hours of every night of the year in some form or other of a theatre or a music hall. I believe he is one of the men who would prefer, if stranded in a small town, going to a penny gaff rather than remain amid the futile gossip of a smoke-room." We regret to add that in this preface Mr. O'Connor, or the proofreader, speaks of the opera "Il Pagliacci."

Let us see what Mr. Hibbert has to say about players now in Boston on the stage. When he was on the Nottingham Daily Journal in company with a small, delicate youth from Scotland named Barrie, he reviewed a concert given by local scholars who had distinguished themselves at the Royal Academy of Music. "They brought a star—Miss Marie Etherington, who is now Miss Marie Tempest." Later he wrote of Robert Courtneidge, a manager who maintains that every chorus girl has the contract of a prima donna in her reticule. "And, indeed, the stage of today justifies him in a score of instances. When James Albery fell in love with pretty Mary Moore and married her, she was a Gaiety girl. When Marie Etherington found that the concert platform was not fulfilling the ambitions she had cherished as an Academy student, it was to commit herself to a long and exigeant apprenticeship in opera bouffe. Then 'Dorothy' made Marie Tempest famous; and 'Becky Sharpe' made her more famous." But why add an "e" to Miss Sharp's name, Mr. Hibbert?

Speaking of the salaries paid to celebrities, Mr. Hibbert says that probably the largest fee paid in London was to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for her first appearance at the London Coliseum, £1000 for her personal services, apart from the salaries of her company and the other expenses. "Sir George Alexander and Sir Herbert Tree had £750 at the Palace. Miss Marie Tempest had £500 at the London Hippodrome.

Of course there are other references to Sir Herbert Tree. Mr. Hibbert gossips about critics old and new. He mentions one old Bohemian who detested the new journalism. "He would step into the Savage on his way from the theatre to the office; and if someone tempted him to reminiscences of the prize ring, unhappy play — it was forgotten! But a kind friend would quietly step up to Fleet street and repair the default, by writing his notice. Picture him, then, marching into the Gaiety bar, one morning emptying a tumbler of brandy and soda, then scanning his daily paper. 'There, my brave boy,' he cried to his neighbor, 'That is what you call journalism of the good old school. Half a column of limpid English. God knows when, or where, or how I wrote it. I don't! When you can do that—'. But the other fled, lest the vainglory of the bibulous veteran should tempt an outcry that the 'brave boy' in good fellowship and secrecy had done that very thing! A conceited youngster appealed to him at the first performance of 'The Best Man' at Toole's. 'I say, Mr.——! Billington's hunting breeches are all wrong.' 'Each man to his knowledge, my lad,' said the old Fleet Streeter. 'The pawnbroking's rotten.' These critics, and their colleagues of old time, were not 'the guests of the theatre,' to use Sir Herbert Tree's courtly phrase, but peremptory inspectors. Every newspaper of standing had a printed form or 'order,' which its editor would sign, demanding seats for the bearer—the bearer being possibly the genuine critic; or, any other body, from the signatory's mother-in-law to the lady who did his washing—and friend.

"The dramatic sketch for which music hall managers have fought and bled during half a century is now recognized, not by statute law, but by grace of the lord chamberlain. Sir Herbert Tree is just as free to play 'Trilby' at the Middlesex as Mr. Granville Barker is to play Shakespeare, or something like Shakespeare, or Shakespeare like nothing, at the Savoy.

"It is a popular error to suppose that the familiar celebrities making up a London first night are all dead heads. There are quite a number of important persons well known to be so deeply interested in the theatre as to wish to attend most first performances and to pay for their seats. For them at the leading theatres seats are wont to be reserved till the option is taken up or declined. Of course every manager reserves a right of hospitality to his intimate friends. And the old hand could mostly identify the house if he glanced at the stalls through a hole in an unknown curtain. Tree's first nights differ from Irving's of old; the Haymarket differs from the St. James's. One manager has a kindly, characteristic habit of making his second row of stalls a pageant of superannuated sweethearts.

Another [illegible] is his dubious city friendship. Everywhere one sees Free Masonry predominant, or sport, or the vestry. But there is still the eternal mendicant. He is often an actor and some managers most especially resent his importunities, while others find a part... in giving to a 'worn and weary brother.' Sad to relate he is mostly ungrateful and hypercritical. Once with a friend, I had adjourned to the buffet. 'Well?' I said interrogatively. 'I think,' was the response, 'he is the worst Hamlet I ever saw.' The dismal face, unmistakably of an old actor, was thrust between us. 'Young gentlemen,' said he, 'forgive the intrusion, but may I pay for your drinks?' When the brothers Kiralfy worked in [illegible], a seeker was referred to Imre, who inspected his card, and said 'Yes! Yes! You got to see my brother,' waving onward to other business. Three times within two hours the patient dead head repeated the process, venturing at last to say: 'Will your brother be long, sir?' 'My brother is in New York,' said the imperturbable Imre. When 'Charley's Aunt' was having a long run at the Globe a member of the company received a letter begging for two seats. 'My name may not be familiar to you, but I venture to remind you that during a long residence in Nottingham I had the distinguished honor of cutting your late revered father's corns.'

In the chapter "Counterfeit Presentment," Mr. Hibbert tells stories of stage caricature. He speaks of W. S. Gilbert as a habitual offender. "One of his biographers speaks of the 'aesthetic craze' as having been 'killed' by 'Patience.' Bunthorne was at any rate clearly meant for Oscar Wilde, who was always a convenient mark for the satirist. He made his theatrical debut in 'Where's the Cat?' at the Criterion. His representative, as Scott Ramsey, was then Sir Herbert Tree, destined to be caricatured himself ad nauseam. Wilde appeared again as Lambert Streyke in 'The Colonel' and again in 'The Charlatan' at the Haymarket—written, by the way, around Home, the spiritualist." "Where's the Cat?" was produced in 1880.

This volume of reminiscences is a delightful book for reading in bed or for opening at random when a meal is belated. No dentist's waiting-room should be without it. Mr. Hibbert is interested in all that pertains to the theatre and shows of every description. The chapters on the music halls are especially interesting. On nearly every page is an amusing or instructive anecdote, instructive to those who wish to confirm their own views about a player or to add to their own stock of information.

For example, there is a quatrain that James Albery, the author of "Two Roses," wrote for his epitaph. It is almost always misquoted. Mr. Hibbert gives the original.

> He revelled 'neath the moon,
> He slumbered 'neath the sun,
> He lived a life of going to do
> And died, with nothing done.

There are pleasant stories about the beginnings of J. M. Barrie. Taking the train at Edinburgh on his way to join the staff of the Nottingham Daily Journal as leader writer at £12 a month, he wrote in the railway carriage an editorial article which he hoped would be satisfactory. It was written in pencil, on both sides of the two-fly leaves, yellow glazed, of a pocket edition of Horace. "The writing was minute and regular and most legible—apparently. Actually it was the tonic record of a Scottish drawl, softly extended and sweetly unintelligible." Barrie worked for the oldest provincial daily paper for two years. The engagement was then terminated, "it may be because of the ultra-fantastic quality of the contributions of 'The Little Minister'; it may be because he asked for an increase of salary at a moment when dubiety as to the commercial worth (in Nottingham), and saneness of his humor had become acute." The foreman printer thus introduced himself to Mr. Hibbert: "Good evening. I suppose you're the new sub-editor. I'm the foreman printer. I might say I run this place. I've been here, man and boy, for 39 years, and I've seen 37 young fellows in your chair. I hope we shall get on." The foreman had two names for "copy." There was "noos"; there was mere literary matter, which he called "tripe." "Barrie's work, acutely literary, was always in pencil; and he suffered horribly. Our autocrat had a soft spot, but Barrie refused to negotiate it. For myself, I once procured the insertion of an historic speech on Protection by Henry Chaplin by making it the introduction to Mansfield Flower Show. So it became 'preference copy.'"

In the market place Mr. Hibbert used to see the prize fighter, William Thompson better known as "Bendigo." "He had been converted by a local evangelistic pork butcher, 'Jemmy' Dupe and he sat, a gaunt, gray old man wearing a broadcloth suit, but his colors of 'birdseye' blue, beside a barrow on which were displayed his championship belts and the Bibles that he sold. Ever and anon he would spring to his feet and sing:

> Ho! The devil had me once
> But he let me go!
> Yes, he let me go!
> Bendigo!

Barrie, who drank nothing, and assured Mr. Hibbert that after a most conscientious trial he found smoking detestable, wrote five leaders a week, a weekly column of gossip, signed "Hippomenes" "many of these essays were reprinted in "My Lady Nicotine,' having in their early state been infinitely beyond the average reader of The Journal" and book reviews measured with a tape to take six columns a week. A local accountant wrote the Saturday leader. It always filled two columns. One of his articles began: "God moves ('tis said) in a mysterious way. But the Nottingham waterworks company." Barrie's first play was written in Nottingham, on approval, for Minnie Palmer. "It 'discovered' her, sitting on a mantelpiece. It was called, I think, 'Polly's Dilemma.' He was the most shy, the most painfully sensitive creature, with an exquisite delicacy in regard to women." Finally the proprietors of the Nottingham Journal economized and bought their editorial opinions from an agency at three shillings and sixpence a column, all in type complete.

There is a pleasant chapter on music hall singers with a pathetic account of Jenny Hill, who, "a wan and stricken woman in dull apartments at Brixton," told Mr. Hibbert the story of her life soon to end in its early forties. "She had made the world laugh and sometimes weep. She had earned thousands—and not deliberately squandered them." Mr. Hibbert proclaims her as in her day and generation the supreme genius of the variety stage. "The public knew it too—the eager public that has taken the horses from her tiny brougham, its lamps always quaintly endorsed with her name." (She was at Tony Pastor's in New York in 1891. She died in 1896.)

There are stories of Sam Cowell—an immigrant from this country. He sang "The Rat-Catcher's Daughter" and "Villikins and His Dinah," but his favorite trick was to sing a doggerel narrative, "Hamlet," "Faust," "Oliver Twist." He received £80 a week, a great sum in those days. The first serio-comic singer was Mrs. Caulfield.

"Champagne flowed river-like at Weston's. The earliest proprietor loved to hear it ordered by the case. From the stage George Leybourne sang "Champagne Charlie Is My Name." His real name was Joe Saunders. He was a mechanic from the Midlands. He at first had a song in praise of Tom Sayers, the pugilist:

> Hit him on the coko!
> Dot him on the snitch!
> Wot a pretty fighter!
> Was there ever sich!

Ah, the old songs and the old singers! Mr. Hibbert says that George Dance was not the author of

> Come where the booze is cheaper,
> Come where the pots hold more,
> Come where the boss is a bit of a joss,
> Come to the pub next door.

"I note this fact, because it had a melody so bewitching that Queen Victoria, hearing it played by a military band, asked for the words."

Sir Herbert Tree and the Baconian Theory

The decision of the Chicago judge a few months ago that Bacon wrote Shakespeare drew forth some satiric comments from Sir Herbert Tree.

"When I see a straw floating upstream, I'll believe Bacon wrote Shakespeare," he says. "If Bacon wrote Shakespeare then Shakespeare must have written Bacon. Two writers more dissimilar could never be found. Of course I do not profess to be an expert in pork. But as a humble artist I do claim to be an expert in literature.

"This fantastic jest, I believe, had its birth in the 18th century. I have not found in all the vast bulk of rhetorical nonsense that has been written or spoken on this subject one single proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. It would be quite as easy to prove that Bacon won the battle of Waterloo—by cipher. The only wonder is that when coincidences in literature are as thick as mulberries on a tree there are not more colorable evidences in favor of the Baconian theory.

"There is not a single eminent person who does not laugh the Baconian theory to scorn. That Shakespeare was an actor we know. No one but he could have written his works. He himself lamented in his sonnets that he had made himself a "show." Shakespeare's Christian name was William. Bacon's Christian name was Francis. In his sonnets, in the outpourings of his soul, the author repeatedly punned on his name, as 'You own sweet Will,' in writing to his love.

"It is conceivable that Francis Bacon, the courtier, would hide his identity behind the actor in writing plays in order to save his head. It is impossible that he should have referred to himself as 'Your own sweet Will' in his love sonnets. He would have darkly punned on the word Frank. This is obvious. It is the obvious we never see. Best of all, let doubters read the eulogy of Shakespeare written after his death by Ben Johnson, admittedly his greatest rival."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Alma Gluck. See special notice.

MONDAY Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Marcia Van Dresser. Sibella, Sensazione lunare, Con gli Angioli; Spier, Ultima Rosa, Santoliquido, Alba di Luna sul Bosco; Zandonai, Serenata; H. Wolf, Fest steht mein flammen des Gebet, Alle dinge haben Sprache, Frau Nachtigal, Faden, Daun losch das Licht; G. Faure, Aurore, Fleur jetee, Dans les ruines d'une abbaye; Szule, Clair de lune; Stravinsky, La Rosee Sainte; Old Irish, The Ould Plaid Shawl, The Voice of the Sea, An Island Spinning Song; Cyril Scott, Scotch Lullaby.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Josephine Durrell String Quartet.

TUESDAY Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. First recital in Boston by Harold Henry. Bach, Toccata in G minor; Vivaldi Bach, Gigue; Weber, Rondo, from Sonata, op. 23; Schumann, Novelette, op. 21, No. 8, Chopin, Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 18, 11, 13, Polonaise, op. 53; MacDowell, "Norse" Sonata; Cyril Scott, Rigaudon, Liszt, Sonetto, 123 del Petrarch; Alkan, Le Vent, Grieg, Auf dem Bergen.

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. First concert of the Longy Club. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Harold Bauer's piano recital. "Famous Composers of Bygone Times." Froberger, Toccata in D minor; Frescobaldi, Capriccio on the Cuckoo's Cry; Kuhnau, Sonata in C major; Merulo, Toccata in G major; Galuppi, Sonata in C minor; Rameau, Rondeau des Songes; Couperin, Les Barricades Mysterieuses; Kittel, Nachspiel, G. Muffat, Sarabande in G minor, Fugue in G major; Matthesou, Air Varie and Menuet, Marcello, Presto in G minor; Schobert, Minuetto and Allegro Molto; Steibelt, L'Orage; Field, Nocturne in A major; Hummel, Rondo in E flat.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Miss Miriam Caro, soprano, and Miss Gertrude Tingley, contralto, pupils of Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child; Henry L. Gideon, pianist. Handel, "False, Destructive Ways of Pleasure," from "The Triumph of Time and Truth" (Miss Tingley); Deems Taylor, Three Songs from "City of Joy," Time Enough; Gideon, Berceuse Paysanne (Miss Caro); G. Faure, Au Cimetiere; Debussy, Voice ce qu'il ecrit from "Pelleas et Melisande"; Delibes, Bon Jour, Suzon (Miss Tingley); Grieg, Ein Schwau, Im Kahne; Franz, Die Lotusblume, Marie (Miss Caro); Tschaikowsky, A Legend; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Hebrew Love Song, Lie, Soft-Footed Snow (Miss Tingley); Lefkowitch, Yom Kipur zu Minche (Miss Caro); Two Duets, Russia-Jewish Folk, Wos zhe Wilstu; Vogrich, Indian Song.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Leila Holterhoff, blind coloratura soprano.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Kitty Cheatham's entertainment. Traditional, "Sumer is I-cumen" (13th century); Engel, Le Soleil de l'enfant Jesus; French, Voici Noel; Moussorgsky, With a Doll; German, Sandmaennchen; Herman, Freund Husch; Bach, Musette; Mozart, Minuet; Peel, The Cow; America, Old Negro Songs and Legends. Recitations: Archibald Sullivan, The Little Gray Lamb; Dunbar, When Malindy Sings; Old Negro Spirituals: I'se a Seekin' fo' a City, I Want to Be Ready; Gabrilowitsch, Cradle Song; Excerpts from "Alice in Wonderland" to music of Schumann (Kinderscenen and Album for the Young); Rickett and Coolidge, Traditional Nursery Rhymes.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SPALDING IN SUPERB CONCERT IS IMPRESSI

Distinguished Violinist Is Heard Jordan Hall.

Albert Spalding gave a violin recit. yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hal. Andre Benoist was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Franck, sonata in A major; Bach, Prelude and Adagio from Suite in E minor, fugue in G minor; Bruch, Swedish Folk Dances; Saint-Saens, Prelude to "Le Deluge"; Cecil Burleigh, Modo Perpetuo; Paganini-Spalding, Caprices No. 9 and 24.

Mr. Spalding played superbly. His tone always suave, elegant, polished, has gained in depth. It now glows with warmth and vitality, color and sensuous beauty. There is little new to say in praise of his excellent technc, his facile execution. Yesterday the young man's growth as an interpreter surprised his hearers and created a profound impression.

Never before has he displayed such marked authority, so great a variety in expression. Never before has he been so successful in revealing the intensity and sensitiveness of his nature through the medium of his music.

It was a pleasure to hear Franck's beautiful sonata. In this as in other pieces the violinist displayed a newly acquired maturity in thought and feeling, while in the third and fourth movements there was the quality of youthful exaltation which is a characteristic of his playing.

The pieces by Bach and Bruch's Swedish Folk Dances were played with transfiguring originality. Mr. Spalding's own and fascinating arrangements of Paganini's Caprices provided a brilliant ending for the program. Mr. Benoist is an accomplished pianist. Such fine ensemble playing is a rare treat. The audience was justly enthusiastic and extra pieces were added.

ABORN OPERA COMPANY CLOSES WITH "RIGOLETTO"

Principals All In Fine Voice at Opera House.

The Aborn English Grand Opera Company closed its Boston engagement at the Boston Opera House last night using Verdi's "Rigoletto" at its farewell performance. The principals were all in fine voice and the large audience recalled them again and again for particularly well done selections. The "Rigoletto" of Michele Giovacchini was particularly good. His interpretation of the court jester to the profligate Duke of Mantua was one of the bright spots of the evening.

The characters:

Rigoletto.................Michele Giovacchini
Gilda.................Edith Helena
Duke of Mantua.................Salvatore Giordano
Sparafucile.................George Shields
Monterone.................Joseph Interrante
Marullo.................John Goldman
Borsa.................Louis Derman
Count Ceprano.................Philip Welsberg
Maddalena.................Grace Baum
Giovanna.................Emma Elliott
Page.................Ethel Smith
Conductor, Ignacio Del Castillo.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" by Donizetti was given at the matinee performance.

Nearly $5000 was realized yesterday afternoon at the benefit performance given at the Boston Opera House in aid of Boston children crippled by infantile paralysis.

Virtually every seat was sold, and although numerous seats on the floor were left unoccupied by their purchasers, the balconies were filled.

Some 30 nurses, in uniform, from various Boston hospitals, were present. Throughout the performance the motor ambulance used to transport children between their homes and the hospitals for after treatment of paralyzed muscles stood in front of the Opera House, a mute but tangible evidence of the deserving nature of the cause for which the benefit was given.

Souvenir Program.

The souvenir program was an ambitious example of presswork, consisting of 48 large pages of heavy, cream tinted coated paper, tied with cord, in a cover of imitation parchment. The cover illustration was a reproduction in colors of the pastel painting by Eric Pape, entitled "The Angel of Mercy." Halftone cuts of many of the artists appearing on the stage yesterday adorned the pages.

The benefit was given under auspices of the Militia of Mercy, of which Mrs. John Hays Hammond is president, and Lawrence J. McCarty, manager-director of the Opera House, had charge of the performance. Mrs. Hammond spoke briefly on the work of the Militia of Mercy and thanked all persons who had helped the benefit. She pointed out that the relief work was only just begun by this benefit, and said that Bostonians of means must take it up and give liberally. John Hays Hammond, Jr., was in charge of the sale of programs by girls of the Vincent Club, who sold flowers and souvenirs also.

Among those present were Mrs. Samuel W. McCall and Mrs. James M. Curley, each with a party, and Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

Long Performance.

Sir Herbert Tree's presentation of the third act of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII," was the principal feature of the long performance, which lasted from about 1 o'clock until 5. Edith Wynne Matthison gave readings of several of Browning's poems, with one sonnet from Shakespeare. The Aborn opera company sang the sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," and among other numbers that drew hearty applause were those of Ernest Truex and Alice Dovey of the "Very Good Eddie" company, Miss Lydia Lindgren in Swedish and Japanese songs, John Charles Thomas in the prologue from "Il Pagliacci," Mary Ryan in the third act of "The House of Glass."

Oscar Shaw, Julia Mills and "The Very Good Eddie" Girls, Mme. Maria Paporello, Marie Tempest, supported by W. Graham Browne, in "A Piece of Impertinence," written by Mr. Browne as an "imaginary sequel" to "A Lady's Name," by Cyril Harcort; Clifton Crawford in screamingly funny comedy; Mary Young, Donald Brian of the "Sybil" company, assisted by Daniel J. Sullivan; Ray Eleanor Ball and Lockett and Waldron, from Keith's, and Willie James and the Exposition Jubilee Four, from Loew's, gave other appreciated numbers.

Nov 6 1916

Here are hard questions that would surely interest the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, if they were now in town.

As the World Wags:

The Chestnut Hill Intellectual and Chowder Association, the members of which are college men who fear God, their wives and their neighbors, and never miss the subway car or B. & A. train connecting with dinner, have been discussing stone fences, John Masefield, Maine sayings, pipe heels and the nomenclature of the squared circle. The most powerful intellects of the section concentrate at the association headquarters. Few are the problems they cannot take a fall out of. Many are the hard knots they untie. Nevertheless, we have felt at times the need of the searchlight brain of Mr. Herkimer Johnson to enlighten us. For instance:

Is a stone fence a mixture of cider and whiskey, or merely whiskey with a cider chaser?

What does John Masefield mean in "The Widow in the Bye Street" when he says:

There was a woman out at Plaister's End.
Light of her body, fifty to the pound,
A copper coin for any man to spend.

Does he mean the pound of finance or of weight? And 50 what? The most depraved minds of the association are at a loss to explain.

Maine residents and many Bostonians who were lads in Maine have a saying: "Dragged through 40 cities," to indicate a person with drawn-out appearance. Why just 40 cities? And what municipalities?

A person who has overcome great obstacles is said to have succeeded "in spite of putty." Well?

Things which are out of plumb are said to "lean over to Sawyer's." Who is the gentleman and what has he to do with orientation?

The pipe heel problem and the pugilistic lingo problems are reallly difficult I refrain from questions which would stagger even a Clamport sage.

J. PROTASIS McTISH.

Chestnut Hill.

In England a "stone fence" is a benumbing, leg-dissolving mixture of brandy and ale. In this country it is unfavorably known as a mixture in equal parts of whiskey and hard cider. It is rightly named for collision with it is fatal.—Ed.

Sonorous Names.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of names for United States war vessels, why not revive the Indian names borne by the stately and beautiful steam sloops and frigates of the old navy? Susquehanna, Iroquois, Tuscarora, Canandaigua, Lackawanna, Monongahela, Sacramento, Shenandoah, Ticonderoga—where could be found more appropriate appellations than these for the navy's new leviathans?

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Boston, Nov. 2.

Bankers' English.

As the World Wags:

Your lawyer correspondent is welcomed as a brilliant recruit in what some folk could call the "crusade" for sound English. His own profession, by the way, has foisted upon the laity a few phrases that have not made for simplicity. Many men dare not write "He came"; they say, "He put in an appearance." A person is not "often seen," he is "much in evidence." These are apt legal terms, but fool phrases in everyday writing. A publisher's circular speaks of "intriguing information." What does the phrase mean? I receive now and then an interesting circular from a local bank written in what I should call "business English," clear enough, mainly grammatical, but graceless, heavy, verbose. It bristles with such sentences and phrases as these: "With extraordinary activity in business and with rising prices of commodities, it is natural that the demand of labor for higher wages and shorter working hours should be insistent, and a vast number of wage adjustments have been made in the last 18 months." "It must be borne in mind, however, that Great Britain has announced her determination and acted on the announcement to protect and prepare her own manufactures, so far as possible, for the world trade struggle which may follow the cessation of hostilities, etc." "In nearly all instances a restricted supply of labor is cutting down the volume of possible output, and this feature is particularly annoying to merchants in the case of finishing plants of all sorts." "The prevalent tendency towards shorter hours of work in the United States is in striking contrast to the lengthening of the work day abroad" . . . "expectations of a continuance of existing activity through 1917 at least are prevalent." An intelligent man, and these circulars are the work of such, could learn in two easy lessons to give up this inflated style for one of brevity and precision, to which he could add even grace. I think I could rewrite any of these circulars with a saving of at least one-fifth the space, and without loss of clearness or force. Business men, I hear, no longer begin letters "Yours of even date received and contents noted," and it is whispered that they omit many old-fashioned terms of epistolary courtesy; why should a bank maintain a literary circumlocution office?

TIRED REVIEWER.

Boston.

The Oldest Bostonian.

As the World Wags:

In "A Chronological History of the Boston Watch and Police, from 1861 to 1865. Together with the Recollections of a Boston Police Officer," by Edward H. Savage, on page 88 we find the following information: "Year 1849, John Prescott Pizelow, mayor; September 17, 1849, James Hayes, an Irishman, dies in Hamilton street, aged 108 years." Do any of your readers know of any older Bostonian?

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston

ALMA GLUCK

Mme. Alma Gluck gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, "With Verdue Clad"; Bach, "Jauchzet Gott in Allen Landen"; Spohr, "Rose Softly Blooming"; Beethoven, "Der Kuss"; Schubert, "Die Post," "Des Maedchen's Klage"; Loewe, "Kanzonetta"; Brahms, "Vorschneller Schuren"; Reger, "Wiegenlied"; Strauss, "Winterliebe"; Moussorgsky, "Gyde Ti soios duchka"; Rachmaninoff, "Die Antwort," "Soldatenbraut"; Debussy, "Green, Fantoches"; Paladilhe, "Chant de Mourisse"; Huc, "La Fille du Roi de Chine"; Horsman, "You Are the Evening Cloud"; Hoff, "The Young Witch"; Buzzi-Peccia, "Miller's Daughter"; Harris, "Disappointment"; Carpenter, "Light." Anton Hoff was the accompanist.

Mme. Gluck has not been heard here for some time, and she was warmly welcomed by a very large audience. Seats on the stage were filled and the standing room was crowded.

The distinguished singer was in excellent voice. It is said that her months spent in retirement from the concert stage have been devoted to study. The results are highly gratifying. Her voice, a lyric soprano of great beauty, warmth and richness, is now controlled with surpassing skill. Her management of breath is excellent. There is the reassuroing sense of reserve. She phrases with finesse and intelligence. Her diction is flawless. Mme. Gluck has also matured as an interpreter. Her singing is now not only emotional but thoughtful. Her understanding of moods has deepened. She can be at will grave or gay, tender or passionate, arch or wistful; and her emotional eloquence is convincing.

The first songs on the program showed the singer's improvement in florid music. Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming" was an illustration of admirable legato singing. Beethoven's "Der Kuss" was sung with style and brilliance. In these songs as in others on the program the singer displayed remarkable skill in pianissimo passages.

In the songs by Schubert and those by Moussorgsky and Rachmaninoff there was a wealth of contrasted tonal color. Mme. Gluck's singing of "Green" lacks the exotic subtlety and languorous charm conspicuous in Miss Garden's performance of the song, but she caught the elusive spirit of "Fantoches." Her imagination was effectively used in the songs by Paladilhe and Huc.

Many numbers on the program were repeated and others were added. Mme. Gluck's singing was justly appreciated and the enthusiasm of the great audience was sincere.

Next Sunday afternoon the concert will be given by Mr. Paderewski.

7/5/16

FOUR BALLETS

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House—Ballets performed by Diaghileff's Ballet Russe: "Les Papillons," (first time here); "Till Eulenspiegel," (first time here); "Le Spectre de la Rose," (first time here); "Thamar."

Last season this company gave a charming ballet, "Carnaval," in which Pierrot and Harlequin, Eusebius and Florestan and other dream men and women of Schumann's fancy mimed and danced to the familiar music. Last night Fokine's ballet, "Papillons," founded on Schumann's piano music of the same name, was performed here for the first time. The music has been orchestrated by Tcherpnine. Mr. Monteux conducted. He also conducted the other ballets with the exception of "Till Eulenspiegel."

As Schumann's "Papillons" is inferior to his "Carnaval," so is the new ballet to the one seen last season; but the lesser interest is not due wholly to the music, which is not always adroitly orchestrated. The scenario of "Papillons" is more conventional; the scenes are less picturesque. Again Pierrot, mimed by Mr. Bolm, is in love, this time with a young girl, Mme. Lopokova; again does he love in vain. There is little true dancing in the ballet, and the evolutions and the posturing are tame.

Mr. Nijinsky made his first appearance here as Till in his own comi-dramatic ballet "Till Eulenspiegel," a choreographic illustration of the orchestral rondo by Richard Strauss. The roguish Till plays pranks with the market women, mocks the priests, plays the part of Don Juan, has great sport with the learned. At last his insolence is unbearable. He is tried, convicted, and hanged. Then the people mourn his fate. "After all he was a merry rascal, and we shall miss him." Now, according to some, Till really lived and was not hanged. But this is immaterial. The Till of the legend mounted the gallows, and the court scene and the execution provided rich material for Strauss and Mr. Nijinsky.

This ballet was very interesting in many ways. The scenery and costumes, designed by Mr. Robert E. Jones, a New Englander, showed a wildly artistic fancy.

The market place with the nightmare houses and the mediaeval costumes, especially those of the chatelaines, might have been invented by Gustave Dore for one of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques." Mr. Nijinsky acted Till with infinite humor, and when occasion offered, which was seldom, proved himself to be the lightest and nimblest of dancers. The ballet, however, showed chiefly his pantomimic skill. Mr. Anselm Goetzl conducted, for Mr. Monteux, here as in New York, was unwilling to conduct a work by a German who has expressed himself since the war as a foe to France.

The wait between the first and second ballets was insufferably long, so that the audience grew restless. In the second wait, which was also too long, the orchestra played Rimsky-Korsakoff's Caprice on Spanish Airs.

"Le Spectre de la Rose" is a pretty little scene based on a poem by Gautier, for which Berlioz wrote music as a song. The ballet is danced to Berlioz's orchestration of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." A young girl returning from the ball dreams in a chair of her past pleasure. The spectre of the rose which was given to her by her lover comes in, dances about, and in her dream she is again at the ball and in her lover's embrace. The spectre leaps out of a window and she awakes. The part of the vivified Rose is one of Mr. Nijinsky's most celebrated performances. On acount of the recent injury to his foot, it was not thought advisable that he should make his famous exit through a window. It is said that he will be seen in this ballet next Thursday night. The ballet was danced last evening by Mme. Lopokova and Mr. Gavriloff. The latter is a dancer of no mean skill. The stage setting by Bakst is a striking one.

The final ballet was "Thamar," with Balakireff's music, the gorgeous spectacle that was seen only once last season. Miss Revalles was again the superbly wanton queen, who like Margaret of Burgundy, saw to it that lovers in succession, after a night of frenetic pleasure, were thrown into a river that rolled beneath her tower. The room in the tower, with its suggestion of amazing height, the barbaric splendor of the costumes, the sensual cruelty and the wildness of it all, again excited the liveliest admiration.

There was a large audience that welcomed Mr. Nijinsky warmly and was apparently pleased with his associates.

The ballets tonight will be "Petronchka," with the extraordinary music of Stravinsky for the extraordinary scenario; "Sadko," a submarine ballet with music of Rimsky-Korsakoff (first time here); and the fascinating "Scheherazade."

We have received several more contributions to the Gallows Anthology. "W. L. L." of Melrose has sent in the hangman's song in one of Thomas Hardy's Wessex Tales.

Oh, my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!

It's a fine song; it is sung in the dramatization of the story, but we had already referred to it.

"S. H." of Westminster sends us a copy of "Artful Joe," but Joe was too artful to be swung from the tree, and the song is known to many. "S. H." is now in pursuit of a song, "The Cadgers Ball." This ball was held in Holywell lane, which is now demolished.

We are indebted to Mr. Roland B. Winterton for a copy of the song heard by Mr. Carrick along the waterfront of this city. Is it not also sung by cowboys?

The Boston Burglar.

I was born in Boston City, a city you all know well,
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell;
Brought up by honest parents; and raised most tenderly,
Till I became a roving man at the age of 23.

My character was taken then and I was sent to jail,
My friends they found it was in vain to get me out on bail,
The jury found me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down,
The Judge he passed me sentence, and I was sent to Charlestown.

You ought to have seen my aged father a-pleading at the bar,
Also my dear old mother, a-tearing of her hair;
Tearing of her old gray locks as the tears came rolling down,
Saying: "Son, dear son, what have you done, that you are sent to Charlestown?"

They put me aboard an east-bound train, one cold December day,
And every station that we passed I'd hear the people say:
"There goes a noted burglar in strong chains he'll be bound,
For the doing of some crime or other, he is sent to Charlestown."

There is a girl in Boston, she is a girl that I love well,
And if I ever gain my liberty along with her I'll dwell,
And when I regain my liberty bad company I will shun,
Night-walking, gambling and drinking rum.

Now you who have your liberty, pray keep it if you can,
And don't go around the streets at night to break the laws of men,
For if you do, you'll surely rue and find yourself like me,
A-serving out my twenty-one years in the Penitentiary.

Crime and Sentiment.

As the World Wags:

The song "Reuben Hall"—I must agree with Capt. Shaghellion, for whatever the name of Mr. Hall in the boozing kens of London, it was Reuben in the fo'castle—is one of the few of its kind in which the criminal breathes defiance as he goes to his reward. Villon, with all of his villanies, was too good a churchman to make the hero of his ballad turn nasty as he stepped over the brink into hell.

It is in the perversity of human nature to desire the things we cannot have, and it is for this reason that criminals plaster their songs with pathos and sentimentality and a morbid morality. The verse quoted by Mr. Carrick is from "The Boston Burglar," a choice example. The same note runs usually through the songs of criminals, hoboes, cow-men, miners and sailors, with a possible reservation in the case of seafaring men who are apt to be irrepressibly cheerful.

In general, however, these songs carry a lugubrious regret and a wish for the better things that might have been. Witness The Dying Hobo, Jesse James, The Cowboy's Lament, The Drunkard's Hell and many others. The New York Tribune some months ago printed verses from a "poem," which 20 years ago was much in demand in tramp hang-outs as a follow-up for a spirited and often tearful chorus rendering of "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

I did not like my fireside,
I did not like my home;
I had in view far rambling
So far away did roam.

I wandered up and down
My labor for to sell,
And I landed in Chicago,
The very depth of hell.

I courted a fair maiden,
Her name I will not tell,
For I should then disgrace her,
Since I am doomed to hell.

'Twas on one lovely evening,
The stars were shining bright,
And with a fatal dagger
I bid her spirit flight.

It's now I'm on the scaffold,
My moments are not long;
You may forget the singer,
But don't forget the song.

It has been said, truthfully or not, that Bob Ingersoll on his deathbed called upon the God he had denied through life. It may be after all that when a criminal turns mealy mouthed at the end he is simply expressing the desire for a little belated fire insurance.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Milton.

The famous old song is "Sam Hall," not "Reuben Hall," and again we say it was a great favorite in London cider cellars about the time "The Body Snatcher" was sung by Mr. Hodgen sitting on a coffin with a flask of gin before him, with a spade, and a candle stuck in a skull. Pen and Warrington heard him. "The singer's voice went down so low that its grumbles rumbled into the hearer's awe-stricken soul, and in the chorus he clamped with his spade and gave a demoniac 'Ha! Ha!' which caused the very glasses to quiver on the table as with terror." We are surprised that Mr. Witherspoon refers to an absurd story about Col. Ingersoll, who was by no means an atheist as that word is generally understood.—Ed.

SHUBERT THEATRE—The Winter Garden company's "Robinson Crusoe Jr.," with Al Jolson. Production staged by J. C. Huffman. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge and Edgar Smith. Music by Sigmund Romberg and James Hanley. First performance in Boston.

Poindexter.....Lee Phelps
Frank Speed.....Frank Holmes
Bob Van Astor.....Johnnie Berkes
Jack Jitney.....Frank Graco
Gladys Brookville.....May Poth
Hiram Westbury.....Claude Flemming
Captain Chichester.....Lawrence D'Orsay
Diana Westbury.....Mabel Withee
Suzie Westbury.....Kitty Doner
Howell Louder.....Barry Lupino
The Leading Lady.....Gertie Latchford
The Soubrette.....Rae Hartley
The Leading Man.....Harry Kearley
The Star Feature.....Alexandra Dagmar
The Camera Man.....Bert Dunlap
Dick Hunter, "a speed bug"..Frank Carter
Gus Jackson, his chauffeur.....Al Jolson

Mr. Jolson, the favorite comedian, was welcomed joyously by a very large and enthusiastic audience. It matters not in what setting he appears. From the moment he steps blithely upon the stage he is the centre of attraction. Last evening he was in excellent spirits. As Gus, Dick Hunter's chauffeur, he was as unctuous, droll and spontaneous as before. His fund of humor, his spontaneity, hi readiness in repartee are the same. A host in himself he provides endless mirth in comedy and song.

The entertainment is a musical extravaganza rather than a revue. There are all the features, usually to be found in Winter Garden productions. The settings are elaborate, vivid, glittering; the music is gay and riotous; the chorus is efficient and imposing in numbers and spirit.

There are ample opporunities for Mr. Jolson to display his ingenuity, inventiveness and genius for comedy. His

master, Dick Hunter, falls asleep while reading the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. In his dream he is cast upon a desert island with Gus as his man Friday. Hunter's daughter and his friends are included in his dream. They have wonderful adventures in a haunted forest with Hottentots and later are captured by pirates and taken on board their ship "Skull and Bones." Gus is forced to walk the plank. They reach the Silver City where Gus is discovered disguised as Fatima, a dancing girl. Hunter's dream ends abruptly, and the entertainment closes with a brilliant ballroom scene at his home, Westbury Towers.

In act one Mr. Jolson defies three constables, addresses Hottentots in honeyed accents calculated to allay their cannibalistic intentions. He introduces several songs and had the audience had its way he would still be singing. In act two he has alcoholic adventures, and dances before an oriental potentate. He sang "Yacki Hicki Doola" and "Tiljie Tit Willow" with his customary high spirits and at the request of the audience added "The Dangerous Girl." This was followed by a ballad, "Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose," and a potpourri of the songs which Mr. Jolson has made popular during the last five years. Inspired no doubt by the responsiveness of the audience, he seemed loath to leave the stage and introduced an impromptu monologue describing the respective charms of Miss Doner and Miss Withee who shared the scene.

The other members of the company perform their part with good will and act as feeders for Mr. Jolson. Lawrence O'Orsay is an old friend in a familiar role. Miss Doner is pert, flippant, remarkable in her speed and vivacity and in her agility as an acrobatic dancer. Miss Withee is pretty and ingenuous. Mlle. Rodriguez, a striking and seductive apparition, makes the Spanish ballet in the last scene well worth seeing. The show provides excellent and varied entertainment with an accomplished comedian as the moving spirit.

MARCIA VAN DRESSER GIVES SONG RECITAL

Friendly Audience Applauds Artist In Jordan Hall.

Miss Marcia Van Dresser gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Sibella, Sensazione Lunare, Con Gli Angioli; Spier, Ultima Rosa; Santo liquido, alba di Luna sul Bosco; Zandonai, Serenata; Erich Wolf, In einen Garten, Fest steht mein flammende Gebot, Alle Dinge Naben Sprache, Frau Nachtigall, Faeden, Dann losch das Licht; Faure, Aurore, Fleur Jetee, Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye; Szulc, Claire de Lune; Stravinsky, La Rosse Sainte; Four Old Irish Songs; Scott, Lullaby. Ethel Cave Cole was the accompanist.

Miss Van Dresser sang this unconventional program in a conventional manner. Her voice has little native warmth, little color. Her technical equipment is sound, but does not invite extended discussion. Her effects are neatly contrived and carefully executed, while the hearer is aware of the singer's mental alertness, conscious of her intention, rather than thrilled by the result.

The first five songs in Italian were strangely alike in theme and therefore conducive to monotony. They were settings of verses which dealt in a melancholy and mediaeval manner with moonlight in various phases, dying roses, pallid singers, smiling maidens, budding stars. These were within the attainments of the singer, but Erich Wolf's music was emotionally beyond her reach. Miss Van Dresser's diction in German and Italian was excellent. There was a friendly audience of fair size.

"SWEET LAVENDER" GIVEN AT THE COPLEY THEATRE

Jewett Players in Arthur Pinero's Comedy Score.

"Sweet Lavender," comedy in three acts by Arthur W. Pinero and played by the Henry Jewett players, is the bill at the Copley Theatre for the present week.

In this old time comedy made famous first in London at Terry's Theatre and later in New York and still later by the Boston Museum stock company, the Boston public is once again given a treat in English romantic comedy.

Old as is "Sweet Lavender," it is always new, telling as it does the love story of the rising young law student of the Inner Temple and the daughter of his housekeeper and laundress, of the irascibilities of the old barrister who shares his rooms and the final overcoming of all obstacles to his courtship.

Fred W. Permain as Dick Phenyl, the old barrister, often under the influence of liquor, was particularly good. Carrying the comedy situations on his own shoulders he never failed to win a laugh. His delineation of the intoxicated lawyer was very realistic.

Gladys Morris, as Mrs. Gilfillan, a widow, carried her lines well in her acting of a decidedly difficult part. The Clement Hale of Leon Gordon, the Lavender of Miss Beatrice Miller and the Minnie of Miss Jessamine Newcombe were all excellent. The supporting company was better than the usual run of stock companies.

DOROTHY JARDON CAPTURES HER AUDIENCE AT KEITH'S

Her Act Is Lavish and Her Singing Good.

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is unique in that seven of the acts were given for the first time in Boston. Those on the bill who had appeared at this house before presented entirely new acts last evening.

Dorothy Jardon, Jack Wilson and Lew Dockstader shared the headline honors. Miss Jardon, a statuesque brunette, offered a varied program of songs that included one operatic aria. Her act is lavishly staged and each song is set off by a costume that not only has its relationship to the theme of the individual song, but its elegance and extravagance and appeal to the eye are enough to make milady gasp; nor is mere man lacking in appreciation. The singer has a pleasing voice and is especially effective in the middle register, though there is a loss of tonal value in the upper tones. Miss Jardon is especially fortunate in conveying the text of this or that song, and her facial play is always pertinent. Mr. Jarnigan was at the piano.

Jack Wilson, assisted by Frank Hurst and Lillian Boardman, in "An Impromptu Revue," proved the big laughing number of the bill. As an extemporaneous comedian, Mr. Wilson is one of the most interesting on the vaudeville stage today. His spontaneity is never laboriously assumed, never forced. Taking some of the principal acts which preceded his, his comments never failed to excite laughter. Later on the comedian essayed his hand at burlesque; nor was he less interesting in this style than in his extemporaneous speech.

Lew Dockstader not only appeared in a new act, but in a radical departure from that style heretofore associated with the comedian. His act is entitled "The Political Boss, or the Power Behind the Throne." The political grafter is bared before the audience, the comedian takes a fling at Billy Sunday and the presidential candidates. The act is not only irrespressibly funny, but it is Dockstader at his best, his blackface acts of pleasant memory to the contrary notwithstanding.

Jean Adair appeared in a clever sketch, "Maggie Taylor—Waitress." The piece affords Miss Adair an outlet for her picture of a dear old mother. There is a fine comedy element that is not overplayed and the sketch has a pathetic moment or two that moves the audience. Mis Adair was always convincing and in the picture was the mother.

Others on the bill were Madison and Winchester in "Multum in Parvo," an interesting act that gave pleasure in burlesque and dancing. Ray Fern and Marion Davis in a singing and dancing act that by right of excellence should be moved up on the program; Hirschel Hendler, who played descriptively on the piano and dropped now and then into verse; Valentine and Bell in an acrobatic act, and Camilla's Birds, an act that introduced an interesting troupe of trained cockatoos.

DURRELL QUARTET

The Josephine Durrell String Quartet (Josephine Durrell, first violin; Hazel Clark, second violin; Anna Golden, viola; Mildred Ridley, 'cello) gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall, which gave pleasure to the audience. Lee Pattison, pianist, assisted. The program included Dohnany's Quartet in D flat major; Beethoven, Sonata in G major op. 96 for violin and piano; Mozart, Quartet in D minor. The young ladies showed a nice sense of proportion in ensemble and a clear understanding of the composers' intentions.

IRISH PLAY GIVEN AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

"The Daughter of Mother Machree" Capably Performed.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Daughter of Mother Machree." Comedy drama in four acts by Edward E. Rose.

Sunshine Sally O'Brien	Mae Desmond
Norah O'Brien	Helen Gillingwater
Janet Guerndale	Doris Underwood
Lady Ellen Guerndale	Mary Diehl
Thomas Cavanaugh	Frank Fielder
Merritt Lufkim	Richard Barrows
Daniel Neill	W. W. Shuttleworth
Lord Be'more	Warren Fabian
Cecil Mars	Arthur Metcalfe
Detective Wharton	William Bond
Detective Warren	James Grant
Detective Roberts	Horace Williams

Rich in original views, ripe with satire and truly dramatic, "The Daughter of Mother Machree," by Edward E. Rose, is one of the big productions of the season at the Castle Square Theatre. It is new and bright and carries a convincing amount of common sense philosophy. Quaintly captivating, ever interesting Sally O'Brien has climbed into the affections of the people. A diamond in the rough is Sally, and under the pressure of life she quickly discloses her real brilliance. Depicting a wide variety of characters, "The Daughter of Mother Machree" is one of the most popular of the season's plays. Miss Desmond was well supported.

Election returns will be read from the stage this evening and the theatre will remain open until midnight.

The play next week will be "That Other Woman," a new drama by Lem B. Parker.

Nov 8 1916

Harold Henry, Extravagantly Praised in Seattle, Gives Rapid, Slap-Dash Recital in Steinert Hall—Longy Club Begins Its 17th Season—New Sonata by Debussy.

By PHILIP HALE.

Harold Henry, pianist, played here for the first time yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows. Bach, Toccata in G major; Vivaldi-Bach, Gigue; Weber, Rondo (perpetual motion); Schumann, Novelette, op. 21, No. 8; Chopin, Preludes op. 28, Nos. 18, 11, 13, Polonaise, op. 53; MacDowell, sonata, "Norse"; Cyril Scott, Riguaudon; Liszt, Sonetto 123 del Petrarca; Alken, Le Vent; Grieg, Auf den Bergen.

Mr. Henry disappointed us. The circular that heralded his approach contained highly laudatory accounts of his playing. It appears that in Seattle he had "the power to pluck his instrument and scatter over his audience the fragile flowers of dreams." Yesterday he was by no means in a dreamy mood, and he did not "pluck" his instrument: he bashed it.

He has a fluent mechanism. Yesterday he played a great many notes at a very fast pace, and, as a rule, he was monotonously noisy. It would have been a pleasure to hear the Toccata of Bach, for there are fine things in it; but Mr. Henry played it in a slap-dash manner and with a hard and metallic touch. His treatment of chords in forte passages, here as at other times in the concert, was particularly harsh; witness the descending progression that is prominent in the first movement. The Adagio admits of poetic and delicate treatment, but Mr. Henry followed the example of old-fashioned organists who believe that any music by Bach should be played with all the stops drawn.

Then there was the fanciful Novelette by Schumann. As played by Mr. Henry it resmebled a novel in three volumes written by a middle-class Englishwoman having before her eyes the awful shape of Mrs. Grundy.

It would be well for Mr. Henry to consider his ways; first of all, to cultivate beauty of tone and a command of nuances, and then to pray for an emotional spirit. Force and speed alone do not make a pianist that is heard with pleasure.

The Longy Club gave the first concert of its 17th season last night in Jordan Hall. Mr. Mosbach has taken the place of Mr. Sadony, who died. The club was assisted by Mr. Wittman, viola, and Mr. Cella, harp. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quintet op. 16 for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano; Debussy, sonata for flute, violin and harp (first performance in America); Gouvy, Ottetto op. 71.

The sonata of Debussy was recently written as one of a set for various instruments. The one for piano and 'cello has already been played here. The one heard last night, played by Messrs. Brooke, Wittman and Cella is in three movements. The first, a Pastorale, somewhat in the mood of "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune," is finely thought, and is more interesting than the Interlude and Finale that followed. Or may it not be that the peculiar combination of instruments in spite of Debussy's ingenuity in using them, necessarily engenders monotony of color unrelieved by contrasts of timbre? An audience of good size appreciated the performance and the skill of the players who took part in the pieces by Beethoven and Gouvy.

Was any one of the contributors to this column brought up on "The Mother's Book"? We know it only by pages 277-288 used as a wrapper by a dealer in Americana. These few pages kindle a desire to read the volume through. On page 279 there is a pathetic story. Little Bobby urged Frank as they were coming out of Sunday school not to go sliding on Sunday. Frank said he would get permission from his mother.

"'O, but you ought to get God's leave, Frank, because today is God's day, and we should keep it holy; I should think we must not play without his leave.'

"'I can't ask him,' said Frank, looking confused; for his conscience told him he was wrong.

"'Yes, you can, Frank; you can kneel down and say, "O Lord, may I slide?" but I know you must not, it's more than I dare do, and it's more than you dare do.'"

"The next Sabbath the superintendent called over the names. Frank Ede did not answer.

"'Does anyone know anything of Frank Ede?' asked the superintendent, looking round the school.

"'I do, sir,' said little Robert Lenton, stepping from his seat, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"'Where is he Robert?'

"'He went to slide last Sunday, sir; and the ice broke and he fell in, and was drowned.'"

This improving tale is followed by 'Epitome of Police Learning: of Philosophy, of Theoretical Philosophy." On page 281 we read: "The workshop has produced more great men than the college hall, or the merchant's counting room."

"Are Holidays Happy Days?" Walter and Lawrence at home on the farm for the Christmas holidays were bored on the second day. Then their father led them to a small bookcase. "He gave to Lawrence a neat volume called 'Customs and Anecdotes of the Bedouin Arabs,' and to Walter he handed another, called the 'Memoir of Francke.'" When they were called to dinner they could hardly believe that the morning had passed.

Over five columns are devoted to "The Grave of My Mother," by the Rev. W. S. Balch, Providence, R. I. Some would describe the gentleman's style as Corinthian, to use Matthew Arnold's word, or, as the ancient critics had it, Asiatic. Here is a sample:

"America is too contracted for me. Europe, Asia, Africa, New Holland and the isles of the Pacific present no limits to my aspiring thoughts. The stately piles of art and grandeur in Greece and Egypt, the immense ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec, mounds and dilapidated cities of Ohio and Mexico, only whet my appetite for feasts of knowledge which this earth can never prepare for me. Indeed, from this low world itself would I soar, and from star to star, and system to system, as ascending, seek the presence of the great Parent Mind, and, swallowed in the ocean of eternal love, feast my soul on food that can never cloy, and join in songs of bliss which know no end. Wrapt in these reflections, I approach the grave of my mother."

Skipping "Brother Henry, or the Broken Sabbath," we find some recipes. "Fine salt, springled upon the head, or a solution of salt and water, is said to be a preventive of baldness." Boiled apples put into warm milk should be the chief food for a child with the whooping cough. A correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette, who described himself as a medical practitioner of 29 years standing, had suffered severely from inflammatory rheumatism. The first attack was when he was 17. He was "restored" by the prompt use of the lancets, cathartics, blisters and diaphoretics. There were other severe attacks, but he finally wore cotton instead of woollen shirt and drawers and he did not suffer for 20 years. This information is described in "The Mother's Book" as "highly valuable, if well-founded."

Sam, John and Reuben.

As the World Wags:

I recall the fact that the late Harry Pearson, who was a member of the company at Selwyn's Theatre in this city, used to sing on social occasions for the entertainment of his friends: "My Name Is Sam Hall, Chimney Sweep."

Yet in "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," by John Ashton, I find the following: "There was a famous housebreaker in this reign—one John Hall, a chimney sweep, who has a small literature entirely devoted to him, besides having dishonorable mention in the 'Newgate Calendar' and his biography written by no less a person than Paul Lorrain, the ordinary of Newgate (who is mentioned both in Tatler, 63 and Spectator 338). He had a long poetical elegy compiled on him after the fashion of the times and an epitaph:

"'Here lies Hall's clay
Thus swept away;
If lock or key
Obliged his stay
At Judgment Day,
He'd make essay
To get away:
Be't as it may,
I'd better say
Here lies Jack Hall
And that is all.'"

Whether he was Sam or Jack is a question, but it is quite plain that he was no Rube. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Familiar Phrases.

As the World Wags:

I was interested in Mr. McTish's letter this morning. We have all heard the phrase "don't amount to Hannah Cook." I have read many explanations of this phrase, known in England and in the United States, but I am still inclined to believe that she was a first cousin of Mrs. Harris. Recently I heard a variation. Some one said of a neighbor that he didn't amount to Hannah Cook's nephew. Is this the lowest depth of shiftlessness?

Who was Mose Skinner, the author of "Mose Skinner's Bridal Tour"? Did he not write for the True Flag?

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Nov. 6.

DELAYED SCENERY MAKES CHANGE IN BALLET RUSSE

Barbaric Dances from "Prince Igor" Please, However.

The program announced by the Ballet Russe for last evening was unavoidably changed. It was found impossible to give "Sadko," for an indispensable piece of stage machinery used in the submarine ballet had not arrived. "Sadko" will be produced on Thursday night.

In its place the barbaric dances from "Prince Igor" were given, with Mr. Bolm as chief warrior. "Petrouchka," with the remarkable music of Stravinsky, fascinated the audience as it did last season. The sensuous, or rather sensual "Scheherazade" was the third ballet. It is hardly necessary to speak of it at length, for the impression made last season is still vivid, and space is limited.

The program of the matinee today is as follows: "Till Eulenspiegel," with Mr. Nijinsky; "Les Papillons"; "La Princesse Enchantee," with Mr. Nijinsky and Miss Speslwtzewa; and "Petrouchka."

Nov 9 1916

HAROLD BAUER,

Harold Bauer played piano pieces by composers of the 17th and 18th centuries yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Froberger, Toccata in D minor; Frescobaldi, Caprice on the Cuckoo's Cry; Kuhnau, Sonata in C major (The Combat between David and Goliath); Merulo, Toccata in G major; Galuppi, Sonata in C minor; Rameau, Rondeau des Songes; Couperin, Les Barricades Mysterieuses; Kittel, Nachspiel; G. Muffat, Sarabande in G minor, and Fugue in G major; Mattheson, Air Varie and Menuet; Marcello, Presto in G minor; Schobert, Minuetto and Allegro Molto; Steibelt, L'Orage; Field, Nocturne in A major; Hummel, Rondo in E flat. Mr. Richard Aldrich of New York wrote excellent explanatory notes for the program.

Mr. Bauer accomplished a difficult task. By the grace, delicacy and power of mechanism, and by the varied charm of interpretation, he interested and delighted his hearers, whereas the pieces played in an academic manner, or solely with an educative purpose, might easily have wearied the flesh and the mind.

It is not necessary to ask whether many of these pieces do not suffer when they are played on a modern piano. Some say, Prof. Niecks is among them, that Couperin's exquisite miniatures lose beauty when the harpsichord is not the instrument; but the player must be expert. As played by Mr. Bauer, "Les Barricades Mysterieuses" was like unto an impressionistic sketch by a modern Frenchman; yet there are many pieces by Couperin we prefer to it; and there is always this haunting question: What were the barricades and why were they mysterious?

It would not be easy to say which of the pieces by the old masters gave the greatest pleasure. Especially noticeable perhaps were those by Froberger, Frescobaldi, Merculo, Kittel and Schobert, who long after his death from poisonous mushrooms suffers because his name is often spelled Schubert. And yet this naming seems invidious, for there was something striking or beautiful in nearly all the pieces. Mr. Bauer, fortunately for his art, has a keen sense of humor. How he enjoyed the program music of Kuhnau, describing the combat between David and the giant. "King David he with one small stone the great Goliath slew," as the profane song has it. Mr. Bauer brought out the ponderous tread of Goliath, as some seasons ago he gave emphasis to Handel's indication of expression, "pomposo." We should like to hear other program sonatas of Kuhnau: "Jacob's Marriage," or "Hezekiah sick unto death and recovered of his sickness."

Some of these old masters are of close kin to the ultra-moderns in spirit if not in form. We shall long remember the Caprice on the Cuckoo's Cry by Frescobaldi, the richly ornamented but apparently improvised Toccata of Merulo, the music of Kittel that suggested a prelude by the great Bach and yet had a sturdy and defiant note of its own. Hearing Mr. Bauer yesterday, we were tempted to ask if there has been any marked progress in writing for the piano in a truly musical manner since the 18th century. There are Chopin, Schumann, Debussy—but how few have thought so practically and expressed themselves so aptly in a page or two as these men of a formal but gallant age. There is need of a pianist like Mr. Bauer to prove that we are no better, if as good, as our fathers. Few can express so sympathetically, elegantly and convincingly the gaiety, the tenderness, the humor, the beauty of those that wrote for the harpsichord and other predecessors of the piano.

Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise.

Ship and Song.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent from Hull offers a badly garbled version of "The Wallping Windowblind" under the title of "Blow Ye Winds." This song probably never was generally known among sailors, nor did it have its origin among them.

It was written in 1884 by Charles Edward Carryl and was part of "Davy and the Goblin." The "old barque Irvine" must have been manned by a crew of sophomores.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Milton, Nov. 1.

As the World Wags:

I trust Mr. Neal did not fail to get comfort from the following stanza, which I see he has omitted from his rendering of "Blow Ye Winds." By the way, I had heard that remarkable ship called the "Walloping Window-Blind."

The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain tickled the crew.
The cook was Dutch and behaved as such,
For the diet he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns,
Served up with sugar and glue.

There are a number of changes in the expression of the version I have seen, though the sentiment seems the same. The next to the last line in the chorus was: "I'm off to my love with a boxing glove." A friend tells me that she sang the chorus as a child in England. Can you tell me the origin of the jingle?

Cambridge. C. J. A.

The Curse of Rum.

As the World Wags:

The enclosed lyric may be of interest to some of your readers. A man was hanged on Tower Hill in old Narragansett, and tradition says that the crows got most unseamly intoxicated after feasting upon his rum-seasoned flesh. A recent pilgrimage to the spot now marked, and commemorating the event, which occurred about the middle of the 18th century, inspired the enclosed lines:

THEY HANGED ME ATOP O' THE HIGHEST HILL.

They hanged me atop o' the highest hill,
At the close of a damp, dark day;
The gallows creaked with a sobbing sound,
And the carrion crows for miles around
Flocked to the banquet gay.

The rum I'd drunk in the days long gone
Had flavored the flesh o' me;
And the crows set to with a right good will
To pick at my meat and guzzle their fill
Under the gallows tree.

They flapped around on tipsy wings,
And they cackled their drunken caws,
They stripped the flesh clean off'n the bones,
The rum soaked flesh o' Bartholomew Jones,
Who'd broken his country's laws.

A ghostly moon swung low in the sky,
An' the wind moaned fitfully
As I dangled in air, and danced on the same,
For them dissolute birds all lost to shame,
That had dined so well off me.

No more will I sail in ships on the sea
Or sever the juglar vein;
The bones that bore the body o' me
Will swing in the breeze on the gallows tree,
An' bleach in the sun and rain.

CHARLES WILCOX.

Narragansett, Nov. 1

For the Last Time.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Carrick is wrong in saying "Samuel Hall" has never been sung in America. I have frequently had the pleasure of joining in its rousing chorus. The friend from whom I first learned it informed me that it had been a general favorite in Phillips Andover Academy during his attendance there, although in a somewhat modernized and Americanized version. The next to the last line of the first stanza ran, "You're a gang of muckers all." The second stanza was almost completely re-phrased, and two other stanzas were inserted, one before and one after the parson's tale.

O, they put me in the quod,
With an iron ball and rod,
And they left me there, by —:
Damn their eyes!

O, the sheriff, he came, too,
With his men all drest in blue,
They're a gang of muckers, too,
Damn their eyes!

The Andover tune is delightful in its antiphonal possibilities, and has the merit of avoiding a double repetition of the first line. I have never heard the horrific version to which you refer, to my great regret, as I have a not inconsiderable collection of this class of folk-song. Is there no printed copy of it to which you can refer me? A. E. C.

Gannett House, Cambridge.

The version here referred to is undoubtedly modernized and Americanized. We do not believe that the word "mucker" is in the original version as heard by Thackeray, George Augustus Sala and other observers of London cider cellars.—Ed.

Potentates at Table.

As the World Wags:

I take pleasure in submitting the following additions to your column in reference to "Table Manners":

The Nizam of Hyderabad,
Is crazy over scrambled shad.
He laps it up with joyous moans,
And then expectorates the bones.

The Caleef of Baghdad no doubt,
Made dreadful work of sauer-kraut
'T is said it was his dying wish
To fill up on gefilterfisch.

The Sultan of Sulu's a cuss,
A eating of asparagus,
He likes to take a dish on deck,
And ease the dum stuff down his neck.

Newton. J. B. HENRY.

GERTRUDE TINGLEY AND MIRIAM CARO GIVE CONCERT

Pupils of Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child Sing in Steinert Hall.

Miss Miriam Caro, soprano, and Miss Gertrude Tingley, contralto, pupils of Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. Henry L. Gideon was the accompanist. The songs were by Handel, Deems Taylor, Gideon G. Faure, Debussy, Delibes, Grieg, Franz, Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Lie, Lefkowitch and Vogrich.

These young singers were deservedly applauded by a large audience. They gave pleasure as interpreters. They proved that they have already a commendable command of breath and other essentials for conveying the intentions of poets and composers. The program called for varied expression. Thus Miss Tingley showed smooth and sure mechanism in the florid air of Handel from "The Triumph of Time and Truth," emotional intensity in G. Faure's "Au Cimetiere" and lightness and archness in "Bon Jour Suzon." Her recitation of the letter in Debussy's opera might have been a more sustained monotone. Reading the letter, the reader surely did not lay stress on the fact that Melisande was given to weeping. Miss Caro has a bright voice and she, too, was more than ordinarily successful in expressing widely differing sentiments.

NIJINSKY FASCINATES IN BALLET RUSSE

Famous Dancer Gives Exceedingly Graceful Performance.

Serge de Diaghileff's ballet Russe repeated three ballets yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House. "Till Eulenspiegel," "Les Papillons" and "Petrouchka," while Mr. Nijinsky added "La Princesse Enchantee" to the program.

The celebrated dancer again appeared as the arch rogue in "Till Eulenspiegel," a fascinating ballet with its gorgeous colorings, fantastic setting and grim gibbet. In the pas de deux with Miss Spesiwtzewa he displayed remarkable grace and agility.

Mr. Monteux, besides conducting for the ballets, directed an animated performance of Rimsky-Korsakow's "Caprice Espagnole."

This evening Mr. Nijinsky will give his much talked of performance in L'Apres-Midi d'Un Faune." The other ballets will be "Sadko," "La Princesse Enchantee" and "Cleopatra."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Messrs. Shubert present Anna Held in "Follow Me," a musical comedy in three acts. Adapted from the original by Felix Dormann and Leo Ascher; music by Sigmund Romberg; lyrics by R. B. Smith, staged by Benrimo; dances and ensembles by Jack Mason. Frank Tours conducted. First performance in Boston (Tuesday evening) and opening of the regular season at this theatre. The cast:

Marie.....Edith Day
Louis.....Wilmer Bentley
Worth Muchmore.....Roy Atwell
Laura, Marquise de Lurcy.....Letty Yorke
Malvina Bliss.....Georgie Drew Mendum
Denise.....Mildred Richardson
Hector, Marquis de Lunny.....Wm. P. Carleton
Fresco.....P. Paul Porcasi
Dr. Joljvet.....Robert Capron
Claire La Tour of the Theatre Varieties.....Anna Held

The entertainment is a huge procession of lavish wardrobes, a feast of the bizarre in overdressed show girls, and a startling exhibition of the same young ladies in alarmingly scanty costume. The book is of the thinnest material. The score rises now and then from the commonplace, when the music is pleasing and riotous, to suit the turbulence of this or that isolated scene. Nor is it too much to say that the producers themselves had certain misgivings when they hurriedly interpolated the act of Henry Lewis, known in the varieties as the "vaudeville cocktail," and whose appearance proved the happy feature of the performance. Roy Atwell, too, a well schooled comedian, who never fails to please, struggled heroically with artless lines, and was forced to return to his now hardy perennial, "Some Little Bug Will Get You Some Day," making his third rendition of the melancholy song in Boston with three different shows.

The story is told in a few words. Hector, Marquis de Lunay, a scandalous flirt, with a charming wife, is interested in every pretty face. Seeing Claire La Tour, a pet of the varieties, he takes desperate chances and his wife commences to see things as they really are. Placing herself and her troubles before Claire, the latter agrees to help the marquise. The marquis's complete disillusionment follows when he realizes the exact intentions of Claire and he ardently protests his love for his wife.

Anna Held writhed and wiggled herself, with serpentine seductiveness, through the three acts. There was the same sensual appeal in the languorous orbs. Her dialect is as delightful as ever, and there is the same pertness and piquancy throughout her act. Her costumes are startling.

William P. Carleton, formerly a member of the Craig players at the Castle Square Theatre, was warmly welcomed. He played the marquis with true Gallic fervor, and though the part is inconsequential, he was always convincing; nor was he less interesting in his singing numbers. Letty Yorke was interesting in song, and her single big moment, as she unmasked before the marquis, was a nice bit of acting.

Henry Lewis aroused the big audience to an enthusiastic pitch with his chatter and sallies. The comedian's act is first of all unique in its marked originality of idea.

But the entertaining feature of the performance belongs to Benrimo. His beautiful stage pictures are not easily erased from the mind. If anything the stage was a bit too cramped for the elaborateness and elasticity of his ideas. His vitalizing of "Red Roses in December," and "Milady's Toilette Set," are a pleasure to recall.

Nov 10 1916

SEE THE BALLET RUSSE IN 'SADKO'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Diaghilef Ballet Russe in these ballets: "Sadko," by Bolm, music by Rimsky-Korsakoff (first time here), "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune," by Nijinsky, music by Debussy; "Cleopatre," by Fokine, music by Arensky, Glazounoff, Taneleff, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glinka; "Le Spectre de la Rose," by Fokine, music by Weber.

"Sadko" was performed here for the first time. Rimsky-Korsakoff was fascinated by the legend of Sadko, the gusli player, as far back as 1867 when his orchestral piece "Sadko; a musical picture," was composed. It was not performed until 1876. In 1891 it was revised. It was played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in March, 1905.

The score contained this argument: "The ship bearing Sadko, a famous gusli player, is becalmed on the high sea. He is thrown overboard by his fellow-travellers as a propitiatory offering to the Sea King, who receives him in his domain, while the ship sails on. There is a great company beneath the waves, for the Sea King is celebrating the wedding of his daughter to the Ocean. He compels Sadko to play on his gusli, and they all dance to the music. Spectres appear; the dance grows wilder and wilder; stormier and stormier are the billows. Sadko breaks the strings of his instrument; an end is put to the dancing, the sea grows calm; it is soon dark and still in the ocean depths." There are other versions of the legend. Some Russian writers are inclined to believe that Sadko is a historical character; that he built a church in Novgorod. Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote an opera, "Sadko of Novgorod," which was produced at Moscow in 1897.

The scene and the dancing were grotesque and effective, but the chief charm of the production was the music. The principal parts were mimed by Miss Doris, Mr. Jazwinsky and Mr Bohm (Sadko). The ballet is a pleasing spectacle, with an unusual stage setting by Anisfeld, but lovers of dancing, as the art is understood by the great majority, were possibly somewhat disappointed.

When Mr. Nijinsky produced his tableau, founded on Mallarme's poem for which Debussy wrote his beautiful prelude, at the Chatelet in Paris four years ago, there was a great outcry. Le Figaro and Le Gaulois demanded the suppression of the show. Some, as Rodin, defended it as a "noble effort." When the scene was produced here last season a board of censors sat in solemn judgment, and were no doubt sorely grieved, for they found little for disapproval. Last night Mr. Nijinsky appeared here as the Faun for the first time. His erotic ardor has surely cooled within the last years, for this Faun was interestingly sylvan and well-behaved, a model of propriety who gave the angularly modest and classical nymphs no cause for alarm. A charming scene, one wedded to the music.

When "Cleopatre" was performed at the Chatelet in 1909, Ida Rubinstein, the Queen of Egypt, wore little but jewels; her breasts were gilded and her hair was blue. Miss Gertrude Hoffmann, who gave a version of the ballet at the Shubert Theatre early in 1912, was dar-

[illegible] her own manner. Theodore Kosloff was then the Amoun and Miss Nijinska Tahor. Last night the chief parts were taken by Miss Revalles, Miss Lydia Snadova and Mr. Bolm. In many respects this ballet [illegible] entertaining [illegible] repertoire. [illegible] story of Theophile Gautier, [illegible] of action and there is dancing that does not consist merely of posturing and leaping and bounding. The Egyptian dancer part was well done, and while the women dancers were not so well trained or so graceful as those in the different companies brought here by [illegible] nevertheless their movements were spirited and often graceful. It is a pity that the ballet will not be [illegible] of the program follows strictly the announcement.

There was a large and highly appreciative audience, liberal with applause throughout the evening. After "Cleopatre" there were many curtain calls. As Miss Sokolova did not respond, the audience grew impatient. Finally, her name was shouted. It was announced from the stage that, not expecting such marks of popular approval, she had gone to her dressing room. All this wasted valuable time.

In the course of the evening the orchestra, ably led by Mr. Monteux, played Debussy's 'Nuages' and music from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or." The entertainment ended with 'Le Spectre de la Rose,' which was danced by Mlle. Lopokova and Mr. Nijinsky.

The ballets tonight will be "Les Sylphides," "Sadko," "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" and "Scheherazade."

E. O. of Newton wishes us to ask Mr. Protasis McTish of Chestnut Hill whether he has any more "Maineisms" up his sleeve and in what part of Maine the story has that he quoted originated.

What, Never?

As the World Wags:

In Carroll county, N. H., and Oxford County, Me., things which are out of plumb are said to "lean toward Sawyer's," not, as Mr. J. Protasis McTish says, to "lean over to Sawyer's," a form of the expression which is never heard there. APODOSIS.

Brookline.

Patriotic Advertisements.

As the World Wags:

A few days ago the Herald chronicled the arrest and punishment of a patriotic Italian peddler who had broken the law by decorating his wares with small American flags. They were meant to scare away the attacks of microbes and also, possibly, for advertising purposes.

I notice on the front page of the Herald this morning the following description of his honor the mayor:

"A BRAVE FIGURE.

"Mayor Curley himself, 'the Farnese Hercules,' as dubbed by Augustus Thomas, the playwright, made a brave figure standing on the table with an American flag in his buttonhole, while demonstration succeeded demonstration in his honor."

Should not the police have immediately arrested Mayor Curley for desecrating the glorious banner of our country for purely advertising purposes?

FIE AT JUSTICIA.

Jamaica Plain.

"At the Latter End."

As the World Wags:

A journal called the Irishman, edited by A. Newman, and published in Belfast, has discovered a new poet. Her name is Helen Lanyon, and from a collection of verse which we have been unable to obtain the Irishman takes the moving bit of work called:

"AT THE LATTHER END."

There I saw green loanin' at the meadow's edge,
Where the young folks come and wander two by two;
I hear them talking there, beyant the hedge,
The warm, dark evenin's through.

I mind the time I was a sleek, young lad,
I mind the place where I used to walk;
I mind the girls and the soft looks they had
An' all their coaxing talk.

In under the dim trees we used to lie,
An' many was the tender kiss I set
On lips that were half willin', an' half shy,
My memory bounds them yet.

But that's all past, an' I'll not see again,
The young girls come like birds intil my hand,
Nor feel my heart leap up wid joyful pain
When summer's on the land.

For at the latther end there's only grief,
There's nothin' only grief for me at a...
An' I'd done as Cary as a shrivelled leaf,
That trembles to its fall.

This is worth a wilderness of the average lyricism.

There is a charm in this poem which no distance can weaken nor time can chill. It has the true Irish sentiment touched in the "North of Ireland" dialect with all its quaint and picturesque charm; tender and sympathetic to the last degree. Rural life in ould Donegal is still unsmirched by the ravaging hand of commercialism; folk-lore exists in abundance, and here we have a mixture of the pure Celts, Scotch and Irish which we seldom hear in vain in the dialects of Munster which have felt the "could hand of the stranger."

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

Famous Death Beds.

As the World Wags:

The incident related in your column of this morning I have never heard in connection with Col. Ingersoll, who died rather suddenly, and thereby disappointed many earnest Christians. It is, however, related of Thomas Paine. I have heard him described as a great rascal, who in dying called upon God and Christ. How much truth there is in this I do not know, but it has served as a text to many, and as evidence to more, and, of course, does prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was a very sick man. P. EDWARDS.

Boston, Nov. 7.

Thomas Paine has been a grossly abused man. Because his nose was red, little boys in the streets of his village used to shout at him:

Tom Paine has come from far, from far,
His nose is like a blazing star

Of course, dreadful stories were told about the manner in which he died, as they were told about Voltaire's behavior on his deathbed. Ed.

For Gentle Maniacs.

The new Greek government in Salonica has begun to issue its own postage stamps. The first issue bears the likeness of Venizelos. The second shows a group of three: Venizelos, Admiral Coundouriotis and Gen. Dongilis.

"I Don't Think."

A reviewer in the Illustrated London News seems to be surprised at finding "I don't think" in one of O. Henry's stories written in 1894. As old as that? Why, it is more than half a century older, for Dickens has it in "Martin Chuzzlewit." It is Tom Pinch, who speaks: "You're a nice fellow, I don't think, as John used to say." There you have the phrase of the moment with the meaning of the moment, those many moments ago.—London Daily Chronicle.

Nov 11 1916

SCHEHERAZADE

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its fourth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Brahms's symphony in C minor and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade." The Suite had not been played at these concerts since the reign of Mr. Fiedler.

When the ballet "Scheherazade" was first performed in Paris by a Russian company the wife of the composer protested in no measured terms against the disarrangement of her husband's music. This ballet has been given in Boston several times, first by Miss Gertrude Hoffmann and last season and this season by the Ballet Russe. The ballet itself is a gorgeously sensual spectacle, even in the somewhat chastened form that is thought to please American taste, but the music and the scenario have nothing in common except that they are oriental.

Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote an argument for his score. The music is in illustration of Sinbad the Sailor, the storm at sea, the shipwreck, the tale of one of the three Kalandars, a tale of a prince and a princess. The argument is not wholly clear and probably this was the composer's intention. What prince and what princess? There are so many in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Who will be so rash as to name the one of the three Kalandars? In the last movement there is a festival at Bagdad, and lo, suddenly Sinbad's ship sails to its fate.

In the ballet all this music is wedded to the story that is the prelude to the wondrous tales: the story of the two rulers, their wanton wives, and the resolve of one of the Kings to kill a spouse every morning, until Scheherazade by her charm as a narrator softens his heart. What then becomes of the graphic sea-music; or that illustrative of Kalandar, prince and princess? It is not necessary to insist on the incongruity.

The performance of the Suite yesterday afternoon was strikingly sensuous and brilliant. The imagination of the conductor was in unison with that of the composer. Unless a conductor can feel in this music the spirit of "The Thousand Nights and a Night," unless he is himself a rhapsodist with admiration for the wild fancy, the humor now grotesque, now crude, now Rabelaisian, for the sensuousness that is at times sensuality; unless there is understanding, with appreciation of the imagination that peopled the air with slaves of King Solomon's ring, hideous Afreets and space-annihilating genii, his interpretation will be that of a man who complains of endless repetitions without contrapuntal development. The music is not for the academic.

Grant that "Scheherazade" reeks at times of benzoin and the pastils of the harem; that it suggests

Lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon

—grant all this, there remains the superb sea music with the rolling billows, the tossing, laboring vessel, the final crash and wild farewell. There is more than a constant display of fancy or imagination. The wonder is, as a matter of technic, how Rimsky-Korsakoff succeeds in casting his spell with an aloofness themes constantly varied. Nor is this due solely to the surprising, masterly and entrancing instrumentation. The performance yesterday was the first to reveal in fulness the strength, beauty and poetry of the composition.

Equally admirable, though necessarily in a different way, was the interpretation of the symphony. The impressive preparation for the Finale—music that announces something nobly sonorous to come—was shrewdly conceived. Here, as in the Suite, the art, the genius of the conductor was shown in the treatment of details as in that of climaxes and broad and sweeping pages.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The programs of the concerts next week will be as follows. Sibelius, Symphony No. 1; Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No. 2 (Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist); Debussy, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Chabrier, "Espana."

"I believe, papa, grandpapa, did not think so highly of Mr. Garrick as most people did."

"Why, my dear, your grandpapa was not one of those who liked to differ very openly with the world: but he had an opinion of his own, which he imparted only to a few particular friends. He really thought Mr. Garrick was a quack, a better sort of Barthelmy-fair actor."

Actors and Highwaymen.

As the World Wags:

The recollections of men who have danced upon nothing brings to my mind a story told by Tom Mead, who was here more than once with Henry Irving, on an evening when I met him in the suite which the late James Bogle occupied at the Oxford some 20 years ago. Mr. Mead said that while the Irving company was fulfilling an engagement in a Canadian city he was passing along the street one day when a mechanic who was carrying a ladder dropped it suddenly before him and exclaimed: "Why, bless me, this is Mr. Mead! Lord love you, sir, how often I have seen you play in Lunnun when you were a leading man that we apprentice boys all loved to see. I tell you your Claude Duval was great!" As Mr. Mead recalled this incident he smiled and remarked: "I wished he had remembered me in some other character."

I do not remember any play performed in Boston during my theatre-going days of which Claude Duval was the hero. The first reference to him on the stage that comes back to me was in the song that Jack Sheppard sang in the play of that name dramatized from Ainsworth's novel, but John Ashton says that all the romance of the highway died when Claude Duval was executed on Jan. 1, 1670, in the 27th year of his age, and that according to Smith's "Lives of Highwaymen" a great company of ladies, and those not of the meanest degree, visited him in prison, interceded for his pardon, and accompanied him to the gallows with swollen eyes and cheeks dripping with tears under their vizards. After he had hanged a convenient time, the narrative continues, he was cut down, and by persons well dressed carried into a mourning coach and so conveyed to the Tangier Tavern in St. Giles's, where he lay in state all that night, the room hung with black cloth, the hearse covered with escutcheons, eight wax tapers burning and as many tall gentlemen in long cloaks attending. He was buried with many flambeaus, and a numerous train of mourners, in the middle aisle of Covent Garden Church under a white marble stone bearing the Duval arms.

Tom Mead, who did not care to be eulogized for impersonating this rascal, was a modest gentleman. He was a prominent actor when Henry Irving was struggling into fame, handicapped by many natural disadvantages. He was something of a poet, and I had at one time a volume of his verse which has disappeared with the lapse of time. He always spoke of Irving in terms of the warmest praise as a man who never forgot his fellow-actors of early days after he had reached the highest rung on the ladder of dramatic fame. Mead did not get on well with Ellen Terry, and in some of her memories she refers to him with feminine causticity, but it always seemed to me that this charming leading lady was a little too exacting "and variable as the shade by the light, quivering aspen made."

James Bogle, the well known Boston amateur of whom I have written frequently in the Herald, was fond of inviting players to his home for a smoke talk, and among those whose acquaintance I made there was J. H. Stoddart. His reminiscences, which have appeared in book form, are full of interesting matter concerning the theatre, told after an unassuming fashion that is quite captivating. In many of the old men parts of the drama he has had few equals, and it is remembered that he refused the part that first made Richard Mansfield famous. In this he was wise, for the character was not at all suited to his method. Mansfield knew the life that he portrayed in the pantaloon baron of "The Parisian Romance." On the occasion of the same visit at Mr. Bogle's, I met William Davidge, a dogmatic Englishman, whose insistent expressed hatred of Ireland was rather depressing on a social evening. He had a harsh, domineering manner, and I could never understand how, with his personality he ever set himself up for a funny man. This recalls a little anecdote concerning him when he was for a time in the company at the Boston Theatre. It was suggested that the playhouse should have an additional actor for farcical characters, and the reply was: "Why, haven't we Mr. Davidge?" "Oh, I mean a funny low comedian," was the rejoinder. I do not vouch for the truth of this story, but it is suggestive. Mr. Stoddart, however, liked Mr. Davidge, and said he was a highly respectable and reputable head of a household.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

The Scholiast.

How delightful the opening of Thackeray's "Denis Duval": "To plague my wife, who does not understand pleasantries in the matter of pedigree, I once drew a fine family tree of my ancestors, with Claude Duval, captain and highwayman, sus. per coll. in the reign of Charles II, dangling from a top branch."

"Claude Duval," an historical drama by G. L. Aiken, written expressly for the New Bowery Theatre in New York, was produced there in 1862. George Boniface took the part of the hero. A comic opera "Claude Duval" was performed in this country in 1882. W. T. Carleton, J. H. Riley, Carrie Burton and Jenny Hughes were in the company.

There should be a cheap and unexpurgated edition of Captain Alexander Smith's "Lives of the Highwaymen," published in 1789 and described by the author as "The first impartial piece of this nature which ever appeared in English." Captain Charles Johnson stole unblushingly from Smith in making up his "General History of the Lives and Adventures of the Most Famous Highwaymen, Murderers, Street Robbers, etc."

Tom Mead died in 1889. Mr. Ryan is right in saying that Miss Terry was not kind to Mead in her volume of reminiscences. "I hope there is no harm in saying of him what can be said of many men who have done finely in the world—too fond of 'the wine when it is red'" is an instance. Yet elsewhere she praises him. "Mead, in spite of a terrible excellence in 'Meadisms'—he substituted the most excruciatingly funny words for Shakespeare's when his memory of the text failed—was a remarkable actor. His voice as the Ghost was beautiful, and his appearance splendid. With his deep-set eyes, hawk-like nose and clear brow he reminded me of the Ramesis head in the British Museum. * * * Mead distinguished himself in 'Iolanthe,'" (not Gilbert and Sullivan's) "by speaking of that 'immortal land where God hath His—His—er—room?—no—lodging?—no—where God hath his apartments!' The word he could not hit was, I think, 'dwelling.'"

RUSSIAN BALLET

The bill presented by the Ballet Russe at the Boston Opera House last evening gave great pleasure to an audience of good size. The ballet "Sadko," with its fantastical stage setting and delirious dancing is fortunate in this: Rimsky-Korsakoff's music suggests the scenery and the dance. The ballet was performed with even more spirit than it was on Thursday night.

"Les Sylphides" has been performed here by Miss Hoffmann's company, by Mme. Pavlowa and her dancers, and by the Ballet Russe. Sometimes it bears another name, but the music is always Chopin's and the evolutions are practically the same. The chief dancers last night were Mr. Nijinsky and Mmes. Spesiwtzewa, Sokolova and Wasilewska. The solo dancing pleased those that are still faithful to the purely academic school; but here, as in some of the other ballets, what may be called the dancing background was composed of young women whose technic is not well developed.

The other ballets were "Prince Igor" and "Scheherazade." In the former Mr. Svereff was the chief warrior and Miss Pflanz the first Polovisien woman. In the latter Miss Revalles, Mr. Bohm, Miss Wasilewska and Mr. Svereff took the leading parts.

The bill for tonight, the last of the engagement, will be "Till Eulenspiegel," "Les Sylphides," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor." Mr. Nijinsky will be seen as Till and the Rose.

Nov 12 1916

The Herald has from time to time commented on the attitude of the English towards music by German and Austrian composers now living. There have been times when protests against certain programs and performances were well founded. It was not tactful to perform Brahms's "German" Requiem in York Minster "as a service of comfort for the bereaved," or to perform "Tris-

tan and Isolde" at the London Opera House of July 14 in celebration of France's day, although neither Brahms nor Wagner has taken an active part in this war even by making inflammatory speeches or signing their names with learned professors to an address defending the German cause.

We can sympathize with those that cried out against the prospectus issued last month by the London Symphony Orchestra. The program of compositions originally stood: German, 19; English, 3; French, 1; Belgian, 1; Russian, 0. Nineteen to five. "Musicus" was moved to write a wrathful letter:

"The truculent letter of the secretary of the London Symphony Orchestra in your issue of Saturday is a very interesting illustration of the average musician's sense of fitness, sense of proportion and ignorance of what is going on around him.

"I can assure your correspondent that music lovers can, in such times as these, very well get on without the 'masterpieces of classical music,' which he characteristically assumes to be all German.

"I will go further and assure him that they contemplate the extinction of the London Symphony Orchestra itself quite calmly if its existence is only to be purchased by having Germany continually thrust upon us as the only land from whence comes musical salvation, to the almost total suppression of England and her allies as producers of music.

"The fact is that the London Symphony Orchestra (and in this it does not stand alone among kindred institutions) has so long been dominated and permeated by Hun influences that these habits of thought and, apparently, their manners, have crept into bones.

"I, for one, hope your critic will continue his battle for English music. We have lost far more valuable things than the London Symphony Orchestra during the war. The fact that Wagner programs draw large audiences, only means that the pro-Huns find in them an opportunity of manifesting their disloyal sentiments without any risk to their persons."

Nor was this his only letter. He wrote again to the Pall Mall Gazette: "Capt. Arthur Bliss asks a very pertinent question: 'Has the war affected musicians less (except financially) than other classes?' Writing as musician, I fear I must confess it has. Let me hasten to make all due exceptions.

"The minstrel boy, like other boys, to the war has gone. All honor to him. But this is as much a civilian's war as a soldier's. Not only armies, but nations, are embattled against each other. We are not only resisting the physical invasion of the Hun, but the invasion of his barbarous mentality.

"In that endeavor I fear the British musician will not only not help us, I fear he will prove a hindrance. The average musician's culture is limited to music, and since the ascendency of Wagner and of the Wagnerian school of conductors that music has been entirely German.

"To the musician nothing save music is of the slightest importance; that is why a German symphony, or what is described in program English as a 'Wagner excerpt,' seems to him of infinitely greater moment than the opinion of our allies. It is that ostrich-like attitude which prompted the performance Brahms's 'Ein deutsches Requiem' in York Minster as a service of comfort for the bereaved, and Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde' at the London Opera House on July 14 in celebration of France's day."

But when Mr. J. Landfear Lucas of Glendora, Hindhead, Surrey, writes asking if it is true that the hero of Wagner's "Lohengrin" appears carved on the archiepiscopal Minster of York, one can only smile at this chauvinism.

The management of the London Symphony orchestra yielded a little and made a few changes. The latest report is to the effect that the program now stands: German 14, English 4, French 2, Belgian 1, Russian 3.

On the other hand we find Dr. Richard Strauss thinking well of the new "hate crusade" which has for its obpect the banning of works by foreign composers. He says—we quote from the Daily Mail of London:

"I am quite decisively in favor of boycotting on principle the works of all living composers belonging to nations at war with us. That we are now banning the creations of those composers who have dared to throw mud at German Kultur is a matter of course. But the worthy works of those foreigners who have not been incited to take part in these unworthy demonstrations we may quite safely continue to use. We do not need to follow the bad example of enemy peoples. We are a mighty, unshatterable Kulture nation and we can afford to show the world that we are better than the others and recognize the best there is in art, no matter where it comes from. We should only boycott the inferior, even if it is of domestic production."

Perhaps Dr. Strauss misses the royalties which would come to him from Paris and London if his works were now performing there. Like Mr. Harry Lauder, he is a thrifty soul and loves the "saxpence." Alas, Prof. Nigisch goes farther than Dr. Strauss; he is reported as saying that he knows of no foreign compositions "worth boycotting." Even a celebrated conductor can be guilty of talking through his hat.

The following quotation from the Daily Telegraph of Oct. 21 shows the temper of the times: "Birmingham was treated last week to a performance—by students—of 'Haensel and Gretel.' We cannot congratulate the lady who organized that performance on her choice of an opera. Is she aware that its composer is one Engelbert Humperdinck, and that, despite much hospitality and kindness extended to him in this country, he was one of the precious Huns who were signatories not long ago to a preposterous, so-called influential 'Straf England' manifesto? The Birmingham Post critic expressed surprise that the touring opera companies should 'fight shy' of that opera. We are not aware that they 'fought shy' of it—before the Germans broke lose from civilization. And, if they 'fight shy' of it now, it is surely for the very sound and sufficient reason that the composer is an avowed enemy of our country and has as good as said that he would see us grovelling at the feet of his All-Highest. If that is not a good reason for banning the works of Herr Humperdinck in any part of the British realms—of which Birmingham happens to be a tiny corner—we may as well stop once and for all the agitation against modern German music in our midst. But there is little fear, happily, of that."

There are many concerts this week, as a glance at the list published elsewhere will show.

Mr. Donahue, the pianist, has played here before, Jan. 17 of this year, when he made a pleasant impression.

He comes from California, a pupil of Rudolph Ganz. Mr. Friskin, who will be heard here for the first time tomorrow evening, was born at Glasgow in 1886. He studied the piano and composition at the Royal College of Music, London, from 1900 to 1907. From 1907 to 1914 he was busied chiefly in London, but in 1914 he came to New York, where he joined by invitation the Institute of Musical Art in that city. He has composed two piano quintets, a piano trio, a sonata for violin and piano, a piano sonata and solo pieces for the piano. His pieces for 'cello were played in London ten years ago.

Miss Frances Nash is a pianist from Omaha. Her press agent informs the public that, "born of wealthy parents," she did not wish to live a frivolous life, so she has devoted herself to the piano. She gave a recital in New York this season.

Messrs. Goradetsky and Jonas are not unknown here. They will play a violin sonata that is not known to the public.

On Wednesday two violoncellists will play. They are both of established reputation. Miss Beatrice Harrison has already charmed Bostonians by her tone, taste and art; Mr. Malkin of the Boston Symphony orchestra has deservedly admirers in more than one country.

Two singers will be heard on Thursday—Rosalie Wirthlien, a contralto from New York, soloist at the Second Church Christ, Scientist, and Olive Russell. The two will sing here in public for the first time. Miss Russell comes from Providence, R. I., where she is a church singer.

Mr. Hayes, the tenor, who will give his annual recital next Friday, has an uncommonly good voice. His nature is musical; his taste excellent; and his voice is well controlled.

On Saturday, Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, a pianist of a fiery nature and a very fluent technic, will play in Jordan Hall. Mr. Henry M. Gideon will give the first of his afternoon talks in Steinert Hall. The program is unusually interesting, and he will be assisted by several singers.

"Why do I insist on being neutral over here?" said Mme. Bernhardt, as she sat in her private car, a few nights ago. "I will tell you.

"It is not out of consideration for the foes of France, but from respect for the opinions of this country.

"I am a patriot. I adore my native land. But what right have I to expect a neutral country to espouse my cause?

"I have been in the trenches. I have thrilled with passionate love for my own land—for my own people. And none the less I realize that I owe deference to all the naturalized descendants of even a race which is at war with France.

"Before I sailed I gave my solemn pledge that I would refrain from doing anything which might offend Americans, whether they were friends or foes of my motherland. Many very good Americans are of German origin.

"My love for France I hope will be expressed when I appear in 'Le Champ d'Honneur.' My respect for America and for Americans, no matter of what origin they may be, will be shown by my suppression of a marvellous and most eloquent passage in that play.

"The passage I refer to is this," said Mme. Bernhardt.

"And, in a voice which fairly quivered with emotion, she gave her interviewer one of the most memorable experiences of his life by reciting—as no other woman in the world could ever have recited it"—those lines in "Le Champ d'Honneur" which are known in Europe as "The Prayer for the Enemy."

"They have excited throngs in London and in Paris. Here they will be suppressed, as they were in Pittsburgh, though that trifling fact did not prevent one newspaper from dwelling on the amazing fire and fervor with which they were interpreted by the greatest of all tragediennes since Rachel when she appeared, two or three weeks ago at the Nixon Theatre."

This sonnet was written by Edmond Rostrand when Mme. Bernhardt was at the Bordeaux Hospital:

TO SARAH.

THOU who madest of genius one long test
Of heroism, how thou must have craved
The destiny of those who would have saved
The valley where they lie at glorious rest!
"Oh, let me have a wound like theirs!"
saidst thou.
"And let it tear and bring me close to
death."
Thy shoulders have two wings while thou
hast breath,
To thy one heel the world respondeth
now!
Remorse is not for thee, for thou hast
aimed
To make thyself like those our martyrs
maimed—
The while they bled, thou bleddest for
all thy race.
So set thy sail where blows the wind
most free!
The steel with which we sought a
Samothrace
Has marred the Muse and made a Victory!

Mr. Robin H. Legge in the London Daily Telegraph of Oct. 24 paid this tribute to Sir Joseph Beecham, who died on Oct. 23:

"It is perfectly true to say that not in centuries has the cause of music in England suffered so serious a loss as that occasioned by the death of Sir Joseph Beecham. He was in the very best sense of the word, a musical amateur. He was himself an excellent musician, and became to music the counterpart of that other famous Lancashire family, the Tates. In point of fact he was more, for great as was the value to the nation of the Tate artistic taste, there were galleries of pictures before the 'National Gallery of British Art' (to give the so-called Tate gallery its correct title), while the progress of music here before Sir Joseph Beecham, through his highly-gifted son, Sir Thomas, came upon the scene, was infinitesimal. Sir Joseph came forward with superb generosity at a period of stagnation, and enabled his son to achieve more in music for his generation than all the foreigners, as Halle, Manns, Carl Rosa, and so on, had achieved in the generation preceding.

"Long ere yet Sir Thomas Beecham had made his first bow to a London concert or opera audience, it was my privilege to discuss matters with father and son, one outcome of the conversation being printed in the Daily Telegraph; while another was the foundation of the Beecham concerts and the Beecham opera. What these spell to our knowledge of music here it is hardly necessary to state. What the Beecham opera spells is patent to all, for Sir Thomas and his father with him have raised in the course of a few short years—in more than two of which we have been at war!—opera in this country to a pitch hitherto unattained. No one of my generation can forget the seasons of Russian ballet or of Russian opera at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Never before Sir Joseph Beecham came on the scene had the attempt ever been made here to produce opera on the most exalted scale possible, and it was through his munificence that his son and his son's faithful coadjutor, formerly Sir Joseph's secretary, Mr. Donald Baylis, were enabled to show to a thirsting public possibilities before undreamt of in operatic management.

"But although prodigious deeds were accomplished through Sir Joseph Beecham's auspices in Russian opera, similar successes were achieved in the cause of opera in our own tongue. For years every musical scribe had been engaged at one time or another in arguing the pros and cons of a national opera. The discussion was all of bricks and mortar. The Beechams came forward—again father and son, since the father owned the Aldwych Theatre—and instead of wasting time over bricks and mortar, dealt in flesh and blood. collected a number of singers, a magnificent orchestra, trained several young conductors to be quite first-rate at their work, and laid a more solid foundation of a national opera than all the bricks and all the mortar (or all the talk) could have laid. The company was created. The war made its claims. which claims were fulfilled. But immediately the gaps were filled up, and the opera proceeded. Further, a far more difficult task was accomplished—the Beechams created their own operatic audience. And there in the auditorium of the Aldwych Theatre and on its stage nightly you may see the true foundation of our national opera.

"To have created all this is to have created a monument far more enduring and infinitely more worthy than anything in mere bricks and mortar. Sir Joseph Beecham was a greater incentive to progress in music in this country than has existed since the palmiest days of the private patron. His lass is immeasurable. A genial, charming, extremely modest man, he may be summed up precisely in one phrase he used in a conversation with me at the close of his first Russian opera season: 'My income is so and so; my family can live on so much. On what can I spend the remainder better or more profitably than in giving the same pleasure to thousands that I myself derive from this glorious music?' His reward was the pleasure others took in what he himself loved. He was unique in the English world of music."

Shakespeare still reigns at the "Old Vic." We quote from the Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 24:

"There is no pleasanter playhouse in London than the 'Old Vic.' Here—and it is the only theatre in town which is paying homage to the classics—you may witness the masterpieces of Shakespeare, and witness them at cinema prices.

"Threepence will secure you an excellent seat in which, if you follow the prevailing fashion, you sip your coffee from a saucer, munch your bun, smoke your gasper and watch the strutting and fretting of the players, with one arm round your best girl's waist. You experience, in fact, the sensation of becoming a complete groundling, while you make the pleasant discovery that Shakespeare's dramas are really quite as entertaining as Hepworth's, even though they are written in poetry.

"Last night, the 'Old Vic.' repertoire company revived 'Julius Caesar,' and it was warmly received by an audience which was composed not only of casual sensation seekers who had dropped in to 'see ole Julius do a bleed,' but of students, too. For there are serious students of the Bard among the threepenny public, and in the intervals they foregather round the coffee urn (filled from a bucket) and discuss nice points.

"The verdict last night was almost entirely favorable, one gentleman with a silk scarf knotted round his throat declaring that, though he had seen seven Mary Antonys in his time, Mr. Norman V. Norman 'fair topped the blooming lot.'

"Certainly no one who visits the 'Old Vic.' could contend that Shakespeare is above the heads of 'the people.' The subtleties are, for the most part, well appreciated, and a young lady behind whom we had the pleasure of sitting manifested her intelligent grasp of the situation by ejaculating, 'Yes, I don't think,' every time Mark Antony referred to 'honorable men.' Brutus, she declared, was a 'nice feller, but weaklike,' and she detested Cassius so heartily ('gives me the pip') that only with the greatest reluctance would she agree that he took his part well.

"Bohemia—the Bohemia of the West end—will one day discover the 'Old Vic.' and make a cult of it. But for the present it remains entirely plebeian, entirely unspoiled and entirely delightful."

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Stage

The Stage says of "Sonnie," by A. Patrick Wilson, produced at Glasgow Oct. 2: "The story is rather a delicate one to handle, and it cannot be said that he is altogether successful. It concerns a girl who has two lovers. One, Bill Scott, goes abroad, because he thinks the girl does not care for him; and the other dies before he marries the girl. The girl has a child to her dead lover, but passes it off as the child of Bill Scott. Scott comes home and is told the truth; but in order to protect the girl's name he accepts the parentage of the child, and becomes the girl's husband."

Charles Hawtrey appeared at the Coliseum, London, Oct. 16 in "Elegant Edward," by G. E. Jennings and C. Boulton. The little comedy was produced some time ago as a curtain raiser. Edward steals a necklace while pretending to the lady of the house that he is an aristocratic guest stunned by an armed burglar. The Daily Chronicle remarked: "Mr. Hawtrey is so elegant a flaneur and so exquisite a fibber that his talents are wasted on mere mediocre virtues, or so the playwrights seem to think."

"Lucky Jim," a new play by Vera Berringer, was produced at the St. James, London, on Oct. 19. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "One doubts if 'Lucky Jim' is quite the sort of thing to appeal to a St. James's public, even with 'smoking permitted.' It is a farce in which there is no guile, and, one must confess, not very much point. Indeed, it is the frankest game of 'Hunt the thimble' that we have had lately, among many. * * * The whole thing suggests very strongly the film method of having a whole crowd of people rushing about hither and thither after no-matter-what."

Edward Knoblock's new play, a war-comedy, "Home on Leave," produced at the Royalty, London, Oct. 18, is "a curious mixture of some very bright war talk and an admirable little cluster of war characters, with a sordid story of temperamental wife, detrimental husband and 'professional lady killer.' The phrase that springs to one's lips about it is, 'Why drag in the Divorce Court?' Like the lady in the Pinero play, we 'hate the horrid hole.' Where it is absolutely necessary in a sex-and-society problem-drama—well, it has got to be! We had plenty of it, in all conscience, before the war. But the war has brought other things into our minds and hearts than messy matrimonial intrigues. There are several million men fighting bravely for their country. Only a few score, probably, will ever make the acquaintance of Sir Samuel Evans. Why choose this for the most part weedy squad—who happen to have been always with us—for a monopoly of stage honors? There was surely a chance for something new in these days!"

"Samson and Delilah" was performed in English at the opening of Sir Thomas Beecham's season in London Oct. 14. The Times made some remarks about the opera that are worth reprinting:

Since [illegible] when a stage production first [illegible] here, Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" has been a great favorite. One reason for this is that it takes for its plot a story that Englishmen, who are not as a rule great literators [illegible] know, and so the initial treat of "what is it all about?" is got [illegible] without a struggle. But it does not at a price. The story is a good deal fatigued.

The salient facts about Samson are that he was a man of a bluff humor, and that he judged Israel 20 years, whereas there is nothing bluff or humorous about a man who has twinges of conscience before committing a commonplace folly, and the opera, which for its own purposes intermixes the choruses of Hebrews, fails to connect them organically with their 'judge,' so that we get no inkling of his nobility in the deed which follows its very last word. The title is, however, 'Samson and Delilah,' and we are led, therefore, to ask ourselves what there is in her that Samson should love her, or that she should be worth dying for. We do not expect to understand in real life why a particular man loves, or thinks he loves a particular woman; but a play loses cohesion if the woman's character is not drawn at all.

"It was this absence of anything much to act, in the principal parts, that led to a certain 'stickiness' on the one hand, and exaggeration on the other, on Saturday. Delilah did not really love Samson, he followed her—she did not lead him—to be embraced on the appointed tiger skin. Neither did she hate him; she only pushed him down with her hand once and threw a cup at him another time. Nor did Samson really score Delilah, though he sent her across the stage with the traditional teetotum swing once or twice.

"But another reason for the opera's popularity is its all-roundness. The chorus, the songs and the dancing have all of them good and proper reason for being there, and it is seldom that this can be said of all three."

Women took the place of men in the London music hall orchestras controlled by Oswald Stoll. The men struck. Mr. Stoll said he had no trouble in obtaining competent women and he should pay them the wages the men had been receiving.

Mark Hambourg, pianist, is at his old tricks in London. A critic informs us that at a recent recital he whipped the treble and flogged the bass.

The critic of the London Times has said something new about the overture to "Egmont": "The overture was kept free of the passion which is sometimes put into it, and which people would not try to put there if they thought a little who Egmont was. The coda is apt to suffer even more in this respect; it often sounds like the merry tune that the band plays after a funeral, instead of the heavens opening to receive a stout, unflinching spirit. One of the most wonderful things in Beethoven is his use of trumpets and horns—those hollow gasps in unexpected places, and long wails cutting through foreign harmonies and holding them together, and those horn passages which never grow old, but which no one will ever write again."

The Daily Telegraph protested last month against two performances of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in a week. "The C-minor may be said to have had a very good innings in the last year or so—even if it had been a rarity in our concert halls before, which is far from being the case. Of course it is a fine work, and nobody is denying of it.' But—there are others. * * * Talking of Beethoven, one of our critical fraternity, greatly daring in his comments upon the performance of the violin concerto at last Saturday's Symphony concert, remarked 'Terrible to admit, the work begins to grow a little tiresome.' Can it really be that for 110 years the musical world has blundered in its appraisement of that work as a masterpiece for all time? At any rate, the critic who now finds it 'a little tiresome' may claim to have the courage of his opinions, even though that 'terrible to admit' may sound a trifle apologetic. But it would be quite easy to draw up a list of standard classics which, at the risk of being called heretical, we should hesitatingly class among the things that have begun to grow a little tiresome.'"

Mispronunciation of foreign languages sometimes yields entertaining results. A few nights ago the writer heard that startling novelty, "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," sung in English. But when the singer came to the last line she decided to drop into what she conceived to be the French pronunciation of Samson. What we really heard, however, was the (more or less) passionate declaration "Saint-Saens I love you"—which might easily have embarrased the veteran composer had he been present.—London Daily Telegraph.

At Birmingham (Eng.) three new plays were announced for the first time on any stage: John Masefield's historical comedy "The Sweeps of '98," written a few years ago and dealing with an incident in the Irish rebellion; "The God of Quiet," a lyrical drama by John Drinkwater, and "The Inca of Perusalem," a new comedy in which Miss Gertrude Kingston was to appear.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. Mr. Pade, week's piano recital. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Lester Donahue's piano recital. Bach d'Albert, Passacaglia; Brahms, Ballade, D minor, Ballade D major, Scherzo, [illegible]; Tarantelle, MacDowell, Sonata Tragica; Carpenter, Little Negro, Little Lover Dismissed, Modern Dolls, Wedding March.

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Jaime Fleskin's piano recital. First appearance in Boston. Bach, Italian Concerto; Liszt, Sonata in A minor; Brahms, Ballade, G minor, op. 118, No. 3, Intermezzo in B flat minor, op. 117, No. 2, Intermezzo in C sharp minor, op. 76, No. 8, Intermezzo in E flat major, op. 118, No. 6, Intermezzo in C major, op. 119, No. 3, Intermezzo in B flat major, op. 76, No. 4; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat major, op. [illegible].

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Frances Nash. First appearance in Boston. Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Chopin, Impromptu, No. 3, op. 51, Nocturne, No. 2, op. 62, Ballade, No. 3, op. 47; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, No. 6, op. 23; Cyril Scott, Lento, op. 35; Sapelnikoff, Danse des Elves; Dvorak, On the Holy Mount; Saint Saens, Etude in form of a Waltz; Liszt, Etude, D flat major, Polonaise, No. 2.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Leon Gorodetzky, violinist, and Clinton Jonas, pianist. Nicolaieff, Sonata, G minor, op. 11 (first time here); Franck, Sonata in A major; Grieg, Sonata in C minor.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Arcello Giorgi's piano recital. Bach, Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, for the clavichord; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 32, No. 2, Ballade, F major, Scherzo, C sharp minor; MacDowell, Prelude, E minor, from Suite, op. 10; Sgambati, Toccata, op. 18, No. 4, Music Box (posthumous); Giorni, Fughetta giocosa in F flat (first performances); Schubert Tausig, Marche Militaire.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Miss Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist, and Clarence Adler, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata, A major, op. 69; Bach, Prelude, Three Chorales, Finale; Handel, Sarabande; Haydn-Piatti, Minuetto; Caccini, Amarilli; Quilter, To Daisies; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Oriental Love Song; Schumann, Zum Schluss; MacDowell, Song; Rachmaninoff, Sonata, op. 19.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Recital by Joseph Malkin, 'cellist, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Eccles-Salmon, Sonata; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2; Saint Saens, Variations on a rococo Theme; Bruch, Kol Nidrei; Malkin, Romance Sans Paroles, Fitelson, Manfred Malkin of New York, pianist.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Rosalie Wirthlein of New York.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Olive Russell, soprano (her first appearance here). Sibella, O Bocca Dolorosa; Leoncavallo, Lasciati Amar; Liszt, Du bist wie eine Blume; Wagner, Dich theure Halle, from "Tannhaeuser"; Class, To You Dear Heart; Zucca, Morning; Heinrich, Autumn Eve; Osborne, It Was a Lover and His Lass; Meyerbeer, Vaga Donna, from "The Huguenots"; Old French, C'est mon ami; Debussy, Romance, Mandoline; Crist, Butterflies, To Colombine, April Rain; Hartman, Baby Tears; Cadman, Call Me No More; Chadwick, Sweetheart Thy Lips; Daniels, Daybreak; Kramer, I Shall Awake.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Roland W. Hayes, tenor, assisted by Wesley Howard, violinist, and William S. Lawrence, pianist. Songs: Demore, Afterward; Glenn, Twilight; Fay Foster, The Little Ghosts; Winter; Puccini, Rodolfo's Narrative, from "La Boheme"; Burleigh, Three Shadows; Tosti, Parted (with violin); Massenet, Ah, fuyez douce Image, from "Manon"; R. A. Spalding, Liebestraum; Liszt, Du bist wie eine Blume (with violin); Swing Low and Deep River, arranged by Burleigh. Violin pieces, Pugnani-Kreisler, Praeludium and Allegro; De Beriot, Andante from Concerto No. 4. Tickets can be had of Mr. Hayes, 3 Warwick street, Roxbury; Mr. J. Sherman Jones, 332 Washington street, Boston, or Mr. W. H. Smith, 5 Warwick street, suite 3, telephone Roxbury 5133-M.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Germaine Schnitzer. Mendelssohn, Praeludium and Fugue in E minor, op. 35, Fantasie, op. 20; Chopin, Scherzo, No. 1, op. 20, Berceuse, op. 57, Etude, op. 25, No. 4; Schubert-Liszt, Hark, Hark, the Lark, The Erlking; Schumann, Des Abends; Liszt, Reminiscences of "Don Giovanni."

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Henry Gideon's Festival of Folk Song. Yiddish, Neapolitan, Porto Rican, Canadian and old English songs. The Porto Rican will be accompanied by players of the four-stringed cuatro and six-stringed bordonua. Joseph Gomeau t, Anthony Guarino, Augusta Cooper, Byron Reed, Miriam Caro, Samuel Gerson, Samuel Shribman, Constance Ramsay Gideon will take part.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth Symphony concert (B), Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

TREE APPEARS AS RICHARD II.;

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree ended his engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre last evening. Owing to many requests received by the distinguished actor to appear in another Shakespearian character, he presented the abdication scene from "Richard II." after the performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

King Richard.....Herbert Tree
Bolingbroke.....Lyn Harding
Duke of York.....St. Clair Bayfield
Duke of Aumerle.....Edward Forbes
Earl of Northumberland.....George Hayes
Earl Fitzwater.....Craig Ward
Bagot.....Gerald Hamer
Bishop of Carlisle.....Henry Herbert

After appearing as the astute Wolsey and the jovial Falstaff, it was in fitting contrast that Sir Herbert should be seen in kingly garb. A striking figure in ermine and cloth of gold, he played the scene with royal dignity and pathos. Mr. Harding was an excellent and appropriately harsh Bolingbroke. The scene in Westminster Hall was handsomely staged with the beauty and fidelity to detail for which Sir Herbert is famous as a producer.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM GIVES PLEASING PROGRAM

Celebrated Diseuse Appears In Jordan Hall.

Miss Kitty Cheatham, the celebrated diseuse, appeared at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program included songs of England, France, Belgium, Russia, Germany and America, besides recitations of poems by Sullivan and Dunbar.

Miss Cheatham's methods in presentation are familiar, and she displayed her customary vivacity and imagination. Mrs. Flora MacDonald Wills played sympathetic accompaniments.

Nov. 3 1916

Mr. George H. Wilkins, a member of the Stefansson Arctic expedition, arrived in England about Oct. 20, after more than three years spent in the Arctic. He described his experiences to a representative of Reuter's. We were especially interested in Mr. Wilkins's account of the so-called Blond Eskimo discovered by Mr. Stefansson on a previous expedition.

"Visiting a camp where he had made friends with an Eskimo a few months before and not finding him, Mr. Wilkins inquired after his health. He was told that the man was dead, and the manner of his death was this. One day the deceased came across a member of the tribe fashioning a knife out of the copper which is found in this region. He chaffed him on his want of skill. 'You don't know the first thing about making a knife,' he said, in effect. The artificer said nothing until he had finished his work, when, remarking, 'I think it is a pretty good knife,' he plunged it into the breast of his critic. The Eskimo have a keen sense of humor, and this incident was much appreciated."

A Lack of Reverence.

As the World Wags:

Before the election the greater number of the Republican newspapers always alluded to their candidate as "Charles Evans Hughes." Since Wednesday they speak of him as "Mr. Hughes." Why is this? GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly, Nov. 11.

Another Hughes.

This reminds us that in Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown's Schooldays" the phrase, "I don't think," is used with its modern significance. A fag tells Tom Brown and East to go and fag in the fives court. East lays hands on the youth, who begins to swear. Then East says: "Pretty little dear, hark how he swear, Tom; nicely brought up young man, ain't he? I don't think."

Chanties.

As the World Wags:

Jack Harper kept an English alehouse in Hartford, Ct., late in the sixties. He was noted for his beef a la mode, Westphalia ham, and Bass, Burton and Guinness drawn from the wood. One evening in the summer of '69 a group of English sailors were singing chanties. One of the songs was "Blow Ye Winds," the chorus of which you printed. This antedates Mr. Witherspoon's version. All the verses were vigorous and rather unsuitable to timid ears. Another song ran:

I'm bound away this very day;
I'm bound for the Rio Grande.
Ho, you Rio!
Then fare you well, my bonny blue bell,
I'm bound for the Rio Grande.

Boston. J. D. K.

"To Rio Grande we're bound away" was, and perhaps is, a favorite chanty of sailors leaving Liverpool. The tune was mournful. The song, which has many verses began in this manner.

Solo. Were you ever in Rio Grande?
Chorus. Away you Rio.
Solo. O were you ever in Rio Grande?
Chorus. I am bound to the Rio Grande.
Away you Rio, away you Rio.
Fare you well, my pretty young girl,
I am bound to the Rio Grande.

Then follows the familiar song about the pretty maid whose face was her fortune. No doubt there were many variants and many verses were improvised. "Valparaiso," "Round the Horn" and "Santa Anna" are in the same vein. Has "J. D. K.," or Mr. Witherspoon, heard "Slapendergosheka"?

Have you got, lady, a daughter so fair?
Slapandergosheka,
That is fit for a sailor that has crossed the line?
Slapandergosheka.

Music and Hair.

As the World Wags:

Yesterday afternoon at the Russian Ballet as I awaited the end of a wait, the lights of the Opera House were extinguished and the orchestra played the exciting baprice on Spanish Airs by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Upon me the effect of this composition was magically poignant owing to the fact that the house was in darkness. Why cannot all concerts be given in darkened halls? One attends Symphony Concerts. Although the ears are charmed, how can one be quite transported when the eyes are left to contemplate rows upon rows of utilitarian chairbacks, each surmounted by a small round mass of hair? Hair in itself is very ugly, and to me there is no sight more hideous than the collective coiffure of a large audience.

RUTH HUTCHINS

Melrose, Nov. 9.

"Hair in itself is very ugly"? What did the apostle Paul say? "But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her." What did Apuleius say in his account of how he fell in love with Fotis? "Sometimes the beauty of the hair resembleth the color of gold and honey, sometimes the blue plumes and azured feathers about the necks of doves, especially when it is either anointed with the gum of Arabia, or trimly tuft out with the teeth of a fine comb, which if it be tied up in the pole of the neck, it seemeth to the lover that beholdeth the same, as a glass that yeldeth forth a more pleasant and gracious comliness than if it should be sparsed abroad on the shoulders of the woman, or hang down scattering behind. Finally there is such a dignity in the hair that whatsoever she be, though she be never so bravely attired with gold, silks, precious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her hair be not curiously set forth she cannot seem fair." Did not the golden hair on which the witch climbed entrance the prince? Did not Melisande let down her hair for Pelleas, M. Maeterlinck, and Achille Claude Debussy? Nor need the hair be necessarily so long as Miss Mary Garden's wig.

Nor greatly long my lady's hair,
Nor yet with yellow color fair,
But thick and crisped wonderfully:
Beata mea Domina.

Poets, novelists, artists, dreamers and the ancient North American Indians with their tomahawks and scalping knives are all against our correspondent.

As for music heard in comparative darkness, that is another matter. The effect is no doubt enhanced, yet there is a certain pleasure in seeing the fiddlers all in a row, the tooters of wind instruments, the uplifted threatening arms of the kettle drum man, and the aristocratic back of Dr. Muck.—Ed.

PADEREWSKI

Mr. Paderewski played at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata in F minor, "Appassionata," op. 57; Schumann, Fantasia in C major, op. 17; Chopin, Ballade in G minor, Two Nocturnes, op. 15, F major, F sharp major, Three Etudes, op. 10, Nos. 12, 7 and 3, Valse in A flat, op. 34.

A very large audience that crowded the hall in every part was fascinated by the performance of the celebrated pianist. Each year his playing is cast in a larger mould. His wealth of tonal color is unlimited.

Yesterday he did many and glorious deeds. He was now severe and noble now capricious, now dreamy or sensuous or passionate according to the mood of the composer. Technically his playing glowed with color and life. The pianist was sonorously eloquent, gorgeously rhetorical.

Into Bach's Fantasie and Fugue, into Beethoven's sonata Mr. Paderewski breathed the spirit of his own musical personality. His playing of Schumann's Fantasia was superbly romantic. The fiery Florestan, the gentle Eusebius were poetically revealed in the atmosphere peculiar to Schumann. For years the pianist has been famous as an interpreter of Chopin's music and the pieces on the program were happily chosen.

There were the usual scenes of enthusiasm and Mr. Paderewski was generous with encores.

Nov 14 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

In the supplement to the "Dictionnaire Raisonne de Bibliologie," by Gabriel Peignot of Dijon, is this passage: "It is said that the death of Alexander Guidi, an Italian poet, was hastened through mortification at seeing some trifling typographical errors in his fine edition of 'Homelies of Clement XI.,' his benefactor, which he had paraphrased in verse and published in 1712. Fortunately in our day all authors are not so sensitive as Guidi."

Two Birthdays.

As the World Wags:

This week brings the birthdays of two Bostonians, neither of whom needs an introduction to Boston people—Mrs. Orlando Tompkins and Henry Clay Barnabee. Mrs. Tompkins is 92 years old, having been born here Nov. 13, 1824. She was 9 years old on the day that Edwin Booth was born, he having passed away 23 years ago. She and her husband were close friends of the great actor, who was visiting at their home when he heard the news of the terrible crime of his brother, John Wilkes Booth. Her husband's drugstore at the corner of Winter and Washington streets is well remembered by all Bostonians of middle age, while the record

of her two sons, Arthur G. and Eugene, is one to make any mother's heart proud. Arthur died in 1892, leaving a handsome fortune, by far the greater part of which is to go to the Art Museum of this city, and Eugene left more than $1,000,000, which will eventually come into the possession of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Mrs. Tompkins makes her home at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. Barnabee celebrates his 83d anniversary at his residence in Jamaica Plain on Tuesday, Nov. 14, he having been one day younger than the tragedian. The following verses were written in recognition of the occasion:

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE.

1833—Nov. 14—1916.

When Eighty-Three looks back to '83,
He hears again the plaudits of the throng,
Who, gathered far or near, from sea to sea,
Extol alike his comedy and song.
Assembled thousands, glowing with delight,
He sees anew across the footlights' blaze,
And all comes back, as clear as yesternight,
The pleasure born of well-considered praise.

In '83 but fifty years were his,
And yet his name was known to all the land,
Wherever love of tune and laughter is,
And men appreciate and understand.
Old operas and new each season saw;
Old parts and new were his to sing and play,
For them, the potency to please and draw;
For him, ability to move and sway.

What hosts of friends were his in '83:
What tollsome days and triumph-bringing nights;
What shouts aroused of merriment and glee,
With genial comrades sharing all delights.
Fate can not take away that golden time,
Though limbs be slower, yet the mind is free,
And memory is ever at its prime,
When Eighty-Three looks back to '83.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

"Mose Skinner."

As the World Wags:

In answer to an inquiry in your column as to the authorship of a pamphlet called "Mose Skinner's Wedding Journey." It was written by Joseph Brown of Beverly more than 40 years ago. He was well known as a writer of humorous pamphlets and plays. His son, Porter Emerson Brown of New York, is a successful writer of plays and short stories. F. W. W.

Brighton, Nov. 11.

Thirst, Ropes and Lines.

As the World Wags:

I wish my mother could see me now with a fence post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I found on a Boer farm,
Atop of a sore backed Argentine with a thirst you couldn't buy.

Tell Mr. Kipling we do not have to go to South Africa to get a priceless thirst. Go down to T wharf when the sun is shining and inhale the odor of fish and salt water. Then comes the thirst. Across the street I went, ordered a musty, and, while I drank, listened to two old salts talking shop. One asked: "How many ropes on a ship?" The other replied: "Seven." "Wrong," replied the first; "there is only one rope on a ship, the rope's end. What you call ropes are lines."

Perhaps Dr. Crockett could tell us which was right. J. D. K.

South Boston.

"Up the Spout."

As the World Wags:

May I question your construction of "Up the Spout," in Henley's "Straight Tip to All Cross Coves"? "Up the spout" is London argot for pawning things. Every pawnbroker has or had, in his establishment of first aid a sort of dumb waiter. Whenever an article is taken in pawn it is sent to the storage rooms upstairs. The "spout," I believe, is argot for the dumb waiter. Fences, of course, frequently ply the pawnbroker's art as an avocation.

New York. LOUIS SHERWIN.

We said that "Up the Spout and Charley Wag" were "expressions of dispersal." In other words, the wipes (handkerchiefs) and tickers (watches) and what not were dispersed.

"Spout" in English slang, as Mr. Sherwin says, is the pawnbroker's shoot or lift from shop to store-room. The noun also means a pawnbroker's. "Up the spout" also means imprisoned, or in the hospital; but in Henley's line the meaning is unmistakable. Some of the goods were dispersed by putting them in pawn. There are other English terms for the verb to spout: to blue, to bullock's horn, to lay up in lavender, to lug, to lumber, to moskeneer, to put away, to send to uncle's, to soak, to sweat, to vamp, to warehouse.

"Charley Wag" is first of all school slang meaning to play truant or hooky; the secondary meaning is to disappear.

"Moskeneer" is a mouth-filling sonorous word which should lend dignity to the operation of "spouting." Alas, it means to pawn for more than the pledge is worth. A good many years ago the Daily Telegraph of London gave this pompous and verbose definition of a "mosker": "one who makes a living by taking advantage of the business incapacity of persons engaged in the pawnbroking trade, and by suhtle wiles and subterfuge imposes on their credulity and weak good nature."

Proper Names.

Mr. J. P. McTish asked in this column with the Mr. Sawyer was towards whom, or towards whose farm, shop or house, a thing leaned when it was out of plumb. Here are other questions:

Why was a waistcoat in New York thieves' slang of 50 years ago called a "Charley Prescott"?

"I'll make him fly up with Jackson's hens"—i. e., undo him. Who was this Jackson?

In Leicestershire, England, a man declaring that he was in the habit of minding his own business would say: "What have I to do with Bradshaw's windmill?"

Hanging and Burning.

As the World Wags:

In the Congregational Quarterly, vol. II., No. 5, is this quotation from "Memoir of Dr. Codman by the Rev. William Allen, D. D., Boston, 1853:

"The circumstances attending the death of Capt. Codman seem worthy of record here. He had three slaves, Mark, Phillis and Phoebe, who poisoned him with arsenic. The two former were convicted and executed. The place of Mark's execution was on the northerly side of the Cambridge road, and the gibbet remained until a short time before the revolution. Phillis was burned at the stake about 10 yards from the gallows. It has been said that this is the only instance in the history of the country of that method of punishment under authority of the law."

Is this how the story of "burning witches" in Massachusetts started?

G 51.

MME. BERNHARDT

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her company: "The Death of Cleopatra," by Maurice Bernhardt and Henry Cain; "L'Holocauste," by Mme. Bernhardt; "Peace at Home," by Georges Courteline, and "From the Theatre to the Field of Honor" by a French officer at the Front.

There was a large and sympathetic audience. They that went to the theatre simply from curiosity were soon under the spell of the actress. They that went from loyalty, yet fearing lest they might be grievously disappointed in spite of the reports of her performances in London since the operation, again wondered at her art.

As a play, "The Death of Cleopatra" is merely a sketch. One Shakespeare with the assistance of Plutarch as translated by Sir Thomas North gave a more effective ending to the Queen's ambition and consuming passion. But there was opportunity for Mme. Bernhardt to express indignation, contempt, pride, heroic resolution. Face and voice worked again the marvels of old. Especially striking was the short interview with Octave. The death scene itself was noteworthy by reason of its simplicity.

"L'Holocauste" is a little play, but one of Elizabethan horror. A duchess tells her mother that she had forgotten her duty to the duke; had loved his nephew until he died. The child in the house is by this nephew. The mother, a woman of the old stock, says: "If you had the courage to commit the crime, you should have courage to confess to the duke." The confession is made. There is a stormy scene. At last he exclaims that he knew her secret the week before. If she had confessed he would have reared the child as his. But that day he gave it the last dose of poison.

"Peace at Home," played by Mr. Angelo and Miss Baujanet, is a little comedy of domestic squabbles, with an agreeably cynical husband and a wife demanding money, written in Courteline's amusing vein.

"From the Theatre to the Field of Honor" is well contrived as an appeal to patriotism. A Canadian, fighting for France, is mortally wounded. Delirious, he fears that the flag is lost. An English officer comes to him. The Canadian tells the story of the fight and recites Victor Hugo's "Patrie." A doctor and women of the Red Cross arrive, but it is too late. Coming to himself, the Canadian remembers that he hid the flag in the stump of a tree behind him. With his last gasp he waves the flag, crying, "Vive la France!" The English officer covers his body with the flag as the curtain falls.

The three plays, or sketches, in which Mme. Bernhardt appears, are so invented that she is almost constantly seated or in a reclining attitude. With the exception of physical activity, the vitality of the actress is still remarkable. The voice is Bernhardt's, an organ with many stops, from flute to trumpet. It expresses the haughtiness of Cleopatra, her contempt for those that counsel the wiser course, her quiet defiance of the Roman conqueror, her thoughtfulness for the weeping women about her, her passion for Mark Antony, her calmness when the poison works.

In "L'Holocauste," a play that might be written for the Grand Guignol by a belated romanticist of the Thirties, we saw and heard again the guilty and agonizing heroine of the Sardou period.

It was, however, in the war play that her genius shone with the brightest light, and not alone by reason of her impassioned delivery of Hugo's poem, which invoked a storm of applause. In the quieter and pathetic moments the consummate art was revealed by face and gesture that were as eloquent as the spoken word. And here there was nothing theatrical, nothing extravagant. There was the quiet authority that stills and moves an audience.

When she was seen as the Queen of Egypt the audience rose to bid her welcome. And at the final fall of the curtain there was a still more enthusiastic tribute from an audience loath to go.

Mme. Bernhardt was capably supported by Mr. Angelo, who showed his versatility by playing the light comedy part in Courteline's piece. His Duke was effective in the good old melodramatic fashion. Mr. Gervais was bluff and sympathetic as the English officer. Before each one of the pieces in which Mme. Bernhardt appeared Miss Margaret Mower gave a short argument of the respective contents in a delightfully clear and lucid manner.

The plays this evening will be "Ashes of Opium," "La Chance du Mari," the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice," in which Mme. Bernhardt will take the part of Shylock; and "Le Vitrail."

Arnold Daly will appear at the Hollis Street Theatre in a new play "The Master" by the author of "The Concert." He will have a strong company. Seats for the engagement, which will open next Monday evening, will go on sale at the box office of the Hollis Street Theatre at 8 o'clock this morning.

LESTER DONAHUE GIVES RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

Pianist Gives Much Pleasure to Attentive Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

Lester Donahue gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach-d'Albert, Passacaglia; Brahms, Ballade, D minor, Ballade, D major; Schumann, Toccata; Chopin, Berceuse, Tarantelle; MacDowell, Sonata Tragica; Carpenter, Little Nigger, Little Indian; Mendelssohn-Liszt, Wedding March.

Mr. Donahue played here last season and made a favorable impression, although his program was not on the whole an interesting one. Yesterday he followed the example of too many and played a transcription of a composition by Bach for organ instead of charming music written by Bach for the piano of his day. Now this Passacaglia is noble music, with passages of haunting beauty, when it is performed on the organ. It shows undeniably the influence of the great Buxtehude, who is still not sufficiently appreciated by organists. It is also true that some believe that it was composed for a sort of pedal-piano, but this belief is unfounded. The cantus firmus on which the lofty and imposing structure is built was not of Bach's invention. It was no doubt a wandering melody; it is found, for example, in a piece for the organ by Andre Raison written before Bach's sojourn at Weimar. D'Albert's transcription is ingenious, but pound as any pianist may—and Mr. Donahue often pounded the keys—not even the largest concert grand piano can reproduce the majestic sonority of the organ. The gentler variations were played most musically by Mr. Donahue, and his treatment of the contrapuntal sections was clear and convincing.

It may be said of Mr. Donahue's performance as a whole that he frequently in fortissimo passages abused his strength and forced tone; for example, in the Ballade in D minor of Brahms. The grisly old ballad that inspired this work of Brahms is not so violent. But by his fine singing tone, rich, pure, delicate but not effeminate, Mr. Donahue gave much pleasure to his attentive hearers. The Berceuse was too sentimental. Too much liberty was taken with the tempo; the end was extremely mannered and long drawn out. One of the features of the recital was the excellent performance of Schumann's Toccata.

Mr. Donahue is now more than a pianist that gives promise, but—we regret to say it—he still believes that violence is the surest evidence of strength. It is said that he has studied with Mr. Ganz. Of late years Mr. Ganz has disappointed his early admirers by his loss of tonal quality, and by the frequent use of undue force. It is to be hoped that Mr. Donahue will take warning before it is too late. In spite of formidable, athletic pianists, the piano is, after all, a musical instrument. Mr. Donahue himself often shows that this is true.

TREMONT THEATRE: George Arliss in "The Professor's Love Story," a play in three acts by J. M. Barrie.

Professor Goodwillie.....Mr. George Arliss
Dr. Cosens.....Mr. Grant Stewart
Dr. Yellowlees.....Mr. Arthur Eldred
Miss Agnes Goodwillie.....Mrs. Arliss
Lucy White.....Miss Margery Maude
Effie Proctor.....Miss Mollie Pearson
Sir George Gilding, M. P. for Tullochmains.....Mr. Edgar Kent
Lady Gilding...Miss Violet Kemble Cooper
The Dowager Lady Gilding..... Miss Ethel Dane
Henders.....Mr. Reginald Denny
Pete.....Mr. Malcolm Morley

Mr. Arliss appeared last evening for the first time in Boston as the Professor. Barrie's play was given here some years ago by Edward S. Willard. Even then there was the general expression of opinion that the actor's impersonation far outranked in quality Mr. Barrie's play. Now the piece has been retouched by the author. The dialogue has been renovated, modernized. Yet while one may admire Mr. Barrie's ingenious embroidering of so slender a theme, while there is a certain whimsical charm in the talk of Pete Henders and Effie, the play has outlived itself.

The interest of the performance centres upon the playing of the title role. Mr. Arliss is, first of all, not a romantic actor. Admirable in roles that demand intellectual force, subtlety, finesse; unsurpassed in the depicting of polished villainy, it is not easy for him to simulate the mellowness of elemental emotions. His predecessor in the role was endowed with a rich and sonorous voice, an indescribable charm of manner, an irresistible magnetism which endeared him to his audiences. In spite of his delightful enunciation, in spite of its cultivated quality, Mr. Arliss's voice is dry, and in certain roles this is a handicap.

His performance was careful, painstaking, often charming in moments of humor. He was at his best in the first act, where the whimsicality of the professor has full sway, where the absent-mindedness of the man of letters leads to amusing consequences. In the second act his spontaneity was forced. It is not wholly pleasant to see an actor of Mr. Arliss's mental equipment in a role which requires him to skip about dangerously near the border line of farce. There was the utmost delicacy in the actor's treatment of the scene in the third act, when the professor hands his sister the long lost love letter. Throughout the actor's behavior toward the fascinating Miss White was gentle, shy, courtly. That his hope of marriage with her should be crushed was pathetic rather than the tragedy of a lifetime.

The supporting company was excellent. Miss Mollie Pearson, admirably fitted to vitalize such a part as Effie, made the most of every opportunity. She was delightful in her sincerity and bluntness. Mrs. Arliss made much of the Professor's sister. Thwarted happiness had soured Agnes Goodwillie, but the woman in her responded with the assurance that her idol's feet had not been of clay. Miss Dane played the Dowager Lady Gilding with requisite piquancy. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Eldred were respectively excellent as the two doctors. The part of Lucy White makes no strenuous demands on the actor by whom it is impersonated. Miss Maude was girlish, sufficiently jaunty in her verbal tilts with Dr. Cosens, and in the last act sincere in her distress. Mr. Denny and Mr. Morley did fine work as Henders and Pete.

Mr. Arliss was warmly greeted by an audience of good size. After the second act he expressed his pleasure at being in Boston and his hope that the play had retained some of the old charm it held when given "by that splendid actor, Edward S. Willard."

WILBUR THEATRE—"The Cinderella Man," a romantic comedy in four acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. First performance in Boston.

Morris T. Caner.....Berton Churchill
Dr. Joseph Thayer.....Theodore Babcock
Blodgett.....Percival T. Moore
Albert Sewell.....Hubert Wilke
D. Romney Evans.....Charles Lane
Marjorie Caner.....Phoebe Foster
Celeste.....Helen Turney
Walter Nicholls.....Reginald Mason
Anthony Quintard.....Shelley Hull
Jerry Primrose.....Frank Bacon
The Great She-Bear.....Louise Rial

This charming play began its Boston engagement yesterday with a professional matinee. The piece will hardly awaken enthusiastic response from jaded theatregoers whose appetites demand constant kletting with new sensations; but for those who do not turn a deaf ear to romance and genuine sentiment Mr. Carpenter has provided light and refreshing entertainment. Although both whimsical and wholesome the play is far from saccharine. The story of the Cinderella man and his fairy godmother is well told. All the elements of romance are cleverly employed. There is a youthful, rich and lonely little heroine, a poor but determined young poet struggling in a garret and too proud to borrow, a grouchy millionaire father, a shabby retainer, who as "a gentlemen's gentleman," has seen better days, an amiable lawyer of the theatrical variety who aids and abets the purposes of the young people in their innocent search for happiness and success.

When Marjorie Caner's mother dies in Europe she returns to her father whom she has not seen for years and to a life of lonely luxury. Hearing about Anthony Quintard, a poet who lives in a nearby garret, she resolves to play fairy godmother. She walks over the roofs, climbs in at the window and brings him Christmas cheer. Later she typewrites the libretto of his opera with which he hopes to win fame and fortune. Quintard thinks her Marjorie's companion, for the girl knows his prejudice against young women of wealth. But when the landlady rudely ends their secret and innocent meetings and shatters their budding romance, the identity of his benefactor is necessarily disclosed. As in most fairy tales, however, there is a happy ending.

The two leading characters, Marjorie Caner and Anthony Quintard, are capitally played by Miss Foster and Mr.

...ful. Miss Foster is exceptionally fitted by nature for the part. She reads her lines intelligently, with genuine sweetness and sincerity. She does not ... the ... Mr. Hall is a boyish poet. He plays a ... role with ... fervor and ... of ... Excellent, too, is the Walter Nirdas of ... Mason ... diligent and impecunious suitor for Marjorie's hand who contemplates a life of travel and leisure, supported by her fortune. Mr. Bacon was ... and lifelike as Jerry ... Miss ... acted the virago successfully. Mr. Lane was ... and amiable as the friendly lawyer.

A ... audience ... enthusiastic.

THE HIPPODROME

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Charles Dillingham's New York Hippodrome spectacle in two acts; staged by R. H. Burnside; lyrics by John L. Golden; music by Raymond Hubbell. First time in Boston.

The Hippodrome in New York since the days of Thompson and Dundy has been one of the show places of that gateway to the East. In the original it was a tremendous novelty; even in the regime of the Shuberts it had its laudable productions, though even those astute stage manipulators could not see their way clear to continue after a succession of losing seasons. When Charles B. Dillingham took the "elephant," it was assumed that his magical touch would bring the net profit which his predecessors had been unable to conjure up. Possibly Mr Dillingham did succeed in New York, where his more conservative fellows had failed. Certainly he stands to lose on the road whatever he picked up in the season of 1915-16, if last night's audience and last night's performance make any basis for intelligent estimates.

The first unassailable premise is that the New York Hippodrome show cannot to be moved even to Boston. Over there, with a stage twice as large as that at the Boston Opera House, and an auditorium also twice as large, conditions are different. The depth of stage may be only a little larger, but the width is tremendous. Also, the auditorium was built to match, so that while not more than the average number of theatre rows in depth the width is such as to bring every auditor within intimate reach of the singers and players. Even then, however, those who who had principal parts in the New York productions were wont to shout their lines and verses. Possibly that is why Nat M. Wills strained his lungs and his humor to the bursting point last night. If Mr. Wills had only realized that by using his natural voice he might have reached all of his audience even as at Keith's Theatre, a model in its way, he might have been less tiresome. That, however, is a very thin premise.

The point is, that the original Hippodrome show was and should be one of tremendous scale. One misses the vast tank, wherein plunging horses and trumpeting elephants disported. Likewise one sighs regretfully for the beauteous sirens who sank below the water's depths and emerged gracefully, to ogle from the foots the gentlemen of the first rows. Also the wonderful stage mechanisms, like the big river boat leaving the cotton laden piers of New Orleans, and the battleships central in a scene of realistic bombardment. The old days seem to have passed. Now we view only gorgeous back drops and ... acts "in one."

Scenically Mr. Dillingham has shown us several new ideas. His "Toyland in the Zoo," done by Homer Emens, has ... when the stage ... learn how to pull all the strings. It is suggestive of "The Wizard of Oz." "Babes in Toyland," and other agreeable diversions. The "Ladder of Roses," in which many pretty girls ... rose bedecked trellises to ascending orchestral climaxes, is exceptionally attractive.

It is not until Sousa and his band appear, however, that the audience sits up. Here is something popular, something of known worth. To be sure, the selections are limited, and the men stand as if about to be dismissed after a concert in the village square. But it is Sousa, with the old Sousa swing and rhythm and bang, and it helps immensely to pave the way for the real climax of the big show, "Flirting at St. Moritz," with Charlotte as the principal dancer on skates. This scene, the final, is a genuine novelty to Boston. The setting typifies St. Moritz in the Engadine, Switzerland. The stage front is iced. And here Johann Worm and Rosa Gebauer, Paul Wilson and Clare Cassel and James Marseilles show what can be accomplished artistically and comically on stage ice before Charlotte herself, the Pavlova of the steel shoes appears. Her performance is one of remarkable virtuosity. Possibly it saves the show.

Mahoney, ... and Mullia, as "The Baggage Smashers," have a comic acrobatic specialty; the Boganny troupe fill a scene-shifting hiatus with an acrobatic skit, far less amusing. A baby elephant—was it Chin Chin or Toto?—and a baby babboon, if such a creature exists, revealed the first lessons in circus training. Charles T. Aldrich, as "Some Detective," had astounding changes of moustaches and clothing, and did not have one funny line; and Mr. Wills, mentioned above, did all that was possible to belittle his reputation as a fun-maker. There was the usual Hippodrome tenor and the usual Hippodrome prima donna. Lou Anger also had a place on the program, though even last night's audience could scarcely see why.

GEORGE WHITE AND LUCILE CAVANAGH MAKE HIT

Please Keith's Theatre Audience with Graceful Dancing.

George White and Lucile Cavanagh, in a 1916 presentation of songs, dances and gowns, came to B. F. Keith's Theatre this week for the first time. They bring to Boston dances that have never before been seen and their own original interpretation of several of the latest dance hits. Miss Cavanagh's costumes in the dances are striking. In "La Danse de L'Apache Americaine," and the Hawaiian Hula Hula dances her costumes are original in the extreme, giving free play to her limbs and at the same time closely following the interpretation of the dances. They are graceful dancers.

Robert T. Haines and Company in a one act comedy, "Enter—A Stranger," also come to Keith's this week for the first time. Mr. Haines, as Curtis Brent, has a difficult bit of acting artistically done.

Beatrice Herford brings this week a new repertoire of characterizations which have the dash of novelty added to her own inimitable manner of presenting them. She was given an ovation at yesterday's performances. Harry Tighe and Sylvia Jason return again this week in a new set of songs and dialogue that made a hit with yesterday's audiences.

Others who make this week's bill one of the best of the present season are the Sylphide Sisters in an aerial performance wherein strong jaws play a most important part; the Saxo Sextette, saxophone players; Van and Belle, throwers of Australian boomerang; Tom Smith and Ralph Austin, here for the first time together, in a funny novelty singing and dancing act, and the Danube Quartette, horizontal bar athletes.

In the News Pictorial, moving pictures of the dragging of Boston harbor for the bodies of the unfortunates whose lives were snuffed out when a Boston Elevated trolley car dived into Fort Point chanael on election day are shown.

SCOTCH PIANIST MAKES FIRST BOSTON APPEARANCE

James Friskin Plays Conservative and Formidable Program.

James Friskin, pianist, was heard last evening in Jordan Hall. It was his first appearance in Boston. His program was as follows: Bach, Italian Concerto; Friskin, Sonata in A minor; Brahms, Ballade in G minor, op. 118, No. 3; Intermezzo in B flat minor, op. 117, No. 2; Capriccio in C major, op. 76, No. 8; Intermezzi, E flat minor, op. 118, No. 6; C major op. 119, No. 3; B flat major, op. 76, No. 4; Chopin, Nocturne E flat major, op. 55, No. 2; Barcarolle; Beethoven Sonata in A flat major, op. 110.

Mr. Friskin was born at Glasgow in 1886. He studied the piano and composition at the Royal College of Music, London, from 1900 to 1907. In London he taught, played, and composed until 1914 when Mr. Frank Damrosch invited him to come to New York where he now teaches. He has composed much chamber music, two piano quintets, a piano trio, sonatas, etc.

His program might be described as conservative and formidable. Few pianists would have the courage to end a concert with one of Beethoven's last sonatas. (It might be added that few audiences would be in a proper mood for hearing a sonata at the end of a concert.)

Mr. Friskin has a fairly developed technic. As an interpreter he showed little individuality. His playing as a rule was colorless.

Nov 15 1916

FRANCES NASH

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Frances Nash, pianist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. She played here for the first time. Her program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Chopin, Impromptu No. 3, op. 51, Nocturne, No. 2 op. 62; Ballade in A flat major; Rachmaninoff, Prelude No. 6, op. 23; Cyril Scott, Lento, op. 35; Sapellnikoff, Danse des Elves; Dvorak, On the Holy Mount; Saint-Saens, Study in the form of a waltz; Liszt, Etude in D-flat major, Polonaise, No. 2, E major.

Miss Nash was injudiciously advertised before she gave her recital. For several weeks we were informed by a press agent that, although Miss Nash's family was rich, she was unwilling to live a frivolous life and therefore had devoted herself to the piano. There are many daughters of rich parents who do not "frivol," but they find other outlets for their vitality than the piano. Some are interested in charitable work; some are now busied in aiding the allies in one way or another; others are concerned with social and economic questions, or take a course at a woman's college.

The lover of music when he goes into a concert hall does not ask the doorkeeper or the usher whether the parents of the singer or pianist dine on stewed meats and clarets and eat strawberries out of season, or whether they maintain life on a diet of potatoes or oatmeal and crackers. His only question is: Can she sing? Can she play the piano?

It may be said that when a pianist or singer is foolishly advertised it is not her fault, but the press agent is to blame. A press agent is not a mind-reader when facts are concerned. A word from the person he represents would check his exuberant rhetoric.

Now Miss Nash at present is not ready for concert work. She played the pieces by Chopin and Rachmaninoff's Prelude as any young girl who has practiced diligently that she might give pleasure to her friends in a parlor. She has acquired a certain mechanical proficiency, as was seen in her performance of Bach's Fantasy and Fugue; yet her technic in the pieces by Chopin was not well grounded, and there was at times hesitation when there should have been fluency. It was as an interpreter that Miss Nash chiefly disappointed. There was no individuality in her conception, nor was there a firm grasp of the composers' intention. There was a lack of rhythmic feeling, a misuse of the tempo rubato in the pieces by Chopin.

No one wishes to discourage Miss Nash. She has an agreeable touch, strength enough, a pleasing personality. It would be wise on her part to refrain from playing in concert halls for a few years; to acquire a more solid mechanism; and above all to hear with receptive and critical ears the playing of pianists who are interpreters and not merely players of the piano.

Leon Gorodetzky, violinist, and Clinton Jonas, pianist, of this city, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. Their program was as follows: Leonide Nicolaieff, sonata in G minor, op. 11; Cesar Franck, sonata in A major; Grieg, sonata in C minor, op. 45. The sonata by Nicolaieff was played here for the first time. It is amiable and pleasing rather than deeply emotional or technically complicated. The first movement is freely constructed, and is the best of the three. The first theme, which dominates the movement, has a decided character that is lacking in the other motives though in this movement there is a suave song of which little or no use is afterwards made. The second movement is in the form of an aria, with a pretty sentiment. The finale is more or less in dance form. Not conspicuous in any way, it puts an audience in good humor. The composer is presumably a Russian; we are informed that Nicolaieff is a common name; but there is little of Slav feeling or expression in the music. In the finale there are some suggestions of Tschaikowsky's mannerisms.

The sonata was well played. Mr. Gorodetzky's tone is full and warm. In lyric measures he plays with feeling and abstains from sentimentalism. In passage work he plays clearly and, when the occasion demands, with spirit. Mr. Jonas was fully in sympathy with him

---

We shall leave this tempting field of interesting expatiation to those whose brains are high-pressure steam engines for spinning prose by the furlong, to be trumpeted in paid-for paragraphs in the quack's corner of newspapers; modern literature having attained the honorable distinction of sharing with blacking and Macassar oil the space which used to be monopolized by razor strops and the lottery whereby that very enlightened community, the reading public, is tricked into the perusal of much exemplary nonsense.

Slurred Towns.

Reading "Avery Glibun" the other day, we came across this sentence: "If the city of Albany possesses one distinction over any other habitable locality on the peel of this terrestrial orange of ours, it is that of demanding the very highest development of especial social genius to render tolerable to familiar guest or stranger one hour's sojourn within its corporate dulness." The gibe was uncalled for. We lived in Albany for eight or nine years, and they were fat-fleshed and well-favored. It's true that the Albanians cared little about literature, painting, music, but their dinners were substantial and their high teas on Sunday nights were long to be remembered. In this country there is no mutton like the Helderberg mutton. The oysters at Keeler's and Jo Walter's were almost as good as those found at Norfolk, Va. There was a famous little eating house in Maiden Lane kept by one Charles Fairfield, R. I. P. The Delavan House was famous for its free lunch. The late Anthony Brady of New York once kept the bar there—this is now a legend—then a little tea store in South Pearl street, before he went to New York to pile million on million. The Albanians were a hospitable folk with decanters on the sideboard, and there were some houses with deep and well-stocked cellars. The market men in State street would drink long draughts of old ale or hard cider, at 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning at Pike and Capron's, nearly opposite St. Peter's Church. All this was between 30 and 40 years ago, when Rosa Leland succeeded Johnny Albaugh as manager of the leading theatre and Ada Rehan was playing Desdemona with black hair and with her own name on the bill. We are told that life in Albany has changed.

This slur on Albany in the forgotten novel led us to think on the unfair attitude of one city towards another. There was an Albanian in the happy days who was obliged now and then to visit Schenectady. As soon as his business was over he went to a hotel near the railway station, undressed and got into bed, leaving word to be called in time for the first train homeward bound. This was in the daytime. The landlord at first doubted his guest's sanity, as soon as he saw that he was not overcome by strong waters. The Albanian explained: "There's nothing else to do in this hole."

What town has not been grossly abused in ancient and modern times? Babylon was probably a busy, thriving, well governed, reputable city. Possibly the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah were slandered by envious neighbors. Does any one really believe that the women of Chicago have peculiarly large feet? Philadelphia is by no means slow. How Boston has been ridiculed! We pick up a history of music just published. Mr. Cecil Forsyth contributes a chapter on nationalism and modern schools. He speaks of Mr. George W. Chadwick having "a directness of thought, a humor, and a power of seeing himself as others see him that smack more of London or Paris than of Boston." Listen to this: "The desperate spectacled earnestness of that virtuous town is not his." Mr. Forsyth is an Englishman who has been entertained here.

What town, what village has escaped calumny? In Orange county, Vt., are the villages of Chelsea and Tunbridge. One night in the Chelsea store a man from Tunbridge drawled: "Huh! I'd ruther be the meanest man in Tunbridge than the likeliest man in Chelsea." To which a Chelsea man replied: "Wall, you've got your druther." Look at Ray's "Collection of English Proverbs," one of the early editions, or Le Roux de Lincy's "Livre des Proverbes Francais," and note the malice and uncharitableness shown toward unoffending towns. You read that the people of Verdun are all drones, while the inhabitants of Peronne are drunkards. The men of Duresley were notorious liars; those at Tewksbury were accused of living on their own mustard-balls and having "a sad, severe and terrick countenance"; those of Middlesex were clownish.

A Forgotten Novel.

"Avery Glibun" is a strange story of life in and near New York in the days of Pfaff's cellar and the Bohemians of the press, although it was published in 1867 when many of these Bohemians were dead. "Orpheus C. Kerr" (Robert H. Newell) wrote it and introduced some of his companions as characters. Hardley Church was undoubtedly drawn from Henry Clapp, Jr., but who was the original of Gen. Cringer? Ada Clare, writer and actress, called the "Queen of the Bohemians," figures in the book, but is she Newell's Margaret Dale, the actress, or Iona Hart, the authoress? Poor Ada Clare died horribly of hydrophobia in Rochester, N. Y., four years after the publication of the novel, running about her chamber on all fours, barking and snapping and begging her attendants to kill her. Mullen used to draw her picture in Vanity Fair.

Will the history of those years in New York ever be written? There are notes for it in the preface of Mr. William Winter to the writings of Fitz James O'Brien and in the letters of others joined to the preface. How little is known about "Orpheus C. Kerr," except that he had the honor of being a husband of Adah Isaacs Menken for a short time. Yet the name of "Orpheus C. Kerr" in the civil war was known throughout the North. "Avery Glibun" is a queer mixture of mystery, melodrama, realism and Dickens.

To the Point.

He was a very dirty little boy, so dirty, indeed, that his condition was discernible by smell as well as by sight. His teacher felt bound to communicate this fact to his mother, and strove to rouse that person to a sense of maternal duty. But the mother had a still strong sense of a county council teacher's duty, and, while admitting the allegation against her offspring, replied: "My Ikey ain't a rose. But don't smell him—learn him."—London Daily Chronicle.

YOUNG ITALIAN PIANIST GIVES EVENING RECITAL

Aurelio Giorni, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach, Fantasia and Fugue in A minor; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Chopin, Nocturne, A flat, op. 32, No. 2, Ballade in F major, Scherzo in C sharp minor; MacDowell, Prelude in E minor (suite

p. 10); Sgambati, Toccata op. 18, No. 4. Music Box: Giorni, Fughetta Glocosa in C flat (first time); Schubert-Tausig, Marche Militaire.

Young Mr. Giorni is the son of Carlo Giorni, an Italian landscape painter. He has studied with Syambati, Humperdinck, Busoni, Gabrilowitsch and Sevinne. Although he had had distinguished teachers the young man's playing far from commands serious attention. His tone is now velled, now brittle. His technic at best is but respectable. The mechanical demands of the music so absorb his attention that any attempt at interpretation is labored. His most irritating defect is a constant abuse of tempo rubato.

If he wishes to play in public, Mr. Giorni should devote his attention to developing his sense of rhythm. He should consider phrasing. He should cultivate repose and permit his imagination to rule instead of pedantic methods. A friendly audience was indiscriminate in applause.

BERNHARDT CHARMING IN MILITARY PIECES

Boston admirers of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt were given another opportunity to see, last evening, at the Hollis Street Theatre, the military piece which she is including in her repertoire — "Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur"—in place of her announced performance of the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice" in which she plays the role of Shylock.

As she also played "L'Holocouste" and the two clever people in her support, M. Jean Angelo and Mlle. Baujault, repeated the little comedy called "peace at Home" there was only time for her to present one new single-act piece. This was "Le Vitrail," in which the hero, Bertrand, who has returned from the wars, tests the love of his Violaine and discovers that despite his tale of being blinded, dismembered and made leprous she still will welcome him as a life partner.

In this, as in the other plays which she has adopted for her repertoire since her own dismemberment, the Divine Sarah reveals her wonderful ability to make an audience forget that she does not walk about. She still gives all that is in her of art and physical and mental effort, and brings her audiences to their feet with "Braves" because they have been made to feel the emotions she portrays.

For the matinee today the announced plays are "Cleopatre," "Rosalie," "Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur" and "Le Vitrail." Those announced for the evening performance are "Hecube," "La Chance du Marl," "Jeanne D'Arc" and the final act from "Camille."

"THE OTHER WOMAN" AT CASTLE SQUARE"

Drama In Four Acts by Lem Parker Given.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"That Other Woman." Drama in four acts by Lem B. Parker. First time in Boston.

John Stowe.....Orrin T. Burke
Thomas Barr.....Lawrence Brooks
Ned Newell.....Danny Bagnell
Sir Archibald Plover.....G. H. Butler
Jimmy Brown.....Sam Blair
Sam Hiatt.....John Mallory
Deputy U. S. Marshal.....Fred Mathey
Ellen Stowe.....Helena Claire Benedict
Adelle Nielson.....Clara May Quinn
Madge Stow.....Annie Browning

Much to interest the modern theatregoer will be found in "That Other Woman," which was produced at the Castle Square Theatre on Monday. A husband falls prey to a designing woman. In the first act husband and wife are shown in their home with the husband about to rise in the world and to become the head of a great corporation. He does not appreciate or understand his wife's efforts in his favor. There is a lapse of two years. At the beginning of the second act the husband is fast in the toils of "that other woman." John Stowe thinks he has risen higher than his wife can rise, so he seeks another helpmeet. The wife makes an effort to counteract the influence of the other woman and she finally succeeds. The interest of the audience is held throughout and there is a pleasing vein of comedy.

Miss Benedict is a fascinating wife, so no one wonders how her husband could have strayed from his fireside. Mr. Burke is a sturdy husband, and Lawrence Brooks, the villain, plays effectively.

Next week "Gus Hill's Follies of 1917."

Nov 1917

HENRY JEWETT PLAYERS PRESENT "DIPLOMACY"

Sardou's drama of political intrigue, "Diplomacy," opened last night for the week at the Copley Theatre. The Henry Jewett Players, who have so successfully revived many of the famous plays of a generation past, are particularly happy in their production of this play.

The plot, which is worked out by means of clever expedients, is full of tense situations. In these piping times, when Russian spies and important political documents are so liberally besprinkled through books and plays, they have lost something of their flavor. Sardou's drama, however, loses none of its dramatic interest by being brought very much into the atmosphere of the present, and the audience was held at a high pitch of interest.

Lionel Glenister as Henry Beauclerc and Cameron Matthews as Julian, his brother, shared the principal honors. Leonard Craske played the part of Count Orloff, the Russian exile, with restraint, and Gladys Morris did especially good work as the subtle, intriguing Russian spy. Beatrice Miller was a charming Dora, and Leon Gordon, as Algie Fairfax, made the most of the comedy of his few lines. The other members of the cast were: Marquise de Roizares, Isabel Merson; Mion, Elizabeth Merson; Page, J. Casler West; M. Stefoni, Arthur Dennis; Lady Henry Fairfax, Jessamine Newcombe; Antoine, S. A. Hendry; Baron Stein, Fred W. Permain, and Sheppard, Leonard Grey.

Nov 16 1917

TWO 'CELLISTS

By PHILIP HALE.

There were two violoncello recitals yesterday in Jordan Hall. The first, in the afternoon, was given by Miss Beatrice Harrison, assisted by Clarence Adler and William Reddick, pianists. The program was as follows: Beethoven, sonata in A major, op. 69; Bach-Bernard, three chorales: Ich ruf zu dir; Wenn wir in hochsten Nothen sein, mein Seel; erhebt dem Herrn, and Finale; Handel, Sarabande; Haydn-Piatti, Minuetto; Caccini, Amarilli; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Oriental love song; Schumann, Eternity; Quilter, To Daisies; Rachmaninoff, sonata, op. 18. The piano parts of the sonatas and of the transcriptions from Bach's organ pieces were played by Mr. Adler.

There was a delicate distinction made on the program. Mr. Adler was characterized as "pianist." Mr. Reddick was described as "at the piano." When will this vile phrase disappear? Mr. Adler was also "at the piano." Mr. Reddick is also a pianist. The two behaved in an exemplary manner and were apparently in a state of sobriety. Neither one was under the piano or on top of it. Neither one was leaning against it.

The literature of the violoncello is limited. It is true that there are concertos and sonatas and variations and what-not in the catalogues as there are many books that cannot be justly classed under the head of literature. There is more excuse for a 'cellist to indulge in transcriptions than there is for a violinist or a pianist. What some might call the serious side of a violoncellist was shown yesterday in the two sonatas and the transcriptions by Bach: but it might be questioned whether they gave the audience as much pleasure as the beautiful Saraband, the ornamented Minuetto, the pathetic air of old Caccini and the languorously sensuous song of Rimsky-Korsakoff. There are memorable pages in Beethoven's Sonata, which some rhapsodist has said was written "between tears and grief," a fine-sounding phrase, something like "the chronometer of God never errs" in Mark Twain's story. The first movement is developed at such length that it reminds us of a remark attributed to Debussy when a quartet by Beethoven was played in Paris. He turned to his neighbor and said: "Now that the themes are all exposed, let's go out. The fellow is going to develop them." But the Scherzo is in the most individual vein of Beethoven. No one else would have conceived it. Rachmaninoff's sonata was first played here 11 years ago next month by Arthur Hadley and Mrs. Downer-Eaton.

It is a pleasure to hear and see Miss Harrison. She respects the limitation of the instrument. She is content with being a woman. She does not attempt to play "like a man." To use a sadly abused term she is an artist. What she does, she does well, technically and as an interpreter. Her song is emotional but not sentimental. Her brilliance is not forced or too deliberate. Even with a violoncello she caught the spirit of various periods and various composers. Of the three chorales, "Ich ruf zu dir" was inherently the most effective; but she distinguished between the style of Bach and that of Handel; between the old-world beauty of Caccini's air and the oriental love-sickness of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Joseph Malkin of the Symphony Orchestra gave a recital last night. The program was as follows: Eccles-Salmon, Sonata; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2; Saint-Saens, Allegro, appassionato, op. 43; Tschaikowsky, Variations on a rococo theme; Bruch, Kol Nidrei; Malkin, Romance sans paroles, Fileuse.

Solomon Eccles, born in 1618, whose ancestors had been musicians for three generations, was a successful teacher of the virginals and viols, but he turned Quaker, broke his instruments and burned them with his music books on Tower Hill. He then became a shoemaker, a more peaceful and perhaps a more useful calling. During the great plague he attracted attention by running naked through London's streets with a brazier of burning brimstone on his head. He went to the West Indies with George Fox and was in New England in 1672. Sad to relate, he went back to the practice of music before he died.

His second son, Henry, the composer of the sonata played last night, was a violinist who, thinking he was not appreciated in England, went to Paris, where he joined the King's Band. He published there 12 solos for the violin written in the style of Corelli.

The Adagio of the sonata, admirably played by Mr. Malkin, has the beauty that is not of any one period. The first movement, a Grave, has not so great distinction. The Courante is matter-of-fact, but there is still vitality in the final movement.

The excellent qualities of Mr. Malkin as a virtuoso are fully recognized here as in other cities. Last night he was in the vein. An audience of good size applauded heartily.

The statement has been made that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is the first woman to take the part of Shylock on the stage. The statement is not true. The part of Shylock was played in Boston by Mrs. Lewis during the season of 1835-6.

Mrs. Lewis, "an excellent actress and a very beautiful woman," played in this country the parts of Shylock, Othello, Romeo, Richard III., Virginius, William Tell, Don Juan (in pantomime), the Wild Boy of Bohemia, and some other male parts. Born in London, she died at San Antonio, Tex., in 1855. N. M. Ludlow in his entertaining book, "Dramatic Life as I Found It," speaks of her engagement at St. Louis in 1836, under his management. She began as Bianca in "Fazio," after which she danced in "La Sylphide." "Then came a series of monstrosities, such as have ever been objects of disgust to me—male characters performed by a female. Here is a list enacted by Mrs. Lewis in this engagement, that was enough to make the departed author of some of them, as it were, 'from his grave rise up, and walk like sprite to counternance this horror.' * * * The engagement was not satisfactory to the public or profitable to managers or actress."

Charlotte Crampton, born at Louisville, Ky., died there in 1875. In 1859 she played Shylock in New York. Col. Brown says of her: "She was the only woman I ever saw who could satisfactorily impersonate such arduous characters as Richard III., Iago, Shylock and Hamlet. As an evidence of her versatility I may say that she acted the three characters above named, together with Lady Macbeth, the French Spy, and Mazeppa in a single week. * * * She was the first female Mazeppa in America. She was petite, with an exquisitely modelled form, a brunette, with a handsome face. She possessed a wonderfully strong and sweet voice. She had been many times married. "In the civil war she enlisted as a vivandiere in a Maryland regiment, comforted wounded soldiers, and walked from Wheeling to Washington to ask a favor for her son from Lincoln. She also lectured—on the evils of intemperance.

Mrs. Macready appeared as Shylock at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1872. She then gave four performances.

To S. C. A. According to the dictionary of prize winners at the Paris Conservatory, which is authoritative, Rosine (called Sarah) Bernhardt was born at Paris Oct. 22, 1844.

Agnes Robertson.

As the World Wags:

An unskilled, reminiscent pen may serve to recall pleasant old memories to contemporaries, but it is a presumption when almost "all, all are gone" to try to draw a picture for a new generation which knew not the same delight of a long past youth. Yet there is a strong impulse to seek such sympathy as a very dear recollection may possibly evoke. It is doubtful if many readers can understand the charm of Agnes Robertson, who died the other day (R. I. P.) when she first came to Boston. Our decadent critics would probably call it "Victorian," an attribute they delight to attach to all that is pure, lovely and of good repute. What is unsophisticated is reckoned worthless and Agnes Robertson was quite unsophisticated.

There seemed nothing of the "art of acting" about her. Behind the footlights she was a flower, still dewy. Her fresh, sweet voice carolling before her entrance in "Milly, the Maid with the Milking Pail," or "The Bonnie Fish Wife," took the hearer right out of the theatre and created the atmosphere into which she came, a simple, unconscious girl. She was roguish, mutinous, yet tender and instantly affected to sympathy and pathos. With William Warren, the old French usher in "Parents and Guardians," one of his best parts, as Bob Nettles she was bewitching, first the teasing, thoughtless pupil, then converted in a flash to pity and affection for the patient, persecuted sufferer. In the boy's part or as the opera dancer in the "Young Actress," there could be no thought of evil such as lies not in stage character, dress or action, but in a personal and often intentional lure. Her following included everybody. Harvard students, in order to see her once or twice, pawned their good clothes and stayed indoors until their next remittance came. But gentle women and maidens were her special clientele and she was made a pet in many of our best houses when she could be had. She put up at the Tremont and it was the fortune of a youth who succumbed from the first to her witchery to have as friends a young Englishman and his wife who had rooms next to hers and through their acquaintance obtained that friendship which lasted for years. There was many a romp between the two children—for she was little more than a child—and her dog, in the long corridor which ran to Tremont place. There was always a seat for him close to the stage both then and later—and long after Mrs. Vincent told him that he was called by Agnes Robertson her "boy-lover," as he was indeed in all innocent devotion. It was rumored that Dion Boucicault, who came to the country with her and brought some letters to literary people, contemplating a lecture tour, had denied his marriage regardless of her reputation (like Abraham with Sarah, though with a different motive) and he stayed at a different hotel, thinking his plans might be hindered if an actress was known to be his wife. But his lectures were not successful, while her success was so great that it became his interest to join forces openly with the "Fairy Star." It was said at the time that he was a natural son of Dr. Dionysius Lardner and that Agnes had been a bar-maid. The biographies tell another story. All that does not matter, but the truth matters very much to The Old 'Un that the thought of Agnes Robertson is a green oasis in memory, associated with running brooks, smiling fields, wild flowers, the songs of birds and sparkling sunshine. Of how many actresses then or now can this be said? THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

Boucicault was in all probability the natural son of Lardner. For an analysis of evidence see Mr. Townsend Walsh's "Career of Dion Boucicault," published by the Dunlap Society. Agnes Robertson was a child singer, and then an actress at the age of 10 (1843). When she was 17, she was at Glasgow. She sang in a Dublin music hall. In 1851 she appeared for the first time in London with Charles Kean and his wife as a page.—Ed.

MME. BERNHARDT

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her company: "Hecube," by Maurice Bernhardt and Rene Chavance; "Rosalie," by Max Maurey; "Jeanne d'Arc," by Emile Moreau and "Camille" by Alexander Dumas Fils.

The extraordinary Mme. Bernhardt yesterday displayed her amazing vitality and powers of emotional endurance by impersonating six sharply contrasted characters.

At the matinee she appeared as Cleopatra, as Violaine, the mediaeval heroine of Fauchois's little sketch, "Le Vitrail," and as Marc Bertrand, the actor turned soldier, in "From the Theatre to the Field of Honor." In the evening she played Hecube, Jeanne d'Arc and Camille.

The novelty at the matinee was "Rosalie," an amusing farce, involving a highly respectable couple and a refractory maid servant. This was repeated in the evening.

To every character the great actress did full justice. Though the sketches and acts permit her to remain seated or reclining, so great is her art that there is no feeling of irrelevance. Her voice still sounds the depth of every emotion. Her facial play is eloquent, her every gesture significant. She is still supreme in the expression of affection, whether it be the passion of Cleopatra for Marc Antony, the anguished maternity of Hecube, the sentiment and pathos of Camille.

In the death scene of Dumas's play, in the trial scene from "Jeanne d'Arc," as in the other pieces in which she appeared, the actress moved her audiences deeply. Her flaming patriotism was echoed in the lines of Marc Bertrand, and there were inspiring moments in "Hecube."

The supporting company is excellent. Mme. Mea was capable in varied roles. Miss Caubet was amusing and mischievous as the refractory Rosalie. Mr. Angelo was effective as Marc Antony, Bertrand in "Le Vitrail," the Duke of Bedford in "Jeanne d'Arc" and as Armand Duval. Miss Mower, who before each piece gives its contents in English, again charmed by the quality of her voice and diction.

The plays announced for this afternoon are: "L'Holocauste," "English as It's Spoken," "From the Theatre to the Field of Honor," "Le Faux Modele." Those for tonight: "Hecube," "La Paix Chez Soi," trial scene from "Merchant of Venice," and "Camille."

ROSALIE WIRTHLIN IN HER FIRST RECITAL

Contralto Heard in Steinert Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

By PHILIP HALE.

M[illegible] Rosalie Wirthlin, contralto, gave her first recital here yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Miss Ethel Bal[illegible] accompanied her. The program [illegible] as follows: Handel, Ah mio cor; Durante, Danza; H. Purcell, Passing By; [illegible] Jones, Sweet Kate; Rachmaninoff, [illegible] Verstand; Wolf, Gesang Weyla; Grieg, Die Sennerin; Strauss, Ruhe Meine Seele and Heimliche Aufforderung; [illegible] Tremisot, Nuit d'ete; Debussy, La Chevelure; Bemberg, Soir; Rabey, Tes Yeux; Chausson, Les Papillons; Staub, L'Heure [illegible]; Cyril Scott, The [illegible]; [illegible] Longing; Ulster Melody, The Next Market Day; Old [illegible], Down by the Sally Gardens; Gertrude Ross, Down in the Desert.

Miss Wirthlin, a church singer in New York, who has given concerts,

has a voice of genuine contralto quality. Her tonal range is generous, but the contralto quality is audible throughout. Although it is well suited to heroic music—she sang the air of Handel in the grand manner—it is flexible and well controlled, so that in light and tripping measures, as in Durante's "Danza," or in lyric passages of intimate sentiment, it serves easily in the expression of gaiety or tenderness.

But voice, in spite of the dictum attributed to Rossini, is not everything. Men and women with inferior voices have given pleasure as interpreters, dramatic or lyric. Miss Wirthlin's program was one that put her to the test. There were songs of various periods and various styles. She acquitted herself well, voicing the different sentiments and emotions, establishing the desired mood. There might have been a quieter intensity in "Le Chevelure," a subtle and restrained sensuousness, but as a rule the singer caught the spirit of each song.

It was a pleasure to hear the simple and beautiful song of the son of the great Purcell—did Edward write others?—and the more artificial one of Robert Jones, the virtuoso lutinist, especially as Miss Wirthlin's enunciation of the English words was uncommonly distinct. The chosen song of Rachmaninoff is not one of his best, and Strauss's "Ruhe Meine Seele" is hardly worth while.

Cables entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes sure of strangling her
[illegible] to batter her,
[illegible] to shatter her;
[illegible] to splitter her;

* * *

[illegible]
And the mate a [illegible]
[illegible] as Redeemer
With inward uneasiness
The [illegible] known by [illegible]

Ropes, Lines, Chanties.

As the World Wags:

Sometimes I read the World Wags' articles. Anything nautical holds my attention. Of the 8th Nov. issue I have to say: the chanty with chorus "Slapandergosheka" we used to render it [illegible] "Snap po snap peter [illanter] go [illegible] ter snap po." The words of the solo of all chanties were mostly made up or improvised, mostly as hits on matters [pertaining] to the ship officers and crew. Therefore there is much chance to differ [in] writing of such.

[illegible]
[illegible] can't you Rime O.
[illegible] gathering sw[illegible]
[illegible] you R[illegible] me O

Chorus

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] you Rime O

"J. D. K.'s" [question] about rope [illegible] used to be [illegible] time [illegible] and Manila [illegible] all standing [illegible] today is [illegible] The correct answer as given then was [illegible] foot rope, man rope, bucket rope and wheel rope. But correctly speaking the old answer was wrong. A [illegible] has [illegible] and if you would [illegible] as one that [illegible] at left [illegible]. Ropes [illegible] used for [illegible] woven made of three pieces of [illegible] about [illegible] or [illegible] in [illegible]. The three [illegible] ends, three or four inches [illegible] were found together with a service of marline. The loose ends were [illegible] with a wall.

I noticed the article about Mrs. Tompkins and Mr. Ban[illegible] birthday. It is quite interesting. April 1[illegible] last was my 83d birthday. I hope I am not the only one living who saw Forrest, Booth, Davenport, Wheatley and Welsh all on the stage together playing for a benefit. [illegible] R[illegible] W. [illegible] ROCKET.

Boston.

Mr. Neal Replies.

As the World Wags:

"Wh[illegible] critical Scylla [illegible] ens to wreck [illegible] omission a Charybdis of the pen is roaring to engulf him for what he [illegible] corrupted." In thanking C. J. A. Cambridge, for calling attention to the stanza on it [illegible] from "Blow ye Winds" I [illegible] to state that I had in mind the particular, or at least a similar verse at the time, but my version was couched in language hardly suitable for publication, and I naturally concluded that it was not part of the original song. As a matter of fact, I have never seen the original song in print. In acknowledging Mr. Witherspoon's broadside, I have, first of all, to thank him for enlightening me as to the origin of the "Walloping Window-Blind." I was under the impression that it was much older.

No doubt the original version suffered many changes at the hands of its various interpreters, but the version I submitted, without any claims to authenticity, was substantially as sung on "the old barque Irvine," and the ships Macquarrie and Port Jackson where it enjoyed at that time a popularity second to none both in the foc'sle and in the apprentices' berth abaft the "break-of-the-poop." It may be that "this song probably never was generally known among sailors," although I have heard it sung on several ships and in various ports of call throughout the world, and I am not so very much surprised to learn of its shore origin, remembering that it is an established fact that modern sea songs are products, broadly speaking, of the comic operas and the vaudeville stage, losing thereby the characteristic spirit and savor of the "old salt" and transforming the old-time sailor into more or less of a theatrical character.

The "old barque Irvine," 600 tons, was manned by a fine crew as crews go, the greater proportion of whom had followed the sea since boyhood. Her full complement included captain, two mates, bosun, steward, "chips," "sails," cook, eight seamen and four apprentices, the latter rating by service as third to fifth voyagers, and one boy, the ship's "Peggy," and even he was no greenhorn, consequently Mr. Witherspoon's insinuation "goes a begging."

Hull, Nov. 1[illegible] FRED C. NEAL.

P. S.—Perhaps the following, which I have heard sung at sea, is a variation of "Slapandergosheka".

Oh! woman have you got a daughter so fine?
Snapoo, Snapoo.

Oh, woman have you got a daughter so fine?
Snapoo, Snapoo.
Oh' woman have you got a daughter so fine?
To be spliced to a sailor in his prime.
Snapoo, kyeta, kyan, kyeta, snapoo

Oh, yes, I've a daughter, but she's too young,
Snapoo, Snapoo.
Oh, yes, I've a daughter, but she's too young,
Snapoo, Snapoo.
Oh, yes, I've a daughter, but she's too young
To be spliced to you, you son-of-a-gun.
Snapoo, kyeta, kyan, kyeta, snapoo.
Etc. F. C. N.

Legal Burning.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of the burning of Phillis in 1755, Dr. William Allen remarked in his Memoir of Dr. Codman, as quoted in today's Herald, that "it has been said that this is the only instance in the history of the country of that method of punishment under authority of the law." This notion is an altogether mistaken one. There were cases in Massachusetts in 1681; in New York in 1708, 1712, 1741, 1775, in New Jersey in 1730, 1739, 1741, 1750, 1752, in Virginia about 1609 and in 1746; and in South Carolina in 1700 and 1769. It is not probable that any cases occurred in the North after the revolutionary war, but burning as a legal punishment lingered in the South down to about 1825. In all these cases but two the victims were Negro men or women, the exceptions being the Virginia case of about 1609 when a white man was burned for the crime of murdering his wife and [illegible] eating her, and the South Carolina case of 1700, where a white woman was condemned to be burned for murdering her husband.

Boston, Nov. 14. A. M.

The Pageing of Sawyer.

As the World Wags:

No [illegible] towards Sawyer's." [illegible] "ant" [illegible] word. "That [illegible] got a [illegible] Sawyer's." "Lean" is a weak and [illegible] substitute.

[illegible] CLEW GARNET.

No [illegible] "[illegible]" or "cant," "forward" [illegible] Who was this Sawyer? This [illegible] Ed.

MISS OLIVE RUSSELL GIVES SONG RECITAL

Pleases Large, Friendly Audience in Steinert Hall.

Miss Olive Russell, soprano, gave a song recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Sibella, O Bocca dolorosa; Leoncavallo, Lasciati Amar; Liszt, Du bist weine Blume; Wagner, Dich theure Halle; Class, To You Dear Heart; Zucca, Morning; Heinrich, Autumn Eve; Osborne, It Was a Lover and His Lass; Meyerbeer, Vaga Donna from "The Huguenots"; Old French, C'est mon ami; Debussy, Romance, Mandoline; Crist, Butterflies, April Rain, Tell Me; Hartman, Baby Tears; Cadman, Call Me No More; Chadwick, Sweetheart, Thy Lips; Kramer, I Shall Awake; Woodman, The Song of Joy.

The program was pleasingly varied and the singer evidently gave pleasure to a very friendly audience of good size. Criticism of her performance would be unjust as the singer has hardly recovered from an attack of laryngitis.

BERNHARDT APPEARS AS SHYLOCK AT THE HOLLIS

Yesterday afternoon Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appeared as Shylock in the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" at the Hollis Street Theatre. The skill displayed in the actress's make-up heightened the illusion and she played the scene with much authority. Her Shylock was determined in purpose, savage in his demoniacal rejoicing over his expected revenge, pathetic in his outburst of impotent rage when defeated. Mme. Bernhardt was also seen as Jeanne d'Arc and Camille, while the little farce, "Peace at Home," completed the program.

[illegible] 3 [illegible] '15

SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony, No. 1; Rachmaninoff, piano concerto, No. 2; Debussy, L'Apres-midi d'un Faune; Chabrier, Espana.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave an impressive interpretation of the symphony. The music itself is for the most part profoundly, hopelessly melancholy. There are pages that are gloomy in a defiant manner, as though the composer shouted in the luxury of woe. The first movement is the strongest. There is something savagely elemental about it. The workmanship suggests a well-trained musician who disdaining the smug, conventional thoughts and expression of his colleagues turns towards the conservatory and the professors and exclaims with Whitman:

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me—he complains of my gab and by loitering.
I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untranslatable.
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

Some have found that this symphony is the full, wild, tempestuous expression of Finland; that the music is topographical and ethnological; or that it is the voice of an injured and sullenly rebellious people. Yet travelers tell us that Finland is not merely a country of dreary moors and murky skies; that the Finn is not by birth or circumstance necessarily a Dismal Jemmy; that there is good humor, mirth, crushing of cups even in Finland. Surely the Finn that is seen in this country is a cheerful body.

We prefer to think that the symphony is the expression of the individual Sibelius's moods at the time he composed it; that he wrote without thought of geography, social and economic conditions, or Rusia. The first movement might stand by itself, as an overture, fiery, passionate, tragic in its sadness. There can be no question of the composer's earnestness and sincerity. Thus he felt, thus he wrote. But in the movements that follow there should be some relief. A fit of musical depression that lasts over half an hour leads the hearer, although he may admire the pessimistic eloquence that is at times Tschaikowskian, to call out: "Cheer up, old top. All is not yet lost."

Dr. Muck has a happy faculty for choosing the one suitable, inevitable tempo. We have known no conductor who has equalled him in this respect. It was therefore the more surprising to find him taking the tempo of Debussy's Prelude at so slow a pace that the beautiful music suffered thereby. The exquisite fancy of the composer was weighted down with leaden wings. It is a curious fact that Mr. Weingartner, when he conducted this Prelude at a concert in the Boston Opera House, erred in like manner. It was, however, a pleasure to hear the music without the sight of nymphs, a miming Faun, and the presence of a board of censorship, adamant in the matter of bare feet and legs, as young Mr. Smallweed was adamant in the matter of gravy.

There has been much talk about the death of Bizet as an irreparable loss to French music. It is true that "L'Arlesienne" and "Carmen," in spite of sneering M. Marnold and M. Gauthier-Villars gave more than promise of brilliant works to come; but the premature death of Chabrier, from whom so many of the younger school have learned, from whom so many have stolen, was perhaps a still greater loss. Chabrier was no longer a young man when he lost his mind, but the opera that he left unfinished shows what was in store for the world. We have heard "Espana" conducted by Dr. Muck with a finer touch, with a greater delicacy in brilliance and at the same time in a more reckless spirit.

Any pianist that chooses Rachmaninoff's second concerto possesses the virtue of self-abnegation. It is not necessary for Mr. Gabrilowitsch to be anxious about popular appreciation of virtuoso qualities. His many admirable qualities are known to all. The piano in this concerto is seldom dominating; it is for the most part one of the instruments in the orchestra. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played the concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York and Brooklyn eight years ago. We heard it first in Boston when the composer played the piano part seven years ago next month. The concerto is an interesting composition, technically and aesthetically, and the interest is maintained without any direct and obvious appeal to the great public. There is a sturdiness and an independence shown that would alone win respect, even if the themes and the development did not please the ear. And in this concerto there is not the verboseness that partially destroys the effect of Rachmaninoff's symphony and "The Island of the Dead." The first movement is effectively concise. Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave an excellent performance of the piano part whether the music called upon him to be individually robust, poetic or gracefully and ably aiding the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Haydn, Symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9); Brahms, Concerto for the violin (Mr. Witek, violinist); Smetana, Symphonic Poem, "Wallenstein's Camp."

Many have inquired during the last fortnight about our valued contributors Mr. Herkimer Johnson and Capt. John Savage Shaghellion. We regret to say that we do not know whether the former is still at Clamport. Capt. Shaghellion gave his address as 44½ Condor street, East Boston. He will be pleased to learn that an admirer in Roxbury sent his tales of Liverpool Jarge to Capt. John D. Whidden, now over 84 years of age, the author of "Ocean Life in the Old Sailing Ship Days." He, living in Los Angeles, answered that he had read them with great interest. In fact, he described them as "corkers."

Some have doubted the veracity of Capt. Shaghellion. We advise them to read the first preface written by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver, and then to ponder this passage in Mr. Walter Pater's essay on Cambridge.

"Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea, seem to have occurred to the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them, from the story of the stealing of Dionysus downwards, the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions."

We saw Mr. Herkimer Johnson in a second-hand book-shop two months ago. He was trying to find a copy of "Sixteen-String Jack," in octavo, paper covers, with a flaming picture in red and yellow, or crimson and purple, he had forgotten which, for a front cover. He had not seen a copy since he left the grammar school in his little village forty odd years ago. We miss his contributions to this column, but not his visits at the office.

Expectant.

As the World Wags:

While we are waiting with mouths adrool for the next chapter from the lives and deaths of Liverpool Jarge will his old shipmates tell us what he called the waste of water that rolls between us and the old world. Two summers ago I boarded with a retired sailor on Matinicus. From the character of his tales of life before the mast I am sure he must have made many a voyage with Liverpool Jarge. He always called the Atlantic "the western ocean," and according to him it was "the western ocean" to all sailors—never the Atlantic. Perhaps this is no news to your readers, but it was news to me. W. E. K.

Boston.

Slurs on Boston.

As the World Wags:

To your list of "slurs" upon towns might be added the following from Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (1785).

"Bow-Wow: the childish name for a dog; also a jeering appellation for a man born at Boston, in America."

"To gouge: To squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb; a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America."

"Pompkin: A man or woman of Boston in America: from the number of pompkins raised and eaten by the people of that country. Pompkinshire, Boston and its dependencies."

Perhaps the events of the revolution had made Capt. Grose "sore on" Boston.

I wonder a little that one so well versed in the Scriptures as to refer to his Albany years as "fat fleshed and well-favored" (Gen. xli., 18) should have omitted the jibes against the Cre-

tans quoted by Paul in his Epistle to Titus. H. B. H.

Boston, Nov. 15.

Space is limited. We could easily fill two columns with disagreeable remarks made by the people of one town about the neighboring village. Can "H. B. H." tell us anything about the society, the Hugotontheonbiquifflnarians, mentioned by Capt. Grose in his invaluable Dictionary?—Ed.

Legal Burnings.

As the World Wags:

The execution of the negro slaves Mark and Phillis for poisoning their master, Capt. John Codman of Charlestown, took place at the upper end of Cambridge Common Sept. 18, 1755. This I believe was in accordance with the common law of England and also with the statute 25 Edward III. by which the penalty of death was to be inflicted on servants who killed their master or mistress. The sentence in case of a woman was that she be burned to death; and in the case of a man that he be drawn to the place of the execution and then hanged by the neck till he be dead. To soften the suffering a little, the woman was generally strangled by a cord as the fire was lighted. After Mark was dead, he was taken down and hanged in chains or gibbet at the town ledge in Charlestown, not far from the Somerville line close to Mt. Vernon street. Probably he was covered with tar or pitch, for the body remained there till just before the Revolution. Paul Revere started to go to Lexington by the way of Cambridge, but as he passed the Neck and "got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains I saw two men on horseback under a tree." Then he turned quickly and made for Medford. Forty years ago there was an immense elm in such a place as Revere describes. Not longer than five years ago I was speaking of Mark hanging in chains to a boyhood friend, and his mother said: "Why I used to hear a great deal about Mark hanging in chains when I was a girl."

The account quoted from the Congregational Quarterly speaks as if this was "the only instance in the history of the country of that method of punishment under authority of the law."

But Maria, a Negress, was executed by burning at Roxbury, 1681. She set on fire and burned her master's and another home in the middle of the night. This was a capital offence by colony laws. At the same time Jack, a Negro servant of Samuel Woolcot of Weathersfield was indicted for setting fire to a house in North Hampton and was sentenced "to be hanged by the neck till he be dead and then taken down and burnt to ashes in the fire with Maria, Negro."

These hangings and burning for petit treason were much more common in England than here. These are probably the only cases in Massachusetts.

Without hunting for other cases, I know that after Mrs. Hutchinson was killed by the Indians near New York, a number of Indians were brought to Manhattan and were burned; and I think by order of the court. And early in the 18th century there was an attempted Negro rising and rebellion in New York and New Jersey and a number of Negroes in each colony were sentenced to be burned to death. No Quakers were burned and no witches in Massachusetts. M. T. C.

Boston, Nov. 16.

See the letter of "A. M." published in the Herald of Nov. 17.—Ed.

ROLAND W. HAYES GIVES SONG RECITAL

Performance in Jordan Hall Gives Pleasure.

Roland W. Hayes, tenor, assisted by Wesley T. Howard, violinist, and William S. Lawrence, pianist, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Mr. Hayes's songs were as follows: Delmore, Afterward; Glenn, Twilight; Fay Foster, the Little Ghosts, Winter; Puccini, Rodolfo's narrative from "La Boheme"; Burleigh, Three Shadows, Come with me; Massenet, Ah! Fuyez douce image" from "Manon"; F. A. Spalding, Liebestraum; Liszt, Du Bist wie eine Blume (with violin); Two Afro-American Folk Songs arranged by Burleigh: Swing Low, Deep River. Mr. Howard's pieces were Coleridge-Taylor's African Dances Nos. 2 and 4.

Mr. Hayes is not a stranger in our concert halls. His pure, sympathetic, expressive voice has been admired on former occasions. Last night he again displayed fine taste and a keen appreciation of the sentiment of each song. His distinct enunciation added to the pleasure he gave by his voice and musical intelligence. A large audience applauded him and Mr. Howard heartily.

BERNHARDT THRILLS HER AUDIENCE IN DEATH SCENES

Before another crowded house, with many standing, Bernhardt died three times at the Hollis Street Theatre, Friday afternoon. She appeared in "Cleopatre," "Camille," and "Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur." Again she thrilled by the fervor of the dying soldier; exacted tears in the pathetic end of Camille, and presented a mournfully superb figure as the Egyptian queen. M. Angelo and Mlle. Baujault entertained in the amusing farce of "Peace at Home."

Following is the repertoire for today, the last of the engagement: Matinee, "Hecube," "La Chance du Mari," and scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Camille." Evening performance, "Cleopatre," "Rosalie," "Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur," "Le Vitrail."

Nov. 19 1916

MME. SCHNITZER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Germaine Schnitzer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows. Mendelssohn, Praeludium and Fugue, E minor, op. 35, Fantasie, op. 28; Chopin, Scherzo No. 1, op. 20, Berceuse, Etude, op. 25, No. 11; Schubert-Liszt, Hark, Hark, the Lark, the Erlking; Schumann, Des Abends; Liszt, Reminiscences de Don Juan.

The concert was described on the program as a "recital of the romanticists." But Couperin and Bach were romanticists; so was Beethoven; so was von Weber; so was Brahms in his ponderous and cryptic manner. As Sir Thomas Browne found the quincunx in nearly everything in nature, as the excellent Prof. Niecks finds a program in every musical composition, so one might find at least a trace of romanticism in the works of many composers who are arbitrarily classed as classics. Schumann, peculiarly romantic in his piano pieces, was represented yesterday only by the hackneyed "Des Abends." Why do so many play it in public? But "Why do men marry Lillian Russell?"

Mendelssohn was at heart a classic in the narrow meaning of the word. He made excursions into romanticism, as in his "Hebrides" overture, but he was always a stickler for form and for harmonic schemes of good and regular standing. Absurdly overpraised while he was alive, he has been as absurdly underrated of late years. For a long time, especially in England, perhaps because he fitted into the home life of the Queen and the Prince Consort, his name was a fetish. How refreshing it is to find Villiers Stanford boldly saying that Mendelssohn possessed no great depth of invention or design in himself! No wonder that he thought Schumann an amateur and Berlioz a foolish fellow.

Yet the Prelude and Fugue played by Mme. Schnitzer are well worth hearing, familiar as they are. The Prelude sounds as if it might be a paraphrase of "the heathen furiously rage" in "St. Paul," and the whole of it shows the individuality of Mendelssohn, who, whatever his shortcomings were, had a style of his own. In this prelude his racial characteristics are clearly revealed. The Fantasie, which we have not heard for a long time—sometimes called the Scottish sonata, for no good reason—is a thing of the past, although Sir George Grove ranks it among the "splendid" works of Mendelssohn; but Sir George was fond of shouting "splendid" at the mere mention of the composer.

The Fantasie, however, suits Mme. Schnitzer, for it brings out the salient characteristics of her art: fleetness, a crisp and fine touch, a certain elegance. Sometimes her ability to take and maintain a rapid tempo runs away with her judgment, as when she played Liszt's concerto in E flat with the Symphony Orchestra. Sometimes, rejoicing unduly in her mechanical proficiency, her bravura becomes of the slap-dash order. She is not, first of all, an emotional player. Take her performance of Chopin's Scherzo. The brilliant pages were played with an understanding that did not forbid abandon; but the middle section, with its song, left one cold. Nor did she succeed in suggesting a vaporous quality in the Berceuse, although she is to be praised for not falling into sentimentalism.

Yet there are times for the display of glitter and dazzle in the concert hall. They that are thus effective in florid and tempestuous music are entitled to their reward. All is not music that glitters; but true brilliance may well give pleasure.

Before Mme. Schnitzer began to play, the lights were lowered. Perhaps we have old-fashioned ideas; we like to see a pianist, especially when she is comely, when she is graceful in her operations. It may be that there are pianists who should play in a dim light, or even behind a screen. Mme. Schnitzer need have no anxiety. A brilliantly lighted hall goes with brilliant performances. Mme. Schnitzer is not a twilight pianist.

The first of Henry Gideon's four music talks in Steinert Hall took place yesterday afternoon. The program included Yiddish, Neapolitan, Porto Rican, Canadian folk songs and Old English songs. Mr. Gideon made remarks about the character of various songs in a simple but informing manner. The "illustrators" were Joseph Goudreault, Anthony Guarino, Augusta Cooper, Byron Reed, Miriam Caro, Samuel Gerson, Samuel Shribman, Constance Ramsay Gideon.

The entertainment as a whole gave much pleasure. The singers caught the spirit of the various folk songs. Mr. Reed gave an interesting account of his search in Porto Rico for the native instruments, the guicharos, cuatro and bordonua, and sang two songs, one of them the familiar "Palomba." His description of the instruments and the manner in which they were made and used by the natives was graphic and spiced with quiet humor.

The subject next Saturday afternoon will be "the Symphonic Poem and Symphonic Ballet." Mr. Gideon will talk about prominent symphonic poems of the last 50 years, and he and Mrs. Lurie will play arrangements for two pianos.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PAYS TRIBUTE TO FOUNDER

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and the audience celebrated last night at the concert in Symphony Hall the 82d birthday of Maj. Henry Lee Higginson. In his honor the overture to "The Magic Flute" was interpolated in the program immediately after the intermission. The great audience applauded enthusiastically and rose. Maj. Higginson bowed in acknowledgement, but did not speak. The superb orchestra that he founded and maintains spoke eloquently for him.

There was much talk about the morality and immorality of revues and music halls when the theatres and music-halls committee of the London county council met in solemn session on Nov. 2, to hear applications for licenses for music, music and dancing, and stage plays. The report of this meeting published in the Times and the Daily Telegraph gives foreigners an insight into theatrical life in a city where for a long time "Camille" and "Samson and Delilah" were not allowed to be performed; where the proposal to produce "Monna Vanna" raised an uproar; where for years there has been talk about the "immorality" of "La Traviata" and "Rigoletto."

We quote first from the Daily Telegraph:

"Mr. J. B. Williams, secretary of the Amalgamated Musicians' Union, supported an objection lodged by that society and the National Orchestral Association to the renewal of the music and dancing license held by the New Middlesex Theatre of Varieties on the following grounds:

"That the chief, almost the sole, attractions at this house for a long time past have been touring revues of which the outstanding features are scantily dressed females going through a series of evolutions that are vulgar and immodest, and jokes that have indecent double meanings.

"2—That some of these revues are such that decent people amongst audiences must feel embarrassed if in the company of their daughters or lady friends.

"3—That the general charges of indecency and immodesty that have recently been levelled against the entertainment profession by persons in high places, while seriously reflecting upon all branches of same, can only apply specifically to this class of entertainments, and particularly to this house, where a large percentage of the audiences are soldiers.

"4—That it is against the public interest generally, and the hundreds of performers and others whose share in performances are free from these vulgarities in particular, that Mr. Stoll should be allowed to continue making enormous profits by specializing every week in the purveying of indecencies and vulgarities at the New Middlesex Music Hall, while posing as a strong upholder of clean performances.

"When the old Middlesex Music Hall was rebuilt and named the New Middlesex, Mr. Williams said, it opened with a variety entertainment. That was not a success, and the hall was then converted into a twice-nightly drama house. Again it was not a success; and then came a period of French revue, which proved so successful that the prices of admission were raised. For some reason the French revues ceased, and then came a period of varieties, followed by the present period of British revue, which, like the French revue, had been extremely successful. Mr. Williams proceeded to describe objectionable incidents which, he said, had occurred in recent performances at the Middlesex. There was a scene with a taxicab, of which, Mr. Williams contended, the improper suggestiveness was obvious. There was a dance in which a girl gradually disrobed, the light being extinguished just when the last garment seemed to be about to fall off; and in one of the French revues a girl came down the stage apparently with no clothes on and holding a fan in front of her."

The Times reporter states that she carried a muff, not a fan, in front of her. Perhaps the taxicab scene was suggested by the adventure of Mme. Emma Bovary in Rouen.

Mr. Williams went on as follows:

"It might be thought that the two societies he represented were opposing this license on account of the dispute which had taken place between them and Mr. Oswald Stoll. It was not, however, on account of that dispute, though it was on account of something which had risen out of it—the introduction of ladies into the orchestra, which was a very serious thing. The association had 600 lady members, most of whom had come into the profession through the advent of the cinema, and who played instruments suitable for them—violins, 'cellos and pianofortes. At cinemas objectionable elements were generally ruled out by the censorship; but as regards revues those who knew the business were aware that after the lord chamberlain had licensed a review then the 'blue gags' were inserted.

"There were now three classes of girls at music halls—girl patrons, girl musicians and girl performers on the stage. The girl patron, if she saw or heard anything distasteful, had the remedy in her own hands; but the girl in the orchestra had to see and hear the vulgarities he had described, 12 times a week. There was also a physical danger to the girls in the vitiated air of a two-houses-a-night music hall. The records of the past three years showed that 50 per cent. of the deaths of their members was due to consumption, and that was a very serious matter. In the orchestra at the Middlesex, which was subjected to these things, there was one girl of 14½ and another of 17. With regard to some of the revues their titles were indicative of their character: 'Little Miss Mustard,' 'Hot and Cold,' 'Don't Tempt Me,' 'Search Me,' and it was announced that the New Middlesex was the 'home of revue.' As for the girls on the stage, they were engaged by managers, who also acted as agents, and out of the salary of 30s a week usually paid to them they had to pay back 10 per cent. to the agent. He would leave it to the committee to consider whether it was possible for a girl to lead a decent and honest life while touring on a net salary of 27s a week."

We quote from the Times: "It was said that Mr. Stoll had opened up a new profession to women. On the contrary, it was, in his opinion, an inducement to girls to enter upon what had been called the oldest profession in the world. He did not propose to call any evidence.

"The Chairman—Is it your case that the Middlesex is worse than other places?

"Mr. Williams—We suggest that these French revues were absolutely the limit. They were produced just before the war.

"The Chairman—Did you oppose the license then?

"Mr. Williams—No; there were no lady musicians in the orchestra then. (Laughter).

"The committee eventually decided to recommend the renewal of the license, but impressed on the holder the necessity of exercising every care to prevent anything objectionable in the performances.

"The Bishop of Willesden opposed the renewal of the West End Cinema license, saying that he wished to introduce the great principle that Sunday cinemas were detrimental to the true interests of the country. The chairman pointed out that the application was for a six days' license and not for Sunday opening.

"The Rev. W. T. A. Barber, headmaster of the Leys school, Cambridge, opposed the renewal of the license of the Euston Theatre of Varieties. He said he visited the performance on Aug. 8, as he had to wait two hours for his train from St. Pancras to Yorkshire, thinking it was a picture theatre. There were a number of young people present and a great deal of laughter at things he could not quite understand.

"Several songs were of a very suggestive character, including one, 'I am glad I took my mother's advice.' The girl who sang it said that when she went to Brighton her mother told her to take care she did not come back too late at night. 'I am glad I took my mother's advice,' she added, 'for when I went with my boy to Brighton I did not come back till next morning.' When he heard that and other suggestive innuendoes he got up in disgust and said to a commissionaire:—'This place ought to have the police in it.' He went on to the box-office and repeated the remark, and was there told that the police were present at the performance."

Some time before this meeting General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien freed his mind to a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette. His remarks were called forth by the vigorous talk of the Bishop of London. Sir Horace had this to say about the censorship: "As far as I can make out, a play is passed, but after it has been staged the actors introduce 'gags' and other supplementary matter, which is sometimes of a most objectionable nature. It would not have been tolerated a few years ago. The latitude of the stage seems to be degenerating into license. To watch all these performances and check all the undesirable innovations, the censor would require a very large staff; but I think a regular plan of campaign might at least be organized in regard to the music halls, which should be constantly visited and reported on. For it is here that so much that is lewd, suggestive and excitable prevails."

The Council of the National Federation of Women Teachers has passed a series of resolutions urging

"That, as in young children there is a strong tendency to imitation, while judgment, self-control and the social conscience are not fully developed, it is of the utmost importance that plays suggestive of criminal or immoral actions and scenes of a brutal or terrifying nature should be excluded.

"That the unhealthy atmosphere, eyestrain, excitement and loss of sleep consequent upon evening performances render it desirable that children under 14 should not be admitted after 6 P. M.

"That, as is now done in some cases, part of the auditorium should be reserved for children only, and that women patrols or women police should be in attendance at all places where children are admitted.

"That greater vigilance be exercised in connection with advertisements on hoardings."

Mr. S. R. Littlewood of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote an article (Oct. 28), "Womanhood on the Stage and off," that may be read in connection with the report of the crusade against music halls and revues.

"We have only just recovered from a sufficiently notorious crusade against open vulgarity on our popular stage. I am assuredly not going to start another. Crusades of this kind, however excellent the intentions of the crusader, have a habit of leaving the 'crusadee' quite unaffected, not to say in firmer possession of the field! Indeed, so far as revues and the like entertainments are concerned, such trouble as there is has not been peculiar to the theatre. It has obviously had to do with the whole social conditions of wartime. From the point of view of popular amusement, what the public gets is pretty sure to be something it has shown a mind to.

"Just now, however, there is a smaller and far more delicate matter which might be helpfully considered by those of us who are regular playgoers and have a genuine delight in the art of the theatre. It is a matter concerned with the theatre especially. I had almost said, with the theatre alone. I mean a fact which exists quite apart from the lower plane of mere amusement; namely, that right at the top—in plays which really do pretend to the highest current artistic ambitions—we are not getting on the stage the same response to the noblest national instincts that we are getting in other arts.

"There is nothing in the now hackneyed contention that 'the time has not come for a great war-play,' that we are 'too near the war,' and all the rest of it. We do not necessarily want a 'great war-play' yet awhile. We do not necessarily want plays about the war at all. But we do want plays that have in them, 'unmixed with baser matter,' something like the simple, keen, intelligently yet passionately sincere patriotic spirit that informs the best of our war literature—something that inspires, exalts and purifies.

"The reason for it all is largely, it seems to me, either the misunderstanding or the diffidence of our dramatists in their appeal to women. Now that our stage has lost nearly all its best young men, and the male part of the audience seldom chooses its theatre, there need be no doubt that women have expressly to be reckoned with on both sides of the curtain—at any rate in our legitimate West End theatres. Plays must have more than ever a "strong feminine interest." Quite natural, and why not? But, knowing that they must write about women for women, why is it that our playwrights of today seem actually afraid to put before us an upper-class woman worthy of serious respect? Why is it that we still have to sit in front of laborious excuses for dressiness and hysterics, with the inevitable after-dinner third act to show off So-and-So et Cie.'s gowns? Why is it that, if we look through the plots of the majority of our West End comedies, we find at every turn some stuffy and sordid amatory intrigue? Why is it that in nearly every case we find the lady chiefly concerned proving a 'neuropath' or a 'temperament' or a degenerate of an even franker order? Where, one is tempted to ask, among all the new plays on our West End stage today, shall one find a sane, healthy, brave, noble, intelligent, upper-class Englishwoman, drawn with full and sincere appreciation?

"True, there seems to be nothing definitely wrong with the heroine of Mr. Calthrop's 'Old Country' at Wyndham's. But she is the most colorless and least intelligent character in that otherwise clever play, so much of which is devoted to an utterly needless problem in illegitimacy. In 'The Misleading Lady,' at the Playhouse, we have a sort of promoted 'flapper' talking elementary sex to an outgrown schoolboy. In 'Mr. Jubilee Drax,' at the Haymarket, we have an actual lady-criminal as the principal character. In 'Her Husband's Wife,' at the New, we have a duel between a fluffy hypochondriac and a revengeful flirt. In 'Romance,' at the Lyric, we have a habitually immoral prima-donna philandering with a clergyman. Not least, in 'Home on Leave,' Mr. Knoblock's latest Royalty play, written since the beginning of the war and expressly for war-time consumption, we are even asked to sympathize with a nasty-minded little hussy, unfaithful in turn to her husband and two potential co-respondents, who deserves nothing better than a good whipping—if indeed she is worth that trouble!

"Are we to believe, then, that these 'play-ladies' represent the moral tone now prevailing among Englishwomen? We all know that any such idea would be nonsense. Never was there a time when Englishwomen of the upper as of other classes have been doing their duty with more glorious courage and sacrifice. Are we to believe that this cluster of detrimentals represents the type of heroine that our most cultured women-players want most to see? Again such a notion would be palpably false. How false it would be is shown in the popularity of Irish Peg and Yankee Judy and Effie of Tullochmains, not to mention Mrs. Nightingale of Lancashire. The heart of the matter seems simply to be insincerity and lack of courage on our playwrights' part. They do not dare to strike away from the line of least technical and 'vested-interest' resistance. So the old ritual of fine frocks and after-dinner passion goes on. But what chances missed!"

The pianists, singers and fiddlers are upon us. The programs of this week will be found elsewhere.

But mark the concerts to come after the 25th.

Nov. 26—Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Friedberg will give the Sunday afternoon concert in Symphony Hall. They will play Cesar Franck's sonata. Few will be disappointed because they substituted it for the "Kreutzer" sonata which had been announced.

Nov. 27—Michel Levitzki will give his second piano recital in Jordan Hall. He will play pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein, Liszt. For the most part a stiff program. There is a run on Bach's Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue this season. Mr. Levitzki, by the way, was born at Kieff, while his parents were in Russia on business. From four years of age to seven he played the violin. After the family came back to New York—the father is an American citizen of Russian extraction—the boy studied with Mr. Stojowski for about five years. He studied four years with Mr. Dohnanyi in Berlin. During the year before the war he gave concerts in Germany and Belgium. Since the breaking out of the war he has played in cities of Germany, Austria and Norway. John M. McLaughlin will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall in the evening. His program includes several pieces by Reger, which will be heard here for the first time.

Nov. 28:. The Kneisel Quartet will give a concert in the afternoon at Steinert Hall, with Mrs. Beach playing the piano part of the quintet. That evening in the some hall John Powell will give his first piano recital here this season. The program is a formidable one, although there are only four numbers. The new trio composed of Messrs. Copeland, Stoessel and Hadley will give its first concert in the evening at Jordan Hall. Trios by Beethoven, Ravel and Juon.

Nov. 29. The Flonzaley Quartet will give its first concert. The program will be in memory of E. J. de Coppet, who founded and for a long time maintained the quartet. The program contains the Adagio from Beethoven's Quartet in E flat major, op. 127; Mozart's Quartet in C major; Smetana's quartet "Aus meinen Leben," which must have appealed to Mr. de Coppet on account of his infirmity, for he, as Smetana, grew deaf.

Dec. 1. A young Russian, Elias Breeskin, violinist, will play here for the first time in the evening at Jordan Hall. "At the age of 8 he studied the violin at the Cracow Conservatory. His family emigrated to Washington, D. C., where the boy was discovered. Last season he appeared as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra at Indianapolis, substituting at short notice for Eddy Brown." Mr. Cabrilowitsch will give his second piano recital in the afternoon, as the Symphony Orchestra will be away. He will play pieces by Handel, J. S. Bach, P. E. Bach, Daquin, Mozart, Franck, Schubert, Chopin, MacDowell, Arensky, Tscherepnin, Glazounoff, Gabrilowitsch.

Dec. 2. Roderick White, violinist, will play here for the first time.

Dec. 4. Miss Gladys Lott, with songs and sketches of child life; Paul Schwerley, viola d'amore and Miss Marguerite Gilman, harpist, will be heard in concert at Steinert Hall in the afternoon. Louis Cornell will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall the same afternoon. He played here last season. In the evening Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, and Mr. Theodorowicz, violinist of the Symphony Orchestra, will give a concert in Steinert Hall.

Dec. 5. The first of the Copley-Plaza Musicales, managed by Mr. Macdonald, will take place at 3:30. Mr. Martinelli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, will sing. Miss Rosalie Miller will give a song recital in Steinert Hall in the afternoon. Arthur Alexander, baritone, who lived for some years in Paris as singer and teacher,—his home is now New York—will give a recital in Jordan Hall in the evening. The program includes Schumann's "Dichterliebe" and songs by Gordani, Bononcini, Carissimi, Duparc, Debussy and Widor.

Dec. 6. George Harris, Jr., tenor, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall in the afternoon. Mme. Leginska will give her second piano recital in Jordan Hall. In the same hall at night the Witek-Malkin Trio (Mr. and Mrs. Witek and Mr. Malkin) will play trios by Tschaikowsky and Schubert and Reger's Sonata in E minor, for violin and piano op. 122.

Dec. 9. George Copeland will give his first piano recital of the season in Jordan Hall.

Dec. 11. Oscar Seagle, baritone, known in Paris and New York as a singer and teacher, will give a recital in Jordan Hall in the afternoon.

Dec. 12. Piano recital by Charles Anthony in Steinert Hall in the afternoon. Song recital by Mme. Grace Leslie in Steinert Hall in the evening.

Dec. 16. Harold Bauer's second piano recital in Jordan Hall in the afternoon.

Dec. 18. Piano recital by Charles Cooper in Jordan Hall in the afternoon. He played here last season.

The London Daily Telegraph of Nov. 2 published these notes:

"We are not now much moved by tales of the bare cupboards of the central powers. 'But I have now nothing to eat,' whined the bad dog in the fable when he was turned off for killing sheep. And yet it is difficult to avoid a sympathetic smile over the affair of Frau Hansi Niese. She used to be, you may remember, one of the shining lights of the farces at the Josefstadter Theatre in Vienna, and now she plays at the Johann-Strauss, one of the innumerable theatres of Vienna sacred to operetta. War or no war, operetta in Vienna goes its merry way, and apparently Frau Niese is as much a favorite as ever, for a little while ago she made one of those speeches from the stage which adoring audiences love to extort. But this was no mere flourish. The flowers which they were always giving her were, she said, all very well, but it would be more to the purpose if her admirers spent their money on flours and rice. The hint, the Austrian censor allows us to hear, was taken, and Frau Niese's larder enriched by the desired flour, rice and even (oh happy day!) eggs. A bag of potatoes was also delivered, with the touching inscription: 'Our dear niese shall not suffer if we have to.'

"If this sort of thing becomes fashionable a new responsibility will rest upon the conductor of the orchestra. Bouquets are one thing, but bags of flour quite another. The innovation, however, has its historic interest. The arrival of vegetable products (other than flowers) on the stage has not hitherto been evidence of popularity. But was it not in the old days of the Britannia that a stock company used on occasion to receive gifts even more personal than potatoes? The custom is obviously capable of indefinite development, which the Teutonic mind, with its turn for detail, may be trusted to discover. But it will make an awkward conclusion for those plays of German prowess in war which are or were popular. When for three hours the stage has been displaying the glory of the policy of the All-Highest, it will cast a chill over patriotic joy to see the players receiving little bags of provender.

"Sir Sidney Lee has been declaiming his anxiety that soldiers on leave should have an opportunity of enjoying our 'national literary drama,' and he is able to produce good evidence that some of them would like to spend an evening with a serious play. Everybody who looks to the theatre for something better than a mere digestive would be glad to see our 'national literary drama' on the boards more often. But the times are hard. The theatre has to provide for audiences, which are not anxious to be made to think much or to feel deeply. It is probable enough that some of the soldiers on leave and some of their womenfolk enjoying a short respite from cruel anxieties would be glad enough to see great plays. But from the manager's point of view the thing is a question of numbers. How many of the men on leave, what proportion of the playgoers, would choose our natonal literary drama? There is another difficulty which is not concerned with base profit and loss. The national literary drama has a way of using a large number of male parts, and competent actors young enough to look like heroes and warriors are for the most part being heroic in reality.

"The war has been a powerful factor in bringing about the alteration of views in all sorts and conditions of people. Take, for instance, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, who, two years ago, was firmly convinced that nothing could be less to the taste of the public than the war play. 'That chapter is closed,' he now declares; 'today I feel that the present struggle, or perhaps I should rather say certain issues springing from it, constitute a fitting subject for treatment on the stage.' It is in this belief that Mr. du Maurier, in conjunction with Mr. Frank Curzon, is to give us, after the withdrawal of 'The Old Country,' at Wyndham's, a piece in which the authors, Miss Gladys Unger and Mr. Neil Lyons, attempt to show the influence of the war upon the humbler classes."

The London Times of Oct. 18 published this article about "God Save the King":

The London county council has just published the report submitted to it by its education officers on the national anthem. The council laudably desired that in these days of awakened loyalty the children in its schools should sing the anthem "right." To find out which version was "right" they turned to Dr. F. S. Boas, divisional inspector, and to Dr. John E. Borland, and their statements—Dr. Boas's on the words and Dr. Borland's on the music—make up this very interesting pamphlet.

There is no form of "God Save the King," Dr. Boas concludes, which is absolutely right, though doubtless there are many which are wrong. It was not made, it grew, like a folk-ballad. It has its roots far back in English history. "God Save King Henrye" was the watchword, "And long to raign over us" was the countersign in Lord Lisle's fleet on August 10, 1545. "God Save the King" says Coverdale's Bible, where the Hebrew meant "Let the King live." A song sung at the Conduit in Cornhill in the Coronation procession of Edward VI.; the prayers for the sovereign on the Tudor stage; the form of prayer on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, a ballad of 1645—in all these Dr. Boas finds gathering hints of the coming anthem. Then in November, 1743, something comes to light of which we can, as it were, catch hold. John Travers, organist of the Chapels Royal, composed a birthday ode for Princess Augusta, the wife of "Poor Fred, who was alive and is dead"; and this ode concluded with a Latin chorus of two stanzas, of the same meter as "God Save the King," and corresponding pretty closely in meaning to its first and second stanzas. Travers appended his own English translation, which is pretty clear proof that he had not translated the Latin out of the English anthem; and it is probable that the words and music were originally used in the Roman Catholic church service.

The sovereign's name is not mentioned in the Latin hymn, though it appears that there was an English version, now lost, current between Restoration and Revolution, which said "God save Great James (or Charles), our King." But neither those names nor any others are given in the version found engraved on a "Pretender" wine-glass of 1722-25, which begins:

> God save the King, I pray,
> God bless the King, I pray.

No name, again, is given in the version (still of two stanzas only) which was printed in the first edition of "Thesaurus Musicus" (? 1743), and which begins:—

> God save our Lord the King,
> Long live our noble King,
> God save the King.

That, then, is an earlier version of the first line than the version commonly sung today. But with Jacobites about singing anthems to kings without a name, some sort of definition was desirable; and so we come to the version printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1745, as "A Song for Two Voices—As sung at both Playhouses," Drury Lane and Covent Garden, during the Jacobite rising. This is the first known version that contains the third stanza; and the first stanza begins:—

> God save Great George, our King,
> Long live our noble King,
> God save the King.

And the "Great George" line is the line, says Dr. Boas, which, if any, has a prescriptive claim. As to the "gracious" which is in use today, it crept in because "William" would not scan (though some odd efforts were made to fit the name in somehow); but the first line, as we know it now seems not to have appeared before June, 1830; and seven years later its peculiar appropriateness to the young Queen doubtless settled it in favor.

This sketch by no means exhausts all the interesting things that Dr. Boas has to tell about the growth of the anthem and about textual variaitions other than those in the first line. Meanwhile Dr. Borland, examining the music, deprecates Dr. John Bull's claim to have composed the air, and shows how this folk-song has grown through Bull, Arne, and others to Stanford's version, which is now the "standard" version.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

Talking with a wounded "Africa-nadian" about the theatre and suitable wartime programs, he asked me why Vere Stent's play, "War and a Woman," had never appeared in London. He saw the play nearly 10 years ago and thought it wonderful. He believed the Earl of Selborne, who was then Governor of the Transvaal, commanded a performance. It was played in the Pretoria Opera House, my friend explained, and the part of the German spy was taken by Mr. Willis of the entomological department. The other principal parts were taken by Mr. Stent's sons and daughters. I wondered whether the play was familiar to any other playgoers.—London Daily Chronicle.

At the Grafton Galleries yesterday the Indian Art and Dramatic Society gave the first of two afternoon performances (the second will take place next Tuesday) of Kalidasa's play, "Vikramorvasie," adapted by Mr. K. N. das Gupta, under the title of "The Hero and the Nymph." If Mr. das Gupta is right, yesterday's was the first performance which this ancient work had ever received, for it was the last play that Kalidasa wrote, and it was not produced in India in his lifetime or after. The play tells how King Pururavas, who

seemed to be not wholly mortal, though of the earth, loved the nymph, or member of the heavenly theatrical company, Urvasie, whom he had rescued from an attacking demon. After the due period of longing and despair, which sorely tried his greedy and earthy old friend, Brahman Manavaka, Pururavas won his bride, because she was turned out of heaven for forgetting her part while dreaming of her love. Wedded and happy, she gave way to jealousy, and in a fit of temper rushed into the grove of the celibate and woman-hating god of war, who promptly turned her into a vine. And so we come to the most charming scene in the play, Pururavas's search for her in the forest, which lasts until the Goddess of Truth descends from heaven with a magic ruby, which enables the King to discover where his bride is hidden. The quaint prologue, spoken in dialogue between a theatrical manager and an actress (another queer link between two totally independent dramas, the ancient Indian and the Elizabeth English), told use a little of what the play would mean to a Hindu. But even without its symbolism it proved to be a very attractive and beautiful little piece. The representation, arranged by Mr. Charles Fry, is very simple; but with Mr. William Stack for the King and Miss Sybil Thorndike for the nymph, the chief parts were admirably played: and Mr. Arthur Fayne as Manavaka, Miss Gladys Holmes as another nymph, and Miss Elaine Denys, who sang very sweetly a song by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, were others of note in a capable cast. Indian music was played and sung by Prof. Ali Khan. —London Times, Oct. 28.

The London Times (Nov. 3) said that Miss Myra Hess, a pianist, "belongs to the school which believes in dramatizing the incidents of the movement by piling up, even engineering, vast crescendos, and leading the astonished hearer from rapture to rapture." But what did the Times mean by adding: "It seemed a pity that such unsuitable composers as Bach and Brahms should have been drawn upon for the program." Was it because they did not lend themselves to Miss Hess's methods? Surely not because they were born in Germany.

The Daily Telegram says that the transcription for piano of W. F. Bach's organ concerto in D minor should never be played in public "save as a possible cure for insomnia."

The London Times finds two defects in Ravel's string quartet: "It contains little true part writing, one or other instrument is usually being accompanied by the others, and the centre of gravity of the several movements is not clear. It pales beside the Franck (quintet) which is full of the originality that looks for something true, not new to say, and conquers fresh territory in virtue only of its strong grip on the old."

"Dante," the symphonic poem of Enrique Granados, was performed in London Oct. 28. Before the performance Sir Henry Wood said: "It is a very elaborate work, difficult to play, and there is a vocal solo in the second part which I consider one of the most difficult ever written for the voice. However, I think the music will be recognized as one of the most ambitious compositions, from a serious art point of view, that has as yet come from Spain." Sir Henry Wood spoke of the loss to music by the premature death of Granados, adding the information that the composer had intended to write further movements to this "Dante" poem. "This was his latest work, and I understand that there were to have been two more movements. The first two that I am conducting are entitled, 'Dante and Virgil' and 'Paolo and Francesca.'"

"Dante" has been performed in Chicago with success. Of the performance in London the Times said:

"It was the manner of his death, on board a British steamer torpedoed by the enemy, which made people in this country realize suddenly that people in Spain, in France, in New York and elsewhere regarded Granados as a composer whose work must be listened to. Accordingly, Sir Henry Wood did well to give us a chance of listening to one of his latest works. But such circumstances are not the best in which to make the acquaintance of an artist's work, or at any rate of a work of this kind. The audience comes to it with a lively interest in the man and the hope of discovering something of his personality, but his personality is shrouded in the subject of the poem. One learns more about Granados from the little piano pieces which have been played from time to time than from this elaborately pictorial music traversing another world. Rich color, very like Wagner's, and imagination of a rather vague kind make an impression, but scarcely a powerful one. It is difficult to find in what Granados's conception of Dante differs from those of the many other composers who have tried to translate him into sound. On the whole, the work won respect rather than admiration. Yet there is a strong sense of beauty running through it, and the words of Francesca in the second movement, set for a contralto voice and finely sung by Miss Doris Manuelle, give a greater interest in that movement than can be aroused by the orchestra alone in the first." The Daily Telegraph described the music as "of an intensely emotional character and of deep intimacy, so deep in point of fact as almost to bring it into the realms of chamber music. * * * It blazes with a southern atmosphere, an atmosphere almost sultry at moments, the warmth now burning at white heat.

anon falling away to that which was neither cold nor hot."

We move into austerer regions with the "Tragedies" of Mr. Arthur Symons, a collection of two short dramas, and one full-length play, which invites a much fuller and more respectful consideration than is possible in the space at our disposal. Mr. Symons has long since taken his place among the lyric poets of his generation; but there will probably be few readers who would have expected from him so rich and powerful a vein of tragic poetry as dignifies this fine and memorable volume. The shortest of the plays deals with a plot against Cleopatra, who is a visitor at Herod's court, and doomed to death by his lordlings, when suddenly she reverses the whole situation by playing upon Herod's uxorious passion for Mariamne, and leading him to believe that, if she herself were dead, Antony would be the triumphant rival for Mariamne's favours. It is a closely packed fragment of drama, full of sudden vacillations of emotion. There is also a powerful incident of Nero's murder of Agrippina, in which the poetic imagination of the murderer is shown to bring in its own secret revenge. But the strength of the volume is concentrated in "The Harvesters," a very impressive three-act drama of Cornish peasant life, in which the very simplest dialogue is employed with rare skill, in the revelation of simple and fatal passions.—London Daily Chronicle, Oct. 23.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Moses Boguslawski of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music. Bach-Busoni, Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major; Brahms, Variations on a theme of Paganini; Liszt's "Years of Pilgrimage" and pieces by Chopin.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Leila Holterhoff, coloratura soprano. Bach, Willst du dein Herz mir schenken; Mozart, Das Veilchen; Gluck, O del mio dolce Ardor; Fesch, Tu fai la superbetta; Brahms, Der Tod, Au ein Veilchen, Des liebsten Schwur, Geheimnis, Das Maedchen; Tschaikowsky, Le Canari, Berceuse, Mon pays; Gretchaninoff, La Nuit; Brown, Shepherd, thy Demeanor; Mallory, Orpheus with his Lute; Cyril Scott, A Little Song of Picardie; Bauer, Star Trysts; Henschel, Sunny Beams; Spross, That's the World in June.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Concert of Boston composers. Thayer, Trelawny; H. Parker, The Lamp in the West; Foote, The Farewell of Hiawatha (baritone solo by Warren A. Brown); Osgood, In Picardie; G. E. Whiting, March of the Monks of Bangor (tenor solo by Bruce Hobbs); Converse, Laudate Dominum; J. C. Warren, Slumber Song; Paine, Phoebus, Arise (tenor solo by G. H. Boynton); Miss Lang, The Maiden and the Butterfly; Chadwick, Ecce jam Noctis; S. F. Smith, America. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams will sing these songs: Mrs. Beach, Ah! Love but a Day; Fairy Lullaby; Separation; Densmore, When Within Thine Arms; MacDowell, The Blue Bell; Whelpley, Wanderer's Night Song; Miss Daniels, Daybreak.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Alice van Barentzen. Rameau-Diemer, Gavotte pour les Heures et les Zephirs; Scarlatti, Piece; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 57; Schumann, Des Abends, Aufschwung, Warum, Traumeswirren; Chopin, Barcarolle, Two Etudes, Polonaise, op. 53; Schubert-Liszt, Die Erlkoenig; Mendelssohn-Liszt, Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges; Pierne, Cache-Cache; Liszt, Un Sospiro; Rubinstein, Etude.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Nicola Onikanoff, baritone, assisted by Theodor Cella, harpist, and Wells Weston, pianist. J. Faure, Charity (with organ); Brogi, Visione Veneziana; Tschaikowsky, The Night; Arensky, The Eagle; Moussorgsky, The Goat; Kindrin, Why; Bielchman, My Lips are Sealed; Gliuka, The Lark (with harp). Harp solos, Winter, Winter; Godefroid, Les Danses des Sylphes.

THURSDAY—Tremont Temple. First operatic concert of the Tremont Temple course. Miss Marcella Craft, soprano of the Munich Opera; Miss Vera Barstow, violinist; Albert Edmund Brown, baritone; Elmer Zoller, pianist. Tartini, Largo, Allegro Commodo; E. Moor, Prelude; Kunits, Sarabande and Musetta (Miss Barstow); Puccini, Me chiamano from "La Boheme," In quelle trine morbide from "Manon Lescaut" (Miss Craft); Handel, O Ruddier than the Cherry (Mr. Brown); Ornstein, Mazourka, Melancholie; Schumann, At the Fountain; Pugnani-Kreisler, Praeludium and Allegro (Miss Barstow); Arensky, The Little Fish's Song; Moussorgsky, The Beetle; Martin, The Daffodils (Miss Craft), Puccini, Butterfly's Entrance, One Fine Day, Song to the Baby and Farewell to the Baby, from "Madama Butterfly" (Miss Craft); Tours, Mother o' Mine; Stock, Route Marchin'; Damrosch, Danny Deever (Mr. Brown); Spalding, Alabama; Koler, Indian Scherzo (Miss Barstow); The Last Rose of Summer, Bonnie Doon, Annie Laurie, Comin' Thro' the Rye (Miss Craft).

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M. Henry Gideon's second music talk. "The Symphonic Poem and the Symphonic Ballet," Le Rouet d'Omphale" and "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" will be discussed.

BERNHARDT CLOSES ENGAGEMENT IN BOSTON

Gives Last of Wonderful Performances at the Hollis.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her company in "Cleopatra," "From the Theatre to the Field of Honor," "Le Vitrail," and "Rosalie."

After playing "Hecube," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Camille" in the afternoon, the incomparable Mme. Bernhardt gave a brilliant performance of the pieces which closed her Boston engagement in the evening.

The audiences at both performances were very large and justly enthusiastic. Her present visit has shown that the actress still charms as of old. The fascinating eyes, golden voice, great purity of diction, glowing sincerity, still excite wonder and weave their irresistible spell.

At the close of the evening performance Mme. Bernhardt was recalled again and again, nor was the public satisfied until, with customary graciousness, she said: "I love you," in response to the scenes of enthusiasm.

Nov. 20 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

"Boston is one of the grandest, surefootedest, clear-headest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Unlike every other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to have been speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and its about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There! I say, loud and continnered applaus for Boston!"

But Artemus Ward wrote this soon after the "Grate Orgin" was set up in Music Hall; before the days of dirt caused by soft coal; before the trolley-car, the taxi-cab, and public indifference and apathy.

All Up for Boston

As the World Wags:

As one who is interested in always booming Boston, allow me to make a suggestion. All our many schemes to date seem somehow to lack sufficient scope to secure us proper financial support; contributions have been very slow. We have been suspected of selfish and narrow motives.

There's a remedy. We should not only boom Boston, but the rest of New England (including New Haven, Ct.) also. And then the 13 original states, with an occasional boost (to show that we are not altogether provincial) of the Florida Everglades and the Isle of Pines. Will you kindly inform a constant reader what Mr. Herkimer Johnson thinks of the plan? A. BOOMER.

Boston.

Shakespeare and Sawyer.

As the World Wags:

Somehow I fancy it was the Herald which, a few months back, mildly chaffed the mayor for a rotund allusion to "William Henry Shakespeare." But —I put it to you as an honest man to an honest man—was his honor's oratorical slip any worse than the assertion contained in an editorial on "O. Henry" in the Herald of Nov. 15, that Shakespeare, like Raleigh, Bunyan and other unlucky men of genius, spent "some years" in prison? Doubtless the writer of that article had in mind the deer-stealing episode, which Sir Sidney Lee says "is best assigned to 1585." And surely not all of 1585, at that.

I also wish to inquire whether the origin of the phrase, "The tune the old cow died of" (or "on"), has yet been determined. About 40 years ago I acquired a little jingle:

"The hay is all gone, the hay is all gone,
This is the tune the old cow died on."

But that is libretto rather than tune.

Then about leaning "toward Sawyer's," which is the way I heard the expression—it had never happened to come to my notice before—from my wife soon after our marriage. The odd thing about it was that, as my wife's family lived next door to a man named Sawyer, I long supposed the saying to be original with them—a little household joke. Seeing that it goes farther back, I ask: Who was Sawyer? Also who was the unhappy Billings in the comparison: "Slower 'n old Billings when he went to be hung"; and the woman Hunt in the description applied to a tough piece of meat: "Tougher than Jenny Hunt's tripe"? J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster, Nov. 16.

A Plea for Extension.

As the World Wags:

Is the more serious type of gallows verse to have no place in our hypothetical anthology? I have daily been expecting to find mention in your column of the poems of A. E. Housman. Surely no collection could afford to omit "Here the Hangman Stops His Cart" or "On Moonlit Heath and Lonesome Bank." And of the old English ballads, "Brennan on the Moor" and "The Briery Bush," certainly deserves places. The latter is the only instance I recall where a woman is the prospective victim, save in the epic-ballad of George Barnwell. It would seem that the sentimental jury is a phenomenon not restricted to any one time or locality.

It is a pity that the scope of the anthology is not enlarged to include deaths by the axe as well as by the halter. The Gilbertian excerpts which would thus become eligible would of themselves justify the extension. A. E. C.

Cambridge.

"Blasphemy."

As the World Wags:

On page 78 of Edward H. Savage's "History of the Boston Watch and Police" we find the following entry: "June 18, 1838, Samuel Atkins Eliot, mayor, Abner Kneeland sent to jail for two months for 'blasphemy.'" This crime is still on the statute books, but the enforcement of it is regarded as an obsolete institution and one belonging to the drear and musty past. Perhaps an examination of the original papers in the case would prove interesting to the antiquary. I should like to know just what constitutes "blasphemy." These were the good "old days" of which we hear so much misinformation nowadays. For my own part, I can safely say that human nature always remains the same.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

Is not blasphemy profane speaking of God or sacred things; impious irreverence? Blackstone mentions "blasphemy against the Almighty by denying His being or providence." An old meaning of blasphemy, now obsolete, is slander, evil speaking.—Ed.

Adornment Extraordinary.

As the World Wags:

Our town newspaper says:

On many occasions the banquet room of G. A. R. Hall has presented an attractive appearance, but never more so than on Wednesday evening. Tables were set there to accommodate 125 guests, adorned with nice dishes, candelabra and flowers. It was the annual inspection of Longfellow chapter, Order Eastern Star, and the inspecting officers and members appeared in best bib and tucker for this annual function.

and further on:

Little Pauline —— of the Famous Players and one who has received more deserved publicity than any other little girl we know, is to personally appear with the Clover Comedy Club on Tuesday evening.

We'll stand for the split infinitive, but would like an explanation about that "personally." Has Pauline an adjustable wraith that she can press into service when appearing not personally?

SASSAFRAS.

CONCERT IN AID OF PENSIONS AT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon in aid of the pension fund. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4, in F minor, opp. 36; Weber, overture to the opera "Oberon"; Delibes, Suite from the Ballet "Sylvia"; Strauss, waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song"; Nicolai, overture to the opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The program was of a popular nature and a large audience readily responded in aid of so fine a cause.

Tschaikowsky, himself, related the program of the Symphony in a letter to his friend Mme. von Meck to whom the work was dedicated. It was inspired by thoughts of faith and death. Its theme is universal and it appeals to any mortal perplexed with the mystery of life. The music depicts man's weakness, his utter impotence against relentless fate. He may hope for consolation in memories, in incidents that flit through his disordered mind, but in vain. Happiness may only be found in observing and sharing the happiness of others until death brings relief.

The orchestra was as a commanding and entrancing virtuoso. In the symphony there were many instances of admirable solo work and superb ensemble. The capricious scherzo was given with extraordinary brilliance and variety of nuances. In other pieces there was sonority and surpassing skill.

Dr. Muck, whose art as an interpreter is akin to genius, gave an admirable reading of the symphony and conducted the dance music on the program with the quiet authority, the magnetic force, for which he is justly admired. Under his direction the well-known waltz was effectively recreated with irresistible abandon and effective observance of its subtleties of rhythm.

Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Kreisler will play an interesting program assisted by Carl Friedberg, pianist.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND GIVE CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

Artists from the Hippodrome Company Assist.

John Philip Sousa and his band, assisted by several artists of the New York Hippodrome show, gave the first of a series of Sunday night concerts at the Boston Opera House last night before a large audience. The author of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and other march songs which have become classics presented a program which included the overture to Mignon, charac-

ter studies, "The Dwellers in the Western World," and concluding the program with a march from "The Damnation of Faust." Louis P. Fritze, flutist, Nat Wills, pantomimist and humorist, Miss Virginia Root, soprano, who are on the program with Mr. Sousa in the Hippodrome show, were the artists who participated in the program.

ARNOLD DALY

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Master," a play in three acts by Hermann Bahr, adapted by Benjamin F. Glazer. Produced by the estate of Henry B. Harris.

Ida Wayte.......................Florence Oakley
Clemens.......................Charles Hilton
Katharine, wife of Arthur Wessler.......Edyth Latimer
Arthur Wessler.......................Arnold Daly
Dr. Evans.......................Philip Wood
Dr. Kokoro.......................Edward Abeles
Juliet, wife of Raymond Wessler.......Ethel May Oliver
Hon. Peter Brookson.......William [illegible]
Dr. Raymond Wessler.......................Carl Eckstrom
Dr. Klauder.......................George Gaston
Eugene Thompson.......................Ramsay Wallace
Mortimer Weeks.......................Royal Byron

"Der Meister" was produced in 1903. It had a long run in Berlin and Vienna. It was brought out in German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, on March 1, 1910. Gustav [illegible] played the part of Caius Duhr, the Master, Miss Clara Slidel, the part of Violet, the wife, Gustave Hartzheim was Dr. Kokoro.

In February, 1898, a three-act play, "The Master," by G. Stuart Ogilvie, was produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, with Henry Miller as the chief actor. And in this play, which was performed in London that year, a business man of domineering ways, who turns his children out of doors, is finally softened through misfortune.

It is said that Bahr's play is founded on incidents in the life of a celebrated German doctor, as his "Concert" was suggested by the character and behavior of a Viennese pianist, who once visited this country. When "The Concert" was translated into English, the prevailing bitterness of the satire was turned in a measure into good humor. It would be interesting to know what liberties, if any, Mr. Glazer has taken with "The Master." He has transferred the surgeon's hospital to a small American city, but some of the characters are still essentially German. The surgeon's man Clemens drops into German in the first act, and the surgeon's wife says that her parents were German and Irish.

In "The Master" cynicism in dialogue and action is pronounced. The surgeon is a sublime egoist, who has read Nietzsche. At first he was condemned as a quack in spite of his many remarkable operations. His brother prosecuted him because he thought it his duty. The mayor was against him. But when Arthur cured a millionaire's son there was a revulsion of feeling. He was made professor of surgery. The little city was known far and wide as the home of the eminent surgeon. His brother and his own foes rushed to congratulate him. The scene of their visit with the dialogue is in Ibsen's vein.

This surgeon has not been faithful to his wife, who aided him when he was fighting his way. He had many affairs, one with his secretary, Ida, and he wishes her to marry young Evans. As he laughed the former out of her career as a pianist, so he urges Evans not to attempt surgery, but to write as a theorist. He makes no bones about his acts of infidelity. He boasts that he has mastered all emotions and passions. His pupil, the Japanese Kokora, reasons with him from the Oriental standpoint. He insists that utility is not the sole guide in life, that the Occidentals have gained everything except happiness.

Arthur's wife, chilled by her husband's cynicism, falls in love with Thompson. She goes to his house. A fire breaks out, and she is obliged to leave his chamber by a ladder in the sight of many. The surgeon takes the ground that she has a right to dispose of herself as she pleases. He will not obtain a divorce; he will not kill her lover. All this shocks the Japanese, also [illegible] the surgeon's brother, when on a visit of condolence he calls his sister-in-law a wanton. Finally the wife leaves the house of her own free will to go to Thompson. Ida will wed the young physician. The surgeon is left with Kokoro, who tells him that he is the victim of his egoism, that there is a power above that it is. As Arthur says we are their puppets, the Japanese not excepted, the curtain falls.

The play is more plausible with the German characters in a German city. It was a mistake to transfer the scene. Americans would not talk as these men and women do, nor would they spend time in the amusing pastime of chopping logic. The newspaper man, who as editor and attorney calls on the surgeon as the representative of a society to honor him, [illegible] has had the courage to act out the doctrine of sexual equality is peculiarly German. But even in its present form the drama is engrossing, one that should lend to meditation, comment and argument.

Nor is it in any way a zealous tract. The dramatist leaves the spectator to draw his own conclusions. There is a study of a man who falls through pride of intellect. Ida, in her reproachful speech, exposes his true character and she is really the heroine of the play. After he has destroyed her illusions, made her ashamed of her honest love and devotion, she still looks up to him as master, though she sees through him. Kokoro, who also knows his master's inherent weakness, is faithful to him, although he tells him that his system of life is bad.

The wife is vaguely sketched, not easily understood. Or was it because Miss Latimer herself does not fully understand the character, or has not at present the authority to explain, or carry conviction?

The play is a satire, a satire on failure and success, on the worthlessness of titles and man's o'erweening pride; on the weakness and the strength of woman. The cynical speeches of the surgeon are not simply epigrams and smart savings; they add to our knowledge of his opinions and failings. Is the ending inconsequential? No more than many endings in the tragic comedy of life, no matter in what country the action may take place. Whether the wife will be happy with Thompson is immaterial. The surgeon is left alone. We are not sure that his pride is wholly shattered. As he had sinned against conventional morality, he could not throw a stone at his wife, who had carried out his theories. Yet he was secretly mortified, because he did not maintain his mastery over here.

Mr. Daly played the comedy scenes lightly and effectively. His management of dialogue was telling. The callous indifference of the surgeon towards all that ordinary mortals hold dear was admirably expressed. In the scene with Thompson and the final interview with his wife he was less at ease; merely melodramatic in speech, facial expression, and mannered and monotonous gestures. The supporting company as a whole is a capable one. Miss Oakley was womanly, quietly pathetic, impressive as Ida; Mr. Eckstrom graphic in his portrayal of the malicious, envious, hypocritical brother. Mr. Abeles gave a carefully studied yet spontaneous impersonation of the observing Japanese; truly admirable in characterization; Mr Byron was grotesquely amusing as the impossible newspaper man; that is, impossible in any office of this country.

A large audience was deeply interested. Mr. Daly made a few remarks about his happiness to be back in Boston, the customary speech demanded by spectators who are not disturbed by having the illusion of the stage dispelled.

"Fate Decides," by George Scarborough, will be produced at this theatre by Mr. Savage's original company.

MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN HEADS B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Delightful Sketch Given—Several Other Good Items.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, one of the grandest characters on the American stage and a shining exemplar of a school of acting that is fast disappearing, is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Incidentally the venerable actress is this year celebrating the golden jubilee of her stage career.

Mrs. Whiffen's sketch, "The Golden Night," is a delightful act and the work of Edgar Allen Woolf. The piece is first of all admirably suited to the actress, and there is not the slightest need of any attempt at make-up. It might be said that the actress walked through the part; there was always the irresistible spell, the quiet authority of the well schooled actress, nor should her colleagues of other acts on the bill lose the opportunity of profiting by the excellence of her art. Mrs. Whiffen was capably assisted by J. H. Lewis, Peggy Dale Whiffen and Thomas H. McKnight.

Another novelty on this week's bill was the dramatic fantasy, "The Call of Childhood," featuring Emmet Devoy and a large company. The piece takes its fling at eugenics and the dialogue is often amusing in its satire and sting. The sketch is novel, too, in its treatment, and the spirit of Hallowe'en is nicely woven through the act. Thus the domestic frigidity and the isolation of the only child is softened and there is tranquility, and the boy is a boy once more.

One of the best laughing numbers was the act of Will Morrissey, assisted at the piano by Freddie Clinton. Mr. Morrissey is billed as "the eminent pianist," and it is to his credit that the audience at first takes him seriously. The actor, not lacking in the technique of the instrument, quickly removes the mask, and there is the comedian of no uncertain versatility. Covering a wide range of impersonation, he was especially fortunate in his impressions of Ernest Truex in "Very Good Eddie" and George M. Cohan and there was marked fidelity in both impersonations in reproductions of speech, mannerisms and poise.

Other acts were the singing act of Carmela and Rosa Ponzillo, the Mirano brothers, "The Flying Torpedoes," in a sensational aerial act; Jack Ingliss and Mary Reading, in a singing and dancing act, Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson in a burlesque, "Revue of Revues"; Libonati, ragtime xylophonist, and the Cycling Brunettes, in an interesting wheel act.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lew Fields in "Step This Way," a revival of "The Girl Behind the Counter," a musical production in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith, lyrics by E. Ray Goetz, music by Mr. Goetz and Bert Grant. Cast:

Henri Duval.......................Sam Dody
Susie Scroggs.......................Gladys Clark
Dudley Cheatham.......................Henry Bergman
Millie Mostyn.......................Marguerite Farrell
Mrs. Henry Schniff.......................Alice Fischer
Winnie Willoughby.......................Elizabeth Wood
Henry Schniff.......................Lew Fields
Charles Chetwynd.......................Edward Bassi
Lord Augustus Gushington.......................Sam Ward

With unusual frankness the program of this piece says it is a "production." A glance at the number of producers will show that is just what it is. In spots it is musical. In a few it is charmingly so. But first and last it is a "production," and the several gentlemen who had a hand in it have been unusually generous or careless in the way they have thrown together their products.

All such pieces are productions, more or less, and resemble the Kentucky colonel's whiskey—some are better than others. "Step This Way" seemed to please a large audience last night and some of the dance numbers and songs were redemanded several times. Miss Farrell in "Kelly," Miss Wood in "Love Me in Twilight," and Gladys Clark and Mr. Bergman in a Hawaiian imitation "By the Sad Luana Shore" were particularly effective and successful.

Lew Fields and Alice Fischer, as a couple lifted for a brief space from running a boarding house to great wealth by a legacy that was taken away just as Miss Fischer thought she was about to break into high society, were uproariously funny enough to make a lively evening, even if they had no lightly draped living statues going and coming about them or any of the labored attempts at comedy which go to make up a "production."

Mr. Fields had to be a suffering husband who doesn't want to buy his way into society and purchase a lord for a son-in-law, a Scotland Yard detective and a head waiter, and in each character he kept his delicious humor and his inimitable dialect wth him. One of the really good gits of the "production" was the wonderful set of humor derelicts that were turned over to Lew as waiters, and his brief examination and training of them.

Miss Fischer, whose superb figure and carriage, and whose natural good breeding and refinement are well known, displayed her exceptional art by the skill with which she seemed to be the coarse grained landlady suddenly transformed into a social climber. Her efforts to pass off table d'hote French as natural familiarity with what she called the "hoi pollol," went, as she would say, with immense "ec-clatt."

Miss Wood was pretty and winning and sang well as Lew Fields's stepdaughter, who marries the young millionaire owner of the department store where most of it happens, instead of the mushy lord. Mr. Bassi was straightforward, sincere and manly as the young millionaire.

Miss Clark won the audience with her petite grace, her comeliness and her neat dancing with Mr. Bergman.

There was the customary throng of beauties on display and they could be seen about as extensively as usual, but not one of them was clothed as Mr. William Sunday says the modern society girl is dressed.

PORTMANTEAU

Stuart Walker with his Portmanteau Theatre paid his second visit to Boston yesterday, under the auspices of the Business Women's Club. There were two performances at Jordan Hall. In the afternoon Lord Dunsany's "The Golden Doom" and "The Gods of the Mountain" and Hortense Flexner's "Voices" were given. In the evening the plays were Oscar Wilde's "The Birthday of the Infanta," Mr. Walker's "Nevertheless" and "The Gods of the Mountain."

It is said that Lord Dunsany, now at the front, had little interest in the theatre and only consented to turn playwright owing to the persistence of Mr. Yeats. As a result of his diligence several of his pieces were presented by the Abbey Theatre company.

"The Golden Doom" is concerned with a King, proud and prosperous, but who has given no thought to religious observances. The scene takes place outside the monarch's palace. Children at play write this verse on the royal door with a piece of gold:

I saw a purple bird
Go up into the sky,
And it went up and up,
And round and round did fly,
I saw it die.

The writing is discovered and taken for an omen of the King's approaching doom. The chief prophet of the stars advises a propitiatory offering. Afraid, the King lays crown and sceptre before the door, commanding that no one watch while the messenger from the stars shall claim the sacrifice. The little boy who wrote the verse returns and joyfully carries off his booty, but the King and court, finding crown and sceptre vanished, rejoice that the gods are appeased.

The play, written in the author's quaint and poetic vein, is more suited to the library than the theatre. There is little dramatic interest. There is much talking.

"The Gods of the Mountain," however, is wholly charming. The play, which has been performed at the Haymarket Theatre, London, is in three acts. Five beggars crouch outside the wall of the city of Kongros. They are dejected, for they lack imagination. They are joined by Agmar and his companion Slag. A mysterious stranger, Agmar is an ornament to their profession. While they whine in vain, passers-by toss him a coin. He suggests that they present themselves in the city as the jade gods from the mountain. So wise is Agmar and so crafty that the imposition succeeds. Yet only for a short time. Sacrifices are offered to the beggars, but doubting citizens send a messenger to see whether the jade gods have really left their abode. The messenger returns, striking terror to the souls of the imposters with the news that the gods are not to be found. Before the news can reach the people, before the sacrifices can be renewed, the jade gods themselves come to punish the offenders by turning them to stone.

The little piece is well worth seeing. It contains humor, rough and sly; irony, wisdom, the excitement of uncertainty and horror. Mr. Walker has produced the play in such a fashion that within the limited space of his stage there is the true atmosphere of the Orient. As Agmar he himself showed marked ability as an actor. His impersonation was effectively tinged with eastern melancholy and he played with authority and magnificent aplomb.

"Voices" is a dialogue between two women, Yvonne and "The Other," presumably Jeanne d' Arc, supposed to take place at Domremy in 1915. It is an appeal for universal peace and voices hatred of kings.

Wilde's story from which the little one-act play was made appeared in French and English in Paris Illustre, March 30, 1889. It was originally called "The Birthday of the Little Princess." The author liked it and wrote: "In point of style it is my best story. I thought of it in black and silver and the French makes it pink and silver." The story was later reprinted in "A House of Pomegranates."

It has dramatic value, and as presented by Mr. Walker reveals his art as a producer and his wisdom in the selection of a supporting company. In this and in "Nevertheless" the interlude between a boy, a girl and a burglar, which was presented last year, Miss Winston did good work and was attractive to look upon. Gregory Kelly, who, in the course of the two performances played several roles, was excellent as the Fantastic.

Mr. Walker's Theatre has the charm of originality. His choice of plays was fortunate, his aesthetic sense unerring in matters of staging and costuming.

JEWETT PLAYERS GIVE PLEASING DOUBLE BILL

"A Pair of Spectacles," comedy in three acts, adapted from the French by Sidney Grundy and played for the first time in America at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, and later made famous by the English comedian, John Hare, is the bill for the present week at the Copley Theatre. In this bill the Henry Jewett players appear at their best.

The comedy is preceded by a one-act play-let, "Leave the Woman Out," by Leon Gordon and played last night for the first time.

"Leave the Woman Out" calls for dramatic force. Both characters appearing in the playlet are well taken. It is the story of the detective who lays the net for a professional cracksman through the medium of a woman. The cracksman attempts to recover a letter, stolen from his apartment some time previous by the detective. He is caught in the act of rifling the detective's rooms, but through his ingenuity succeeds in making his escape, with the aid of two accomplices who impersonate policemen. He throws the handcuffs through the detective's windows with a note in which he gloats over the detective, declaring he has the letter he soght and accusing the detective of having no human side to his makeup. In a delicious bit of acting the detective burns the original letter, declaring he will get the cracksman and "Leave the woman out."

Cameron Matthews as Richard Doyle gave an excellent performance as the detective, while Leon Gordon cleverly portrayed the society cracksman.

In "A Pair of Spectacles," the role of Bartholomew Goldfinch, the wealthy English landlord whose whole life centres about his young wife, his son and his ability to do the most good in the world, was most creditably played by Fred W. Permain. The Uncle Gregory, crabbed and money loving brother of Bartholomew, was well presented by Leonard Craske. Miss Gladys Morris was a most human Mrs. Goldfinch. The surrounding cast was well picked.

GUS. HILL'S FOLLIES OF 1917 AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Lively and Enjoyable Review Is Keenly Appreciated.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Gus Hill's Follies of 1917. By Beatrice Fairfax.

Captain Cannon.....Ross Snow
Davy Jones.....Pete Curley
Captain Wayne.....Wm. Young
Emily Borden.....Henrietta Byron
Sophia .....Maud Earl
Kate .....Tillie Berdin
Vivian Leigh.....Bertha Del Monte
Lieut. Dick Borden.....Thomas Welch
Secret Service Agent Brown.Walter Dugan
Captain Jackson.....Al Berlin
Benjamin Butler Lincoln.Jolly John Larkin

Satire, travesty, farce, comedy, drama, extravaganza all in one show is a magnet for the most fastidious. This and more is to be found in the new Gus Hill idea known far and wide as Gus Hill's Follies. It follows directly his many successes. It is by far the most sumptuous he has given in his long career as a purveyor of theatricals. It is essentially a review, but a new departure in the amusement world.

Besides being replete with features, unique and original, surprises that come fast and unexpected, it has those sure-fire and laugh-compelling ingredients that insure an immediate triumph from the rise of the curtain. Everything said and done is in fun. This should be hailed with joy by those who look to the theatre as a refuge where they can forget the irony of life. The company, a large and competent one, is assisted by a beauty chorus of 30 young women who sing and dance and wear stunning gowns.

BOGUSLAWSKI IS HEARD FIRST TIME IN BOSTON

Noted Pianist Gives a Recital In Steinert Hall.

Moses Boguslawski, pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Organ Prelude and Fugue, D major; Brahms, Variations on a Paganini Theme (books 1 and 2); Liszt, Annees de Pelerinage (Suisse); Chopin, Nocturne, E major, Etudes—G sharp minor, F major, B minor, Ballade in G minor, Polonaise in A flat major.

Mr. Boguslawski, of Russian parentage and of a musical family, spent several years as a teacher in Chicago. For the past seven years he has been at the head of the piano department of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music. We are also informed that he has "imbibed the freedom of the West and combined with it the aplomb of an artistic broad-mindedness which is not only American, but cosmopolitan." Last Wednesday he gave a recital in New York with the program of yesterday.

The program was a formidable one. Mr. Boguslawski is one of those pianists who prefer a thunderous transcription of an organ piece by Bach to the many charming compositions written by him for the predecessors of the piano. To us these transcriptions are the abomination of desolation spoken of by the Hebrew prophets. And then to follow a transcription of this nature with both books of the Paganini variations of Brahms! Insatiate pianist! Could not one suffice? On the other hand, Mr. Boguslawski left the beaten path of program makers and played the nine of Liszt's impressions of Switzerland, composed during his Genevan period in 1835-36. They were indeed welcome.

Mr. Boguslawski has a fluent technic, strength, and a keen rhythmic sense. He has the enviable enthusiasm of youth; he also has a marked talent. Perhaps he did not recognize the excellent acoustical properties of the hall, but early in the concert he mistook violence for true force. In the pieces by Liszt he displayed at times a fine touch, a sense of color and a command of tonal gradations. In other instances he was inclined to be matter-of-fact.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

For a Duck's Sake.

As the world Wags:

Liverpool Jarge, you couldn't call a sentimental man. Not that he didn't have his tender moments; because he did. But not often.

I mind once we was laying at Halifax and me and Jarge went ashore one night along about eight bells and run foul of a soldier man, very well educated out of the barracks that had been saving his pay for three months for a rainy day. And this was it. We had about 20 drinks of four-dagger rum, hot with sugar, the soldier paying, and Jarge got uncommon mellow through not drinking much in general beyond a pint or two of bitter though wiling no end if some one else settled. This time Jarge paid for two rounds, but grumbling so you can see he must have been well set up.

Along around sunrise we all hove to in a little eating place back of the docks and Jarge had a bloater. When he see the fish laying on the plate in front of him he begins to blubber. "Pore lil fish," he says, "all cold an' dead." And he goes on to say how very likely its got a wife and orfan sardines starving when it ought to be free and alive in the sea instead of dead on the plate of some bloody, thievin' blighter of a eating house keeper. And he put his head down on his arms and fair bellowed. The educated soldier speaks up and says how the herring is a very immoral fish and likely this one had a million wives and maybe he got what was due him.

When Jarge heard that he stopped crying and got very savage and stabbed the bloater with a fork and broke the plate. And when the man come in and says we had to pay for the plate Jarge bashed him with half of it laying his head open and we hooked it. We got back to the ship all right and Jarge ate the bloater setting on the after hatch coaming and turned in very cheerful and thirsty.

Well, that showed he had a soft spot in him somewhere but it didn't no way account for what happened on the Shannon with the duck. Me and Jarge shipped out of Liverpool on the Shannon and a dirty, lousy, bad-found hooker she was with a shark-faced, pot-bellied Yankee skipper fond of high living himself but the grub the crew got was a fair crime. The rich grub that went aft out of the galley was enough to make mutiny on any craft. We shipped a sow and eight pigs and 20 hens, no less, and a duck that got put in by mistake, all for the skipper's table.

First day out Jarge see the duck getting pecked up something cruel by the hens and he took it out and tied it by the leg forrard of the focastle with a bit of marline. And right away Jarge seemed to fall in love with the duck. He stole swill for it from the pigs and choice bits out of the galley and got himself disliked. And he named it Sir Francis Drake though it was a she duck but Jarge said not. He fought six rounds with a big cockney named Dink Dawkins that said it was a she duck and wanted it named Evelyn for a girl he had and got licked something cruel. After that Jarge seemed to go mad over Sir Francis. He'd lead her up and down the deck for exercise and the two of 'em was a sight. I never noticed before but Jarge waddled just like Sir Francis and his nose got all swelled up and flat like a bill where it got bit in the fight. The duck liked Jarge and would look up at him and quack and Jarge would quack back. After a bit he got so he quacked in his sleep and took to hissing through his teeth like Sir Francis when she was cross and took to taking the duck to sleep with him in his bunk. He picked the feathers of Sir Francis chest gentle and planned to have a fancy design tattooed there when we got to Baltimore. That showed the lengths he went.

Unluckily, Sir Francis got fat with good feeling and one day the old man noticed and ordered her for dinner. When Jarge heard of it he tried to break into the galley with a capstan bar and kill the cook, and it took six men to hold him. But he was too late. Sir Francis was sizzling in the pan. After he heard the worst, Jarge sat on the forrard hitts and cried about two hours, and then he got very calm and said how he was going to do the right thing and give Sir Francis a funeral. He had the head and feet and feathers and guts off the cook and the bones after the skipper had picked them and sewed them all up very theftily in a bit of canvass with a belaying pin. He cried a little while he was doing it and cursed a good deal and wished he could have sewed the old man in too to make it complete. He planned to have the funeral along in the middle of the night and asked Dawkins, who was an artist on the concertina, if I do say so, to play "Nearer My God, to Thee," but Dawkins refused, though he said he'd be glad to play at Jarge's funeral and hoped to sometime. So me and Jarge was the only ones at the funeral. The old girl was snoring along in a stiff breeze from the port quarter, heeled over near scuppers under and darker than the inside of a nigger when we went forrard to where there was a dim glow from the riding lights, and Jarge climbed over the rail, holding Sir Francis's corpse in his right hand and holding on with his left. He had a piece of an old prayer book in his shirt, and said for me to get it out and read. I couldn't find it, and tickled Jarge feeling round, and he squirmed and swore and let go to help and over he went. I sung out, "Man overboard," and they stopped the ship and got the boats over, but we never found Jarge. It's my opinion he done it on purpose. And that shows when a sailorman gets sentimental over a dumb beast or anything he's likely to go balmy in the nob.

JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION.
Condor street, 44½, East Boston.

Nov 22 19

HOLTERHOFF

By PHILIP HALE.

Leila Holterhoff, "coloratura soprano," gave a recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Mary Wells Capewell was "at the piano," which being interpreted into English means that she, a pianist, accompanied the singer.

The program was as follows: Bach, Willst du dein Herz mir schenken; Mozart, Das Veilchen; Gluck, O del mio dolce ardor; Fesch, Tu fai la superbetta; Brahms, Der Tod, An Ein Veilchen, Des liebsten Schwur, Geheimnis, Das Maedchen; Tschaikowsky, Le Canari, Berceuse, Mon Pays; Gretchaninoff, La Nuit; Brown, Shepherd Thy Demeanor; Manney, Orpheus with his Lute; Cyril Scott, A Little Song of Picardie; Bauer, Star Trysts; Henschel, Sunny Beams; Spross, That's the World in June.

Miss Holterhoff, who is blind, is at home in Los Angeles. She has given concerts in this country and in European cities.

Her voice is light and flexible. It is of agreeable quality except when it is forced. At times yesterday it was throaty in the lower register. Miss Holterhoff gave evidence of sound training in the management of breath and in the florid air of Fesch she sang easily and brilliantly in minature.

As an interpreter she often gave pleasure. Thus in Mozart's song, a little cantata as it has been called, she expressed the various sentiments in a simple manner that carried conviction. In Brahms's "Tod" she was also effective. It was in her interpretation of Gluck's beautiful air that she showed in fulness her vocal skill and her musical-aesthetic intelligence. In songs that demanded breadth and vigor she was naturally less successful. Miss Capewell played helpful accompaniments. An audience of good size was appreciative.

A girl was born in Lexington last week with two "perfectly formed teeth, a fact which is a rarity, according to the medical men." Should she and her parents be congratulated? Let us consult Pliny the elder in the brave translation of Philemon Holland.

"Certaine it is also that some children are borne into the world with teeth, as M. Curius, who thereupon was surnamed Dentatus, and Cn. Papyrius Carbo, both of them very great men and right honorable personages. In women the same was counted but an unlucky thing, and presaged some misfortune especially in the daies of the KK. regiment in Rome: for when Valeria was borne toothed, the wizards and soothsayers being consulted thereabout, answered out of their learning by way of Prophesie, that look into what citie she was carried to nource, she should be the cause of the ruine and subversion thereof; whereupon had away she was and convueied to Suessa Pometia, a city at that time most flourishing in wealth and riches: and it proved most true in the end, for that city was vterly destroied.

"Some children are borne with an entire whole bone that taketh vp all the gum, instead of a row of distinct teeth; as a son of Prusias, King of the Bythinians, who had such a bone in his vpper chaw." The same is related of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. According to old and venerable report, Richard III. was born a monster in nature, with all his teeth, hair on his head and nails on his fingers and toes. But let us return to women and their teeth. Let us again listen to the elder Pliny

"Men ordinarily haue giuen them by nature 32 in all, except the nation of the Turduli. They that haue above this number may make account (as it is thought) to liue the longer. As for women, they haue not so many: they that haue on the right side in the vpper law two eie-teeth, which the Latines call dogs-teeth may promise themselves the flattering fauors of Fortune, as it is well seene in Agrippina the Mother of Domitius Nero: but contrariwise, the same teeth double in the left side aboue is a signe of euill lucke."

We conclude with the wise saying of Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, who in "The Wonders of the Little World" discoursing on the different number and situation of teeth in some remarks: "How it comes to pass hat some have come into the world with them, and others have had none all the time they have lived in it, I leave it to others (if they please) to enquire."

Thrift, Horatio.

As the World Wags:

In the scarcity of paper a suggestion is offered, derived from the custom of early days. If one lives long enough he may be of some use after all since cycles can often return in fashions and customs.

Do not use envelopes for ordinary correspondence, not private. Do as we used to do 60 or 70 years since. Fold a small sheet twice, or a large sheet once horizontally, and then twice, putting a drop of gum where we used to place a wafer or seal. THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

The Passing of the Rogers Group.

As the World Wags:

Not until yesterday was our Rogers Group (John Alden and Priscilla) actually banished to the lumber-room; though it ceased to occupy its post of honor, on the marble-topped table in the front bay window, many years ago.

For sentimental reasons it has been allowed a retired place in the corner of my library until now the march of progress has crowded it into the discard. I believe that the first mate (she has never in 36 years aspired to be captain) viewed its passing with regret equal to mine own. It was the only extravagance—that and babies—of our early married life, and now those very babies that were reared beneath its benign artistic (?) influence have ruled it out. "Give it to Jennie" (our charwoman), "she can appreciate it," says one of the girls. "No, hold it in the lumber-room until they come back, some time such an old masterpiece will yield enough cash to buy us a Packard," says one of the boys.

They have treated my library in ivory white. Above the wainscoting a stippled water color effect that resembles tomato bisque. I never did like that apology for food, it is inclined to make me bilious. Obviously there is not room for John and Priscilla amid such surroundings, but I "lay low" and say nothing for—listen; they have left David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickelby, Mark Tapley, Agnes Wickfield, Florence Dombey and Bella Wilfer on the bookshelves. I doubt if they realize how old-fashioned those other dear friends of mine are.

So I sorrowfully and tenderly deposit the last Rogers Group among a choice collection of blown tires, punctured inner tubes, discarded auto horns and other junk. May it rest in peace!

As I tell the first mate: When my mother cut the dessert pie before her brood she used to say: "Now, one piece apiece and two for father." Today it seems to be: Two apiece and one for father if nobody else wants three. But perhaps I'm unduly peeved over the passing of the last Rogers Group, or mebbe that artistic touch to my library is stirring my bile. EMERY STREET.

Portland, Me.

The "Western" Ocean.

As the World Wags:

"W. E. K.'s" friend, the retired sailor, always spoke of the Atlantic as the "western" ocean. He was not the only one. There's the old song:

It's all for the grog, the jolly, jolly grog,
It's all for the grog and tobacco.
I pawned my watch and seal,
And then I signed, on to sail,
All to sail away, across the Western Ocean.

Westminster. S. H.

How about this chanty?

I wisht I was in London town:
O say where you bound to?
That highway I'd cruise round and round,
Across the Western Ocean.

—Ed.

APOLLO CLUB OPENS 46TH CONCERT SEASON

Program Devoted to the Works of Boston Composers.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave the first concert of its 46th season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was made up of part songs and songs by composers of Boston. The announcement of the concert informed the public: "Although the Apollo Club has had written for it and sung the music by Boston composers, this concert will be the first to devote its entire program to selections from their works."

A. W. Thayer, Trelauny; H. Parker, The Lamp in the West; Foote, The Farewell of Hiawatha (baritone solo by Warren A. Brown); Osgood, In Picardie; G. E. Whiting, March of the Monks of Bangor (tenor solo by Bruce Hobbs); F. S. Converse, Laudate Dominum; J. C. Warren, Slumber Song; Paine, Phoebus Arise (tenor solo by George H. Boynton); Miss Lang, the Maiden and the Butterfly; Chadwick, Eece Jam Noctis; America. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams's songs: Mrs. Beach, Ah! Love But a Day, Fairy Lullaby, Separation; Densmore, When Within Thine Arms; MacDowell, The Blue-Bell; Whelpley, Wanderer's Night Song; Miss Daniels, Daybreak.

The hall was crowded and there was a representative audience. Cardinal O'Connell was an interested listener. His eminence was attended by the Rev. Joseph Coppinger. The performance was in keeping with the splendid history of this organization. There was the precision and finish that is the result of infinite attention to detail.

Members and guests of the Bostonian Society met yesterday in the council chamber of the old State House to hear John Bouve Clapp review the early days of the Howard Athenaeum, opened, as several in the audience remembered, on Oct. 13, 1845. Dr. Francis H. Brown, born in Boston in 1835, presided. Among others present were James L. Blodgett, 83 years old, first violin in the Howard orchestra during the civil war, and Chester S. Stoddard, an acquaintance of the once famous dancer, Fanny Jones, who in 1846 left the Howard to become the wife of the head bartender at the Tremont House.

Overcome as Mr. Clapp eloquently recalled forgotten players, Miss Hattie N. Philbrick alarmed the audience by falling back in her chair unconscious. Carried out and given smelling salts, etc., she soon recovered sufficiently to leave for her home in Brookline.

Charles F. Read, clerk and treasurer, reported the death at Flagstaff of one member, Percival Lowell, and went on to thank Dr. George E. Lothrop

of the Howard and Charles J. Rich of the Hollis and Colonial Theatre for an exhibit of playbills, etc.

Among the anecdotes related was Edwin Forrest's experience in "Pizarro" with a dwarf substituted at the last moment for a child whom he was accustomed to hold at arm's length. Finding the dwarf unexpectedly heavy, he could not keep his arm from shaking whereupon the dwarf, in a stage whisper that penetrated to the remotest corners of the house, expostulated, "Don't you drop me, damn ye!"

Audience Largely Men.

As today, the audience at the Howard was largely men when it opened in the tabernacle built by the Rev. William Miller and his followers in preparation for the Judgment day, which they awaited on April 23, 1843. James Henry Hackett, father of James K., appeared in the "School for Scandal" and the "Day after the Wedding."

After being burned and rebuilt, the Athenaeum reopened in October, 1846, with "The Rivals." William Warren played Sir Lucius O'Trigger. The Vienoise Children, after crowding the house for four months with their dancing, gave way to Fortunata Tedesco, a beauty with a voluptuous voice. A failure in Milan, she had scored in Havana, and in Boston brought the prices of the 50-cent seats up to $4 and $5.

E. L. Davenport, whose children, particularly Fanny, succeeded on the stage, was one of the early managers. After him came Henry Willard, Isaac B. Rich, father of Charles J.; John Stetson and William Harris.

Among the stars at the Howard were Matilda Heron, Jenny Lind, Charles Kean and his wife (Ellen Tree), and Junius Brutus Booth as Hamlet. The Seguins gave English opera and Brignoli and others Italian.

Mr. Clapp concluded with an appeal for help in ascertaining when Annie Clark, a notable actress in the sixties and later, was born. He has searched in vain the record of the Church of the Advent, where some one told him she was baptized.

Miss Aline Van Baerentzen

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Aline van Baerentzen, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Rameau-Diemer, Gavotte for the Hours and the Zephyrs; Scarlatti, piece for the clavecin; Beethoven, sonata, op. 57; Schumann, Des Abends, Aufschwung, Warum, Traumeswirren; Chopin, Barcarolle, two etudes, Polonaise, op. 53; Schubert-Liszt, The Trilling; Mendelssohn-Liszt, On opinions of song; Pierne, Cache-Cache; Liszt, un Sospiro; Rubinstein, etude.

It was stated in the announcements of this recital that it was to be the pianist's first in this city. The statement was incorrect. Miss van Barenstzen gave a recital in Jordan Hall on Nov. 20, 1912. On Dec. 16, 1915, she played at the Copley-Plaza in a concert for the Frances E. Willard Settlement.

Miss van Barenstzen was a child prodigy. At the age of 11, as a pupil of Delaborde, she was one of five young women who were awarded the first prize at the Paris Conservatory. This was in 1909. On Nov. 28 of that year she played at a Colonne concert in Paris Weber's Concertstrueck and Liszt's 12th Hungarian Rhapsody. She went to Berlin and was graduated with the highest honors at the Hoch Schule.

When she gave her first recital in Boston she was heralded as "The Paganini of the Violin." To quote from a once popular librettist: "The phrase was injudicious, I allow." Her performance was then chiefly noteworthy as an exhibition of fluent and polished mechanism.

Since we last heard her in recital she has gained somewhat in emotional expression, but she is still in need of an aesthetic awakening and development. She has a technic that more celebrated pianists might envy. She shows it easily, simply, without a trace of affectation. Her playing of Scarlatti's piece was appropriately dashing and brilliant, wholly admirable, as her performance of Diemer's transcription was graceful and delicate. When she interpreted Beethoven's sonata her limitations were plainly revealed.

Here speed, faultless runs a perfect control of mechanical resources are unavailing unless there be a vivid comprehension of the subject matter, a convincing setting forth of musical ideas. Perhaps there was a deliberate attempt to avoid sentimentalism in the Adagio, but the pianist fell into the matter-of-fact. The passion of the sonata, and it is called the Sonata appassionata, was the disturbance of a pan of milk. In the pieces by Schumann, there was an absence of poetic spirit, except in "Warum."

It is not surprising that Miss van Baerentzen, applauded as an infant phenomenon, should for some time have put her trust in purely mechanical dexterity. She is still young. With her mechanical proficiency, all she now has to do is to "poetize," as Mr. Arthur Nikisch remarked when he first rehearsed the Boston Symphony Orchestra and wondered at its technic. To cultivate the emotions, to hear emotional performances, also to acquire a still keener sense of rhythm—this is what now lies before her.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

That much drinking takes off the edge of the Appetite to meat, we see by experience in great drinkers, who for the most part do (as we say) but pingle at their meat and eat little. Hippocrates observed of old that a good hearty draught takes away hunger after long fasting sooner by far than eating would do. The reason whereof I conceive is, because that acid humor, which by vellicating the membranes of the stomach causes a sense of hunger, is by copious ingestion of drink very much diluted, and its acidity soon taken off.

"Darly."

As the World Wags:

There came one day into our boyish dialect a word, which had its run, like an epidemic of measles or whooping cough and then as suddenly passed away. Can any one give me the meaning and origin of this word, "Darley" or "darly"? We never knew whether it should be spelled with a capital or small "d." It seemed to be a word midway between a "yes" and a "no", it was a tantalizing word. One schoolboy would ask his playmate a civil question and get in reply "Darly." When several questions received several successive "darlys," the first boy came pretty near to chasing the second boy, and the second boy often came in for a punching. This word "darly" may be in Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." Our library does not possess a copy. DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me.

The word is not in Grose's dictionary; it is not in "Slang and its Analogues"; it is not in Wright's English Dialect Dictionary.—Ed.

"Ferry."

As the World Wags:

It may be said that this is no time to find fault with those who make improper use of words and phrases, with any hope of obliging such to continue in "the old way."

A correspondent criticizing a naval ship's officer recently for indifference and obstinacy about "holding his course" when it was plainly dangerous, calls a certain type of passenger vessel a "ferry." I presume that this use of the way for the thing arose from a similar carelessness in speaking. But in Boston one seldom hears this word because it is a boat that is taken, not the (passage) way. "He took ship and came to Tarsus," "Across the ocean ferry."

Boston. EDMUND D. SPEAR.

"Ferry" for "ferryboat" was long in use in England. The word is in Spenser's "Faerie Queene." In "The Merchant of Venice" is this sentence: "Bring them, I pray thee, to the common ferry which trades to Venice." The London Gazette in 1701 stated that the French had sunk "divers ferries and other boats in the river." Ferry was a name given to a spiced drink made with wine and eggs. In Devonshire a weasel, especially a small one, is still called a ferry.—Ed.

"Ladies and Gentlemen."

The London Daily Chronicle, noting the beginning of the lecture season, stated that popular lectures were first established by Dr. Birkbeck in the fall of 1800. The son of a banker, he studied medicine, but later on became a professor in the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow. He found there great difficulty in getting apparatus made for lectures on natural and experimental philosophy. "This suggested to him the establishment of popular lectures to working men, with a view to the spread of knowledge in various matters relating to the application of science to the practical arts. . . . From this beginning arose the popular lecture movement whose latest development is seen in the University Extension Lectures."

Reading this, we were reminded of a savage essay on "Les Conferences" written by Barbey d'Aurevilly in 1866 and reprinted in "Les Ridicules du Temps" (3d ed. Paris 1883), a volume of shrewd observations and malignant wit. The essayist starts out by saying: "As this word 'lectures' is repeated everywhere, written everywhere, one might believe, in a century or two—if these wretched newspapers of today, manufactured in bad French on bad paper, do not turn into rags, and there is a shred left—that all France, at this moment in the 19th century, was composed only of advocates and professors—odious thing."

He mourned the substitution of the lecture for the former sparkling conversation of the salon. He comforted himself in a measure by recalling the fact that the lecture was not of French origin; it was an importation from England. "It is commonly called 'lecture' because the man that gives one reads more than he speaks, the contrary of what should be done in France . . . In England lectures have been like a little tax a la Pitt levied on the cockneys, the best farmers of England. Dickens, I am told, owes the best part of his great fortune to reading his novels in public. That is an indifferent matter to me. In my opinion Dickens, in spite of his resourceful talent, is at bottom a very vulgar soul. But I admit that I have suffered at Ecclefechan, Thomas Carlyle, with his august face of a thinker, Carlyle, the somnambulistic resurrectionist of history, stationing himself as an object of curiosity before the public and reading to it, to this Bridoison of a public, the great work, written by solitary thought to be read by solitary thought, entitled 'Heroes and Hero Worship.' For an old Puritan I find the situation an inferior one, and I should prefer that of Pym or De Foe—the pillory." Barbey d'Aurevilly saw Byron, Sheridan, the witty dandies from Brummell to d'Orsay, deriding the modern institution of "lectures." "They are only literary sermons of a country of speeches, even after dinner, when a lecture puts one to sleep after port and ginger; a monologue invented to be rid of dialogue. . . . Rome replaced the atrocious by the ridiculous when she replaced the gladiator, who at least put his life at stake, by the rhetorician, who staked only his dignity and left it there. . . . The subjects treated here are with few exceptions as vain as the discourses of the Greek sophists. They are newspaper articles that one speaks. One 'professes' that which one can read everywhere. A gentleman takes Balzac, for example, and has the kindness to tell us what we should think of his novels, which, fortunately, I have here at hand." And so on, and so on. The whole essay is vitriolic and amusing.

NICOLA OULUKANOFF GIVES DELIGHTFUL SONG RECITAL

Theodore Cella Also Pleases with Harp Selections.

Nicola Oulukanoff, baritone, and Theodore Cella, harpist, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall. Mr. Oulukanoff sang these songs: Faure, "Charity"; Brogi, "Visione Veneziana"; Tschaikowsky, "The Night"; Arensky, "The Eagle"; Moussorgsky, "The Goat"; Kudrin, "Why"; Bleichman, "My Lips Are Sealed"; Glinka, "The Lark." Mr. Cella played these pieces: Thomas, Winter; Godefroid, "Les Danses des Sylphes." Wells Weston was the accompanist.

The concert gave pleasure to an sympathetic audience of good size. Mr. Oulukanoff, devoted to Russian art and music, invariably chooses interesting songs by composers of his nationality. Last evening some were characteristically Russian in subject and treatment, as for instance Moussorgsky's "Goat," the composer's little fable about the young girl, her encounter while out walking, her behavior at the church. Mr. Oulukanoff's voice is agreeable, sonorous, emotional. He sings with musical intelligence, taste and a certain delicacy. His enunciation, both in Italian and Russian, was delightfully clear.

Mr. Cella, an accomplished harpist, pleased in the pieces for his instrument alone, and played efficient accompaniments for the last three songs on the program. Mr. Weston displayed an agreeable touch.

SIXTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9); Brahms, Violin Concerto; Smetana, symphonic poem, "Wallenstein's Camp." Mr. Witek was the solo violinist.

Smetana's symphonic poem, based on the first part of Schiller's "Wallenstein" Trilogy, had been performed here only once, at a Symphony concert in 1897. The music was composed in 1858-9 when Smetana was living in Sweden. It is not easy to recognize in it the composer of the opera, "The Sold Bride," the first symphonic poem of the Cycle "My Country"—or the string quartet "Aus Meinem Leben." When Smetana wrote his three symphonic poems in Sweden, he was a great admirer of Liszt, but rather as a believer in Liszt's theories than as an imitating disciple. "Wallenstein's Camp" endeavors to portray in tones the hurly-burly of the camp. The composer's friend Proksch thought that the subject was a fortunate one; that there was rich and varied material in Schiller's work. Smetana, however, was content for the most part with reproducing bustle and din. As a result the symphonic poem suffers from lack of contrasts. What should be relieving episodes have little character.

There is one exception: the section in which the pizzicato of the strings is interrupted by strange harmonies and "meandering phrases"; the section which to Mr. Apthorp suggested night and darkness. Here is true invention; here is fancy. The poem as a whole is commonplace and noisy. Whether it is worth while to put before the public second-rate compositions of men who in later years deservedly won reputation is a question. We like to think of a man's best work and forget that which is inferior. Smetana was most successful when he was celebrating in music his beloved Bohemia, or expressing his own sadness and misery, as in the string quartet.

There are charming pages in the old quartet of Haydn. Guilmant once said to us, Haydn's workmanship, in quartet, oratorio, mass, piano music, whatever he undertook, is always admirable. But there are symphonies by him in which the labor seems perfunctory, the disposition of ideas too cut-and-dried, symphonies of prescription and formulas. There are other symphonies with which we are too familiar. This symphony in C minor had not been heard for 13 years, but not alone for this reason did the music seem fresh and delightful. Surely there are other symphonies by Haydn that would be even less familiar and would afford as much pleasure to the hearer.

No one can say that Brahms's violin concerto has been neglected at these concerts. Mr. Witek himself played it for the second time and as before in a thoughtful and capable manner. Dr. Muck gave him a masterly accompaniment, if the word "accompaniment" can here be allowed, for as in Brahms's first piano concerto the solo instrument is often only one in the ensemble. One of the features of the performance was the beautiful interpretation by Mr. Longy of the oboe solo at the beginning of the second movement.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Dec. 8, 9 will be as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Liszt, Concerto in A major No. 2 (Ernest Schelling, pianist); Borodin, Ein Steppenskizze aus Mittel-Asien.; Weber, Overture to "Eurysanthe."

And behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead, and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

Sole Survivors.

Mentioning James Boyle who escaped the fate of all others aboard the Connemara and Retriever, the Daily Chronicle of London recalls other sole survivors of great tragedies: Marcel Badez, the only one of 158 passengers and crew on the General Chanzy when she went on the rocks; Dr. Brydone, who alone reached safety of 3489 soldiers and 12,000 camp-followers who set out on the retreat from Cabul in 1842; the Negro prisoner in an underground cell, who alone out of 40,000 living in St. Pierre survived the destruction of the city by the eruption of Mt. Pelee.

ABNER KNEELAND.

As the World Wags:

In the Boston Herald of Nov. 20th, in the column of "As the World Wags," I note an article signed by Joseph Matthew Sullivan which speaks of Abner Kneeland, as having been put in jail for blasphemy.

As a great-grand-daughter of Abner Kneeland, I would like to say that he was confined in Leverett street jail for 60 days for free thought. At the time of his imprisonment, the Rev. Dr. Channing and other eminent citizens united in a protest against the prosecution. Oliver Wendell Holmes in an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, in May, 1882, delivered a beautiful eulogium: "It is but a few years since that Abner Kneeland was sent to jail for expressing an opinion about the first great cause. We have had nothing since like this man, with his seraphic voice and countenance, his choice vocabulary, his refined utterance, his temperate statement of opinion which threatened to shake the existing order of thought like an earthquake."

Mrs. SAMUEL PRAY.

West Newton.

Agnes Robertson.

As the World Wags:

The remarks of "The old 'un" in this column on Agnes Robertson interested me greatly and aroused many memories, for in my boyhood days I was a great admirer of that charming actress. The first occasion on which I saw Agnes Robertson was St. Patrick's Night of (I think) 1862 at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, London. The London Irish Volunteer Regiment, one of the crack corps of the metropolis at that day and exceedingly popular, engaged the theatre for that night, and thronged it with relatives and invited friends, of whom I was one. The play was "The Colleen Bawn," then at the height of an extraordinary run. Quite a feature of this presentation was the singing of Agnes Robertson of the "Cruisken Lawn," which at that time was whistled, sung and played all over London. As those who remember the lady will recall, she had a very sweet voice and was a charming ballad singer. The Father Tom of that performance was David Fisher, well known in London for his splendid voice. The Danny Mann was Edmund Falconer (though I was told his name was O'Rourke), who wrote

he "Peep o' Day," which he produced t the Lyceum Theatre, and which had long run. Boucicault had a good oice and was an excellent singer at hat time. Ho always sang some Irish ong in the course of "The Colleen Bawn." On the night in question he ave "Pat Malloy." It being a gala night, he gave as an encore a song that I have never run across since or heard any one else sing. I heard Boucicault give it on subsequent visits to see "The Colleen Bawn." All I can recall is the last line, sung with much drollery and with Boucicault's inimitable drawl, "The ryle artilleree." So many of the writers to this column seem familiar with about all the t ngs of the last 200 years, perhaps some of them may know this one. B. B. ESAU.

Malden.

Boucicault, after the great success of "The Colleen Bawn" in New York, brought out the play in London at the Adelphi, Sept. 10, 1860. The play ran for 360 consecutive nights in London and the British provinces.—Ed.

Notes About the Demon.

Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle, ordered the destruction of the wine cellars at Castle Howard, a fortnight ago. There were 1500 bottles of ld vintages. The sad details of the tragedy are told in a sentence. "A large hole was dug not far from the mansion and the contents of the bottles poured into it." While the countess was consistent in ordering this waste, for she has advocated total abstinence for many years, the neighbors wish that she had sent the bottles to the military hospitals for the use of convalescing soldiers. The Pall Mall Gazette remarked editorially:

"It is a kind of libation that would have rejoiced the heart of the old-fashioned type of temperance orator, but we are afraid the average man and woman will be more impressed with its 'naughty temper, than with its moral exaltation. The militant teetotaller's refusal to distinguish between the use and the abuse of alcohol is the root of that suspicion which restricdve legislation has to encounter even in times like these. And if drunkenness is one of our national failings, self-righteousness is scarcely behind it."

We read that Mr. Cubitt Cooke, licensee of the White Lion, East Finchley, was fined £35 for breaches of the No-treating Order. The waiter, Mr. Sidney Noakes, was fined £5. And why were the two fined? Because Mr. Henry Puddicomb, a gallant spouse, in a burst of generosity treated his wife Maria. Did they escape? Henry was fined £2; Maria 5 shillings for drinking the liquor she had not paid for. The moral for an Englishman seems to be: Leave Maria at home, or if she insists on going to the "pub," give her a shilling before she enters. Does this order apply to any Englishman ordering wine in a hotel restaurant and then filling the glasses of wife and mother in-law, or any other female who may be in his company?

"Economy" and Turtle.

An "economy" bill of fare was arranged for the banquet at Guildhall in honor of the new lord mayor: Turtle, fried soles, removes, barons of beef, removes, sweets. Is turtle an economical dish? If it were served in the form of soup, perhaps it was conger-ecl. Barons of beef would not strike housewives in Boston as economical. There may have been luxury in the matter of removes. Dr. Johnson defined a remove as a dish to be changed while the rest of the course remains. In 1870 the "Hermit in London" spoke of two courses and removes, "consisting of about 30 dishes." Later "a very genteel dinner" was described, "with a remove and an excellent dessert." When the great Mr. Brandon dined at the Gann's in Thackeray's "Shabby Genteel Story," the boiled haddock was removed by hashed mutton.

GIVE CONCERT IN MEMORY OF EBEN D. JORDAN

Trustees of N. E. Conservatory Honor Late Benefactor.

A concert in honor of the memory of Eben D. Jordan, president of the board of trustees of the New England Conservatory of Music, drew a large audience to Jordan Hall last evening.

Richard H. Dana, formerly president of the trustees, gave an address in which Mr. Jordan's very genuine interest in music and in the conservatory in especial was emphasized. Mr. Dana told how Mr. Jordan, coming on the board shortly after the death of his father, who had given the institution about $165,000 in the early nineties, at once began to show keen interest in the welfare of the school.

"The late Charles P. Gardiner, the last president of the trustees in the old building, felt the need of a change of location, and he found in Mr. Eben D. Jordan, one of the board of directors, the leader whom he desired to help raise the funds necessary for a larger, more modern building to be specially equipped with sound-proof walls and the like, and near the musical centre of the city. This new location was found where we now are gathered, near the Symphony Hall and accessible by various lines of transit.

"But besides a collegiate building with its classrooms, library, offices, etc., there was needed a hall, not only for the institution itself, but for the public—something smaller than the great Symphony Hall and larger than the privately-owned ones. This hall Mr. Jordan presented to the Conservatory, and also made a free gift of a beautiful organ. This has furnished not only the auditorium for the performances of the students, their ensemble work and orchestra, as well as single performances, but it has been a source of revenue in renting it for some of the best and very highest grade concerts and musical performances that take place in Boston. These bring music lovers to the city and its suburbs and many passing visitors into close touch with the Conservatory, and the opportunity to hear these concerts is sometimes given to pupils free through the generosity of the performers.

"When we total up his benefactions to the Conservatory, including his bequest, we find that the amount equals more than a quarter of a million dollars. He also, during the period of removal, took charge of the work of inducing others to subscribe."

Mr. Dana spoke of Mr. Jordan's plans for close relationship between the Boston Opera Company and the Conservatory and expressed belief that but for the European war these plans would have been realized. Mr. Jordan, he stated, was distinctly a pioneer in encouraging musical education, for until now the endowment of conservatories in this country has been meagre, by comparison with that of other educational institutions.

The memorial musical program was given by the Conservatory orchestra and chorus, conducted by George W. Chadwick, director. These numbers were presented: Guilmant's Elegy for the Organ, played by Wallace Goodrich, dean of the faculty; Brahms's Chorus from a German Requiem, chorus and orchestra; Beethoven's Allegretto from the Symphony in A minor, orchestra; Chadwick's "Adonais," elegiac overture, orchestra; Bach's Chorale, chorus, orchestra and organ.

NOV 24, 1916

He that goes to bed thirsty, rises healthy. I look upon this as a very good observation, and should advise all persons not to go to bed with their stomachs full of wine, beer, or any other liquor. For (as the ingenious Dr. Lower observes) nothing can be more injurious to the brain; of which he gives a most rational and true account.

The Demon's Poet

As the World Wags:

May I ask you, or some of your contributors, to help me in finding either the author, beginning or ending of the following piece of poesy. It has a British smack in one of the lines, but purports to be a catalogue of American drinks, to wit:

A Stone Fence, a Rattlesnake,
A Locomotive Renovator,
A Knock-Me-Down, a Pick-Me-Up,
(By Jove it's worth a fiver!)
A Colleen Bawn, a Lady's Blush,
A Cocktail, or a Flash-o-Lightning,
A Julep Smash, a Sangaree,
Or else a Corpse Reviver.

Being strictly total abstinence myself, I wish to state that it is on purely literary grounds that I desire information, though in view of the fact that prohibition may very shortly prohibit in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, the antiquarian of 1985 might possibly find this list useful as a chronicle of the cheerful liquid compounds indulged in by his forefathers, and possibly some contributor for this reason may also furnish some information as to the composition of these beverages, supposing, of course, that they existed, and are not the figment of a poetical imagination. A well beloved cousin in Michigan used this somewhat bibulous ditty as a lullaby to his children. I hasten to add for the peace of mind of those who study the Psychology of the Infant Mind and the Influence of Environment on the Individual Character, that no one of the children thus soothed to sleep has ever developed a fondness for "wine, beer or other spirituous and fermented liquors." The musical repertoire of the cousin from whom I caught the verse aforesaid was a thing of shreds and patches of songs, his musical memory being a species of lyrical rag bag, and I never heard any more of the list of drinks than those I have recorded. Trusting that some person with a taste for——ancient ditties may help us in finding the rest of this ballad, I remain yours, etc.

TEMPERANCE BODFISH.

Boston, Nov. 21.

Jenny Hunt's Tripe.

As the World Wags:

I am rather surprised that your correspondent, Mr. J. C. L. Clark, seems ignorant of the origin of the expression, "Tough as Jenny Hunt's tripe" (not, by the way, "tougher than"), a simile I imagine not often heard outside Littleton, Mass., and the neighboring towns of Harvard and Boxborough. Mr. Clark, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the Littleton pageant in 1914, seemed to me extraordinarily familiar with the shady side of New England biography, confiding to me that he had spent many years preparing the life and letters of a Tory quack doctor and almanac-maker, named Stearns, and referring casually to the deathbed confession of "George Walton, the Highwayman" and the memoirs of Henry Tufts, most valuable, be assured me, for information on the management of "the Castle," as if they were as well known as the Elsie Dinsmore series. Considering Mr. Clark's penchant, it is with all the greater pleasure that I offer him the following details of Jenny Hunt's career, gleaned from the vital records of Littleton.

"Janney," eldest child of Samuel and Jane (Scott) Hunt, was born July 31, 1752. In 1784 she became the mother of an illegitimate son, Samuel Chaplin, who five years later "was killed suddenly by a sled." Poor Jenny herself, who was undoubtedly a person of feeble wits, died Aug. 3, 1824, aetatis 72.

The tripe saying—according to my grandfather, whose youth was spent in Littleton—came from Jenny's remarking of a specimen of that humble comestible that it was "sweetie, sweetie, but toughie, toughie." Another anecdote of grandfather's relating to the lady assumes the existence of a husband—no doubt of the common law variety. A kindly neighbor once presented Jenny with a pair of sheets, which, not to be outdone in generosity, she determined to fashion into a shirt for the "husband" aforesaid. Somehow the shirt wouldn't work out satisfactorily, so she decided on breeches—obviously for summer wear. This plan resulted no better, and the final outcome of her well-intended labors—and of the pair of sheets—was the gift to her affinity of a night-cap!

J. BUCHANAN TUTTLE, M. D.

Squab Crossing, Vt., Nov. 21.

P. S.—Speaking of "old sayings," how about "Odd as Dick's hat-band," recalled to my mind by meeting with it in a lately-published mystery story, Wadsworth Camp's "Coward's Fare"? Was Dick's hat "ahl bound round with a woolun string," or how was it decorated? J. B. T.

Dick's hatband is used as a simile in various English proverbial sayings: He's as queer as Dick's hatband; as awkward as Dick's hatband; as fine as Dick's hatband; all awry like Dick's hatband; as crooked, contrary, twisted as Dick's hatband. Here is a full phrase from Northamptonshire: "As queer as Dick's hatband, made of pea-straw, that went nine time round, and would not meet at last." In Shropshire, the hatband went round 19 times and then would not tie. An English deep thinker says that the phrase refers to the obsolete custom of presenting hatbands at funerals. Capt. Grose (second ed. of his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," 1788) gives "I am as queer as Dick's hatband; that is, out of spirits, or don't know what ails me," but this meaning is not given in dictionaries of English dialects.—Ed.

Household Junk.

Miss Lena Ashwell touches upon a deeply interesting topic when she speaks of the national weakness for useless furniture and the "hideous and unnecessary things" which have to be kept clean. Most people have the acquisitiveness of the jackdaw in the region of household possessions. They love to dwell amid the evidences of their propertiedness, forgetting that every item is a separate responsibility and draft upon the energy. But, all the same, we cannot run about like savages with no vested interests save a bead-girdle, and it would be helpful to know where Miss Ashwell would like us to draw the line.—Pall Mall Gazette.

YOUNG PIANIST GIVES FIRST BOSTON RECITAL

Miss Helen Hagen, pianist, gave her first recital in Boston last evening at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; Schumann, Carnaval, opus 9; Liszt, Liebestraum; Debussy, Jardin sous la pluie; Coleridge-Taylor, Deep River, "Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler." Bamboula, Chopin, Scherzo in B flat minor.

In 1912 Miss Hagan received the degree "Mus. B" from Yale University and at the same time won the Samuel Simon Sanford fellowship providing for foreign study. At Yale her teachers were Prof. Stanley Knight and Dr. Horatio Parker. In 1914 she received a diploma from the Schola Cantorum in Paris, where Blanche Selva and Vincent d'Indy were her instructors.

Miss Hagan's tone is remarkable for its quality and depth. She has abundant technic, which is skillfully used for purposes of interpretation. Her legato is smoth. She can sing a melody. Her touch is now luscious, now caressing. As an interpreter, she listens to inner voices. In her playing there is idealism, as well as youthful intensity. She is both imaginative and emotional. In a word Miss Hagan deserves an honorable place among the younger pianists, and it is to be hoped she will be heard here again in the future.

MME. MARCELLA CRAFT IS HEARD IN TREMONT TEMPLE

Soprano Opens Operatic Concert Season Here.

Mme. Marcella Craft, soprano; Miss Vera Barstow, violinist; Albert Brown, baritone, appeared at the first operatic concert of the course at Tremont Temple last evening. Mme. Craft sang these songs and arias: Puccini, "Me Chiama-no Mimi," from "La Boheme"; "In Quelle Trine Morbide," from "Manon Lescaut"; Arensky, "The Little Fish's Song"; Moussorgsky, "The Beetle"; Martin, "The Daffodils"; four arias from "Mme. Butterfly," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Bonnie Doon," "Annie Laurie," "Coming Through the Rye."

Miss Barstow played these pieces: Tartini, Largo-Allegro Commodo; Moor, Prelude, Von Kunits, Sarabande et Musette; Ornstein, Mazourka, Melancholic; Schumann, "At the Fountain"; Pugnani-Kreisler, Praelendium and Allegro; Spalding, "Alabama"; Koler, Indian Scherzo. Mr. Brown's songs were as follows: Handel, "Oh, Ruddier Than the Cherry"; Tours, "Mother o' Mine"; Stock, Route Marchin; Damrosch, Danny Deever.

Mme. Craft, an accomplished singer in opera and concert, gave pleasure last evening by her voice and art. She was effective in the lighter songs by Arensky and Moussorgsky and dramatic in the operatic arias. She sang with authority, fine management of breath and a skilful use of nuances. Her voice is prismatic, and the singer, with remarkable facility in vitalizing contracted moods, can suggest at will and with equal sincerity the romantic purity of Mimi, the passion and tragedy of Mme. Butterfly, the pathos of Manon, the artlessness of the child questioning his nurse about the beetle, the sensuality of the Princess Salome.

Miss Barstow's talent and accomplishments are well known. Mr. Brown is a conscientious singer. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

The next concert of the series will be "Scottish Night," on Thursday evening, Dec. 7. Mme. Scotney, soprano; Howard White, bass, and David Hochstein, violinist, will be the artists.

NOV 26 1916

Mr. John B. Clapp lectured entertainingly before the Bostonian Society last Tuesday afternoon on the early days of the Howard Athenaeum. Would that he could find time to write the history of this famous theatre! It is said that he is now at work on a history of the Boston Museum. The story of the Howard would be richer in anecdotage. There are many in this city who have no idea of the early operatic and dramatic performances at this theatre now associated with vaudeville and burlesque.

What brave man will write the history of the Boston stage? Col. William W. Clapp's history is fragmentary and at times inaccurate. In Paris there are patient souls who have spent time and nearly exhausted patience in recording the history of this or that theatre. Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Kilby wrote the annals of the Boston Theatre, an invaluable book to all students of the local drama. What would not one give for a history of the Federal Street Theatre, the National, and other early places of amusement! But they should be written after the manner of Henry Leconte, who, unfortunately is no more. Before he died, he published eight or nine volumes under the general head: "Histoire des Theatres de Paris." Take the volume that treats of the Folies-Nouvelles for example (1854-59, 1871-72, 1880). There is a history of the building itself; there are sketches of the managers. Then comes the catalogue of plays produced with the dates, casts, and, when the drama was of any importance, an analysis of the plot with critical remarks. The reader is told whether the piece was published. At the end there is an alphabetical list of the plays performed. And yet this theatre was by no means one of the leading playhouses in Paris during the years named.

We have spoken of Col. Clapp's history as at times "inaccurate." This might be said of Col. Brown's history of the New York stage. We do not believe that there is an extensive history of the stage in any country that is free from errors. Programs are sometimes misleading as in concert life. A pianist, for example, will send on a program. It is distributed in advance. In the concert hall a fresh program, slightly changed, is handed out. The most painstaking chronicler may have the first program, and, not attending the concert, be misled. Or a man consults a newspaper file. He reads in the advertisement column that a play will be produced "for the first time tonight." He notes the date and goes on his way rejoicing. If he had looked at the journal of the following day he would have learned that the performance was postponed. There are many ways in which the most careful researcher may fall into error; misleading statements in newspapers and magazines, false statements on programs with reference to first appearances or first performances, typographical errors, etc., etc.

Fetis, the compiler of the great "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," wrote to Weckerlin, in 1865: "Without doubt the dictionary is imperfect in respect to a certain number of facts and dates. I said this in my preface. It is necessarily so in all works of this sort.

1,000 persons labored to rectify these imperfections, and if they should spend 10 years in research there would still be errors."

At the same time we wish that Mr. John B. Clapp would write the history of the Howard Athenaeum. He is a stickler for accuracy. His only rival in this respect, to our knowledge, is Mr. O. G. Sonneck of the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., whose volumes on the early American music and musicians have refuted many erroneous views concerning the beginnings of concert life in this country.

There are interesting concerts this week, as will be seen by looking at the calendar. The newcomers are Messrs. Brickin and Roderick White, violinists. There was a sketch of the former in the Herald of last Sunday. Mr. White was born in Michigan. He studied in Connecticut, purposing to fit for Princeton University. In 1907 he began to study the violin seriously with Max Bendix. In February, 1908, he went to Berlin and took lessons of Cesar Thomson. Returning to this country he passed his entrance examinations for Princeton, and then decided to be a professional violinist. The winter of 1908-9 was spent with Thomson at Brussels. In 1911-12-13 he was a pupil of Leopold Auer. In November, 1913, he made his debut in Berlin and afterwards played in other cities of Germany, also in Austria. Since the war he has played in many concerts, touring with Miss Destinn, Miss Alice Nielsen, Mme. Alda and others. He is a brother of Stewart Edward White, the novelist, and Gilbert White, the artist.

Rudolph Besier's new play "Buxell" was produced at the Strand, London, Nov. 7. The author calls it a "farcical adventure." This led the Pall Mall Gazette to say: "The trouble is that it is not enough for farce to be unserious. It must be actually funny. It must pass the grim test of making highly intelligent people roar with laughter. Not only so, but after the first few minutes there must not be a moment's pause to the laughter, or they will have time to think, and then all is over." The reviewer does not think Mr. Besier's farce fulfills all these conditions. "Considering Mr. Besier's abilities . . . why did he not write a really good, sincere, interesting play while he was about it? As it is, there is nothing that gets to the heart either way. We have the Alsatian 'brave,' Henri Buxell by name, who is imprisoned for something of the nature of a 'Zabern incident,' and manages to escape from a series of predicaments by a sort of combination of Koepenick bluff and d'Artagan gallantry. He gets out of prison on the day before his execution by charging the offence to a young friend of his who had, he thought, gone to America, but who proved to have come back again and so was there to disprove the suggestion. Then Buxell apparently installs himself in the castle of the local German prince, who had been away hunting, and returns to find him in possession. Not very wisely, to our thinking, Mr. Besier avoids showing us Buxell in the castle, which we only see perched upon the top of a rock in the back-cloth's middle distance, with familiar effects of motor-car lights going to and fro. For this purpose night has to fall with a rapidity unusual in these latitudes, but that, of course, is a trifle. Buxell leaves the castle of his own accord to look after the welfare of his sweetheart whom the prince had threatened to favor with attentions—and he suddenly turns up in the mayor's parlor. Thence he ultimately escapes rolled up in the linoleum. He runs off with the girl in the prince's motor, breaks down on the railway, stops an express train, boards it, and so to Paris and liberty. Much of this, especially the express train business, reminds one strongly of Drury Lane spectacle—without the spectacle—not a very hopeful art form one fears! One is left with a rather comic-operatic sketch of pre-war Alsatian life, smothered in the execrable vulgarities and pomposities of Prussian officialism."

The London Daily Telegraph has this to say about translations of songs and librettos.

"The other day a singer sang a number of Russian songs to a London audience in a French translation, and I am still wondering why. For if songs, or, indeed, anything else singable, are not sung in the original tongue why should they not be sung in English? Of course, there is this to be said, that the usually bad translation seems to show up worse in our language than in any other, but that is presumably because we know our own tongue better than any other. I know that this matter of song translation is a kind of hardy annual, but all the same I do not hesitate to refer again to it here, because the fact is we really must do something to try to improve the standard. A kindly correspondent has recently drawn my attention to a number of really thoughtless versions of the words of French poems in songs which 'everybody' sings, and two recent issues of American papers have been drawing attention to the weakness of English translations, so that the topic may rightly be considered current.

"Nowadays we all know Debussy's 'Mandoline.' So we all know the line, 'Echangent des propos fades sous les rameaux chantonnes,' and we are asked to accept 'To each other softly murmur underneath the sighing branches' as the English equivalent. Now just look at the French and at the English accentuation, and note the mixing of the soft and the hard syllables. A worse case occurs in the Trois Chansons, where 'Yver, vous n'etes qu'un Vilain' is made to mean, 'O, winter, villain that thou art.' But apart from the translation, please look at the accentuation. There is an outstanding case of ineptitude in Ravel's 'Sainte,' where the word 'viols' is alternatively one and two syllables. The whole point is that surely it would be infinitely wiser and better from every point of view if translators would stick to the actual meaning and follow the musical context closely with rhythmic prose rather than attempt the higher flights of 'poetry,' which has to be cut into lengths."

Oliver Ditson Company of Boston publishes "Songs of the Russian People" for mixed voices, edited by Kurt Schindler of New York. The songs are annotated.

The first song is traditional, a Ballad of the Volga, not "Ei Uchnjem," which has appealed to several composers, among them Mr. Loeffler, and is therefore regarded by many as the typical Volga song. The ballad, here translated by Jane and Deems Taylor and Mr. Schindler, goes back to early mediaeval times, "the days of independent nomadic tribes under their Hetmans." The ballad is necessarily abridged, the arrangement for mixed voices is by Mr. Schindler.

"Bylinka," a legend of Kieff, is an old folk song arranged by A. D. Kastalsky. It is the oldest form of Russian folk song, "a kind of dramatic recitation in an ever returning melodic curve." Kastalsky, a Russian church composer, has used one of the old melodies to tell a story of Kieff when it was the ruling city of Russia. The basses as a rule have the melody.

Much more conventional is Bortniensky's "Divine Praise," popular with the Russian folk.

One of the most interesting compositions in the volume is the grim ballad of the Kremlin, a Siberian prison song with accompaniment of piano and tamtam. The song is attributed to Vanka Kaina in the prisons of Karijsk. V. N. Garteveltd, a Russian musician of Dutch parentage, published this ballad in his collection of Siberian prison songs noted by him, with the permission of the Russian government. This is a ballad of a robber chief on his way to execution.

Pantchenko's "Oh, if Mother Volga," words by A. K. Tolstoi, tells of life's conditions in a half-humorous, half-sad manner.

There are charming selections from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera "Christmas Night." "The Gypsy" by Zolotarieff, a young composer, follows in the footsteps of Moussorgsky in adopting the musical expression of the people. The text is from Pushkin's "Magpie." Tschaikowsky dedicated his "Nightingale" to the choir of the Imperial Opera in Petrograd. All over Russia the farewell song of the Nightingale taking its leave for southern lands is sung by the people in a hundred different verses. The intoning of the melody by the soloist is typical of Russian folk songs.

The melody of "Down St. Peter's Road," a song of the postdrivers in the province of Tver, is used as one of the chief themes in Stravinsky's ballet "Petrouchka," which delighted many at the Boston Opera House. Another folk song from this province is "Interrupted Slumber, or The Hapless Bride." Other folk songs are "Kalinka" with a traditional melody from the times of serfdom, the "Spinning Top," a folk dance with melody discovered by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and later arranged by him as a round in strict canon form; and the traditional little Russian song "Dunai" (At Father's Door), found by Moussorgsky on a concert tour in southern Russia and the Crimea. The setting for mixed choruses is by Deems Taylor of New York. The final chorus in the book is a song of Russian craftsmen. Owing to its revolutionary tendency it was for a long time forbidden in Russia as performances of it led to riots in 1905-06. "Mr. Schindler while travelling in Russia during the spring of 1914 and telling of his plan of a Russian folk song concert in America, was always urged to include 'The Song of the Cudgel.' The refrain is an old Volga Burlaki song; which was utilized in the manner here published by Mr. Slonoff." Mr. Schindler arranged the chorus parts. The verses are as follows:

Many songs have I heard in my native land,
And of joy and sorrow they told, oh!
But of all, only one has been carv'd on my heart:
'Tis the song of the craftsmen so bold, oh.

Refrain:
Hi! my stave will ye strike now!
Hi! my oaken cudgel, strike ye well!
Now strike ye well!
Come, thrust now! Come, push now, Come, strike now.

In the lands over sea they have plotted long
To displace all our craft by machine, oh!
But the Russian moujik, in the time of his need,
Sings the song of the sapling so green, oh!

But the time is at hand, and the people arise;
And erect are the heads that were bow'd oh!
And the yoke of the ages they cast to the ground,
And their cudgels in hand shout aloud, oh!

So go on, ever on, great and mighty folk,
And the pangs of thy heart put aside, oh!
Lift thy voice, full of joy, in a thrice holy song;
Sing the dear homely cudgel, thy guide, oh!

The publication of these unusually interesting songs, ably edited by Mr. Schindler, an accomplished musician, is timely, when great interest is taken in everything pertaining to Russia.

The Herald has also received from Oliver Ditson Company:

Charles W. Cadman's Album of Songs for medium voice.

Wassili Safonoff's "New Formula for the Piano Teacher and Piano Student."

"Hand Book for the Catholic Choir" compiled and edited by Eduardo Marzo, a book designed to meet the practical need of the average choir. "The music is worthy of the service, and when not Gregorian chant, is free from triviality and easily sung. The text is liturgical in every detail and the varied contents cover the complete services of the mass, requiem mass, vespers and benediction. The book has been edited throughout with scrupulous regard to the motu proprio of Pope Pius X."

Organ pieces: Forster, A. M., Pastorale in A minor; Federlein, G. H., Meditation; Manney-Briggs, Prelude and Christmas Pastoral; Bartlett-Sellars, A Dream; Gliere, R., Melodie and Romance, arranged by H. B. Gaul; Godard-Rogers, Berceuse from "Jocelyn"; James, P., Meditation a Sainte Clotilde.

Harvest anthems: "Sing Unto God," by Bruce Steane (mixed voices with tenor solo); "O praise our God, our King," by W. Berwald (for mixed voices with soprano solo).

Apropos of the first performance of Granados's "Dante" in London, to which we referred last Sunday, the London Times of Oct. 28 spoke as follows about Spanish music:

"The announcement in the prospectus of the New Queen's Hall Orchestra's symphony concerts of two important orchestral works by Granados and Turina comes as a reminder of how little we know in this country of the music of Spain, and makes us wonder whether Sir Henry Wood is about to constitute himself the champion of the contemporary Spanish school. Perhaps that is expecting too much of him, seeing that the list of modern Spanish orchestral compositions is not a long one; still, if Pedrell, Albeniz, Granados, Turina, Manuel de Falla, Peres Casas, and others are to be given the same chance of being heard at symphony and promenade concerts as has been given in the past to Debussy, Strauss, Schonberg, Scriabin and our own composers, it will be to the credit of Sir Henry Wood and to the advantage of the music lover in London.

"So far as we can remember, the only serious attempts in recent years to perform Spanish music in London have been made by Dr. Terry in Westminster Cathedral, where, of course, the conditions have been quite special, and where, moreover, the composers who were represented belonged in almost every case to the 16th and early 17th centuries. For those were the great days of the Spanish school. In the 16th century, according to Rockstro, the Spaniards wrote all the best music for the papal choir, and it was the musical influence of Spain on Italy that led to the great development of the Roman school, which reached its culminating point in Palestrina. Palestrina, no doubt, provided the material without which Vittoria, the chief glory of the Spanish school, could hardly have been what he was, but Palestrina's forerunners learned some of their most valuable lessons from Spaniards, such as Cristofero Morales and his pupil Francisco Guerrero, and also from the composer whom Senor Pedrell (the historian and the teacher of the leaders of the young generation of composers) has dignified with the title of 'the Spanish Bach'—Antonio de Cabezon, who was born in 1510, two years before Morales. In the 17th century the general introduction of the organ into the musical service and its increasing use meant the gradual decay of pure vocal style, and here we lose sight of Spanish music, religious or secular, until the middle of the 19th century.

"By this time Spanish composers were beginning once more to grow conscious of themselves. One result of this awakening is to be seen in the collection and publication of folksongs; another the tendency to write for chamber and solo instruments and not merely for the church and theatre. The existence of a brilliant school of instrumentalists (the names of Sarasate, Geloso, Manen, Rubio, Casals, Vines occur at once) was, of course, an inducement to composers to work in this direction, as was the fact that several of the more modern writers, such as Albeniz and Granados, were remarkable performers themselves. Thanks partly to his accomplishments as a pianist, which brought him into contact with Liszt, Albeniz became known to a large circle, not only in France (where, like several of the later Spanish composers, he spent much of his time, and consequently felt the influence of the modern French school), but all over Europe, and his set of 12 pieces known as 'Iberia,' or at any rate some of them, are now in the repertory of almost every virtuoso.

"Granados's music, apart from some early operas and the symphonic poem, 'Dante,' which is to be played in the Queen's Hall this afternoon, is also mainly for the pianoforte, and Joaquin Turina, whose big orchestral work, 'La Procession du Rocio,' which Debussy has compared to a luminous fresco, will be given a fortnight later, is chiefly known by his pianoforte suites. The best of these men's work, that is to say, is within reach of concert-goers and musical amateurs generally, and for that reason is known to a wider public than some contemporary music which requires unusual and difficult conditions for performance. And this means that Spanish music is at last being recognized for what it is to the Spaniard as distinct from what it is to the visitor to Earl's Court. A modern Spanish author, Reuben Dario, has written of 'the sad soul of Andalusia, the land of hysterical guitars and desperate, passionate laments, the land that is sad and tired out with the beating rays of the sun, the land where the women with their big eyes and sorrowful songs love with fire and with fear.' To understand this Spain, no less than the grave and brooding spirit of Catalonia (for Andalusia with its Arab background is not all Spain), we must turn away from Frenchmen such as Chabrier and Bizet, through whom most of our musical ideas of Spain have been derived—away even from Glinka, Balakirev, and Rimsky-Korsakov, who with their common strain of Orientalism have interpreted the Spaniards more closely, and must look rather at Pedrell and the modern Spanish composers who know nothing of the romantic associations of Spain, but who write as they feel and think, and so provide us with a link with the great and earnest founder of their school, Vittoria."

The London journals state that a new film censorship, it is expected, will be established early in the New Year. A draft series of conditions to be inserted in licenses has been circulated by the Home Office for the consideration of local authorities. The Times says that the conditions include the following:

"No film shall be shown which is likely to be injurious to morality or to encourage or incite to crime, or to lead to disorder, or to be in any way offensive in the circumstances to public feeling, or which contains any offensive representations of living persons. If the licensing authority serve a notice on the licensee that they object to the exhibition of any film on any of the grounds aforesaid that film shall not be shown.

"No film which has not been passed by the official board of censors for exhibition shall be shown unless three clear days' notice, stating the name and subject of the film, has been given to the licensing authority.

"Films which have been passed by the official board of censors and films which have been examined by any persons on behalf of the licensing authority shall be exhibited exactly in the form in which they were passed for exhibition without any alterations or additions, unless the consent of the licensing authority to such alterations or additions has previously been obtained.

"No poster, advertisement, sketch synopsis, or program of a film shall be displayed, sold, or supplied, either inside or outside the premises, which is likely to be injurious to morality or to encourage or incite to crime, etc.

"It is further proposed that every part of the premises to which the public are admitted shall be so lighted during the whole of the time it is open to the public as to make it possible to see clearly over the whole area."

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

Miss Desiree Ellinger took the part of Nedda in London Nov. 4. "Her reading of the part is somewhat on the small scale. Her Nedda is a kitten rather than the cat of the accepted view, but, after all, why not? It is nearer to the realities than many Neddas we have seen."

Albert de Courville, the revue author and manager, has kept an interesting statistical record of the effects of war events on theatrical attendances during the runs of "Hullo, Ragtime!" "Business as Usual," "Push and Go," and "Hullo, Tango!" says the Daily Express. Among them are the following:

First Zeppelin raid: 20 per cent. decrease.
Second Zeppelin raid, 40 per cent. decrease.
Cuffley raid: 15 per cent. decrease.
Raid in which two airships were brought down: 10 per cent. decrease.
Potter's Bar raid: Less than 5 per cent. decrease.

"Zeppelin nights" have now ceased to affect attendances.

Miss Viola Tree, at her recital, Nov. 6, in London, sang, with other songs, melodies by Lt. George Butterworth and Sub-Lt. Denis Browne, "two promising young composers whose careers have ended on the field of battle." Of Miss Tree, the Pall Mall Gazette said that her understanding ran on ahead of her vocal resources. "It could scarcely be said that she sang the songs well, but it could be stated without fear of contradiction that she showed a clear grasp of their significance and contrived to convey much of it to the audience, more, in fact, than is sometimes done with a better voice." What the Germans call an "intellectual" singer.

A choir of 4000 children sang on Nov. 4 a festival service in St. Paul's, London, to commemorate the centenary of the birth of John Curwen, the founder of the tonic sol-fa movement in music.

"Chromaticon" for piano and orchestra by Michelle Dvorsky was performed for the first time in this country at a concert of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra. No. 24, in Cnicinnati. Josef Hofmann was the pianist. Dvorsky was born of a Polish father and French mother, at Pau, in 1890. He is practically self-taught. He has written several orchestral pieces and two piano concertos. In poor health, he now lives at San Sebastian.

The Daily Telegraph had the courage to say of the "Kreutzer" sonata recently played in London: "Is it heretical to suggest that, to some modern ears, at any rate, this particular work may appear now to be of a length not altogether 'heavenly'?"

The Pall Mall Gazette a few days before spoke of Cesar Franck's piano quintet as an accepted classic. "So thoroughly is it accepted that it threatens to be numbered among certain other classics for which there ought to be a 'close season,' so often do they figure on our programs. Meanwhile Franck wears much better than some of his more quickly recognized contemporaries and as played yesterday * * * his quintet will stand many more hearings before we cry halt."

Miss Adela Verne played Paderewski's sonata in E flat minor last month in London. The Daily Telegraph, quoting a program note to the effect that the sonata is "unmistakably Polish in style and feeling," said: "Is this really so? And what might Polish 'style' and 'feeling' in piano music be, that differentiates this sonata from a dozen of others? Is there not observable here the trail of Beethoven, even of Brahms, in the style and in at least the expression of the feeling? For ourselves, we found the music, much as when Paderewski himself played it years ago, just music, very rhapsodical, very full of a poignant anguish in the middle movement, dignified, and very long. If those things spell Polish in terms of music, well and good. The point is that the sonata is very interesting as music, and that Paderewski is infinitely greater as man than as composer." The London Times thought the sonata "conspicuously feminine" in character. "It is claimed as Polish, but this quality was not apparent. It had neither the sadness nor the brave glitter of Polish music. A tendency to harp repeatedly on sentimental chords and a superabundance of sequential passages were alike very trying, and none of the themes possessed distinction enough to drive them home. The brightest spot was a fugue section in the last movement, which took a somewhat listless audience by surprise, and contained some very cheerful treatment." This sonata as played by Mr. Paderewski made a much more favorable impression here. Was it the fault of Miss Verne in London? The Times began its review: "It may be said without offence, Miss Adela Verne is the most masculine pianist of her sex now before the public, with the exception, perhaps of Carreno." Note in the review from the Daily Telegraph the abuse of the word "very."

Pessimists who think Young England has been sold to the cinemas should pay a visit to the "Old Vic" during the Shakespeare season. "Julius Caesar" is the present lure. Not a child among the thousands gazing on the stage from pit to gallery seems to sigh to be elsewhere. One sin only these studious school children have—a desire to anticipate the eloquence of Mark Antony. It has therefore become necessary that a master of ceremonies should deliver a little homily from the stage reminding the young actors in the gallery that the elder ones on the stage know their parts. But this keenness is surely as healthy as the cheers that greet Shakespeare's patriotic messages on the screen.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mary Anderson took part in a matinee in aid of a charity at His Majesty's Theatre, Oct. 20. She appeared in Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Comedy and Tragedy." The London Times said: "And seeing Miss Mary Anderson once more as Galatea we found it hard to believe that it was all those years since she had played the part. The old grace of movement and beauty of pose was there unimpaired; the voice had lost nothing of its lovely quality. If the play seems old and thin and sour, the playing of Galatea was still young and beautiful and gracious." Lady Tree took the part of Pygmalion's wife.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and Carl Friedberg, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mischa Levitzki's second piano recital. Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata in A major, op. 101; Schumann, Sonata in G minor; Chopin, Nocturne, Valse, Etude; Rubinstein, Barcarolle, Etude (staccato); Liszt, Etude de Concert, Rhapsodie No. 12.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. First piano recital of John M. McLaughlin. Mozart, Fantasia, No. I; Reger, Chant de la Nuit, Romanze, Impromptu, Menuet, Rhapsodie (first time here); Henselt, Etudes in D flat and F major; Bartok, Bear Dance; Debussy, Reverie; Chopin, Valse in G flat.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Second Kneisel Quartet concert. Reger, Quartet in E flat major, op. 109; Mozart, Quartet in B flat major (K. No. 589); Mrs. Beach, Piano Quintet in F sharp minor, op. 67. The Quintet was played at Mrs. Beach's concert in Steinert Hall, Dec. 16, 1914, by the composer and the Hoffmann Quartet.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. John Powell's piano recital. Schumann, Faschingschwank aus Wien; Davidsbuendler, Carnaval.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. George Copeland, pianist; Albert Stoessel, violinist; Arthur Hadley, violoncellist. First concert of this Trio Club. Beethoven, Trio, D major, op. 70, No. 1; Ravel, Trio in A minor; Juon, Trio in G major, op. 60 (first time here).

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Flonzaley Quartet's first concert of the season. Program in memory of E. J. de Coppet. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's second piano recital. Handel, Variations, "The Harmonious Blacksmith"; J. S. Bach, Prelude in A minor; C. P. E. Bach, Rondo Espressivo; Daquin, Le Coucou; Mozart, Turkish March; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Schubert, Sonata in A major, op. 120; Chopin, Fantasie-Impromptu, Nocturne in F major, op. 15, Etude in C minor, op. 25; MacDowell, Dance of the Elves; Arensky, Pres de la Mer; Tscherepnin, Humoresque; Glazounoff, Gavotte; Gabrilowitsch, Caprice-Burlesque.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Elias Breeskin's first violin recital in Boston. Bach, Sonata No. 1; Corelli-Kreisler, Serabande and Allegretto; Tartini-Kreisler, Fugue; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Goldmark, Air; Kneisel, Grande Etude de Concert; Paganini-Vogrich, The Voice of the Woods; Wieniawski, Polonaise Brilliant. Mr. Breeskin will play here for the first time. Of Russian parentage, a boy student at the Cracow Conservatory, he went to Washington, D. C.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Roderick White, violinist, will give his first recital here. Bach-Schumann, Sarabande et Double; Handel-White, Aria; Bach-Schumann, Gigue; Paganini-Wilhelm, Concerto in D major; Tschaikowsky, Melodie; Pente, Les Farfadets; Gluck-Manen, Air; Zsolt, Valse Caprice; Rachmaninoff, Romance; Rubinstein-White, Caucasian Dance; Wieniawski-White, Saltarella.

Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M. Henry Gideon will talk about Giordano's opera, "Andrea Chenier," which will be performed at the Boston Opera House in January. Miss Cara Sapin and Herbert Smith will assist.

SECOND OF TALKS ON MUSIC GIVEN HERE

Henry Gideon Speaks in Steinert Hall.

Henry Gideon gave the second of his Music Talks in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. His subject was the symphonic poem and the symphonic ballet. He began by playing with Mrs. Herbert Smith an arrangement of Saint-Saens's "Rouet d'Omphale" for two pianos. He then in a clear, concise manner described the form of the classic symphony, the purpose of the different movements, and the enlargement of the form by Beethoven. Taking issue with Wagner, who saw the symphony resting on dance forms, he preferred to trace its origin in folk song. Mr. Gideon then proceeded to treat the symphonic poem. There was piano program music before Bach, but Berlioz was the first to write program music for orchestra. Berlioz and Liszt were discussed, the latter the inventor of the symphonic poem as it is known to us. Mr. Gideon's statement that Berlioz and Liszt detested one another's music might well invite discussion. As an illustration of the symphonic ballet an arrangement of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" was played by the two pianists. Debussy's Prelude, as every one knows, was not written with a view to miming or dancing.

Next Saturday afternoon Mr. Gideon will talk about Giordano's opera "Andrea Chenier."

NOV 27 1916

"Mr. Sawyer? Mis—ter Saw-yer-r-r-r!

The Paging of Mr. Sawyer.

As the World Wags:

In the earlier life of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, post-roads wove their long, wearisome way through pastures, skirted hills, followed water courses and crossed where bridges spanned the narrowest part of streams. One such postroad, like a long crooked spoke, stretched from Bath, Me., to Boston, to the Hub of those days. Travel by land was done by stage coach or by private coach. Several days were used up in a trip; from Bath to Boston or even to Ipswich, where I have heard some of my relations speak of attending a "fashionable school for girls." Do any Ipswich residents recall this school?

At intervals along these post-roads stood taverns, built often at the top of a hill and dotting the landscape for quite a distance. In our grandparents' time, on the old post-road which crossed the New Meadows river, at its upper and narrowest part, soon to climb a hill, which commands a wide view of beautiful landscape, stood a tavern, run by one Sawyer. The post-road continued into Bath by the way of Nhickeag and Upper High street, where still another tavern stood, but not kept by a Sawyer. These country hotels, often elaborate for their day, furnished shelter, food and drink to travelers, and stage coach horses, who must at times have become thirsty, probably cold at times, and needing something stimulating. Miles of stone walls everywhere kept these post-roads from encroaching on pastures and woods; and stone fences were said to decorate the interior of Sawyer's tavern.

Sawyer kept and served only the best of food and drink and his reputation became country-wide. In this sense many people were "learning" some, were "canting" some, were looking "forward" some, or looking "over to" Sawyer's. So well did Sawyer treat and entertain his guests that nearly every traveller coming out of the tavern's sheltering arms and boarding his stage-coach again continued to "lean to," to "cant" some, too "look over" his shoulder some to Sawyer's. In fact anything or any person out of plumb was said to "lean towards Sawyer's."

Quite a few persons contemporary with tavernage must have looked upon old New England rum more as a necessary beverage than as the sinful drink of today. Children were taught then not to look upon the wine when it was red, but were schooled to leave the living-room whenever the Parson called for a religious hour at the home, and to bring back and set before their minister something "real nice" for him to drink. It is now winter again in Maine, and we may well look back in history and feel quite sure that all those week-day treats to the pastor must have been necessary to warm his heart and soul and body on a Sunday in the old-fashioned meeting-house where the heating outfit was chiefly a few little foot stoves in a few individual pews, with little doors to them. Words prophesying hell-fire fell thick and fast from the pulpit, and often three Sunday sermons, but they had no material effect on raising the real temperature of these barn-like edifices. Such words warmed the hearts and souls of these God-fearing men and women. Large families were fashionable in those days. Every child old enough followed father and mother to church, no matter how badly chilblained little feet became in following days.

DR. EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me.

As the World Wags:

The expression: Lean towards Sawyer's, was very common in my locality when I was a boy; and I remember asking my grandfather, nearly 50 years ago, what it meant. He told me that a man named Sawyer used to work for him years before, and when the time to go home arrived would remark: "I guess it is time to lean towards Sawyer's"; alluding to the natural slant of the body in the direction one is walking. The words were commonly used in the field at the end of the day's work, meaning to go home; but sometimes were used to describe anything out of plumb. This explanation dates back between 75 and 100 years. I always supposed it was a local saying; but it appears that Sawyer has achieved world-fame.

Who was Joe Bunker, the famous artisan? O. A. SPRAGUE, M. D.

Turner, Me., Nov. 20.

As the World Wags:

Seventy years ago there was situated on the east side of the Merrimack river at the end of the bridge connecting Newburyport with Salisbury an old-fashioned hostelry for the entertainment of man and beast bearing the name Oregon House, owned by John Sawyer. At that time many of the up-river farmers were owners of a good part of the Plum Island marshes and every fall would cut the salt hay and transport it to the various landing places in gondolas; very slow transportation, drifting with the tide unless the wind was "dead aft," and then a large sail accelerated their motion. It took quite a good mechanic in a heavy breeze, with the cross tides to navigate these scows under the bridge and keep clear of the abutments, and the skippers, not being well-versed in nautical terms, instead of giving orders to "port your helm" would say: "Lean towards Sawyer's," and for years afterwards till the advent of the puff boats it was a favorite expression along the waterfront from this city to Haverhill.

MOODY AKERMAN.

Newburyport, Nov. 22.

FRITZ KREISLER

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and Carl Friedberg, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which was crowded.

Mr. Friedberg was not a stranger here. He had given a recital and also played in a concert of the Kneisel Quartet. The program included Cesar Franck's sonata for piano and violin; Viotti's 22d Concerto in A-minor; a group of pieces arranged and transcribed for violin by Mr. Friedberg; pieces by Montclair, Mozart, Schubert, and from the old French; Mr. Kreisler's arrangement of a Spanish dance by Granados, and three caprices, B-flat, B-minor and A-minor, by Paganini.

Perhaps some were disappointed because Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, which was announced for performance a fortnight ago, was put aside to make place for the sonata of Cesar Franck. More were probably pleased. Franck, too, is now among the classics. Not long ago a London critic said of the same composer's piano quintet that after long being treated as modern and "advanced" it is now an accepted classic. "So thoroughly is it accepted that it threatens to be numbered among certain other classics for which there ought to be a 'close season,' so often do they figure in our programs." The same might be said of this sonata. As for the "Kreutzer," even another London critic had the audacity to say after a recent performance that to some modern ears it appeared to be of a length not altogether "heavenly."

Mr. Kreisler was accorded probably the greatest reception he ever has received at any of his many recitals, and he was recalled many times. He was in the humor to respond, and the extra numbers, chiefly in light vein, were given equally warm appreciation. Every seat was occupied, and many stood throughout the extended concert.

LARGE AUDIENCE ENJOYS "IRISH NIGHT" CONCERT

Sousa's Band and Individual Entertainers Give Program.

"Irish Night" at the Boston Opera House attracted a large audience to hear Sousa's band in its second concert of the season last evening. Individual entertainers included William Harrigan, son of the famous Irish comedian, who sang "Dad's Dinner Pail," from "Cordelia's Aspirations," one of the old-time Harrigan and Hart successes; Mrs. Charlotte Williams Hills of Boston, who sang for the first time an Irish folk song composed by Arthur Foote; Herbert L. L. Clarke, cornet soloist of the band, who played Balfe's "Killarney," with remarkable effectiveness; Harry Griffeths, baritone, who sang "Come Back to Erin"; Joseph Marthage, harpist, who gave a potpourri of popular themes arranged by Tolman, and Nat Wills, the humorist.

Two features of the program stood out, though the entire evening proved enjoyable. One was a medley based on "Annie Rooney," illustrating the treatment which Mendelssohn, Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven, Rossini, Haydn and Wagner might have accorded this classic of years ago. The other was the appearance, for the final number, of the entire Hippodrome chorus to sing "Tipperary," that ever popular marching song, as it never had been sung before. As is customary with Mr. Sousa, he gave many extra numbers, including his earlier marches.

NOV 28 1916

'GREAT LOVER'

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Great Lover," a romantic comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced by Cohen and Harris.

Mr. Stapleton.....Lee Millar
Maestro Cereale.....William Ricciardi
Dr. Mueller.....Arthur Klein
Farnold.....Julian Little
Kartzag.....George E. Romain
Guilla Sabbattini.....Miss Essex Dane
Ward.....Frederick Macklyn
Carl Losseck.....Alfred Kappeler
Mme. Trefler Beinbrich.Miss Anna McNaughton
Posansky.....Alexis H. Pollanov
Sparipani.....Ugo Ventrella
Carlo Sonino.....Malcolm Fassett
Ethel Warren.....Miss Betty Callish
Jean Paurel.....Leo Ditrichstein
Dr. Stetson.....Arthur Lewis
Potter.....John Bedouin
Mrs. Peter Van Ness...Miss Cora Witherspoon
Mrs. Fred Schuyler.....Miss Florence Page
Bianca Sonino.....Miss Camilla Dalberg

This comedy was produced at Syracuse, N. Y., on Oct. 11, 1915, when it was entitled "$2000 a Night." The chief female parts were then played by Isabel Irving, Virginia Brooks, Beverly Sitgreaves. When the comedy was produced at the Longacre Theatre, New York, Miss Sitgreaves took the part of Mme. Sabbattini, and Miss Brooks that of Ethel Warren.

The play is a series of scenes illustrating the life of opera singers on and off the stage. It is realism rather than deliberately satirical. Nearly 200 years ago Benedetto Marcello wrote an amusing account of operatic life as it then was. The prima donna has not changed through the centuries. The mother of the prima donna, whether real or hired, behaved and spoke then as she behaves and speaks today. When Marcello wrote, the castrati were still in fashion. The male soprano or contralto strutted his hour. The tenor was not so important, the bass was heard chiefly in buffo parts.

In this comedy the hero is a baritone, famous as Rigoletto and Don Giovanni; but the latter is his great part. Paurel rhymes with Maurel, but we doubt whether the dramatists had that artist in mind. Maurel was serious in his art; he is serious as a coach today, always studying the "psychology of singing." (Will his treatise on this subject ever be completed?) But Paurel could never have acted Iago, and if he was willing to put on the hump of Rigoletto, he would have refused to appear with Falstaff's paunch.

The story of the comedy is a simple one. Paurel has lived for himself. For 25 years of stage life he has gratified every amorous whim and fancy. Women have pursued him, and he has met them more than halfway. When he was young and singing with another name, his own, he loved more deeply than was his wont Bianca. The jealous Sabbattini parted them and ever afterwards showed her hatred. Bianca disappeared, as far as Paurel knew. She married one Sonino, who died, leaving a son Carlo, who grew up to be a baritone.

Paurel comes to New York, engages at a high price. There again he meets Guila Sabbattini. And there he falls in

The author has described this city.

love with Ethel Warren, a young member of the company. He is jealous of Carlo as singer and also as the lover of Ethel. Through jealousy he persists in singing when his voice is not in condition, fearing lest the youth and voice of Carlo would lead the public to forget his own art in "Don Giovanni." During an intermission there is a scene of jealousy in Paurel's dressing room. Carlo, maddened by the malicious gossip of Giulia misbehaves himself and Ethel consents to wed Paurel. But Paurel is so excited that he loses his voice. His rival takes his place and is rapturously applauded by audience and colleagues. The King is dead! Long live the King.

The scenes in the manager's office and Paurel's dressing room are most amusing. The trials of the manager; the enormous egoism and contemptible smallness of the Italian and German sopranos, the Wagnerian tenor and humbler singers; the duties imposed on the press agent; the squabbles and the tittle-tattle of the opera house are shrewdly portrayed without caricature, without exaggeration. Is it possible to exaggerate the egoism of a celebrated opera singer? Then there is the throat specialist, who has no illusions; there are the society women who invade Paurel's room and gush and make eyes and appointments.

Paurel has lost his voice. The doctor gives him no hope. But there is Ethel. She will console him. He will not be alone. A woman writes to him that she has a message from Bianca. This startles Paurel, who tries to identify the handwriting by looking over the letters of adoring women written to him when he was young. The woman calls. Lo, she is Bianca herself, who bitterly reproaches him for his Don Juanism, for his trampling on women whom he wooed and cast aside. The loss of his voice is heaven's punishment. Yet he can make amends. Let Ethel marry Carlo. Paurel loses his self-complacency. Yes, he will make the sacrifice. He is now old; his voice is gone; he will leave New York where he has sung his swan song and loved for the last time. Tomorrow he will embark for Italy. But the telephone calls him; and as the curtain falls he is making an appointment with a linnet-headed society woman.

A study of that spoiled darling, the opera singer. Two amusing acts that are singularly true to life, and then a last act that drags a little and is inherently weak in its melodrama and superficial pathos. Only the scene of the old love letters and the final amorous spurt of Paurel redeem it in a measure.

Mr. Ditrichstein has long been known as a master of characterization in comedy; in parts that are fantastical, portraying men that abound in humours, as the word was once understood. His exuberance that is artistically restrained, his lightness that is never merely flippant, his unfailing sense of humor, the spontaneity of his repartee, the playfulness of his fancy, his unerring sense of the value of a line, his grace in speech and deportment, his quiet authority have for years given him a peculiarly honorable place in his profession. In this comedy is also seen utter unconsciousness of his selfishness and heartlessness until he is whipped for the moment by Giulia into self-examination; even then it is his egoism that is chiefly wounded. An excellent piece of work, finer even in some respects than his impersonation of the pianist in "The Concert," although "The Great Lover" as a play is inferior.

Miss Cailish, charming in the opening scenes, was at a loss in the emotional moments of the last act. Her devotion to Paurel as a master, her pity for his affliction, the conflict between her love for Carlo and her supposed duty to Paurel were on the surface, never carrying conviction. Miss Dane played the fiery, malicious Italian woman to the life. Miss Dalberg was an appropriately acid Bianca, who, however, gave no reason for Paurel's early infatuation. The men in the opera house were well impersonated. Especially noteworthy was the performance of Mr. Ricciardi. The experienced Mr. Lewis made much of a minor part. But the one marked feature of the play, next to the impersonation of Paurel, was the portrayal of the valet by Mr. Bedouin.

The large audience thoroughly enjoyed the dialogue and the acting. Mr. Ditrichstein is to be thanked for not accepting a curtain call. One of his colleagues spoke for him, saying that Mr. Ditrichsten did not wish to spoil the stage illusion. Would that lesser actors would follow his example.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Betty," a musical play in three acts, with Raymond Hitchcock as Lord D'Arcy Playne. Book by Gladys Unger and Frederick Lonsdale, lyrics by Adrian Ross and Paul A. Rubens; original score by Paul A. Rubens. First produced at Daly's Theatre, London, April 24, 1915, with Winifred Barnes as Betty and G. P. Huntley as Lord Playne. First presented in this country at Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 14, and later at the Globe Theatre, New York, Oct 3, 1916, with Mr. Hitchcock as Lord Playne, Ivy Sawyer as Betty, Joseph Herbert as the Duke of Crowbridge, Joseph Santley as Gerard and Peter Page as Jotte.

Duke of Crowbridge.....William Eville
Gerard, the Earl of Beverly.....Joseph Santley
Lord D'Arcy Playne.....Raymond Hitchcock
David Playne.....Arthur Lowrie
The Hon. Victor Halifax.....Henry Vincent
Achille Jotte, a dressmaker.....George Moore
Alf, a page.....Master Crumpton
Dora, Countess of Playne.....Prudence O'Shea
Chiquette.....Lydia Scott
Estelle.....Eileen Dennes
Mrs. Rawlins.....Verda Sheiberg
Jane.....Ruth Randall
Betty.....Ivy Sawyer

Mr. Hitchcock, as far as Boston is concerned, returned to the house of his friends last evening. On his first entrance he interrupted the stage action to comment on the new carpet on the "good old Tremont Theatre floor," referring with true Hitchcockian delicacy to recent improvements in this ever-popular playhouse. Fortunately he did not hear a comment from a young woman in one of the front rows: "Oh, he's fat, isn't he?"

The remark seemed to come from the heart. Indeed, at first glance, Mr. Hitchcock is not quite as slender as he was when he drawled his way through "The Yankee Consul" and "The Man Who Owned Broadway." Still, if his physical appearance was highly suggestive of Jefferson De Angelis, it cannot truthfully be said that his humor was as commonplace. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hitchcock embellished and elaborated the lines originally given to Lord Playne, gave them a personal touch, as it were, and without undue effort kept himself, as was his due, the central comic figure in the play.

"Betty" is a typical English product, smart in its costuming, fairly amusing in dialogue, and complacently melodic in its tunes. In truth, the dance numbers are the real hits, aside from the delightful waltz theme, "Some Time." Mr. Santley's dance, with several girls, in the second act, following the interpolated song, "Eyes Have a Language," deserved repetition; so did the madrigal by nine voices, opening this same act; for some reason the musical director hesitated just long anough to make encores impracticable. The dance in the final act, by four young women and a like number of young men, was particularly pleasing.

So, as intimated, "Betty" would sing and dance herself into popularity without a plot. Add the plot, plus the whimsicalities of Mr. Hitchcock, the charming personality of Miss Sawyer, a demure English maid who knows how to act with repression, even in musical comedy, and the adeptness of Mr. Santley, in song, dance and youthful buoyancy, and it may be inferred that "Betty" is well worth acquaintance. Mr. Hitchcock apparently has been allowed great liberties. He never becomes quite the buffoon, yet he will clown it when his mood prompts him. On the other hand, he has his moments when he gives a quick flash of the Lord Playne, whom Miss Unger and Mr. Lonsdale had in mind, a blundering, amusing, yet, withal, a good-hearted sort of chap.

Miss Sawyer, who is truly English in her type of beauty and in her methods, should stay on this side. She can teach her American cousins many things. It would be interesting to know if she can be as versatile in other roles as she is charming as Betty. Mr. Santley, always a favorite here, had a thankless part, yet talked and danced through it suavely. Miss Randall's dancing deserves commendation. Mr. Moore, as Jotte, a man dressmaker, kept a distasteful character on the proper side of good taste, and Master Crumpton, as a very boyish page, conquered a natural nervousness with a pluck which won his audience.

As to the story, why try to tell it? Musical comedy plots are none too substantial, ever. That of "Betty" is delicately thin, yet worth the following, without previous hints. The young women of the chorus appeared to be distinctively English, and the English type of chorus lady is always agreeable. It lacks the nasal effrontery o fthe Broadway type. The costumes were effective by their variety, and the three scenes, two interiors and a garden, were pleasing to the eye. Since it was one of Mr. Dillingham's productions, this scarcely could have been otherwise.

MISCHA LEVITZKI GIVES SECOND PIANO RECITAL

Mischa Levitzki gave his second piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue, D minor; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 101, A major; Schumann, Sonata, op. 22, G minor; Chopin, Impromptu, Valse, Nocturne; Rubinstein, Etude; Liszt, Etude, Rhapsodie No. 12.

Many versions of Bach's Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue have been heard this season. So far none have been surpassed in quality and musicianship by Mme. Carreno's performance. Like the dragon in the fairy tales, young Mr. Levitzki breathed forth fire and brimstone in his playing of this piece. He was not merely vigorous, but brutal. He gave way to a vulgar exhibition of strength and speed. This led to the reflection that while Mr. Levitzki had mastered the piano, he had far from absorbed its soul.

Fortunately he began the Sonata in a more chastened spirit and there was opportunity to admire his many fine qualities as an executant and to test his ability as an interpreter. His performance was chiefly interesting as a study of tone color and brilliance. He is not yet mature, an engrossing interpreter of Beethoven.

In Schumann's Sonata he was evidently more at home. The pianist's touch was warmer. He was spontaneous, emotional, effective.

Mr. Levitzki's technical accomplishments, his velocity, smoothness and precision were further and brilliantly displayed in the pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein and Liszt. He is young and his ability to interpret should increase with passing years. When his remarkably nimble fingers are judiciously controlled he is a gifted and agreeable pianist.

In the evening John McLaughlin gave his first piano recital in Boston at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Fantasia, No. 1; Reger, Chant de la Nuit Romance, Impromptu, Menuet, Rhapsodie; Henselt, Etudes in D-flat and F major; Bartok, Bear Dance; Debussey, Reverie; Chopin, Valse in G-flat.

It is said that Mr. McLaughlin is a native of Lynn, who studied in Boston. It is evident that he has worked diligently, that he is musical. Perhaps he did not make allowance for the size of the hall, for he made the mistake of playing throughout the program with unrelenting vigor. In certain pieces the constant exertion of his strength was unfortunate, for the accompanying figures often rivalled the theme in loudness, and the lack of proportion was disastrous.

Towards the end of his life Reger undertook to be romantic. The pieces by him played last evening were heard here for the first time. "Chant de la Nuit" and Rhapsodie have character. In one there is the suggested grandeur of a starlit night, in the other a variety of moods are happily contrasted. The other pieces are less interesting. The Impromptu, for example, is an unsuccessful attempt to imitate Schumann.

Mr. McLaughlin has a large and agreeable tone which does not require forcing. He has a respectable technic. He should strive to make his playing less obvious, to cultivate a keener sense of rhythm, to develop a greater variety of nuances. A friendly audience applauded heartily.

Maggie Cline is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last night the comedienne, beaming with her genial personality, concluded her act in a furore of applause at the end of her famous "Throw Him Down, McCloskey."

Several of Miss Cline's songs have been heard before in her repertory. Her latest addition, "Maggie Dooley," is in her characteristic style and tells of the horror of the neighbors when Maggie returns from Honolulu and effects the ukulele.

The big laughing act of the bill was the sketch of Ray and Gordon Dooley. Mr. Dooley has all the physical attributes of the eccentric comedian. He throws himself around with the utmost abandon. Miss Dooley was equally interesting as her partner, and their burlesque of the cabaret scene was uproriously funny.

Claude Gillingwater was seen in a melodramatic sketch, "The Frame-up," by Reginald Barlow. The sketch has merit and there is added interest in the excellence of the cast.

Other acts on the bill were the Stampede Riders, featuring Flores La Due, tho "champion lady roper of the world," in an interesting manipulation of the lariat; Mabelle Adams and Marion Murray in Edgar Allan Woolf's comedy, "Cotton Stockings"; Jim Toney and Ann Norman, in "Look, Listen and Laugh," a sketch that included some excellent grotesque dancing; Charles Keilog, the California naturalist, in his entertaining nature act; George O. Stone and Fenton McEvoy, in a singing and dancing act, and the La Vars, whirlwind dancers.

"PEG O' MY HEART" PLAYED AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Successful Performance of Popular Comedy Witnessed.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE. "Peg o' My Heart." Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners.

Mrs. Chichester.....Clara Sidney
Footman.....George Clare
Ethel.....Vera Shore
Alaric.....Hamilton Christy
Christian Brent.....Edmund Dalby
Peg.....Miss Carewe Carvel
Montgomery Hawkes.....C. E. Benton
Maid.....Amy Donnelly
Jerry.....N. Murray Stephen

The comedy is one of the strongest drawing attractions that has been offered for many seasons. Mr. Manners evolved an interesting idea and an amusing story, with laughable incidents. It shows the experiences of Peg, the daughter of an impoverished but lovable Irishman, and an aristocratic Englishwoman on whom her relatives turned their backs when she set out for America with her husband. By the will of one of Peg's uncles the little Irish-American girl is sent to England to be properly reared. The part of Peg is intrusted to Miss Carewe Carvel, who handles it with skill. The acting of the other members of the company shows the shrewdness of the manager who engaged them and the ability of the stage director.

Next week Gracie Emmett in "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband."

JEWETT PLAYERS GIVE "ARMS AND THE MAN"

Shaw's satire "Arms and the Man," which he chooses to characterize as a romantic comedy, was enthusiastically received last night when presented by the Henry Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre.

The Shavian sallies at the expense of the pomp and folbles which accompany gold lace and military honors, his keen thrusts at the whimsicalities of the domestic relation, which make this one of his most pungent comedies, were given full value. The scenes, which were laid in Bulgaria, afforded an opportunity for varied and colorful settings and costumings, and the atmosphere of the country was well sustained.

Leonard Craske, as Capt. Bluntschi the Man, was an irresistible chocolate cream soldier, revealing with artless frankness the inner workings of the military mind. Jessamine Newcombe, as Raina, was quite the type of young woman at whose expense the satirical G. B. S. especially loves to poke fun. The ill-concealed antagonism between Raina and her mother, which is another of the paradoxical truths Shaw loves to tell, was clearly revealed.

Cameron Mathewe as Maj. Saranoff did especially distinctive work.

Lionel Glenister had, in the blustering, petticoat-governed Maj. Petkoff a part entirely different from any which he has hitherto filled. Louka and Nicola, the servants, were admirably characterized by Gladys Morris and Fred W. Permain.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Dr. Edward E. Briry of Bath, Me., a warm admirer of our valued contributor, Mr. John Savage Shaghellion, of 44½ Condon street, East Boston, wishes to know if Mr. Shaghellion in his latest account of the passing of Liverpool Jarge should not have written: "tried to break into the galley and kill the steward" instead of "kill the cook."

"Does not the ship's steward," asks Dr. Briry, "cook and serve the cabin, while the ship's cook cooks and serves the ship's crew. Both cook and steward use the same galley stove."

Dr. Briry also writes that the word used in his schooldays when one boy sneeringly answered another boy's question was "darby," not "darly," as it was printed in the Herald. Is it not possible that "darby," which, as the doctor says, was an irritating if not an offensive word, was a corruption of the English provincial word "dobby," meaning a stupid fellow, a booby, a simpleton, a dunce. The Scotch variant is "dobie."

Mr. Shaghellion has received a letter of appreciation from "E. K. B." of Brookline: "Please don't let Jarge die, for we think he's perfectly corking. He reminds us of our old pals that we find in W. W. Jacobs's books. And he's every bit as funny. Please bring him to life again." This reminds us that Dr. Briry wishes to know if "Shaghellion" is a pseudonym. "Is he a reality and was he initiated into the Order of Neptune the first time he crossed the line?"

Mr. Shaghellion is—Mr. Shaghellion. Liverpool Jarge has already died three times in an extraordinary manner. We are inclined to believe that he is still alive.

And now let us all sing a grand old ballad of the sea and the gallows. For a true copy we are indebted to "S. H." of Westminster.

The Flying Cloud.

My name is Edward Holloban, as you shall understand,
I belong in the county of Waterford, in Erin's happy land;
When I was young and in my prime, kind fortune on me smiled,
My parents doted on me—I being their only child.

My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's own town,
He bound me to a cooper there by the name of William Brown;
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
When I shipped on board the Ocean Queen, bound to Bermuda shore.

When I arrived at Bermuda shore I met with Captain Moore,
The commander of the Flying Cloud, belonging to Trimore;
So kindly he requested me on a slaving voyage to go,
To the burning sands of Africa, where the sugar cane doth grow.

We all agreed, excepting five, and those we had to land,
Two of them being Boston men and two from Newfoundland;
The other was an Irishman, belonging to Trimore;
Oh, I wish to God I had joined those men and returned with them on shore.

The Flying Cloud was as fine a ship as ever swam the seas.
Or ever hoisted a main topsail before a lively breeze.
I have oftentimes seen our gallant ship as the wind lay abaft her wheel,
With the royal and the skysail set aloft, sail. nineteen by the reel.

Oh the Flying Cloud was a Spanish ship of five hundred tons or more,
She would outsail any other ship I ever saw before.
Her sails were like the drifting snow, on them there was no stain.
And eighteen brass nine-pounder guns she carried abaft her main.

We sailed away without delay till we came to the African shore,
And eighteen hundred of those poor slaves from their native isle sailed o'er.
For we marched them all along our decks and stored them down below,
And eighteen inches for a man was all that they could go.

The very next day we sailed away with our cargo of slaves,
'Twould have been much better for those poor slaves had they been in their graves;
For the plague and fever came on board, swept half of them away;
We dragged the dead up on the decks and threw them in the sea.

We sailed away without delay till we came to the Cuban shore,
We sold them to a planter there to be slaves forevermore.
The rice and coffee fields to hoe beneath the burning sun,
To lead a long and wretched life till their career was run.

And when our money it was all gone we put to sea again;
Then Captain Moore he came on board and said to us, his men:
"There is gold and silver to be had if with me you will remain;
We will hoist aloft a pirate's flag and we'll scour the raging main."

We robbed and plundered many a ship on the Spanish main,
And many's the widow and orphan child in sorrow must remain,
For we made their crews to walk the plank and gave them a watery grave;
For the saying of our captain was: "A dead man tells no tales."

At length to Newgate we were brought, bound down in iron chain,
For robbing and 'plundering merchant ships down on the Spanish main.
It was drinking and had company that made this wretch of me.
Now, let young men a warning take—and a curse to piracy!

Variants in Names.

As the World Wags:

I note in the morning press the judgment of Judge Lummis of Lynn in sentencing a juvenile offender (guilty of stone-throwing) to throw 1000 stones at a mark, "making the punishment fit the crime." But I wish to refer to the variants in common New England names.

I see the judge's name is spelled "Lummis." In the Connecticut town in which I was raised, and from which many of the Loomis clan originally came, is the Loomis family lot in the old burying ground (modern, cemetary). Some of the old stones date back to the first years of the 18th century. The name is spelled in many ways. As I can now recall there were Loomis, Lumis, Lomiz, Lomis and Lummis. As a small boy when I lay on one of those old red sandstone table-monuments and read the names and inscriptions I would wonder why, if they were all of one family or stock, that the names should be spelled different.

There was also quite a social cleavage between the Loomises on the "street" and the Lomises on the mountain. A man one time asked Mrs. Judge Loomis, a very tall and austere old lady, deaf as an adder and with a voice like a file, if the judge was at home. "No, sir, Mr. Loomis has gone over to the west port of the town to see Mr. Lomis." Nor was the social line of demarcation drawn by the Loomises alone, for often in a caucus or town meeting, references would be made to the delinquencies of the ancestry of the opposing factions, and if not in a complimentary way, at least in a highly illuminating manner. The majority of the Loomises were democrats, and were usually characterized by U. S. A. (Uncle Sam Austin) as "them ere Locofoco Lomerses."

S. HARROCKS.

Westminster, Nov. 23.

Nov 29 · 1915

New Trio Club Entertains Large and Appreciative Audience in Jordan Hall in Evening—Kneisel Quartet Gives Pro-

By PHILIP HALE.

The new Trio Club, composed of George Copeland, pianist; Albert Stoessel, violinist, and Arthur Hadley, 'cellist, gave its first concert last evening in Jordan Hall. There was a large and appreciative audience. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Trio, D major, op. 70, No. 1, Ravel, Trio, A minor; Juon, Trio, G major, op. 60 (first time here).

The members of this trio are well and favorably known. It is not necessary to speak of Mr. Copeland's art at this late day. Mr. Stoessel's ability as a violinist has been recognized. Mr. Hadley, as member of a former Trio Club and a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, has had wide experience in ensemble. Nevertheless, excellent virtuosos and men of routine are not always successful when they are put togther for the first time. The performance last night was of such fine quality that it showed there had been diligent and intelligent rehearsal. The program was well chosen. Beethoven's Trio is conspicuous chiefly by reason of the Largo, although just before the ending of the first movement there are a few measures that only Beethoven could have written. Ravel's Trio is one of the most beautiful works in the later modern literature of chamber music. Not long ago the London Times found fault with it because there is "little true part writing" and "the centre of gravity of the several movements is not clear." The first objection, if it has foundation, is pedagogic. What, pray, did the reviewer mean by "the centre of gravity," etc?

Many have wondered what "pantoum," the title of the second movement of Ravel's Trio means. We are told that the term is applied to a poetic form borrowed from Malay poetry. As employed by Hugo, Banville, Leconte de Lisle, a pantoum is composed of an indeterminate number of quatrains with crossed rhymes. The second and the fourth line of each verse form the first and the third of the verse following.

Juon's Trio consists of an energetic first movement with themes of decided character, an andante with a melody that is melancholy after the manner of certain Russian folk songs, and a brilliant, strongly rhythmed finale in which thematic material is of inferior worth. The music is written with understanding of the instruments so that there is color with relieving contrasts.

The players not only met the essential requirements of ensemble; there was aesthetic comprehension, an appreciation of the style and spirit of each composer. The performance was as euphonious as it was well proportioned.

The second concert of the Kneisel Quartet took place in Steinert Hall in the afternoon. Mrs. Beach, pianist and composer, assisted. The program was as follows: Reger, quartet in E flat major op. 109; Mozart quartet in B flat major (K. No. 589); Mrs. Beach, piano quintet in F sharp minor, op. 67.

Perhaps Reger's quartet was played as a tribute to the memory of the composer. It has been performed here several times. The Hess-Schroeder Quartet played it here for the first time in this country in January, 1910. The two Regers are found in this music: Reger, the pedant, who was hailed by the Regerites as the modern Bach; and the Reger who was a romanticist when he allowed himself to forget his skill as a contrapuntist. When the Scherzo was first played here, it was repeated, so pleased were the hearers, probably because it followed the first movement which is far from being spontaneous, and also because there was the surprise of the pizzicato measures. In the quartet there is now a Tschaikowskian progression, now a thought of Grieg, and here and there is an ecclesiastical flavor with hints at the plain song of the "Dies Irae," but in a perverted form. It is a singular composition, with some beautiful ideas scattered almost with an apologetic air in a waste of labored material.

Mozart's Quartet is one of the three that were dedicated to the King of Prussia, who was especially fond of the violoncello, and so in these quartets that instrument plays a more important role than in the celebrated set of six. Hearing this music, we were reminded of the remark of Villiers Stanford: "It is a curious commentary on the subtle character of Mozart's creation that almost every music lover only reaches the point of adequate appreciation of his (Mozart's) work, when his judgment has become matured. The simplicity is the natural expression of a highly trained and deeply sensitive one."

Mrs. Beach brought out her agreeable Quintet at her concert with the Hoffmann Quartet in December, 1914. Yesterday she was warmly welcomed on her return to the concert stage. The Kneisels were heartily applauded. At their next concert Mme. Samaroff will be the pianist.

JOHN POWELL GIVES FASCINATING PROGRAM

John Powell gave a piano recital of works by Schumann last evening at Steinert Hall. The pieces were as follows: Faschingschwank aus Wien, Davidsbuendlertaenze, Carnaval.

In the program notes prepared by the pianist he begged the indulgence and sympathy of the public in his attempt to pass on some of the delight and joy that the pieces of Schumann had given him.

Mr. Powell's recital, with its fascinating and unusual program, gave unalloyed pleasure. Few pianists are thus willing to sacrifice the opportunity to shine in pieces which demand a mere display of technic, speed and briliance. Few can so steadily hold the interest of an audience by their art in interpretation.

Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Schumann's music, Mr. Powell played sympathetically and in romantic vein. His agreeable touch served him well. His tone was now vaporous, now fiery. He is at his best in introspective music, music of changing moods, of sudden contrasts. "In the Davidsbuendlertaenze [...] there was chance for him to be humorous, dreamy, gay, impassioned, melancholy, and he expressed the thoughts of the composer with rare insight, subtlety and finesse.

His performance of the Faschingschwank, too, was admirable in every respect, and the charming Carnaval was played with imagination and delicacy.

An audience of good size was justly enthusiastic. Mr. Powell is always a welcome visitor.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

V—Vericative.

The October part of the Oxford English Dictionary has crossed the Atlantic safely. In the letter "V" we meet with an Americanism: a "V" meaning a five-dollar note. The earliest quotation, from the Knickerbocker Magazine, is dated 1837. Browning did not disdain the word: "A poor lad * * * hears the company talk grand of dollars, V notes, and so forth." "Vac" is given as an abbreviation of vacation; but varsity is not to be found. Can any one tell when the term varsity was first applied to a Harvard crew or ball nine? In England, where a varsity crew is made up from various colleges in the university, the term has significance. At Harvard or Yale the importation was an affectation.

Vaccary was a good word for dairy farm. The transitive verb vag, to treat one as a vagabond, is put down as an Americanism. Vagitate should have remained in the language. Sir Walter Raleigh: "Before the rise of the compass was known it was impossible to vagitate a-thwart the ocean."

Vair, the fur from a variety of squirrel with gray back and white belly, reminds us of the mistake made by the translator of Cinderella's story. The famous slippers were trimmed with vair. The translator from the French confounded the word with "verre"; hence the glass slipper. But no allusion is made to this in the dictionary. Valedictory for a valedictory oration is an Americanism. Clough coined a base word: "Charles Norton dines with us this evening, valedictorily." Variants of valkyrie are valkkyria (with the plural "iur" or "iae"), valkerie, valkyrie. Valise, a traveling case or portmanteau, although Ben Jonson used it, is now heard chiefly in the United States. Vambrask, preferable to vambrish, to brandish, was a mouth-filling word: "For Jupiter, touching the heavens with his wand, caused them to thunder and vambrish lightnings" (1577). Vamose is given its due. Vamper has other meanings than an improvisor of music. One of them is, a fellow that frequents public houses and picks quarrels with the wearers of rings and watches, in hopes of getting up a fight and so enabling his pal to steal the articles. Under vampire there is no allusion to the too familiar picture. Bayard Taylor wrote in 1862: "In the German language there is no epithet which exactly translates our wore 'bore,' or its intensification, 'vampyre.'"

Vanishing point, line, plane, but not the vanishing lady. Did another than Thackeray speak of Vanitarianism? Under vaquero we welcome a quotation from Mayne Reid's "Scalp Hunters." It appears that "variety" was used to designate in London a theatrical entertainment, or company or act, not before 1886. In 1891 Chambers Journal spoke of "variety shows" as "the more recent and appropriate term." Surely, the term was used in this country before that. The pronunciation "vaz"—with a long "a" is preferred. Yet Swift rhymed vase with face; Byron with place, grace.

Vaseline reminds of the office boy who informed us that a certain actor was "Vaseline princeps."

Vaudeville in English first meant a light, popular song, commonly of a satirical or topical nature, especially a song of this nature sung on the stage. Not till about 1830 was vaudeville used in England to describe a light and amusing play or stage performance with song.

Hugh Miller wrote in 1854: "A man can scarce become a vegetarian even without also becoming in some measure intolerant of the still large * * * class that eat beef with their greens and herrings with their potatoes." Why is a fanatical Chinese sect called Vegetarians?

The Monthly Magazine of March, 1819, spoke of a machine called the Velocipede, or Swift Walker, invented by Baron Drais and patented in England by Denis Johnson, coachmaker of Long Acre, in 1818. Keats described it in the same year as "the nothing of the day." "It is a wheel carriage to ride cockhorse upon, sitting astride and pushing it along with the toes, a rudder wheel in hand." Five miles an hour, and yet a velocipede.

"On velvet" was not always sporting slang. Burke spoke of an author "who is always on velvet." Scott and Disraeli employed the phrase. Venice treacle was probably a forerunner of "Elixer pro" with which our boyhood was dosed in the spring, although the latter was not recommended as a sovereign remedy against poison.

Did hunters in New England ever speak of the scent given off by a hunted animal as "vent"? Ventositous is more sonorous than windy. "Barmy froth, puffy, inflate, turgidous and ventositous."

Going back to 1656 we find this definition of a ventriloquist: "One that hath an evil spirit speaking in his belly, or one that by use and practice can speak as it were out of his belly, not moving his lips." Bishop Hutchinson in his "Witchcraft" mentioned many "that can form words and voices in their stomach, which shall seem to come from others than the person that speaks them. Such persons are called engastriloques, or ventriloquists." Sir Walter Scott thought ventriloquism an absurd word. The Fortnightly Review dubbed Tennyson's "Maud" poetical ventriloquism. Thomas Hardy spoke of "soft strange ventriloquisms" coming from holes in the ground and hollow stalks. All this leads us to exclaim: "Very good, Eddie!"

Veranda and piazza were synonymous as far back as 1711, but in Australia the veranda is a kind of open exchange—"some place on the street pavement apparently selected by chance, on which the dealers in mining shares do congregate." Another wrote later that verandas were an architectural feature of most city shops, "where they render the broad sidewalks an almost continuous arcade." Verberation meaning flogging is seldom heard in our daily use. Did Oliver Wendell Holmes coin the word "verbicide"? Can bright-eyed little Willie or the priggish young Augustus translate this sentence of the fantastical Rabelaisian Urquhart into familiar English: "We despumate the Latial verbocination"?

"The Voice on the Wire."

As the World Wags:

Thanks for printing my letter about Jenny Hunt. I have always been timid about writing for publication; though, when I see how ignorant some authors of books are, I don't know as I need to be. By way of illustration, here are two Malapropisms from a "novel or mystery" printed last year, entitled, "The Voice on the Wire." Italics mine.

"'Poor Van Cleft! He's besieged by blackmailers who threaten to lay bare his father's extravagant *innuendoes*, unless he pay $50,000.'" (As the elder Van Cleft had been a lavish entertainer of chorus girls, perhaps his "indiscretions" are referred to.)

In another chapter the heroine of the story delivers herself thus: "You are the most curious man in two continents. I am bewildered. First, you kidnap a chauffeur and *privateer* his car, then me." Doubtless the fair damsel's bewilderment caused her to overlook the fact that "privateer" and "commandeer" are two words.

After listening to "The Voice on the Wire" for 325 pages, I have decided to give up detective stories for a while, and reread "The Bible in Spain."

J. BUCHANAN TUTTLE, M. D.

Squab Crossing, Vt., Nov. 26.

FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave its first concert of the season in Jordan Hall last evening. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Adagio from the Quartet in E flat major, op. 127; Mozart, Quartet in C major; Smetana, "Aus meinem Leben," quartet in E minor.

This program was in memory of E. J. de Coppet, the founder and for many years the maintainer of the Quartet. Mr. de Coppet died last April. It was eminently fit that the Flonzaleys should have put on the program compositions that are still in their minds peculiarly associated with their friend. The Adagio was played at his home the afternoon of the day of his death and was repeated at the funeral service. He was fond of Mozart's quartet, the introduction of which was for a long time a stumbling-block to pedants. The quartet of Smetana appealed to him not only as music. He, as the composer, suffered from deafness, and this quartet is autobiographic, describing Smetana's ambitions; the gaiety of his youth, his love for the woman that became his wife; his purpose to celebrate Bohemia in music, and then the singing in his ears, the announcement of his approaching deafness.

As the Flonzaley quartet thus paid tribute to the memory of Mr. de Coppet, the audience moved by the perfection of the performance joined with the players in grateful recognition of Mr. de Coppet's musical enthusiasm, fine taste and princely munificence.

Now and then a concert gives such

enjoyment that the hearer is at a loss to express his admiration. Superlatives, purple phrases are out of place. As there is music that transcends speech, so there are performances that defy the praise of the rapt hearer or the professional rhetorician. It has been said that agony, when at its height is mute. This might be said of supreme musical pleasure.

Nor would it be easy to decide which composition displayed to greatest extent the genius of this remarkable quartet: the solemn chant of Beethoven, Mozart's music, with its laughter and tears; or the intensely personal, dramatic human document left behind him by the tortured Smetana. If there were pages that were more conspicuous than others in the course of the evening they were those of Mozart's Andante and Minuet, and the three last movements of Smetana's portrayal of his joys and woes.

At the next concert of the Flonzaleys a quartet by Bloch, and music by Moor will be played here for the first time with a quartet by Haydn. The special concert will be given on Monday evening, Jan. 8.

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 13 discussed the question of bacon and eggs in London: "That the popular breakfast dish of bacon and eggs is not now a luxury beyond the means of folk with modest incomes is largely due, especially as regards bacon, to the fact that certain avenues of supply have been broadened." Consignments of bacon from Denmark fell, but those from the United States in 1914 and 1915 rose from 1,523,000 cwt. to 3,529,000.

But we are more interested here in the egg problem. There have been greatly decreased supplies in England from Russia, Denmark and the Netherlands. "Egypt has sent slightly increased shipments, but consignments are irregular and uncertain. Canada and the United States have contributed largely to this market since the beginning of last year, but other sources such as Austria, Italy, France, Belgium, the Balkan states, Spain, Portugal, and Morocco have yielded little or nothing. The decrease in imports last year, as compared with those of 1913, amounted to a trifle of 1,369,070,880 eggs."

Irish or Danish eggs at from 30s. to 33s. "per long hundred (120)" wholesale work out at a minimum of 3d. each. In normal times in November they would realize from 2s. to 2s8. Canadian or cooking eggs cost the grocer rather more than 2½d. apiece at current prices. "It does not pay either the Canadian or the American poultry farmer to export eggs unless the English market is sufficiently high to cover the heavy outlay on special packing and freight and the loss from breakage and risks peculiar to perishable goods." The extra war cost of a plate of bacon and eggs is about 2d., a waiter's tip.

Parisian Costumes.

Meanwhile Parisians are asking whether persons who can afford it should live up to their station or shun luxuries. Ostentation is frowned on, but many believe that the display of luxury brings in most profits to trade. "After the war there will probably be a tremendous splutter of show and glitter, although the most rioting of it all will find hard work to beat some of the gay city's past records in this respect." The case of the "grocer kings'" bride is recalled. She put it into her marriage contract that her husband should provide her with a new dress every day of her life. There was a Russian dancer who spent $5,000 a month on her underwear. It would not stand washing, so she never wore the same thing twice. At the end of five years her husband left service with $60,000. There was an English woman who wore everything of the same color from heel to foot and changed the color several times a month. The Paris correspondent points out that those who spend the most do not always look the best. "A customer who paid a record price of £160 for a hat, in binding down her modiste never can make even a second one like it, make a poor sort of picture against a typical little midinette with a simple rosebud pinned in her hat. Feet, again, may be ensconced in shoes that cost £50 a pair and yet convey no more impression of grace and sweetness than a neat little ankle peeping out above an ordinary half-guinea pair of highlows."

Hunt and Tuttle.

As the World Wags:

May I claim enough of your valuable space to thank Dr. J. Buchanan Tuttle (of Squab Crossing, Vermont) for relieving my mind about Jenny Hunt and her tripe? But I am really at a loss to understand how the "Doc"—I am confident the Squab Crossbites address him as "Doc" without offence—managed to recall, almost to the letter, our two-year-old conversation at the Littleton celebration. I don't think, though, that I described that clever mathematician and herbalist, Samuel Stearns, LL.D. (Aberdeen), to the study of whose career it is true I have devoted much time, as a "quack doctor." My own memories of our meeting are less clear. Indeed, I have had some difficulty in identifying your correspondent with a tall, spare gentleman, wearing white "Burnsides" and a not too new silk hat, whose connection with the anniversary appeared to be the vending of banners and souvenir buttons, and "barking" for a pop-corn stand. Incidentally to the transfer to myself and party of a fair supply of these commodities, I did have quite a chat with the doctor, whose profession I certainly never suspected; I think he told me he "belonged to" Littleton, and promised to send me, for a consideration, the "Life of Dr. John Wilson," sometime of Brattleboro, who was believed to have started life as a highwayman. But I have never received that work.

Dr Tuttle evidently relieves the strain of his professional duties by reading detective stories—a taste which creates a fresh bond between us. I wonder if he noted a certain resemblance in idea between Mr. Wadsworth Camp's "Coward's Fare," which he cites, and "The Mystery of the Opera House," translated some years ago from the French. (Perhaps, though, the doctor reads these French things in the original.) When one peruses scores of the same class of novels it is impossible not to observe parallelisms, not only between plots, but with the criminalia of the newspapers. For example, in the Grace murder case a few years ago the police found jewelry belonging to the victim in a cake of soap. Precisely the same device figures in "The Green God" and "The Paternoster Ruby," both of which tales—I have forgotten the authors—appeared, I think, before the commission of the real crime.

Only today I received from a friend in Littleton another tradition of Jenny Hunt, who must really have been quite a character. It will be recalled that in 1785—"Doc" Tuttle had the year wrong—she became a mother. Soon after this happy event she traveled on horseback, with her offspring, to visit her mother, Mrs. Samuel Hunt, who survived till 1799 and, inferentially, lived in another part of the township. My friend, indeed, unreasonably contends that Jenny lived in Boxboro. On this occasion the old lady presented her daughter with a cradle and a small pig; and the homeward journey was accomplished with the cradle nicely balanced across the pommel of the saddle, the baby in one end and the pig in the other.

My correspondent also somewhat elaborates the tripe legend, to the effect that some merry wags carried poor Jenny a tripe of adamantine hardness. Listening at the window while their gift was cooked and an attempt made to eat it, they were rewarded with the verdict that it was "sweetie, sweetie, hut tussed tough." J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster, Nov. 24.

Still Booming.

As the World Wags:

I have one more suggestion for booming Boston, and that is this: Let us have all letters sent from the Boston postoffice postmarked in red ink. I am told at the postoffice that the labor would be no more than at present, and that the extra expense of red ink over black would be but trifling. If, however, the postoffice department should not wish to add even so small an item to its appropriation for the Boston district, there are progressive citizens, of whom I am one, who would glady pay the difference. Just think this over; the plan will grow on you. All postmarks on letters from other cities are in black—a lifeless "color" at the best. Red would attract attention in every quarters of the globe. It would advertise Boston outside the city limits. It would tell the story at a glance, to the ends of the earth, that Boston is still on the map. A BOOMER.

Boston, Nov. 21.

Dec 2 1916

ELIAS BREESKIN GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL HERE
By PHILIP HALE.

Elias Breeskin, violinist, gave his first recital in Boston last evening in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach, Adagio and Fugue, Sonata No. 1; Corelli-Kreisler, Sarabande and Allegretto; Tartini-Kreisler, Fugue; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Goldmark, Air; Kneisel, Grande Etude de Concert; Paganini-Vogrich, The Voice of the Woods; Wieniawski, Polonaise Brilliante. Miss Irene Schwarz was the accompanist.

We are told that Mr. Breeskin as a boy studied at the Conservatory of Music in Craeow. The family moved to Washington, D. C. In this country he has studied with Franz Kneisel.

The young man has marked talent. He has already mechanical proficiency. His left hand is resourceful, and his bowing is of the sound school. His intonation is pure; his trill is noteworthy. Furthermore he plays with a self-confidence that is not immodest.

It is not surprising that at present he plays with greater attention to the technical problems presented than to the full expression of moods, sentiments and emotions. Thus the performance of Bach's and Tartini's music might be characterized as honest, straightforward playing; but the music of Bach demands more than this. He was more fortunate in the interpretation of Corelli's Sarabande than in his reading of Bach's Adagio.

The modern concerto suffers when a piano attempts to take the place of the orchestra, even when the pianist is a more sympathetic accompanist than Miss Schwarz proved herself to be. This is especially true of Lalo's concerto, with its highly original, exquisite and brilliant orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Breeskin gave a poetic performance of the Andante. In the first movement there was a lack of the voluptuous charm which should characterize the more cantabile sections, and the choice of tempi might have been disputed in the finale there was neither the necessary rhythmic elasticity nor the requisite abandon.

Mr. Breeskin showed by his performance of the Andante in the Concerto that he is not devoid of sentiment. He should cultivate assiduously the emotional side of his art. Even the most accomplished technician cannot afford to be dry. No doubt Mr. Breeskin will find himself in time, and there is ample time before him.

An audience of good size applauded vigorously.

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Simple Lving.

As the World Wags:

That gent of German name in Chicago, so far as I'm concerned, may sit on his 72,000,000 eggs until they hatch or do worse. I quit eating eggs when they went to 60 cents a dozen, as potatoes when they reached $2.50 a bushel. When cut-loaf sugar got to 10½ cents a pound I took none in my coffee, and I begin to like unsweetened coffee. My ration of meat I cut down long ago, when prices began to soar. Tomatoes grown in my own garden and ripening indoors since the middle of October, rutabagas harvested in the same garden, apples bought by the barrel from a farmer, Scotch herring at 11 cents a package, good for three breakfasts; bread and cereals, with macaroni, a few fresh vegetables from the grocer, a little bacon by way of variety, my reduced meat ration at dinner, some canned fruits, and now and again nuts, do me well, both as to palate and nourishment. As the cereal makers are getting rich out of a gullible public, I am about substituting hasty pudding for the haylike stuff I've been feeding on. I never felt better in my life; I can cut and wheel firewood, tend furnace and, when the frost is not too hard, dig over my garden in preparation for winter. Meanwhile, I find that I've advanced half-way from my summer weight of 165 to my winter weight of 175. If all the makers and sellers of food and other necessities should make oath that they were dealing justly with the public, I should not believe them. I've no doubt that much of the increased cost of living grows directly out of artificially jacked-up prices that yield the seller far more profit than he ever before enjoyed, and I have no intention of letting these vampires have my life blood. As to clothes, my tailor has made my summer suits so heavy of late years that I am wearing several of them all winter, so he may go hang. My shoemaker's rates have always been so high that he dare not add a penny to his price, and, besides, I have a stock of his shoes, about $50 worth, which, with half-soling and care, will see me through this war. When the federal collector of internal revenue, with whom I was incautious enough to have dealings a few years ago, and who now seems to regard me as a regular customer, directed some impertinent interrogations my way, I wrote that a steadily decreasing income, plus my proper exemptions, seemed likely to relieve me forever from his excise.

Brookline. IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

"The Ryle Artilleree."

As the World Wags:

In response to the request of Mr. B. B. Esau in today's Herald I believe I can give the song of which he remembers but a small portion. Certainly the words "The Ryle Artilleree" occur in it. This song has I think been given in all authentic presentations of "The Colleen Bawn" that I have seen or had any knowledge of. It was certainly sung by Charles Verner as Myles in what I believe was the first Irish production by Harris's famous stock company of the old Theatre Royal, Hawkins, street, Dublin, early in the 60's, probably 1862 or 1863. The company's tour through Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Waterford and other cities was a memorable one for crowded houses and the strongest manifestations of popular favor. The Myles of Mr. Verner was generally preferred to that of Boucicault by those who had seen both. He imparted a certain dignity and simple grace which in no way detracted from the raciness and Celtic flavor which properly belong to the part. Another actor who later played the part most acceptably was Charles Sullivan, who with his wife and a capable company used to tour the Irish provinces for many years. Referring to this actor in another of Boucicault's plays, John Talbot Smith, writing in Donahoe's Magazine, said: "He played Shaun the Post in a way that would have utterly shamed Boucicault, so finely moulded, so manly and strong did the character become in his hands."

Following are the verses, which were set to a simple old Irish air which has done duty for many another song in its time.

O, Limerick is beautiful
  As everybody knows,
The River Shannon, full of fish,
  Beside that city flows;
'Tis not the river nor the fish
  That's weighing on my mind,
Nor with the town of Limerick
  I've any fault to find.

The girl I love is beautiful,
  And soft-eyed like the dawn,
She comes from Garryowen, and
  She's called the Colleen Bawn;
And as the river proudly flows
  Beside that proud city
So proudly and without a word
  My Colleen goes by me.

O, if I was the Imperor
  Of Rooshia to command,
Julius Saysar, or the Lord
  Liftenant of the land,
I'd give the crown from off my head,
  Likewise my great armee
Both Horse and Foot and Rifles,
  The Ryle Artilleree!

I'd give my wealth of gold galore
  My people on their knees,
I'd give my fleets of sailing ships
  Upon the angry seas;
A beggar, I'd lie down to rest
  And happy rise at dawn,
If by my side, all for a bride
  I found the Colleen Bawn!

W. J. RYAN.

East Boston, Nov. 25.

"The Colleen Bawn" was produced with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on April 1, 1861. (The year before on Oct. 1, "Mr. Irving, from the Strand Theatre, London," appeared at this theatre as Francisco, a soldier, in "Hamlet.") Boucicault and his wife "faced crowded houses for 24 nights." Had they chosen to remain longer, they would have continued to attract for many more. It goes without saying that Dion's compatriots greeted him with a hearty 'Caed Mille Failthe.'" Charles Verner died in 1869 at the age of 39. "Annals of the Theatre Royal, Dublin," by R. M. Levey and J. O'Rorke (Dublin, 1880), is an interesting and valuable book of 271 pages. The casts of operas are especially interesting. Thus we note that Miss Clara Doria (now Mrs. Henry M. Rogers of this city) made her first appearance in Dublin on Oct. 20, 1867, as Amina in "La Sonnambula." Miss Baumeister was the Lisa on that occasion. During the engagement Miss Doria was heard also as Lucia. "Signor Di Reschi," then a baritone, took the parts of Richard in "Il Talismano," Valentin, Don Giovanni, in September - October, 1874. Nothing is said by the annalists about his performance, and there is no reference to his fame as Jean de Reszke. In that company were Mmes. Titiens, Valleria, Roze, Trebelli, Baumeister; the tenors Campanini and Brignoli, the baritone Galassi and the bass Giulo Perkins, the first husband of Marie Roze.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

As I happened to be born and brought up in York county, Me., I read with interest the communication of a few days ago in regard to the expression "Leaning towards Sawyer's." It was in use in the part of York county where I lived, and I should like to know where it originated. Not in that particular locality, I think, as Sawyer was not a name much in vogue there. The only Sawyer I knew of as a boy was a minister who occasionally preached at our church, and I, of course, supposed that when a thing "leaned towards Sawyer's" it must lean towards where he lived in a nearby town. I have never heard the expression in this town in the eight years I have been here, and the letter in today's Herald is the first intimation I have had of its use here. It could very easily have originated here, as Sawyer was a common name in this vicinity among the early inhabitants, and a thing could lean in almost any direction and be leaning towards some Sawyer's.

Nov. 20. F. L. MUDGETT.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH GIVES ANOTHER RECITAL

Pianist Plays Attractive Program in Jordan Hall.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave his second piano recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Variations "The Harmonious Blacksmith"; J. S. Bach, Prelude, in A minor; P. E. Bach, Rondo espressivo; Daquin, Le Coucou; Mozart, Turkish March; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Schubert, Sonata in A major, op. 120; Chopin, Fantaisie-Impromptu, Nocturne in F major, op. 15, Etude in C minor, Op. 25, MacDowell, Witches Dance; Arensky, Pres de la mer; Tcherepnin, Humoresque; Glazounov, Gavotte; Gabrilowitsch: Caprice-Burlesque.

The program was attractive.

Among the Russian pieces was the Humoresque by Tcherepnin, who has lately attracted attention by his ballets.

"Le Pavillon d'Armide and "Narcisse." A lawyer of Petrograd, who turned his back on his profession to devote his time to music and was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff, his work has decided character and individuality. The little piece played by Mr. Gabrilowitsch is cynical and although somewhat similar in form lacks the spontaneity of Tschaikowsky's composition of the same name.

Tschaikowsky reasoned with his pupil and protege Arensky concerning the superficiality of his music. This reproach is easily applied to "Pres de la mer," one of several seaside and nature sketches. Glazounov's Gavotte has grace and elegance. The pianist's Caprice-Burlesque is interesting and effective.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch was in the vein. There was delightful clarity in his playing of the first five numbers. Melodies were serenely pure. There was no disturbing rivalry between themes and accompaniments.

The performance of Franck's music was beautiful in quality of tone, distinguished, nobly impressive. Some in the audience questioned the pianist's exquisite and unpedantic treatment of Schubert's Sonata. But Mr. Gabrilowitsch's tone in the pieces by Chopin, abundant in depth and sonority, his traditional brilliance in the unfamiliar Etude at once showed that he is far from becoming a specialist, that he does not reduce every composition to miniature proportions.

It is not necessary to be a student, to be deeply versed in pedagogic lore to appreciate a recital by the highly gifted artist. His playing may be enjoyed by the humblest, and few pianists can stand this test. There is no vulgar exhibition of speed, no attempt to astonish by feats of keyboard agility. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's technic is controlled by his musical nature. Difficulties are almost imperceptibly surmounted. The pianist's beauty of tone, his emotional and intellectual gifts as an interpreter charm the hearer. Listening to him the monotony of daily routine is forgotten and time passes all too swiftly.

A large audience was enthusiastic. Mr. Gabrilowitsch will give a third recital in the same hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 6.

oderick White, Who Studied

By PHILIP HALE.

Roderick White, violinist, gave his rst recital in Boston yesterday afteroon in Jordan Hall. Walter Golde was he accompanist. The program was as ollows: Bach-Schumann, Sarabande nd Double; Handel-White, Aria (first ime); Bach-Schumann, Gigue; Paganini-Wilhelmj, Concerto in D major; 'schaikowsky, Melodie; Pente, Les 'arfadets; Gluck-Manen, Air; Zsolt, 'alse Caprice; Rachmaninoff, Romance; tubinstein-White, Caucasian Dance first time); Wieniawski-White, Saltaello (first time).

The circular that announced Mr. White's arrival stated that he was born n Michigan. Purposing to enter Princeon, he studied accordingly, but he also ook violin lessons of Max Bendix. In 908 he went to Brussels, where he tudied with Cesar Thomson. He spent he following winter at Brussels. For hree seasons he was a pupil of Auer. n November, 1913, he played in Berlin vith the Philharmonic Orchestra. His irst appearance in public in this ountry was in March, 1915.

The program stated that at a festival n San Francisco during the exposition Mr. White played to 12,000 people. We egret to say that in this respect he was urpassed by an organist, one Girolamo Frescobaldi, who, it appears, had two ine Italian hands on the organ manuals, or when he first played at St. Peter's in Rome there was an audience of 30,000. Yesterday the audience hearing Mr. White was not so large as that in San Francisco.

Mr. White has been well schooled in matters of mechanism. This was expected. In these days the young man or young woman is, indeed, rash and foolish who, without sufficient technical preparation, ventures before the public. But this is no longer the age of the virtuoso, to use the word in its obnoxious sense. We now inquire chiefly into the degree of skill in the interpretation of brilliant or emotional music.

Mr. White, a young player, has made commendable progress in certain essentials. Left hand and bow arm should serve him willingly in expression. Let us put it frankly. At present his interpretations are not interesting. He lacks style; he lacks poise; he is seldom emotional. Perhaps style cannot be taught in music anymore than it can be taught in writing. To quote Remy de Gourmont: "We write as we feel, as we think, with our whole body." The lack of poise was shown in the performance of the pieces by Bach; here the spirit of the violinist was as restless as he himself was in his bodily demeanor. Surely the air of Handel admits of more emotional expression than that given to the hearer through Mr. White. Nor even in the tawdry concerto of Paganini — a dreary waste of notes with a few oases of sentimental melody —a concerto that is tolerable only when it is played in "the grand manner," which is now almost if not wholly obsolete—did the song carry conviction. In music that required chiefly dexterity, a brilliant exhibition of mechanism, Mr. White was more successful.

HENRY GIDEON DISCUSSES GIORDANO'S OPERA

Gives Third of Music Talks at Steinert Hall.

Henry Gideon gave the third of his music talks at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The subject was Giordano's "Andrea Chenier." The entertainment was divided into three parts. Mr. Gideon first discussed the history and character of the opera. Mrs. Constance Ramsay Gideon then told the story. Selections from the opera were then sung by Mme. Cara Sapin, contralto; Herbert Smith, baritone, and Sergei Adamsky, tenor.

"Andrea Chenier," by the composer of "Fedora," "Siberia" and "Mme. Sans-Gene," was given one performance in Boston by the Mapleson Opera Company twenty years ago. It has been sung in New York. Recently it was presented there by the Boston-National Opera Company with Mme. Villani and Messrs. Zenatello and Baklanoff in the leading roles. It is announced for performance by this company in January, during the season at the Boston Opera House.

The French revolution was a fascinating subject to Giordano. As in "Mme. Sans-Gene," popular airs, "Ca Ira," "La Carmagnole," the "Marseillaise," appear in the score. Mr. Gideon, a fluent speaker, discussed the opera in interesting and instructive manner. Mrs. Gideon told the story picturesquely. The assisting artists were efficient.

Next Saturday afternoon Mr. Gideon will discuss Russian operas. Miss Constance Purdy, contralto, will assist.

"Charles Frohman: Manager and Man," by Isaac F. Marcosson and Daniel Frohman, published by Harper & Bros., New York and London, is rich in anecdotage. There are 35 or more portraits of actors, playwrights, managers, and a picture of Charles Frohman's office, also a complete chronological list of plays produced under Frohman's management. There is a charming appreciation of the dead manager by James M. Barrie. The few pages are a graceful and effectionate tribute, without sentimentalism, without falsome praise. Barrie describes his friend as the man that never broke his word; his energy could have lighted a city; his schemes were to him "a succession of many colored romances, and were issued to the world not without the accompaniment of the drum, but you would never find him saying anything of himself." He did not care for money as money; "it was to him but pieces of paper with which he could make practical the enterprises that teemed in his brain." He had no illusions about the theatre; he knew its tawdriness. And Barrie concludes by paying Frohman a noteworthy compliment: "Lamb was fond of the theatre, and I think, of all those connected with it that I have known, Mr. Frohman is the one with whom he would most have liked to spend an evening. . . because of his humor and charity and gentle chivalry and his most romantic mind." Recalling a night when Frohman told stories of the stage, Barrie writes: "What an essay Elia might have made of that night, none of it about the stories told, all about the man in the chair, the humorous, gentle, roughly educated, very fine American gentleman in the chair!"

Would that this biography had been written in Barrie's spirit! In view of the tragic ending of Charles Frohman, murdered with others by a German torpedo fired at the Lusitania, and when we recall his gallant bearing and last brave words, it would have been better if the biography as it stands had been printed for private circulation; for as a record of Frohman's career as a manager it is written wholly without judgment and discrimination. Not only are we to believe that Frohman was the greatest of managers; we are told that all the actors and actresses whom he willed to be stars—"Let there be light, and there was light"—were worthy of the honor thrust upon them. That the book should contain an account of the manager's relations with Mr. John Drew and Miss Maude Adams was to be expected. The biography would have been incomplete without it.

But what is to be said about the hysterical booming of Miss Billie Burke "projected into the Frohman stellar heaven"? We are told that Frohman was careful to adapt "her personal appearance, humor and temperament to her plays. He literally had plays written about her peculiar gifts." There is an absurd page about pretty Miss Sanderson. Still more foolish are the pages devoted to Miss Ann Murdock. "Here is presented an extraordinary example of the way that Charles literally made stars, for seldom, if ever, before has a young actress been so quickly raised from obscurity to eminence. Almost overnight he lifted her into fame." Before she had learned the rudiments of acting. "Frohman now reached the very apex of his career. At one time he had 28 stars under his management." Of many of them it might be said:

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.

What is to be said of Miss Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon"? "Bernhardt had done it successfully in Paris, but Miss Adams brought to it the fidelity and brilliancy of youth." There is praise for the latter's mistaken appearance in "Chantecler."

Nothing is said about the wild absurdity of casting Mr. Gillette as the hero in "Samson" and of changing the ending of the play so it might be "happy"; of his persuading Bernstein to ruin his "Israel" in order to suit "American taste"; of his putting Mr. Gillette into "Diplomacy." Even the shrewd Charles Frohman made lamentable mistakes in judgment. The account of the beginning of the theatrical syndicate is laughably discreet. There is not one word about the evil influence of Frohman's "star making" upon the drama in this country; the destroying of standards, the perversion of plays.

The book is loosely written, without a sense of proportion, in a manner that too often reminds one of the advance notices of a circus with menagerie. Charles Frohman, the man, and the manager deserved a better biography: interesting in himself, he was for a long time a power in the theatrical world. Nevertheless the book is welcome for its anecdotes, its list of plays produced with dates and names of theatres, and above all for the preface by Barrie.

"Lonesome Tunes: Folk Songs from the Kentucky Mountains" is published by the H. W. Gray Company of New York. The words were collected and edited by Miss Loraine Wyman. The piano accompaniment is by Howard Brockway. Miss Wyman wrote a preface: "In publishing this collection of folk songs, we wish it to be primarily an impression of Kentucky music—that is to say, songs reproduced as nearly as possible as we heard them sung by the people, regardless of their extraneous origin or defects. To correct these melodies and to perfect the poetic versions would give them a totally different character. Our main effort has been to give this volume the simplicity and the naivete which is the great quality of these mountain songs."

Miss Loraine Wyman's interest in folk songs is known here as in other cities. A daughter of that accomplished singer of French songs, the late Julie Wyman, a pupil of Mme. Yvette Guilbert, she has delighted audiences by her interpretation of French and English folk songs. Wishing no doubt to enlarge her repertoire, she went with Mr. Brockway on a journey of discovery. Mr. Brockway is also not a stranger in Boston. Some of his compositions have been heard in Symphony and chamber concerts.

One of the most singular songs in this collection—on the title page it is described as Vol. 1—is the version of "Barbara Allen," beginning:

All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling,
William Green on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

Mark how this verse in the original is transformed:

She turned her body round about,
And spied the corpse a-coming:
Lay down, lay down the corpse, she said,
That I may look upon him!

The Kentucky version has it:

So she loked east and she looked west
And saw the cold corpse coming,
She says, Come round you nice young man
And let me look upon you.

"Brother Green, or the Dying Soldier," tells of a Union soldier in the civil war:

O Brother Green, O come to me,
For I am shot and bleeding;
Now I must die, no more to see
My wife and my dear children.

"Billee Boy," "Frog went a-courting," evidently crossed the Atlantic. Was it so with "The Barnyard Song?"

"The Ground Hog" smacks of the native soil. How about "John Riley"?

Kird sir, kind sir, I could have married
Some two or three long years ago,
All to a man whom they called John Riley
Who was the cause of my overthrow.

O leave off thinking of John Riley,
Come go with me to some distant shore,
We'll sail over to old Pennsylvania
Where John Riley lives for evermore.

"Jackaro" tells of a stern silk merchant in London and the adventures of his daughter who in "men's gray" followed her lover to the wars of Germany.

"The Hangman's Song" deserves a place in the projected "Anthology of the Gallows":

"Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope,
O slack it for a while."
I looked over yonder and I saw Paw coming,
He's walked for many a long mile.
"Say Paw, say Paw, have you brung me any gold,
Any gold for to pay my fine?"
"No sir, no sir, I've brung you no gold,
No gold for to pay your fine;
But I'm just come for to see you hanged,
Hanged on the gallows line."

"The Lady and the Glove" is undoubtedly of English origin:

'Twas coat, vest and pantaloons the lady put on,
And away she went hunting with her dog and her gun;
She hunted all round where the farmer doth dwell,
Because in her heart she loved him so well.

"Lord Batesman, or the Turkish Lady," has suffered a sea change:

There was a man who lived in England,
He was of some high degree;
He became uneasy, discontented,
Some foreign land, some lands to see.

The refrain of "The Old Maid's Song" might be sung effectively in this commonwealth:

Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor,
A fiddler or a dancer, a ploughboy or a sailor,
A gentleman or a poor man, a fool or witty,
Don't you let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity.

"Pinman" is found in a London street cry as far back as 1680: "Here's your old pinman a coming agen."

"The Mary Golden Tree" is a fine ballad of the ocean. The captain of that vessel promised a little sailor $200 and his older daughter if he would sink The Turkish Robbery. The sailor swam to the ship:

Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through;
As she sailed upon the lone and lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

"Pretty Polly," a lady in London, was led by her false lover over hills and through valleys so deep that at last she cried out:

Willy, O Willy, I'm afraid of your ways,
I'm afeared you're leading my body astray.

Willy showed her a newly dug grave. "He came with his knife all in his right hand; he stabbed her to the heart and the heart blood did flow."

"Six Kings Daughters" is a version of an old and familiar ballad. "Sourwood Mountain" might first have been sung by Negroes.

There are other entertaining songs, among them "William Hall":

He was both tall, both neat and handsome,
And he had pretty blue eyes withall
O he had black hair and he wore it curly
And his name was William Hall.

These songs should interest others than folk-lorists. No doubt Miss Wyman will sing some of them here, as she did recently in New York with great success. Mr. Brockway's accompaniments are not always in keeping wih the simplicity of the ballads and the tunes. In some instances they are sophisticated.

Have Miss Wyman and Mr. Brockway in their wanderings heard the pathetic ballad about Charley Brooks? We know only one verse:

Please send me the ring I gave you,
Also my letters and books.
Hence forever, Miss Adair, we are strangers!
Respectfully yours, Charley Brooks.

"Hyper acoustics," by John L. Dunk, published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, and E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, is a heavy volume of 311 pages. The sub-title is "Simultaneous Tonality." "This book (the first of four divisions) treats of the scientific principles underlying the phenomena of music, and indicates a terminology and method suitable for the discussion of this fascinat- the subject. While the subject opens up many interesting phychological problems, it is designed to be of practical use in promoting clear thinking."

We are not ashamed to say that we find this book hard reading, if it does promote clear thinking. In the preface we run against this sentence: "The Principle of Genetic Continuity directs attention to the ancestry of phenomena, presenting a phylogenetic rather than an anthropormosphic aspect." Opening the book at random we find on page 169: "The essential basis of a Serio polar aspect is the fact that the polar series presents a strong polar triad, a quasi-trial of opposite polarity, and a still weaker quasi-centron, plus a weaker train of further forms. Quasi-recurrence and axiality can be seen in the following table." The book is full of mathematical formulas, diagrams, logarithms, strange looking tables. What is it all about?

As far as we can make out from the prefaee the author believes that music as an "attribute of humanity" becomes a proper subject for scientific scrutiny. Not an art, "but purely in the aspect of being something that profoundly concerns and interests a considerable section of humanity." The subjects, then, to be discussed are: Tonality; simultaneous and successive—the science of musical sound in pitch and quality; rhythm: the aspect of protension in time and "aesthesis"; organization: the conditions of constitution in actual musical works; significance, which implies the distinction between music and mere "correct" presentation. This volume is restricted to the aspect of tonality.

The scientific aspect of "Hyperacoustics" as yet lacks the genral language to connect its concepts with common thought: "The writer who introduces a single new term or symbol at once incurs a debt to his readers for a certain amount of mental energy." Mr. Dunk considers the attempt to supply this deficiency of language a somewhat "bold and solemn undertaking." At the end

of the preface he apologizes for "the abstruseness of expression and a certain amount of recondite expansion."

On page 163 we read "The mutual Heptad is identical with the 'white note' hemitrope, which is a particular form of the tertriadal matrix."

Mr. H. B. Irving spoke on Nov. 10 after evensong at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on "The Amusement of the People." He began by doubting whether ever before an actor in England had been invited to speak in a real church to a real congregation.

"Now that the theatre has become such a thing, is the church going to be more liberal," Mr. Irving asked, "in its attitude toward it? Our present attitude toward Sunday amusements is both illogical and hypocritical in character. Cinematograph theatres are allowed to be opened on Sunday on condition that they give some comparatively small portion of their proceeds to charity. But if on a Sunday, in a cause purely of charity, someone wants to play a play of Shakespeare's, or even a little duologue of a most harmless and innocent character, it is forbidden. However beautiful or elevating the play and its purpose, however conspicuously a work of genius, it must not be acted on Sunday, while anything in the way of roaring farce or lurid melodrama is allowed to be exhibited at cinematographs under the cover of a modest contribution to charity. What are you, as a church, going to say to insincerity of this kind? To judge from the utterances of the Bishop of London and others, the church would seem to be casting about to find some point d'appui on which to fix itself to meet our changed conditions.

"Our allies, the French," he continued, "are a nation of Sabbath-breakers according to our lights. Are they any the worse for it, tried in the furnace of a bloody war? Does the dismal day our Sunday means in our great cities, idle, dreary and unattractive—does that form of day do us any good? Is prayer and devotion in the morning entirely inconsistent with harmless amusement in the afternoon? Will your churches be any the fuller for shutting the theatres. Is religious observance inconsistent with mirth and jollity?"

Dealing with the criticism as to the suggestiveness in the amusement provided in theatres, Mr. Irving said that, as far as Gen. Smith-Dorrien was concerned, this attack on the theatre had been made in all sincerity and with the best intention. "The actor-manager is represented as the bane of dramatic art and the drag on the wheel of theatrical progress. I read recently a paean of rejoicing that the actor-manager was fast disappearing from the London stage—an extinct monster of early dramatic civilization. The statement was reckless and incorrect. Was it just? What, in the past, has the art of the theatre owed to such actor-managers as Garrick, John Kemble, Macready, Charles Kean, and Henry Irving? And our leading actor-managers today—have none of them done anything for Shakespeare or the modern drama? I do not say that the actor-manager is a being without faults. He may have as many faults as a cabinet minister. He may be ambitious, he may be vain, he may be self-seeking, but if at the same time he is an artist with a sense of, and respect for his art, would you not rather see your theatres controlled by such artists than by those who regard the theatre merely from a financial standpoint, and exploit it solely for the purpose of lining their pockets? What is the sum and substance of this criticism of the decency of our theatres and other entertainments? All I would say is this: First, that in point of actual decency the English stage always has been and is the most decent in the world. That is to a large extent because the public has made it so.

"Let those who would correct anything amiss in our theatres go to the theatres for themselves, see the undesirable things, point them out clearly and unmistakably. But do not make loose and general charges not founded on actual experience, as the Bishop of London has done when he talks of the London stage as exhibiting 'slimy and lecherous' plays. Such plays do not pass the censor, and if a play in any way answering to that description has found its way upon the stage it has been a very rare occurrence, and has generally met with the fate it deserved. Gen. Smith-Dorrien has gone about his crusade in a more or less practical and businesslike way, and may be he has done some practical good, but when the whole question is looked at very closely, the whole force of his charge, so far as it concerns the theatre considered, has it shown on our English stage any great disregard for decency and cleanliness in entertainments? I think not."

The question today, Mr. Irving contended, was not so much a moral as an artistic one. Was all that was serious, tragic, that dealt with the deeper issues of life, all that brought home to us in any way what was sinister or unhappy in life itself—were all these things, which had been the subject of the greatest art in the theatre, to be banished from it for no other reason than that the public of today expected and wanted nothing from the theatre but amiable and unintellectual amusement, and did not want to witness on the stage anything that called for serious thought or sustained attention? Among our young people today one could not help noticing a distaste in entertainment for anything that could be described as "high-browed." This aversion took the form, as regarded the theatre, of a dislike to anything in the way of entertainment which was serious or intellectual. It was no good ignoring an unpleasant fact of this sort. Was the amusement of the people to become purely frivolous; were the great plays that once held the stage for all classes of the public to become the enjoyment of the few? If so, then great drama and great acting would cease to be.

"The steady growth of every form of lighter and more frivolous entertainment has, no doubt, been intensified by the war—but what of the future? Are we going to be more spiritual or more material after the war? You of the church are probably asking that question more anxiously than I am. But there is a spiritual side to the theatre as well as to religion. If the primary object of the theatre must always be to amuse and interest, yet it can interest in such a way as to elevate men's minds and make them think of something higher and nobler than the mere trivialities of life. The power of the stage in this direction is beyond question. Now, if the stage is to show people the facts of life, it is obvious that it cannot show those facts truly if it deals merely with what is cheerful and frivolous, and shows nothing of the tragedies of life that are going on around us. And the church can do something in recognizing first of all that the amusement of the people is as natural and wholesome a necessity as their health or spiritual welfare. Your concern is not only to see that such amusement be clean and decent—the public will to a great extent look after that for themselves—but you will be doing stage and public a real service if you strive to rescue this particular form of amusement from becoming merely trivial and inane, if you help to give it the power and the means to carry out its higher purposes. Remember that never has the public been catered for in the way of amusement so prodigally as today, and that prodigality will certainly not get less as time goes on. You cannot hope to stem the tide. Take it at the flood, and try your utmost to guide at least a part of it into worthy channels. So you will be serving, I believe, not only the cause of art, but indirectly the cause of religion."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., song recital by Mme. Julia Culp. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M., concert, Sousa's Band and others.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., Louis Cornell, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata op. 90; Dohnanyi, Winterreigen, op. 13; Ganz, Sarabande op. 24, No. 1. Fileuse pensive, op. 10, No. 3; Glinka-Balakireff, L'Alouette; d'Albert, Scherzo, op. 16, No. 2; Liszt, Sonata in B minor.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., Miss Gladys Lott, songs and sketches of child life; Paul Schwerley, viola d'amore, Miss Marguerite Gilman, harpist. Selections from Kipling, Tagore, Lear, traditional nursery rhymes; songs by German, Hoffmann, Harris, Tagne, Carpenter Coolidge, Lang, Johnston and Bullard. Pieces composed by Mr. Schwerley for the viola d'amore.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., Miss Edith Thompson, pianist; Julius Theodorowicz, violinist. Lekeu, sonata for violin and piano; Saint-Saens, Havanaise for violin; Chopin, Three Preludes, Scherzo, B minor; Beethoven, sonata, "Kreutzer," for piano and violin.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., first song recital here of Miss Rosalie Miller, dramatic soprano. Lully, Les heros que j'attends; Marais, Si j'etais petit oiseau; Rameau, Le Grillon; Gavenux, Dieu d'Israel; Brahms, Von Ewiger Liebe, Maedchenlied; Marx, Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht; Grieg, Lockwelse, Lichte Nacht, Dein Rat ist wohl gut; Wolf-Ferrari, Un verde praticello, quando ti vidi, Sia benedetto, O guarda; Chanserel, Dedicace; Saint-Saens, La Solitaire; La Forge, When Your Dear Hands; Foote, The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold.

Quinksnoff Studio, 295 Huntington avenue, 3 P. M., first concert of Russian music: Gretchaninoff, Triste est le Steppe; Moussorsgky, L'interieur; Dargomigsky, Only Love (Mrs. Edith Chapman Goold, soprano); Gliere, string quartet in A, op. 2 (the American string quartet, Miss Marshall, Miss Stickney, Miss Packard, Miss Lafricaine); Tschaikowsky, Evening; Rubinstein, Long years have passed (Mrs. Goold).

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., song recital by Arthur Alexander. His first appearance here. Giordani, Caro mio ben; Bonaucini, Deh pin a me non v'ascon de te; old French, Air gai; Carissimi, Vittoria; Schumann, Dichterliebe (16 songs); Duparc, Chanson Triste; Debussy, Romance, les Cloches, Mandoline, Chevaux de Bois; Widor, Le Plongeur.

Jacob Sleeper Hall, 8 P. M., concert by Miss Mary Fulton Gibbons, violinist; Miss Claire Forbes, pianist; Miss Nathalie Boshko, violinist. Bach, Concerto for two violins and piano; Mozart, Concerto, G major; Roderich Bass, Humoreske, Serenade, Maerchentraum, Ballade Romantique (new; first time here); Fibich, Poem; Wieniawski, Etude for two violins; and these piano pieces by Rachmaninoff, Barcarolle, Humoresque, Melodie, Polichinelle, and Ballade in F minor. Bass is a Bohemian born in 1875. He has spent much time in Vienna.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., song recital by George Harris, Jr., tenor: Gluck, Recitative and Aria, "Unis de la plus tendre enfance," from "Iphigenie en Tauride"; French folksong, J'ai un long voyage a faire; Wolf-Ferrari, Angiolo delicato, Quando ti vidi; Lalo, Marine; H. Wolf, Gesegnet Sei, Hoffaertig seid ihr, O waere dein Haus durchsichtig, Du denkst mit einem Faedchen; Brahms, In waldeinsamkeit, Wehe so willst du mich wieder; Rummel, The Bitterness of Love; County Derry, The Light of the Moon, Norah O'Neale, Kernochan, Lilacs, We Two Together; Rachmaninoff (in Russian), God Took All from Me, She Is Lovely as the Noon, The Open Grave, Memories, Night, and We Are Alone.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., piano recital of Mme. Ethel Leginska. Chopin program: Ballade in G minor, Bolero, Eighteen Preludes, Sonata in B flat minor, Four etudes (op. 10, No. 12, op. 25, No. 11, op. 10, No. 7, op. 25, No. 12.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert of the Witek Malkin trio: Tschaikowsky, Trio in A minor; Reger, Sonata in E minor, op. 122, for piano and violin; Schubert, Trio in B flat major.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., Samuel Gardner, violinist: Mozart, Rondo; Vivaldi-Nachez, Concerto in A minor; Bach, Chaconne; Rachmaninoff, Romance; Grainger, Molly on the Shore; Kolar, Humoresque; Gardner, From the Canebreak; Hubay, Zephyr; Cyril Scott, Negro Air and Dance; Brahms, Hungarian Dance.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M., second Tremont Temple concert: Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano, and her husband, Howard White, baritone-bass, who have returned from a successful tour of Australia, and David Hochstein, violinist. Mme. Scotney will sing these arias and songs: Verdi, Caro nome; Saint-Saens, The Bell; Weckerlin, Jeune Fillette, Lehmann, Magdalen at Michael's Gate; Woodman, An Open Secret; Scottish songs, A Hundred Pipers, Within a Mile o' Edinburo Town, Duncan Gray, and with Mr. White, "La ci darem," from "Don Giovanni. Mr. White's songs: Gounod, Vulcan's song from "Philemon et Baucis"; Scottish songs: Scots wha ha'e, The Land o' the Leal, The Laird o' Cockpen; Holmes, An page; Allitsen, the Lute Player; Woodman, Prythee Why; Speaks, On the Road to Mandalay. Violin solos: Tschaikowsky, Melodie; Wieniawski, Scherzo Tarantelle; Mendelssohn, Andante from the Concerto; Zsolt, Berceuse; Brahms, Waltz; Paganini, Caprice in E major.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., seventh concert (A) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., George Copeland's piano recital. Miss Elizabeth Gordon, pianist, will assist. Bach, Bourree; Scarlatti, Sonatas 1 and 2; Chopin, Mazurka, Valse, Mazurka; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata (Mr. Copeland); Debussy, En Blanc et Noir for two pianos (Miss Gordon and Mr. Copeland); Stantchinsky, Esquisse (first time); Debussy, Etude pour les arpeges, Etude pour les sonorites opposees (first time); Spanish Dances; Grovlez, Recuer dos; Albeniz Malaguena; Granados, Danse Espagnole.

Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M., Henry Gideon's fourth Music Talk, Two Russian Operas, "Boris Godunoff" and "Prince Igor"; Miss Constance Purdy of New York, singer.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., seventh concert (B) of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

dec 4 / 9 / 16

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

O keeper of the Sacred Key
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world, and tell
us what the end will be.

A Nocturne.

We read that pajamas (with a first "a") are going out—not to the washerwoman's or the "hand laundry"—but going into the ash barrels of Time and Fashion to join the plush album, the horsehair sofa, the carpet bag, hair jewelry and linen duster of the sixties. Let pajamas go; but we should be sorry to see the disappearance of pyjamas with a "y." They are the only wear. For men, we mean. George Moore has written philosophically and sensibly on this subject. Pyjamas with a "y" are not for women. We hasten to add that this remark is the result of observing only stage ladies on the stage. Something loose and flowing is more becoming.

We read in the woman's column of a London journal the heading: "Fashions for Zepp nights," above priceless words of advice as to the most becoming garment in which to wait for the huge and noxious birds of night. A manager of a large shop states that he is selling twice as many dressing gowns for "ladies and gentlemen" as he did before the raids, and many of these gowns are "real creations which would pass muster before the high priests of fashion." And Zeppelins break down suburban exclusiveness. We quote from the Daily Chronicle: "Turning out at midnight 'with something on' and a mackintosh to see the big flare invariably leads to little impromptu gatherings of neighbors, many of whom have hitherto known each other only by sight. Invitations to 'step inside and have something warm' issued and accepted have proved the happy method of sealing such acquaintanceships."

History repeats itself. In 1750, a year of earthquakes in England, "earthquake gowns of the most fashionable cut" were advertised. "Earthquake cloaks, also, for sitting out of doors all night, were in great demand, while the quack doctor took advantage of the scare by advertising earthquake drops and pills."

What became of the Millerite ascension robe? Are there any now living here who wore them in 1843-44 in the Tabernacle where the Howard Atheneum now stands? We are told that the "deluded congregation dissolved silently and ingloriously." Were the robes used as night shirts? William Miller, it is said, was a good man, a farmer at first, of common school education, "possessing strong intellectual and colloquial powers." His letter to the Rev. Joshua V. Himes and his Bible chronology are in John Hayward's "Book of Religions" published here in 1842. Has any one a file of "Signs of the Times," a weekly paper devoted to Miller's views and published at 14 Devonshire street?

The genuine pyjamas are only "loose drawers or trousers, usually of silk or cotton, tied round the waist, worn by both sexes amongst the Mohammedons, and adopted by Europeans, especially for night wear." The jacket is a separate thing. Thackeray spelled the word for the loose drawers "peijammahs"; Medwin spoke of a pair of "pigammahs and a shirt." In the original Persian the noun is singular.

The Modern Euphues.

As the World Wags:

When I was a boy (in Hampshire county) a cat "had a litter of kittens." But, apparently, other times other customs, for in the Boston Herald of yesterday I read a touching story of a cat "about to become a mother."

But what I started out to do was to suggest to our rising young writers of fiction certain variants of the expression; as, for instance, "She perched on his knee and breathed a few words in his ear whereat a dawn of happy understanding o'erspread his face, for he knew he was about to become a father." Or, "She was almost inundated by a wave of sisterly affection, as she realized she was about to become an aunt."

H. C. SOUTHARD.

Allston, Nov. 30.

Genteel Finishing.

As the World Wags.

In Dr. Ed. E. Briry's letter to you about the "leaning toward Sawyer" subject, he asked concerning a fashionable school for girls, and asked if any resident of Ipswich recalls the same. I am a native of that place, and the Ipswich Female Seminary was one of the most select and refined of that character in New England. Pupils came from the Far West, and I can recall even now the names and faces of some of the pupils of more than 50 years ago. Delightfully situated on the banks of the river, overlooking the famous Choate Bridge, and under the direction of Mrs. Eunice Cowles and her husband, the Rev. Dr. Cowles (he was blind), who taught the Greek and Latin, the Ipswich, or rather Mrs. Cowles's Academy of Ipswich was the hall mark of respectability for those that attended.

HOWARD WADE.

Somerville, Nov. 27.

From One of Many.

As the World Wags:

Would it be in good taste to remind Mr. John Savage Shaghellion of 44½ Condor street, East Boston, that there is a link missing in the "Liverpool Jarge" cycle? On Oct. 26 he promised to tell us how that doughty mariner "comes nigh getting hung from the yard arm of the good ship Belglan Prince, but escaped through being shot down by the skipper, one Meatnose Thompson, as bad as ever was." The man has died thrice. We itch to know how, for once, he escaped death, through the generosity of this Meatnose individual.

K. P. R.

Cambridge, Nov. 29.

MME. CULP

Mme. Julie Culp sang for the first time this season at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Schubert, Der Juengling und der Tod, Der Fluss, Des Fischers Lieber glueck, Andenken; Debussy, Nuit d'Etoiles; Jaques-Dalcroze, La chere maison; Massenet, Nuit d'Espagne, Massini; Petite fleur des bois; Cornelius, Ein Ton, Im Lenz, In der Mondnacht, Veilchen; Brahms, "Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen," Wenn da nur zuweilen laechelst," Staendchen, Von Ewiger Liebe.

The gifted singer was welcomed by a large audience. Her art retains its charm, excites the same admiration. Mme. Culp's remarkable skill in the management of breath was a feature of the recital. She is past mistress in the art of attacking and dismissing a phrase. Few singers have so wide a range of tone color at their command. Mme. Culp's singing radiates intelligence, keen perceptions, sentiment, nobility, the quality of personal graciousness. She understands and is priestess of the deeper emotions, yet she can be arch and amusing as in Cornelius's "Veilchen" or Brahms's "Staendchen." Gifted with imagination, she can be deftly descriptive, as in Schubert's "Des Fischers Liebesglueck."

Yesterday there were few striking or distinguished songs on the program. Sung by an inferior artist one or two would have been tiresome to those who do not immediately accept as above reproach every composition signed with the name of Schubert, or who do not listen in pious ecstacy to every note of Brahms. Cornelius, for instance, is a highly respectable composer.

Yet, in spite of the shortcomings of the program, there was compensation. There was an opportunity to hear Mme. Culp in French. The first song of this group, Debussy's "Nuit d'Etoiles" was the most interesting, both in itself and as a revelation of the singer's further capabilities. In this song she displayed Gallic subtlety, rare beauty of tone, velvet softness in pianissimo. Her French diction, too, is of a high order.

In "Ein Ton" and "Veilchen," by Cornelius, the singer shone by her admirable skill in pure legato passages and by her imaginative gifts. In the beautiful "Von Twiger Liebe," Mme. Culp sang with the glowing warmth, the emotional sincerity which set her apart from other singers.

Mr. Bos played brilliant and sympathetic accompaniments. Among the songs added to the program were Massenet's "Crepuscule," Lieurance's "Indian Love Song," and De Lange's charming "Dutch Serenade."

SA'S PROGRAM REVIVES EMORIES OF THE CADETS

as Selections from Old-Time Successes of Amateurs.

Memories of the days when members of e 1st corps of Cadets were successful roducers of musical comedies were reived by the Sousa coneert at the Boston pera House last night. For the third f his series of concerts the bandmaster rranged a program which contained ome of the most attractive numbers rom "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Tobasco" and "1492." The program also ncluded Arthur Foote's suite, "Omar Khayyam." The assisting artists were Miss Diamond Donner, soprano; Miss Marjory Moody, soprano; Herbert L. Clarke and Frank Simon, cornetists, and Louis P. Fritze, flutist.

The program in full follows:

Symphonic Sketch, "Jubilee".....Chadwick
Cornet duet "Side-Partners".....Clarke
Messrs. Clarke and Simon
Suite, "Omar Khayyam".....Foote
Scene, "Lucia".....Donizetti
Miss Donner; flute obbligato.....
Mr. Louis P. Fritze
Gems from "Tobasco".....Chadwick
Dance of Invitation.....Mabel Daniels
(a) A Chinese Procession.....Hosmer
(b) Song (Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary).....Sloan
(c) March (Jack and the Beanstalk) Sloan
Soprano solo, "A fors e lui".....Verdi
March "1492".....Barnet-Pflueger

Dec 5 — 1916

Take Your Medicine" an Art-

By PHILIP HALE.

Hollis Street Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Take Your Medicine," a new comedy drama in four cts by Ernest Poole and Harriet Ford. roduced by Henry W. Savage.

rs. Curdle.....Agnes Everett
e Baker.....Marie Ascaraga
net Reardon.....Alexandra Carlisle
rbary Yoska.....Einar Linden
th Bowker.....W. T. Clark
ton.....Nat Sack
vid McCrea.....Herbert S. Burns
m Heaton.....C. L. Felter
ham Wallace.....Nicholas Joy
muel Tanner.....Harry Lewellyn
win Griffin.....Bertram Marburgh
alea Henty.....Angela Keir
ances King.....Marguerite L. Fritts
arren Kellogg.....Mark Price
ss Nash.....Jean Barrett

The play was evidently written as an wful warning to attractive trained rses having in their care impressionble and romantic male patients, escially those who sing wild melodies d play upon musical instruments.

See the trouble into which Miss Rearn fell. She was a proper young pern, had spent a year at Smith College d was betrothed to Mr. Wallace, the emplary and poker-backed president a woman's college. As a professional rse she took care of Mr. Yoska, a ngarian dancer, a boyish, exuberant low, whose unsophisticated nature d bursts of native song, now bolsters, now melancholy, pleased her. The ndlady, Mrs. Curdle, was suspicious d nasty-minded. Yoska was careless his expression of admiration for the rse.

There suddenly appeared in New rk Azalea Henty of the Empire, Lonn, the wife of the excellent Yoska. lawyer and a theatrical agent cooked a scheme for obtaining a divorce r the sake of publicity. The lawyer iged at Mrs. Curdle's, and one night en Yoska was asleep and the nurse, hausted with watching, nodded and, thout knowing it, put her head on e pillow, Mr. Tanner, the lawyer, ened the door and took a snap shot.

The third act passes in a referee's ofe. Yoska testifying, made matters rse. Azalea obtained her divorce th substantial alimony. Mr. Wallace, no on more than one occasion showed mself a cad, broke his engagement. iss Reardon found herself without nployment. Yoska appeared, sang ftly, and took her away with him—e hasten to add, as wife—to California.

This is an artless play with a first t that is too long-drawn out. Yoska, th his chatter and his music, is wearime, nor does the broken English put the mouth of this Hungarian add to e mild humor of speech and situaons. The pace of this act is slow. ith the entrance of Azalea there is e promise of amusement. Her airs d graces, her explosive hatred of oska and her Cockney English bright the scene, and she is still more entaining in the third act, where Tanr, famous in divorce cases, is now oquent, now sentimental, and all the ne a blackguard in his cross-examation of Miss Reardon and his asperns on her profession. In the fourth t nurses talk about their calling. One them is hard on Miss Reardon. Final Yoska appears to bring the desirable ppy ending.

As the play now stands, it does not ll for careful analysis or any serhs treatment. Miss Carlisle, a skil l and agreeable actress, has little oprtunity to display her ability. Miss eir was amusing as the fresh and reengeful Azalea. We have seen lawyers the lower courts of New York state at might have suggested the charaer and manner of Tanner as played, d well played, by Mr. Lewellyn.

Mr. Linden, who took the part of the Hungarian, sang here a year ago, if we are not mistaken, at a Copley-Plaza musicale with Miss Fornadic in a little French operetta. Perhaps last night he made the most of the part; but in spite of his rich, fruity accent, he hardly accounted for Miss Reardon's interest, which was evidently more than professional, although she was betrothed to the estimable president of a woman's college.

There was an audience of good size, and there were curtain calls.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power which pities me,
I learn to pity them:

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd
And water from the spring.

Mr. Lewis Tarschia, who wears diamonds and carries a huge "wad," when he was arrested, apparently as the result of a joke, stated that he belonged to one of the first families of Albany, N. Y. Tarschia? Tarschia? The first families of Albany were Dutch, standing, to quote a memorable passage in the first edition of More's Geography, with their gable ends toward the street. Ten Eyck, Van Vechten, Douw, Vanderpoel, Ten Broeck, Van Rensellaer, Van Heusen, Van Benthuysen — Dutch unmistakably: but Tarschia? Perhaps Mr. Tarschia belongs to one of the first families as you enter Albany.

So Tosti is dead. He was one of three popular Italian song writers. The others were Rotoli and Denza. Tosti's songs had a great vogue, but they are now seldom heard in concert halls of this country, although Mme. Melba still persists in farewelling summer to Tosti's music. His income must have been large, yet during the last 20 years he was more than once adjudged a bankrupt in London. Did the title "Sir" conferred by King Edward console him?

"Varsity."

As the World Wags:

The silly "Varsity" was not used in 1876. It was the "University Crew" and the "University Nine" then. A professional coach was unknown; I believe unthought of. When a graduate helped the crew or the nine with instruction and advice it was done gratuitously. I think the suggestion of pay would have been received indignantly.

Football began at that time, the modern game. For two or three years the only important game was with McGill. Subscription papers went among the undergraduates for support of the crew and other teams. The alumni, many of them at least, helped, too. We were spared the mortification of reading at the close of the season how many tens of thousands of dollars the teams had taken at the "gate."

I could say something, too, of the fine, manly "hurrah" that went for a cheer long ago, not the "'rah 'rah 'rah" bark of today.

And yet the time may come, will come, I believe, when the graduates and undergraduates will again be the mainstay of Harvard athletics, and in the old way of giving money, not by buying tickets; when football tickets will be distributed and not sold, and if it is found that what Harvard men have given was not sufficient, the same men will dig down again and make up the deficit.

HENRY SARGENT.

The Devil and Gen. Moulton.

As the World Wags:

The Rev. William Sunday is performing a needed service in bringing to the front again our old friend the devil, whom we are in danger of forgetting in these days when labor troubles, the European war and even Mr. Sunday himself occupy the front page of the morning papers. The devil was a real personage in early New England, and the recital of his activities was received with shuddering interest by little groups of neighbors gathered around the open fire.

In nearly every community there was some man who was represented as having sold his soul to the devil. Gen. Jonathan Moulton of Hampton (1726-1787) was a man of indomitable will, of great executive ability, of singular far sightedness. His less successful townsmen could explain his success only on the hypothesis that he had entered into league with the evil one. The story runs that Gen. Moulton sold his soul to the devil for a bootful of gold guineas. The devil came prepared to carry out his part of the contract like a gentleman, but the crafty general cut off the toe of the boot so that the coins ran in a golden stream through the hole down into the ashes. (The boot was hung in the fireplace.) The devil poured until he became discouraged, and then flew away. In the middle of the last century there was living in Hampton Falls an old woman by the name of Blaisdell, who claimed to have seen when a child the devil flying through the air with the soul of Gen. Moulton.

The old Gen. Moulton house stands in Hampton today, and although somewhat dilapidated is still ia fine specimen of Colonial architecture. The house is the scene of Whittier's poem, "The New Wife and the Old." I have often wished that the house might be purchased by some society and "restored," or, failing of this, that it might be bought by some man who would appreciate it and converted into a Colonial inn or tea house. The mansion stands on the main road between Boston and Portland, about equally distant from each of these two cities.

Gen. Moulton died Sept. 27, 1787. It is said that the news of his death was transmitted from Hampton to Newburyport, a distance of 11 miles, in 15 minutes. And this before the days of the telegraph and telephone. It was marsh season when he died, and the tidings, "Gen. Moulton is dead," was shouted from one group of haymakers to another. TIMOTHY SALTMARSH

Hampton, N. H., Nov. 23.

An Identification?

As the World Wags:

Let me add my word of appreciation for the chronicles of Liverpool Jarge. It was perhaps he who in convevial mood once slapped me on the back with the wish that I might live 10,000 years and be hanged for an unmentionable offence I cannot return this blessing. I wish Liverpool Jarge a thousad deaths, each more direful than the preceding and all portrayed in faithful detail by his genial biographer of Condor street.

Waverley, Nov. 27. F. L. W.

Genealogical.

As the World Wags:

Does any family, Brierhurst by name, read the Boston Herald? My Grandfather, Joseph Brierhurst of Littleton Green, Lincolnshire, England, at the close of the revolutionary war bought land in Maine and turned his sword into a ploughshare. Later by act of state Legislature he had the family name Brierhurst abbreviated to Briry. We, his descendants, can only imagine that English family names were not so very popular in the colonies at the close of this war. A Masonic sheep-skin diploma containing the name Joseph Brierhurst, charter member of Bowdoinham Village lodge of Masons, is a much cherished family heirloom.

EDWARD E. BRIRY.

Bath, Me., Nov. 28.

LOUIS CORNELL GIVES ANOTHER RECITAL HERE

Pianist Shows Improvement Over Work of a Year Ago.

By PHILIP HALE.

Louis Cornell, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 90; Dohnanyi, Winterreigen, Op. 13; Ganz, Sarabande, Op. 24, No. 1, Fileuse Pensive, Op. 10, No. 3; Glinka-Balakireff, L'Alouette; D'Albert, Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2; Liszt, Sonata in B minor.

Mr. Cornell gave a recital here a year ago this month, when he had the courage to play Liszt's variations on a basso continuo of Bach's cantata, "Weinen, Klagen," etc. An American, Mr. Cornell had been assisting Mr. Ganz in Europe as a teacher and had already played in cities of Europe. At his first recital here he made a favorable impression. It was a pleasure to hear a pianist that did not force tone in order to assure the audience of his strength. Perhaps there was then a little too much of self-restraint; he was perhaps too cool in his expression of emotion. Not that he was dry, strictly pedagogic, but he seemed oppressed by the thought of a teacher standing near him, anxious about technical matters, and by the importance of the composers whom he was called on to interpret.

Yesterday the most important of the unfamiliar pieces was the cycle of Dohnanyi. The titles of the movements are: Widmung, Marsch der lustigen Brueder, An Ada Freund Victors Mazurka, Um Mitternacht, Morgengrauen, Tolle Gesellschaft. The last title might be paraphrased by the line of Walt Whitman: "Onward we move! a gay gang of blackguards! with mirth-shouting music and wild flapping pennants of joy!" but the music, alas, gives the impression of a highly respectable party of Germans fussing over an academic question. "Um Mitternacht" reminds one in spirit of Schumann's "In der Nacht," but it is more conventional. The most original of the pieces are "An Ada" and "Morgengrauen," which are truly poetic. It has been said that Dohnanyi has been greatly influenced by Brahms. In this cycle there are touches of Grieg, also of Schumann, but in the two pieces last mentioned Dohnanyi himself has a good deal to say.

Mr. Cornell has gained aesthetically during the year. His reading of Beethoven's Sonata was unusual, interesting, and, in spite of an occasional exaggeration of sentiment, as in the treatment of purely lyrical passages, it was convincingly romantic, a welcome departure from the interpretation too often heard. He played Dohnanyi's pieces with a fuller command of nuances than was his when we last heard him. In Ganz's Sarabande, a labored composition, his playing of chords was firmer, clearer and more euphonious than it was at times in Beethoven's Sonata. The other piece of Ganz's, graceful salon music, was performed with pleasing delicacy, as was Balakireff's futile transcription. Mr. Cornell should not put Liszt's Sonata at the end of a program. Even the most hardened lover of music wishes to be dismissed with something less formidable. The Sonata should come early for unjaded ears. It is music for only the greatest pianists, if it is to be tolerable and to be endured.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"His Majesty Bunker Bean," with Taylor Holmes in the title part, a comedy in four acts by Lee Wilson Dodd from the novel of Harry Leon Wilson. Produced by Joseph Brooks; first time in Boston.

Pops.....Charles Abbe
Bulger.....Jack Devereaux
The Flapper.....Florence Shirley
Bunker Bean.....Taylor Holmes
The Waster.....Harry C. Power
Mops.....Florence St. Leonard
The Big Sister.....Clara Louise Moores
Grandma, the demon.....Lillian Lawrence
The Countess.....Grace Peters
Balthazar.....Walter Sherwin
The Greatest Left-Hand Pitcher the World Has Ever Seen.....Robert Kelly
The Lizzie Boy.....Belford Forrest

Glory be! Something new in comedy has come to town. Such part of the populace as could crowd into the Majestic Theatre last night enjoyed itself to the maximum. There still are thousands who will wish to see this perfestly corking play—that is, if they possess the slightest sense of humor and the least appreciation of capital acting. For "His Majesty Bunker Bean," though not of Boston, will be appreciated by Boston in short order.

It seemed last night as if all the audience knew almost by heart the delightful fantasy written months ago by Mr. Wilson in serial form for the Saturday Evening Post. They applauded on first entrances "The Flapper," "Pops," Bunker Bean himself, "Grandma, the Demon," and "The Greatest Left-Hand Pitcher the World Has Ever Seen." "Grandma" received a special reception, for she was protrayed by Lillian Lawrence, long a favorite with local theatre-goers. It may be as well now to say of Miss Lawrence that, while she made an ideal "Grandma," it was a shame to take her out of her age, as it were, and make her look and act years older than she is.

The story of "His Majesty Bunker Bean" is or should be well known. If not, let it suffice for the while that Bunker, a stenographer, at lowly salary, becomes convinced through the artifice of a supposed friend and the machinations of a charlatan that he is descended from a long line of kings, and emperors. This enlightenment gives him new courage and what might be termed, a "new front." At any rate, in the end, he rises in the world, acquires courage and confidence, marries "the Flapper," who is the forward daughter of his boss, and incidentally corners a certain stock so completely that said boss finds it advantageous to make him a partner. This all happens because Bean buys, with part of the proceeds of an inheritance from his aunt, a sawdust mummy supposed to represent a departed ancestor of imperial descent.

The comedy itself, aside from its comic situations and its laughable lines, is a comedy of characterization. Mr. Holmes, as Bunker Bean, revealed his wide experience as a farceur. In facial expression, pantomime and abrupt transitions from pitiable bashfulness to insouciant worldliness he showed the wide range of his talent. Miss Shirley, with her spirit, her faithful observance of the author's novel use of adverbs and her faithful interpretation of "the Flapper's" moods as Mr. Wilson imagined them, was splendid. It remains, then, to commend Mr. Abbe for a characterization which did him proud, and which not so many years ago would have served to make no less a player than William H. Crane a star by force of itself.

To overlook other players, less employed, would be unfair. Mr. Kelly, as the baseball star, was far more like the real article than many of the "big leaguers" who have a habit of taking to the stage for a winter's livelihood. Mr. Sherwin's Balthazar, the fake astrologist, made up as a composite Shylock, Fagin and Svengali, was a striking figure in two passing scenes; and Miss Peters as the Countess, his accomplice, was sufficiently attractive to encourage deeper pondering of spiritualistic values from a materialistic viewpoint.

New York was inclined to gape and yawn at its "perfectly" funny lines and situations. Boston more than once has reversed the bored verdict of New York's blase theatregoers.

KEITH'S THEATRE

An odd feature of the bill this week at B. F. Keith's Theatre is the act of James J. Morton, long and familiarly known for the excellence of his art as a monologist and comedian. Departing from his regular act, Mr. Morton introduces all the acts on the bill. His allusions were always pertinent and none the less funny, and notwithstanding the little time in preparation for the first day, there was always the suggestion of spontaneity.

The big feature of this week's bill is the act of Charles (Chic) Sale in his new offering, "The Rural Sunday School Benefit." The sketch is a change act, and the number of characters are widely differentiated and of extremely varying characteristics. The comedian has a singularly expressive and mobile countenance and there was always fidelity to the character represented, notwithstanding the excellent bits of burlesque.

Roland Travers was seen as an illusionist. The act was always interesting and many new features in sleight-of-hand and cabinet tricks won a quick response from the audience.

Hermione Shone and a large company were seen in a poetic fantasy, "Mary Ann," picturing seven episodes in the life of the title character. The piece is also symbolical, and Reality and Poetry are visualized in the cast. Glen Anders appeared as the girl. She was always in the picture, whether as the child in rompers, the girl graduate, the object of man's adoration, or in the more perfect maturity of married life.

One of the bright spots of the bill was the act of Al Gerard and Sylvia Clark, a comely and youthful pair, in "Modern Vaudeville Frolics." The piece is well named, and the act was a frolic from start to finish. Miss Clark, an irrespressible miss, was always a pleasure in a spontaneous way. She dances with a lightness and fleetness that at once arrests the attention, and Mr. Gerard, too, pleased in like manner.

Others on the bill were Willa Holt Wakefield, in a new repertoire of songs; William L. Gibson and Texas Gulnan in an automobile sketch, "Honk-Honk-Maybe"; Flavilla in accordion selections, and the Clairmont brothers, experts on the revolving ladder.

MR. SCHWERLEY

Miss Gladys Lott, in songs and sketches of child life, and Mr. Paul Schwerley, who played his own compositions for the viola d'amore, appeared at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Schwerley, a distinguished member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, has made his instrument peculiarly his own. He has rebuilt it, mastered its difficult technic and composed remarkable pieces which reveal its possibilities in a most effective manner. His efforts have been recognized and highly praised by Dr. Muck.

Hector Berlioz lauded the merits of the viola d'amore and urged the introduction of the instrument into the modern orchestra. The instrument has been successfully employed by several 19th century composers, notably by Meyerbeer in "The Huguenots."

Paul Koecher, the Bohemian who joined the Order of the Friars of Mercy at Prague, was a master of the instrument, for which he wrote several concertos. Antonio Tonelli of Capri, among the first to make the violoncello popular, displayed equal proficiency. The viola d'amore is effectively used by Mr. Loeffler in his "Mort de Tintagiles."

Mr. Schwerley's pieces played by him yesterday were "The Gnomes," "Schoene Agnete," "Lullaby," "Humoresque," "The Waves of Nidden," "An Arabian Night," "The Mill," "Little Variations. Four of these have accompanying program notes—"Beautiful Agnete" was inspired by the poem of Agnes Miegel. The English version is by Paul W. Hoffmann. Sir Ulrich's widow, praying in church, hears her daughter's voice complaining in the churchyard. Married to the mud-black watersprite she can approach the shrine but once in seven years. She may not enter the church, but begs that the door be opened. Her wish is granted and during the High Mass radiant watery ness in the holy candlelight before the door.

The gnomes dance at midnight in the woods, first quietly, then merrily until the cock crows. Then they are away.

The people of Nidden are stricken with the plague. Only seven wives remain. These seek a welcome death on the dune.

Haroun-al-Raschid wandering with his Grand Vizer through the dark streets of Bagdad hears a girl singing. She is a captive princess forced to dance before her conqueror. The King imprisons her captor. She is taken to the palace. At night. Eunuchs play upon their oriental drums. The prisoner cries in terror. The girl steals the keys from the King's pillow. But when she would release the prisoner the King, following her, orders him beheaded. "This," says Scheherezade, "O Ruler of All Believers, is tonight's tale, tomorrow I will tell you a much nicer one."

Mr. Schwerley's little pieces are interesting as descriptive music. The flowing water in "Schoene Agnete," the quaint gaiety of the gnomes, the anguish of the stricken women of Nidden echoed by the throbbing church bell, the sensuous rhythms of the orient, the music of the eunuchs' drums—all these is sharply characterized. Mr. Schwerely played with consummate skill and prevailing beauty of tone. His accompaniments were played by Miss Marguerite Gilmans on the harp, which Mr. Schwerley prefers to the organ, harpsichord or piano.

Miss Lott has been heard here before. Her type of entertainment is best suited to the salon. She was imaginative and animated in recitations, but Carpenter's songs are for a skilled singer.

There was a large and friendly audience.

PIANIST AND VIOLINIST PLAY IN STEINERT HALL

Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, and Julius Theodorowicz, violinist, gave a recital at Steinert Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Leken, Sonata; Chopin, Three Preludes, Scherzo, B minor; Saint-Saens, Havanaise; Beethoven, Sonata (Kreutzer). Arthur Findler was the accompanist.

Leken's Sonata was first played here in 1902 by Karl Ondricek and Miss Alice Cummings. It has been performed by Mr. Kneisel and Mme. Szumowska. Miss Thompson, with Nicolai Sokoloff, played the piece in December, 1910.

Those who regretted Mr. Kreisler's change in program when he substituted Cesar Franck's beautiful Sonata for the Kreutzer of Beethoven at his recent concert were afforded an opportunity of hearing this famous work last evening.

Miss Thompson's playing is well known in Boston. It is vigorous, clean cut. She is often brilliant, and at times displays an agreeable and feminine delicacy in the treatment of lighter passages. Mr. Theodorowicz of the Boston Symphony orchestra is a well schooled violinst with an agreeable tone.

There was a small but enthusiastic audience.

2-6 1916

TWO SINGERS

By PHILIP HALE.

Arthur Alexander, tenor, gave his first recital in Boston last evening in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Giordani, Caro mio ben; Bononcini, Deh piu a me non v'Ascondete; Old French, Air gai; Carissimi, Vittoria; Schumann, Dichterliebe; Duparc, Chanson Triste; Debussy, Romance, Les Cloches, Mandoline, Chevaux de Bois; Widor, Le Plongeur.

Mr. Alexander has sung successfully in European cities. Sojourning in Paris he taught there. At present his home is in New York.

His voice is not a sensuous one, nor is it of true tenor quality. It might be described as a baritone-tenor. The voice might be brought forward to advantage. Last evening some of the tones were decidedly throaty.

In the first group Mr. Alexander disappointed the hearer. Giordani's noble song was sung restlessly and with too evident a wish to make effect. The pace was too fast; the simplicity of the melody vanished. Nor was the singing of the other songs of the group noteworthy, except as showing fluency in florid passages.

Mr. Alexander accompanied himself. Others have done this before him. As a rule, the singer thereby suffers, especially in a large hall. Mr Alexander often covered his voice in the first group, and used undue force in "Mandoline" and "Le Plongeur." It was hard to realize that the player of these accompaniments was the pianist who interpreted Schumann's music so poetically.

His interpretation of "Dichterliebe" was admirable in the variety of expression, in the fine appreciation of Heine's verses, in the masterly use of the voice in giving color to this or that phrase, in the comprehension of each song as a whole and as an integral part of the cycle. If any exception were to be taken to Mr. Alexander's reading, it would be to his delivery of "Ich grolle nicht," in which he forced tone. Mr. Alexander was successful in this: he established the necessary intimacy between singer and hearer. It is not every one that can bring about this intimate relationship in Jordan Hall. And in making dramatic contrasts, Mr. Alexander did not forget to be lyrical.

Other songs gave pleasure. The rendering of "Les Cloches" was delicately poetical, and "Chevaux de Bois" was sung with irresistible spirit.

An audience of fair size recalled Mr. Alexander after the cycle. He was obliged to repeat "Mandoline" and at the end he added to the program.

Miss Rosalie Miller, dramatic soprano, gave a recital in Steinert Hall, yesterday afternoon. Richard Epstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Lully, L'Hero que j'attends; Marais, Si j'etais petit oiseau; Rameau, Le Grillon; Gaveaux, Dieu d'Israel, Brahms, Von ewiger Liebe ra Maedchenlied; Marx, Und gestern hat er mir Rosen Gebracht, Grieg, Lockweise, Lichte Nacht, Mein Sohn; Quan-Wolf-Ferrari, Un verde praticello, Quando il vidi, Sia benedetto, O guarda; Debussy, Les Cloches; Saint-Saens, La Solitaire; La Forge, When Your Dear Hands; Foote, The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold.

Miss Miller studied the violin with Sevcik in Vienna for four years. Musicians advised her to take singing lessons, for they were sure that her voice warranted the change. Following their advice she studied in Vienna, Berlin, Munich and Paris.

Yesterday she sang here for the first time. She calls herself a dramatic soprano, but it seems that her voice is really a mezzo-soprano. The lower and middle tones are of rich and beautiful quality. The upper part of her voice is less valuable. In forte passages it is shrill and without body. And the voice as a whole is more agreeablo in purely lyrical moments, in sustained songs, in the expression of tender or contemplative moods, than in music that demands forcible expression. When she would be most dramatic, she is the least interesting. The edged tones war against the evidently praiseworthy intention of the singer as an interpreter.

The program was unconventional. It was a pleasure to be reminded of the early French opera composers. The song by Marais was sung with appropriate lightness. In the group of German songs as in the French group Miss Miller showed aesthetic intelligence, a comprehension of the poetic contents. The most noteworthy of the songs in German as interpreted by her, were Brahms' Maedchenlied and the song of Marx, which so pleased the audience, friendly throughout, that it was repeated. The songs of Grieg are not among his best and the singer did not make the hearer forget it.

Mr. Epstein accompanied delightfully.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Recomposed with the aid of exceptional facts, for the others have left no trace, history is always false; and always pessimistic, for the exceptional facts are always evil doings of men or nature.

Mr. Kreisler's Error.

As the World Wags:

Many things have been said by the accomplished musician, Hellenist, and Austrian patriot, Mr. Kreisler, in his interview published in the last Sunday's Herald, which no one has reason to resent, even when he speaks his admiration for the kind-heartedness of the late "Emperor of Gallows," but to one statement I must object and that is where he says that not on Austria, but on Russia, falls the responsibility of starting the gigantic conflict.

Evidently he allows his national astigmatism to distort the vision of the real truth.

Shall I repeat here what has been printed thousands of times in regard to the long and pertinacious military preparation of Germany to the Teutonic dreams of world hegemony and middle European polypoid empire with a long arm stretched into Asia, to the attempt made by Austria and checked by Italy to start the war in 1913, to the shameful ultimatum to Serbia, followed by the rejection of her self-humiliating reply?

I will not do it because I am sure that nothing would make my dear colleague recede from his conviction. He is one of the many thousand Austrian or German patriots who have been caught by the pan-germanic cyclone which is drenching Europe with blood.

May the final issue of the cataclysimic struggle and the unfathomable ruin which the imperiatistic folly is causing to the world, unveil the eyes of the human family, so that the sweet sentiment of brotherhood may triumph over the deadly "kultur" and rekindle the sacred flame of human right and liberty.

CARLO BUONAMICI.

Boston, Dec. 4.

The Last of "Darby."

Dr. Briry of Bath, Me., asked some time ago the meaning of the word, "darby," which one schoolboy would throw at another when the latter had asked a question that seemed superfluous or foolish. We suggested that "darby" might be a corruption of "dobby," an English provincial word meaning a hooby, simpleton, dunce. Dr. Briry, in reply, writes: "How just one word will often turn the key and open the door of some chamber of memory, and what incidents and events the mind's eye sees over again framed and adorning the mental walls! With the appearance of this word—singularly we did not associate the two—there came to join our school a boy whose father, an English sea captain, had just bought a near-by house at Bath, and the family were to live on shore for a while. That word surely dropped out of our slang about the time this little English boy, later, left school to join his parents at sea again. There was one expression we did trace to this new schoolboy's life; for some time we used to work it around our own palate and lips like a choice morsel. It was this: 'My father is building a H-ell on the H-end of his 'ouse.' We have some considerable English in our own blood, but a Mayflower vein of blood from our mother's side of the house kept the 'H' in our enunciation under control."

Our explanation of "dobby" would not suit Mr. P. J. O'Daly of Boston. He writes: "The word 'darby' is an anglecized form of 'Diarmaid,' a man's name in the Irish language; and, etymologically explained, it means a 'god of arms.'"

For "Sassafras."

As the World Wags:

I presume that "Sassafras" has repeatedly noticed how many staid citizens of this town have had their mustaches trimmed to conform to that of a certain person who nightly appears "in persona" upon a thousand screens all over the land.

What we really need is a telephilosculatophone for world peace.

Boston. E. D. S.

Timeo Daneos.

That resounding termination to so many Greek statesmen's names, "opoulos," is merely one of the many Greek equivalents of our "son." The frequency of the ending, varied by "ides," "akos," or "akes, points to an emergency. Before the Turkish domination was destroyed the non-aristocratic section of the Greeks had no surnames, and these had to be found quickly along the lines of our Robinsons and Hendersons. Other ways of creating Greek surnames were tried. Thus, "Metaxas" will have had a father or grandfather who wove silk; while "Petalas" will turnish the surname of a man whose father was a blacksmith, but had no name other than plain Socrates. Higher in the social scale families were known by their descent, as in the case of the Venezeloi, who came centuries ago from Venice.—London Daily Chronicle.

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

Gives Matinee Performance at the Wilbur Theatre.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert pleased a large audience at the Wilbur Theatre yesterday afternoon by her art as a diseuse. As at her performances last year she was assisted by Emily Gresser, violinist, who played pieces by Vivaldi, Schubert-Wilhelmj, Beethoven-Kreisler, Leclair and Sarasate. Gustavo Ferrari, who was responsible for the harmonization of the musical themes used by Mme. Guilbert, was the pianist.

The intimacy of the theatre provided a charming setting for Mme. Guilbert. The program differed in certain respects from those presented last year. The first songs were sung by noble dames of the 12th century as they sat embroidering or at their tapestry. "Belle Doette" served as the foundation for the later "Malbrough s'en vat en guerre." This lady remained true to her lover, slain in battle, entered a cloister and founded a church in his memory. In "Pourquoi me bat mon mari," a wife wonders at her husband's persistence in striking her, for, though she has a lover, she can see no cause tor his rage. Belle Ysabeau's old husband, seeing her with her lover, dies of anger, to the joy of the young people.

Anatole France, searching for material for his "Life of Jeanne D'Arc," found two legends hitherto unknown written by Martial Dauvergne, a poet follower of the maid of Orleans. The first describes her reception by Charles III.; the second, her death.

"Le Franc-Archer," "Le Blasme des Femmes," a satire on women by Jacques Damiens; "L'Ennui," by the Monk of Montaudon, mediaeval satires and "Mariez moi ma mere La! La!" and "Le Temps d'Aimer," were among the most amusing numbers on the program.

Mme. Guilbert delighted as of old by her skill in characterization, her wit, her malice, her gaiety, her exquisite diction. She was sympathetic and convincing in two modern songs, Enfance" by Francis Jammes and "La Priere des Femmes," a translation of Fiona McCleod's extraordinary poem. The musical settings of these were by Mr. Ferrari. Mme. Guilbert's costumes were gorgeous in colorings, rich in texture, charming in design. Her comments and explanations as usual excited amusement and gave pleasure.

She will give a second and last matinee tomorrow at 2:30.

Dec 7-1910

HARRIS WELL

Served Him Well—Witek-Malkin Trio Heard at Jordan Hall in the Evening.

By PHILIP HALE.

George Harris, Jr., tenor, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. William Reddick was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Gluck, recitative and aria, "Unis de la plus tendre enfance," from "Iphigenie en Tauride;" French Folk Song, J'ai un long voyage a faire. Wolf-Ferrari, Angiolo delicato, Quando ti vidi; Lalo, Marine; H. Wolf, Gesegnet sie, Hoffaertig seid ihr, O waer' dein Haus, Du denkst mit einem Faedchen; Brahms, In Waldeseinsamkeit, Wehe so willst du mich Wieder; Rummel, the Bitterness of Love; County Derry, the Light of the Moon, Norah O'Neale; Kernochan, Lilacs, We Two Together; Rachmaninoff, God Took All From Me, She Is Lovely as the Noon, The Open Grave, Memories, Night and We Alone (in Russian).

This was an agreeable concert. The program was well chosen. Several of the songs were unfamiliar and interesting to hear, although they were of high and low degree. Rummel's song, deliberately contrived is nevertheless effective. Herbert Hughes's arrangement of "The Light of the Moon" is better than that of "Norah O'Neale." The accompaniment of the latter is sophisticated and not in keeping with the simple beauty of the melody, whereas in "The Light of the Moon," the Irish spirit is delicately accentuated. Kernochan's setting of "We two together" is curiously incongruous. Whitman's lines are the song of two little birds. Kernochan's music might be shouted by Siegfried or Samson. Brahms' "Wehe, so willst du mich Wieder" is hardly worth while. Any program, however, that contains the noble air of Gluck, the poetic song of Lalo, the Tuscan songs of Wolf-Ferrari and Wolf's "Gesegnet sie" and "O waer' dein Haus" is welcome.

Mr. Harris has sung here several times. His voice is so well known that it is not necessary to discuss it. Yesterday, although he was suffering from a cold, his voice served him well in interpretation. He is an intelligent singer, whose brains do not forbid him to be emotional, but keep him from sentimentalism and prettiness. No doubt each song sung yesterday had been carefully studied; but there was spontaneity of interpretation, without suggestion of anxious thought. The clearness of Mr. Harris's enunciation added to the pleasure of the listener. Mr. Reddick accompanied musically.

The Witek-Malkin trio (Mrs. Vita Witek, pianist; Anton Witek, violinist, and Joseph Malkin, 'cellist) gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Trio, B flat major, Op. 99; Reger, Sonata for Piano and Violin, E minor, Op. 122; Tschaikowsky, Trio, A minor, Op. 50.

Reger's Sonata was played here for the first time. There is an old, shop-worn formula, dear to reviewers of bygone years: "It is impossible to judge of the work after one hearing." The insertion of this sentence saved time and thought and did not injure the feelings of the players. The composer read the sentence as a compliment. But this formula is now obsolete. Something must be said or the reviewer will be accused of having been overcome by strong waters or of sleeping in his seat.

The sonata as a whole is eminently Regerish, that is to say, elaborately worked, tantalizing, long drawn out, with many futile or ugly pages, and here and there measures of genuine beauty in a contemplative, brooding spirit. The first movement is restless, gnarled, twisted beyond endurance. The scherzo has piquant moments. The adagio is solemnly dull. But in the last movement there are traces of the better Reger, the Reger who, unconsciously perhaps, recognized the dictum of Mozart that music must sound. The ending of this movement is quietly beautiful. Nietzsche, hearing the sonata, might have repeated his remark about modern German music: "It is necessary to Mediterraneanize it."

The program was too long. Schubert's quartet, charming as it is, is long-winded, with repetitions that test the endurance of the hearer. Reger could never stop and his length is not "heavenly." It was a quarter of ten before Tschaikowsky's Trio was reached.

An audience containing many musicians appreciated the performance of the artists.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

"Varsity."

As the World Wags:

In your interesting account yesterday of the latest section of the Oxford Dictionary you said, "'Vac' is given as an abbreviation of vacation; but varsity is not to be found." May I be allowed to point out that "Varsity, . . . Also 'varsity. (Colloquial abbreviation of University. Cf. the late 17th century form Versity.)" is duly recorded and is supported by extracts dated 1846, 1872 and 1888?

"Can any one," you ask, "tell when the term varsity was first applied to a Harvard crew or ball nine?" It was certainly well known there between 1878 and 1882, as I recall the words of a song written for some college theatricals in 1881, running as follows:

> I can't comprehend, can you?
> I don't understand, do you?
> How our varsity nine
> Is playing so fine,
> I can't comprehend, can you?

My recollection as to the use of the term is confirmed by a glance through some Harvard magazines. Thus in an account of "The Harvard Crew of 1880," printed in the Harvard Register for June, 1880 (i. 126), Col. William A. Bancroft said: "Four members from the junior class (1881) . . . have rowed in their class races, until gaining places on the 'varsity."

You further said: "In England, where a varsity crew is made up from various colleges in the university, the term has significance. At Harvard or Yale the importation was an affectation." If you are referring merely to the abbreviation "varsity," I should be inclined to agree with you that it was both an importation and an affectation. But there is reason for thinking that "university," in the same sense, arose here out of local conditions, and certainly there was urgent need for some such term. For Harvard and Yale had a problem to solve very similar to the Oxford and Cambridge problem. It was not necessary in this country to distinguish between the university and the "colleges" which composed it, for such a system nowhere existed here. But it was necessary to distinguish between a crew or a nine or an eleven which represented the college as a whole and the class crews or nines or elevens. How could this be done except by calling the crew or team representing the college as a whole the "university" crew or nine or eleven? At all events, the word university has been so used at Harvard for somewhere like 60 years. Thus we find references to "The University Nine" in the Harvard Advocate of June 23, 1876 (xx., 116) to the "University Race" and the "Freshman Race" at Saratoga in the same magazine of Oct. 1, 1875 (xx., 5). In the number for June 9, 1871, we read: "We see no reason why on the same ground, those men who play on the University Nine should not be prohibited from playing on the class Nines" (xi., 137). In the issue of May 6, 1870, it was said that "the most active players, of course, are the University and Freshman Nines" (ix., 88). And in the issue of April 30, 1869, it was stated that "last year at this time, when the material of our splendid University crew of '68 was all on hand and available," etc. (vii., 89). Finally, a passage in the Harvard Magazine for July, 1857, reads: "On the 13th of June occurred the Beacon Cup regatta. From Boston were entered the six-oared gigs Union and Urania; from Cambridge, the University eight, the Harvard, and the six-oared gigs belonging to the Oneida, Camilla, Lotus and Bonetta clubs" (iii., 264). An article in the issue for April, 1857 (iii., 139), mentions about a dozen different crews among the students—the Harvard, which comprised the university eight, the seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen, and the Orion, Camilla, Lotus, Ariel and Bonetta clubs, etc.

Though the word university was not legally applied to any American college until late in the 18th century, yet it had been in colloquial use for over a century previous; and it is a fair assumption that the terms "university crew," "university nine," etc., arose in this country and were not an importation from England. But however that may be, some single word is essential, and what better one can be suggested than university?

A. M.

Boston, Dec. 1.

MME. LEGINSKA GIVES RECITAL OF CHOPIN MUSIC

Uncommonly Fine Performance Witnessed in Jordan Hall.

Mme. Ethel Leginska gave a piano recital of Chopin's music at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The pieces were as follows: Ballade in G minor, op. 23, Bolero, op. 19; 18 Preludes, op. 28; Sonata in B-flat minor, op. 35; Four Etudes.

Mme. Leginska's playing is always interesting. She has a fine tone, marked originality, a volcanic temperament. As an interpreter of Chopin's music she is unconventional. Yesterday, thinking chiefly of tone color, she occasionally dragged a phrase or was capricious in rhythm. Otherwise, she gave an uncommonly fine performance.

Dec 8 1916

GARDNER PLAYS WITH WELL DEVELOPED TECHNIC

Violinist Exhibits Little Individuality, However.

By PHILIP HALE.

Samuel Gardner, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Emil Newman was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Rondo; Vivaldi-Nachez, Concerto in A minor; Bach, Chaconne; Ranchmaninoff, Romance; Grainger, Molly on the Shore; Kolar, Humoresque; Gardner, From the Canebrake; Hubay, Zephyr; Cyril Scott; Negro air and dance; Brahms, Hungarian Dance.

Mr. Gardner as a young boy played here in private houses, where his talent was quickly recognized. He went to New York, where he studied with Mr. Kneisel. When he was heard again in Boston he came assisting the Kneisel Quartet or as the second violin of that Quartet, replacing Mr. Lett when he was in Germany after the breaking out of the war.

Yesterday he gave every evidence of sound training. Perhaps his performance was on the whole too conservative. One would have liked a little more electricity, a little more abandon in the interpretation. Mr. Gardner has a well and uniformly developed technic. He is careful in matters of the law, but in his performance there was little suggestion of individuality. His reading of Bach's Chaconne was sane and orthodox, but the Chaconne is only for interpreters that are recreators as Mr. Ysaye or Mr. Thibaud. In too careful hands it is only a set of variations, an excellent exercise in painstaking students. In the beautiful Largo of Vivaldi's concerto, Mr. Gardner showed not only taste; there was emotional quality.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

For the Anthology.

Mr. Charles Wilcox of Narragansett sends us a hair-raising poem for our "Anthology of the Gallows." It is entitled:

THE DEATH WATCH.

Their hair is clammy and dank,
They've risen outer the sea,
Them that walked the plank
Are keepin' death watch with me.

I uster love to see 'em sink,
An' watch the bubbles rise;
It was to me both meat an' drink
To hear their dyin' cries.

There's no life like a Pirate's is
For jolly sport an' fun,
But tomorrow when the sun is riz
Bill Bones' career is run.

I'll never scuttle another ship,
Nor sack another town;
My anchor's weighed for the last long trip
An' the wind is going down.

The happy time comes back to me
When I sailed the Bonnie Belle,
The fastest ship upon the sea,
An' a little floatin' hell!

I minds my old time crew,
Jolly cut throats was they,
Sturdy, an' staunch an' true,
Brave lads of the waterway.

I was a terror to merchantmen
Down there in Carr'bee;
They shook in their boots an' turned pale when
Any one mentioned me.

All of the souls I sent to hell
In the happy days of old
Are watching with me in my cell,
All clammy, an' damp, an' cold.

It does me good to see 'em here,
I hopes they stays till morn,
Fillin' my closin' hours with cheer,
For I'm to be hanged at dawn.

Four o'clock! Time to die!
Jack Ketch is waitin' for me.
Ladies an' gentlemen, I bid ye good bye,
An' thanks for your company.

Our correspondent "A. M." is right; "varsity" is in the Oxford Dictionary. Yet we sought for the word in the latest section of that dictionary and found it not. Probably our eyesight is dim, and our natural strength abating. One of the quotations given by Dr. Craigie, the editor, is in support of our objection. It is taken from Henry Kingsley's "Hornby Mills," published in 1872: "I have such faith in the old university (never use that horrid word 'varsity, my lad; don't vulgarize the old place)."

We again say that when "varsity" was imported, it was an affectation. It was at the time when everything was "English, you know."

A Benefactor.

As the World Wags:

Let us pause for a minute, all of us who cherish the comforts of our bellies and bones, to pay a small tribute to the memory of George C. Boldt, the master of all innkeepers. What a blessing it was for this country—and all countries—that desperation drove him in his youth to be a waiter; otherwise he might have been an entirely respectable farmer, merchant or real estate dealer, instead of one of our greatest benefactors. When he served his first dinner in the Philadelphia Club, one can almost hear his friend and backer, the choleric old Gen. Cadwallader, exclaim, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" Yet, speaking of hats, Cadwallader, with his fine Philadelphia crust, never forgot Boldt had been a waiter. Shortly after the opening of that new seventh wonder of the world, the Waldorf, the general went to New York to see what his protege had accomplished. He was greeted at the door by Boldt in person, but the good general stopped short, purple with fa[illegible] "Boldt, your hat!" he shouted. Off came the hat and the general was calm again.

The modern hotel of today, whether it be in New York, London, Paris, Berlin or Pekin, is a creation of Boldt's genius. Notable innkeepers were before him; notable ones will follow him, but he was supreme. A bold revolutionary, it was he that made the "guest" of a hotel a guest in fact as well as in name. To him alone came the idea that the public will pay well and cheerfully for personal attention. He gave it personal attention and grew rich thereby. He discovered the gregarious instinct of the crowd and its love of display, hence the "Peacock Alley" and the Palm Garden found in every well regulated hotel of today. He sounded the death knell of the chesty and bediamoned person behind the desk. It was he who realized the importance of the ladies, bless 'em, and gave them all the little knick-knacks and kickshaws dear to the feminine heart. It was he who brought it about that the hotel became a social, political and financial centre.

If the traveler growls today at the sameness of the modern hotels, of their standardization in design, furnishing, service and food, let him remember the horrors that traveling brought 30 years ago in all but a very few cities and in them, a very few hotels. Granted that imitations and reproductions rarely equal the original, let us give thanks for Boldt. If he could not run all the hotels in all the countries, he could and did show others how to do it. Even Worcester, in the end, felt his influence.

Boston, Dec. 6. W. E. W.

Infantile Paralysis.

As the World Wags:

I should like to ask the question and at the same time give my answer to the same. How far back can any one give information of Infantile Paralysis as an epidemic? Some 30 years ago I was attending a patient in Salem. She had a son, who at that time was a clerk in a bank of said city. When this son was an infant the family lived in a small town in Maine. There came an epidemic of this disease, at that time new and strange. In something like three weeks' time 17 or 18 children were stricken. Five only of them lived. Those who lived were the ones whom the parents rubbed. The young man I write of was, at the time I heard of this matter, 20 years old. That would make the date of this incident somewhere about 1870 to 1873. Any one interested desiring to know the method of treatment will be gladly informed free. Or if you desire I will give the method free to you to publish. It is worth knowing even to physicians.

Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

P. S.—The present method of manipulation is defective. It fails in the most important part. W. E. C.

To those now rejecting the Demon Rum and all his works we commend the following lines composed by a Scottish vagrant who used to appear regularly in the Edinburgh police court, but always with a flower in his buttonhole. After years of strong waters he reformed himself and turned poet:

> Then farewell to the whiskey, the rum, and the gin,
> The "peeler's" rough grip and the publican's grin;
> The pawnbroker's smile and the turnkey's growl,
> The Levite's keen frown and the Pharisee's scowl.

For an entertaining account of life in Bucharest the curious should read the sixth chapter in the second volume of W. Beatty-Kingston's "Music and Manners" (1887). There has been talk about the excellence of Roumanian beef, but Beatty-Kingston remarked: "The true-born Briton lives not who, having exercised his jaws upon a Dacian sirloin, could sing with any degree of heartiness or jollity, 'Oh! the roast beef of Roumania, and oh! the Roumanian roast beef!' to the tune of a penitential psalm, though, and with tears in his eyes, perhaps he might manage to moan out that melancholy refrain, fraught with agonizing significance."

MME. YVETTE GUILBERT GIVES HER FINAL MATINEE

Wilbur Theatre Filled—Performance Greatly Enjoyed.

A large audience filled the Wilbur Theatre yesterday afternoon at the second and last matinee given by Mme. Yvette Guilbert. The program comprised "Four Favorite Songs," and included the golden legends, "Le Voyage de Joseph et Marie" and "Le Passion;" two legends of the 16th century and several chansons popular in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Mme Guilbert enchanted by her directness, vivacity and finesse. She again displayed her extraordinary skill in embodying the character of her songs by action. Change of vocal expression and eloquent facial play. It is a pity that she does not put on her long

black gloves and give a program of the songs of Montmartre and the Quartier Latin with which her hand is indissolubly associated.

Miss Emily Gresser, the young violinist who assists the celebrated diseuse, was seriously indisposed, but pluckily played all but one of the numbers assigned to her. Mr. Ferrari played sympathetic accompaniments.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Arthur Hammerstein presents "You're in Love," a musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach and Edward Clark; music by Rudolph Friml; staged by Edward Clark; dances and ensembles arranged by Robert Marks. First performance in Boston. The cast:

[illegible]	Jack Raffael
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] Thompson
Mrs. Payne	Lorraine Wolff
[illegible]	Marie Flynn
Hobby Douglas	Richard Ober
Mr. Wix	Al Roberts
[illegible]	Albert Parrish
Deck Steward	George Pierpont
Stewardess	[illegible] a Wynn

The piece as performed last evening is an excellent entertainment. In its present state it has its shortcomings. Future performances will undoubtedly improve it.

The music is the striking feature of the comedy. A number of the refrains will undoubtedly find their way into the ballrooms of the coming season. It was obvious that Mr. Friml had gone back to his own musical storehouse for his two most interesting numbers. "You're in Love," that was neatly dovetailed during the unfolding of the story, was always welcomed, nor was the big audience backward in taking up the tune for its own amusement. "Boola Boola," a lively singing and dancing number, was nicely contrived.

The librettist was discreet in not overshooting the mark at the start. He unloaded his ammunition slowly with an eye to even distribution. He was often interesting in a colloquial style, a snappy give and take dialogue, and was at times in a near-Gilbertian mood, as with the introduction of the marriage contract.

The management showed a liberal hand in dressing the piece and the chorus was strikingly youthful and spirited. The piece too, was not without its novelties. In the sleep-walking scene in the second act aboard the steamship High Hope the boom is lowered and Miss Flynn, in a pantaletted "nighty," is swung over the heads of the audience. To put the audience in an uproar as her slippers were deftly removed by expectant youths in the pit. Many could not refrain from tickling her daintily stockinged feet and one fellow went so far as to attempt to ring his hat on her toes.

The story is a trifle. Hobby Douglas casts shy eyes at Georgiana. The latter is reluctant and fears the wrath of an overbearing aunt. Hobby is encouraged by Lacey Hart, himself an irrepressible honeymooner who had taken matters into his own hand. Hobby is by a will heir to $[illegible] and at once [illegible] the domineering aunt. [illegible] of his inheritance she is quickly interested and agrees to give her consent, but it must be a contract marriage, for she has been married three times herself. The life of the young couple becomes unbearable through the aunt's interference, and Hobby's guardian, a former minister, is prevailed upon to perform another ceremony. In the latter's quest of the bride he runs into his former wife, there is [illegible] on the part of both, recriminations [illegible] is called upon and there is a double wedding.

Al Roberts [illegible] great pleasure during his [illegible] as stage manager [illegible] with the Craig Players received a hearty welcome. In the character of Mr. Wix he has added another to his already interesting gallery of characters. The comedian played the character in an eccentric vein, and now and then fell into burlesque [illegible] none the less entertaining. His [illegible] songs, given in his [illegible] style were recalled again and again. Mr. Roberts was interesting, too, in his singing and dancing number "[illegible] Ball."

Both [illegible] Thompson as Dorothy and Marie Flynn as Georgiana, the two [illegible] with their [illegible] [illegible]

The [illegible] of the cast [illegible] acquitted themselves [illegible] Florine Arnold as Mrs. Payton. The ensemble [illegible] the [illegible] of the piece the unfolding and [illegible] of the romantic [illegible] to [illegible] work.

TREMONT TEMPLE

Mme. Scotney, soprano, and Howard White, bass-baritone, pleased a large audience at Tremont Temple last evening by their singing of Scottish and other melodies. David Hochstein, violinist, was expected to play, but he was ill. Mr. Seller played piano pieces and Mme. Scotney and Mr. White sang more songs than were on the program.

Dec [illegible] 16

SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Cesar Franck, Symphony in D minor; Liszt, piano concerto in A major, No. 2 (Ernest Schelling, pianist); Borodin, "On the Steppes of Central Asia", Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe."

Borodin's orchestral sketch had not been played at these concerts for over 13 years. It should not have been neglected so long, for it is charming music, singularly effective by reason of color and suggestiveness obtained by the simplest means. The music was written for an exhibition of tableaux representing episodes in Russian history, but it is much more than music for an occasion. Hearing this beautiful composition, the symphonies of Borodin, one of his string quartets, the famous chorus and ballet music in "Prince Igor" and his songs, one wonders if this accomplished and aristocratic chemist, often dismissed as an "amateur" by essayists and compilers of biographical dictionaries, was not after all the most musical and imaginative member of the famous Russian Five.

What shall be said of Franck's symphony at this late day? We remember the first performance here in 1899—how the symphony was considered by some as "dismal"; how many protests were sent to Mr. Gericke; indeed, one subscriber went so far as to call the music "immoral." Now this symphony is enthusiastically applauded, and by some of those who were distressed if not shocked 17 years ago. Repeated hearings only enlarge the admiration. There are few modern works so skilfully constructed, which at the same time are so crowded with noble and lofty thoughts, and always without stammering or unworthy expression. One may point out the wonderful manner in which thematic material is developed; the contrapuntal ingenuity. Another may marvel at the richness of the middle parts, at the mighty, elemental, sonorous bass. Still another may call attention to the vitality of the music, to the dramatic portrayal of the struggle between doubt and jubilation, to the mysterious flutterings and dark hints that follow the melancholy song of the middle movement. To us the glory of this symphony lies in its spirituality, which does not fade into mysticism or symbolism. As in other compositions of Franck, there is the suggestion of a man caught up into the seventh heaven where he heard the multitudinous angelic choiring and saw the beatific vision.

The performance was as remarkable as is the symphony itself. It is true that Mr. Muller did not play the English horn solo in the allegretto, but, on the other hand, new beauties were revealed in the middle or scherzo section.

Mr. Schelling gave a clean cut, musically intelligent, brilliant performance of Liszt's concerto, brilliant rather than romantic. Perhaps that is the way the piano part should be played, but we should have preferred greater warmth, richer and more varied color, in the lyric measures. The concerto itself is in some respects finer than the one in E flat major, yet there are a few places in which the music almost falls into vulgarity. In the early part of the work there is a curious reminder of the composer's "Mazeppa" theme, but this reminder should rather be characterized as a Lisztian mannerism.

How many times has the overture to "Euryanthe" been played in Boston? The "Weberian flourish" now seems old-fashioned, possibly the "chivalric spirit" does not make a strong appeal in 1916; but the short largo in the overture, whether or not it was an afterthought of the composer, still works a spell.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major, No. 35; Tschaikowsky, Suite No. 1 in D minor. Miss Elena Gerhardt will sing these songs with orchestra: Wagner, Stehe Still, Traeume, Schmerzen; Hugo Wolf, Verborgenheit, Der Freund, Er Ist's.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

He went to see a rather elderly game of golf played by middle-aged performers, and, after a moment of silence, said softly to his companion: "Come away, I think we ought not to go on, it seems hardly fair to look at them."

Identified.

As the World Wags:

The word "Identification" always stirs me. I saw it yesterday in your column, in reference to Liverpool Jarge. The word sends through the mind of an imaginative fellow like me a troop of delightful thoughts. Who is Who? That is a delightful query—unless you read the Annual.

What I want to know is: who is Shaghellion? So spurred by the fascination of that magic word to which I refer, I delved. Delving, I achieved. I know who Shaghellion really is!

It is not for nothing that I have weathered the hot air blasts of Ignatius Donnelly, Frank Kendall and James P. Baxter. I am something of a puzzle-reader myself. Did Bacon write Shakespeare? Who is writing Liverpool Jarge? Note the following: It is deep stuff:

Take the collocation of the significant words: LIVERPOOL JARGE JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION CONDOR STREET, and start with the mystic numbers 4, 11, 44. We find that the 4th, 11th and 44th letters are EAR. Obviously, since the ear is a part of the head, and the head in the zodiac is Aries, we must pursue our quest under the influence of the Ram.

Of course we know that in any cipher within the influence of Aries the letters are to be sought by a charge forward and a retreat. The first word is the "take off," and you leap from that to the next letter, therefore you reach J in JARGE.

The first advance is always full of vigor, and you retreat for the next charge less than you have advanced. So, counting from the rear of the collocation nine letters, you reach D in CONDOR. Your letters now stand J D.

Now a charge forward. Still strong, you advance one degree farther than on your first charge. The 11th letter is A. You retreat again one degree less than your advance and this brings you to N in CONDOR. The third advance is always hard, and as Aries makes his first appearance in the next month on the second day, you go to the second letter, the letter I in LIVERPOOL. You are exhausted and lose all you gain, retreating two letters from the latter end, which brings you to E in STREET. Because of your exhaustion your next charge carries you a bare degree, to the letter L in LIVERPOOL. As the next month finds Aries giving way to Taurus on the third day, you manifestly must retreat twice three or six points, bringing you to S in STREET.

Your letters are now J. DANIELS!

Can you doubt it? Do not the characteristics of that riotous old sea-rover, Josephus, protrude in conspicuous manner from the literary product of this alleged Shaghellion?

I know a man who knows J. Daniels, and he says that he is a mighty entertaining companion, no matter how punk a secretary of navy he may be.

Here's to you, Josephus! Keep them coming. We have liked these things better than anything you have done in public life heretofore. JOHN ALGER.

Cobbosseecontee, Dec. 6.

Thrice, but Not Out.

As the World Wags:

I read today a comment on the fact that Liverpool Jarge has died thrice. Well, why not? I look forward with pleasure to entertaining accounts of many more sensational endings of this great man.

The truth of the matter is that this heroic character, like Billy Sunday, is far too valuable on earth to be selfishly kept in Heaven, and both of these demigods are destined to be sent back on the job after each brief visit of luxury and adoration to the Elysian Fields.

Boston, Dec. 4. H. J. L.

These lines of Walt Whitman might be applied to Liverpool Jarge:

And as to you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths;
(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before).

—Ed.

Dec 10 1916

HENRY GIDEON CONCLUDES SERIES OF MUSIC TALKS

Discusses Russian Opera Before Steinert Hall Audience.

Henry Gideon gave the fourth and last of his series of four music talks in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The subject was Russian opera with special reference to "Boris Godunoff," "Prince Igor" and "Sadko." Mr. Gideon began by giving a short resume of his preceding lectures. He then spoke of the early fondness of Russians for Italian opera. Glinka, though following Italian models in a great measure, gave the impetus to a national spirit in opera. Passing over Dargomischki and his "Stone Guest," radical in structure and expression, Mr. Gideon spoke at some length of the "Invincible Band" who had so much to do with laying the foundations of modern Russian music. He described their theories and beliefs. The operas above mentioned were analyzed in an interesting and instructive manner. Miss Constance Purdy, who has lived in Russia and has sung Russian songs here in concert, was the chief illustrator.

Mr. Gideon announced his purpose to give four music talks on Saturdays in Lent. The place and subjects will be named later.

GEORGE COPELAND GIVES DELIGHTFUL RECITAL

Is Ably Assisted by a Pupil, Miss Elizabeth Gordon.

George Copeland, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Gordon, gave a piano recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach, Bourree; Scarlatti, Sonatas I. and V.; Chopin, Mazurka, Valse, Mazurka; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Debussy, En Blanc et Noir, for two pianos; Stantchinsky, Esquisse (first time); Debussy, Etude pour les arpeges composes, Etude pour les sonorites opposees (first time); Grovlez, Recuerdos; Albenez, Malaquena; Granades, Danse Espagnole; Jongen, Soleil a Midi.

Mr. Copeland was in the vein. His playing gave great pleasure to a large audience. His velvet touch, his luscious quality of tone, his fluent technic, his keen feeling for rhythm were all apparent.

The pieces for two pianos, "In Black and White," by Debussy, were played earlier in the season by Messrs. Maier and Pattison. The first is dedicated to A. Kussewitsky; the second, to Lt. Jacques Charlot (killed by the enemy March 3, 1915) and the third to Igor Stravinsky. These pieces found their ideal interpreters in Mr. Copeland and his gifted pupil, Miss Elizabeth Gordon. Indeed there was perfection in ensemble.

Mr. Copeland has never given a finer performance of Beethoven's Sonata. In certain respects his interpretation has gained in breadth and understanding, in vigor, beauty and romance.

Santchinsky's Esquisse has the character of a berceuse. The two new pieces by Debussy afforded the pianist an effective opportunity for displaying the vaporous quality of tone, the imagination and finesse for which he is now famous.

In the Chopin numbers, too, Mr. Copeland was particularly well disposed. The valse was brilliantly played and it was necessary for him to repeat it. In the Spanish dances Mr. Copeland delighted by his gorgeous coloring and fiery playing of haunting rhythms.

There was hearty and well deserved applause and Mr. Copeland added to the program.

At last there is a "serious and thoughtful" war play in Paris. Henri Bataille's "L'Amazone" was produced at the Porte St. Martin. A review of the play and the performance was published in the Daily Telegraph of London, Nov. 13.

The Amazon is a young woman from the invaded provinces who, having lost everyone and everything, is a nurse to the wounded. She also finds it a sacred duty to fan the flame of patriotism. Meeting Bellanger and his wife, an elderly couple, with one child, a schoolgirl, she succeeds in making the husband ashamed of himself, although he is long past military age and is doing hospital relief work to the best of his ability. Mme. Bellanger likes the Amazon, but is not pleased at the hold she has over the household. Bellanger at last enlists. He succeeds in being taken for active service. A few weeks pass. The news comes that having volunteered for a reconnoitring mission that meant certain death, he was slain. The body is brought back, also what was found on it: letters from his wife, and the Amazon.

"The widow's grief is made more bitter by jealousy and by passionate anger when she understands that it was the Amazon who sent him to his death. It was she who not only urged Bellanger to enlist, but also, when he was at the front, wrote to him preaching of sacrifice and heroism. It was for her sake that he courted death. To the grief-stricken and angry widow she replies that Bellanger's and her friendship was pure and guiltless, but this makes the other woman's agony almost worse to bear. She loved her husband, and he loved her, but she could not make a hero of him.

"Six months after the end of the war the Amazon has met a younger man, no hero, but a sous-prefet. The Amazon is ready to wed, but the widow pays her out.

"The Amazon must remain faithful to the memory of the man whom she sent to his death, and the young woman obeys. She will never marry, but will devote herself to her countrywomen in her ruined village."

The acting of Mme. Rejane (the widow) and Mme. Simone (l'Amazone) was highly praised. The correspondent thought the ending of the play rather lame.

The Melvilles, reviving "Monte Cristo" in London, were asked why they dressed the play in bob-wigs and silk breeches

though the period were about 1700. The story cannot open till 1815, and Dantes began his revenge some time in the eighteen-thirties. Monte Cristo was dressed in "a sort of reincarnate Chesterfield." The production was described as better than the play, "a very rough treatment of the immortal original." "It attempts to get sympathy for mere revenge, which, of course, is no good. Not in this lies the magic of Dumas, any more than that of Hamlet itself. The 'ventripotent mulatto' was far too great an artist to leave a theme like that bare. As it is, without Dumas's psychology, the melodrama of the play goes for very little—save, of course, for the Chateau d'If thrills." Mebbe, mebbe. Yet would that we could see Fechter once more as Monte Cristo!

Paul Rubens is well known here by his music for light comedies. His marriage with Miss Phyllis Dare has been abandoned, "owing to Mr. Rubens's serious lung trouble and the fact that the specialists have refused to allow him to contemplate marriage for a long time to come." Miss Dare and he were to have been married at the end of the run of "Tina," when she intended to retire from the stage.

A wordless play, "A Pierrot's Christmas," was produced at the Appollo, London, Nov. 21. The scenario is by Ferdinand Beissier; the music by Victor Monti. Norman McKinnel took the part of Pierrot. The Times said that Pierrot should not have much facial expression, because that denotes a measure of intelligence which he is ex-officio without; that is the justification of his traditional mask of flour. Mr. McKinnel, leaving his face unfloured, looked too intellectual for the part. "It is an old tale, or two old tales, that he has to illustrate here. After beginning as Silas Marner, with his solitude relieved by the companionship of a foundling, he becomes our familiar friend, the guardian in love with his ward, whom he has to resign to a sweetheart of her own age. It is all very pretty and tenderly sentimental, but it lacks the sly humor which is the salt of the classic Pierrot play, too famous to need naming. . . . The music—an accompaniment rather than a commentary—is so sugary as to seem, in these times, as scandalous as iced cakes or chocolate creams." The Daily Chronicle said the music had a tendency to be much too noisy.

The London Daily Telegraph thus neatly disposed of "The Widow's Might" by Leonard Huskinson and Christopher Sandeman, produced at the Haymarket, Nov. 16: "The title suffices. The mild humor of that pun sets the time. We were never amused more than we could bear. We were not dazzled by the brilliance of anything. But only now and then did we yawn and look at our watches. It is all very simple and unpretentious. The incidents, the characters do not trouble to be plausible, the dialogue does not disdain quite humble quips. Yet there is a gaiety about the whole affair which is engaging, some good lines scattered just sparsely enough to make the most of themselves, and here and there a certain freshness of touch in the puppets. So the evening was pleasant. But what we should have done without the acting of the ladies let us not speculate."

Rupert Brooke's "John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama" has been published in London by Sidgwick & Jackson (7s 6d). This is a dissertation written for Brooke's fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, in 1913. The Pall Mall Gazette says of it:

"The writer certainly offers no propitiations to the 'cidola' of the Senior Common Room. We are apparently no longer at the mercy of the brutal orthodoxy which permitted Jowett, in an anecdote lately recalled, to tell an undergraduate that he must 'find a God by the end of the week or go down.' At King's College, Cambridge, they have evidently learnt better than to bludgeon the iconoclast. When Rupert Brooke intimated that 'for 1800 years religion, when it has been strong enough, has persecuted or starved the arts,' and that 'the theatre was lost more swiftly and completely than the rest of civilization when the double might of barbarism and Christianity settled down over Europe,' the dons seem to have taken it with the 'calmness' of the classical turkey. And even a protest against the 'impudent attempt to thrust the filthy and degraded standards of the modern middle-class drawing-room on the clean fineness of the Elizabethans,' did not deter them from granting its author the laurel. Clearly, the universities, as Whistler would have said, are 'creeping up.'

"It is in truth a fine study, full of fresh and yet well-sounded thought and strewn with innumerable happy turns of insight and phrasing. The author shows a healthy impatience with the conventions of literary history, and his discussion of the origins of English drama refuses most of the recognized leads. He insists that the church, in suppressing the theatre, was constrained at the same time to add the drama to its own repertory. The mass was 'a variety of drama, as portrait painting is a variety of pictorial art.' The state of mind of its spectator was 'strongly aesthetic,' and in the continuity of this institution the instinct to which the theatre appeals was sustained, it is suggested, during the ages when all independent art was held anathema.

"Perhaps no one since Swinburne has betrayed a keener delight in the 'raw robustness' of the Elizabethan spirit than is confessed in these pages, and in the fearlessness with which it explored and contemplated the inexhaustible phenomenon of humanity. His treatment of Webster as 'the rearguard of the great period'—the last landmark of passion amid the declension into prettiness and sentiment—suggests a well-marked critical position. In 'The Duchess of Malfi' he recognizes the work of a giant hand moving heavily in the grip of a kind of technical rheumatism. Webster is 'a dogged, slow writer,' but his ponderous grit does not conceal the 'solidity and immensity' of his mind. One might find a parallel to the heaviness of Mr. Hardy in 'The Dynasts,' which becomes endeared almost in itself as we absorb the achievements of its groping power. Webster's delight in violence and horror, his love of sudden attack on the nerves, is separated from morbidity by the ingenuous delight in its own exercise. It is part of his sincere emotional reaction from the bewildering spectacle of life. His work 'fills one with the repulsion one feels at the unending soulless energy that heaves and pulses through the lowest forms of life. They kill, love, torture one another blindly and without ceasing.' And the death which stands out with its obsessing hold upon this uncouth, lumbering, and tense genius becomes, in reflection upon his art, not so much an accentuation as an anodyne to the fever which is his conception of existence."

The London Times says that Max Mossel, a Dutch violinist, is a man after the heart of Mr. Pochon of the Flonzaley quartet, "who said that he could hold a note for a cent or for a dollar, and 90 per cent. of the audience would not know the difference: 'You have to do it for the other 10 per cent., and for your own satisfaction.' When he holds notes 'for a dollar' and frequently for the whole 100 per cent., he has his special way of doing it. His vibrato is very narrow—a mere pulsation, not so much as a throb—and the beginning and end of the bow are marked by a carefully graduated crescendo and decrescendo; the whole melody accordingly stands out like the subject of a bas-relief. It is true there was rather much of this."

Rimsky-Korsakoff's third symphony was played at Bournemouth, Eng., on Nov. 9. The scherzo is the most attractive movement: "the instruments indulge in excellent Table Talk, witty like Coleridge's and serious like Luther's."

The London Times had this to say of Delius's new string quartet played in London Nov. 17: "The strength of Delius, which comes out in this quartet as much as in his other work, is the surprising number of 'chord-tastes,' as an American writer calls them, which he has at command. The 'tune' of the thing consists in the way in which the newcomer squeezes the last one gently into the background; and then before one is quite aware, a third has taken its place. The new harmonic tongue we are now learning is spoken with intelligence and power. But the string quartet asks for a little more characterization of the individual voices than these moving clusters of notes at present permit of, and neither the deftly manipulated figure of the slow movement nor the unyielding figure of the last quite supplied this.

"That is exactly the problem which it is so interesting to watch being solved in each new composition—the justification of these 'chord-tastes,' which the ear invents by the voice parts, which have both a past and a future. Each composer does it differently. Cyril Scott, whom we heard last week, has a delicate sense of picturesque harmony, but on too small a scale; Frank Bridge attends more to his voices; Vaughan Williams keeps an ear on both, with greater heights and more lapses than others, and so on. The great thing about it is that all this music is homegrown, and will, with patience, bear flower and seed." The Daily Telegraph found the opening movement to be pure orchestral music, "and its almost perpetual vertical harmony to aim at an 'atmosphere' which the four strings could not quite create." The slow movement is entitled "Late Swallows"; the finale is "hornpipish."

Miss Winifred Barnes sang at Cyril Scott's concert in London Nov. 4. "Her winsomely childlike attitude towards the audience—the confidential air, the faint lisp and unchanging sweetness—is certainly fascinating, but a succession of songs rendered in this manner tends to become like a box of chocolates absorbed at a sitting; the last one of the bottom layer needs a lot of flavor to make it palatable. Moreover, her vocalization is none of the best."

Charlotte Bronte's upright cottage piano has found its way into a London auction room.

It is always refreshing to find criticism—particularly musical criticism—extending its boundaries. The average critic—and who shall blame him, seeing how restricted comparatively is the field in which he labors?—is apt, perhaps, to cleave too conservatively to the accustomed paths, and to scorn imaginative heights while living laborious days. Possibly the scope for imagination on his part, where the ordinary concert is concerned, is but small. In what direction, then, can he be reasonably expected to break away from the conventional groove and exercise something in the way of fresh ingenuity? The train of thought is suggested by a recent attempt to escape the well trodden path. "Liszt's Sonata," we read, "was an astonishing performance. It was played in 27½ minutes—5 per cent. faster than Mr. Sapellnikoff played it last time, and probably 10 per cent. faster, or more, than other people play it." — London Daily Telegraph.

The cinema lady pianist who could think of nothing more appropriate than "The Close of a Perfect Day" with which to play out a blood-and-thunder film should get in touch with the American firm which specializes in "movie music." For the paltry sum of 10 cents per "set" she can obtain program music for anything in the film line, from "light adagio and andante movements, good for quarrels or agitation in society dramas," to "heavy misteriosos and agitato-hurries," judiciously varied with "lamentations" and "aftermath andantes" designed for "scenes of incendiarism, premediated murder, and heavily plotting leading to fights and tumults or ending in despair and death." For burglary scenes "sneaky music" is provided at the same low price, and 10 cents also enables the cinema pianist to have at hand just the right kind of "mystical" scores for Indian dramas, or the only kind of music really suitable for "bar-room fights" or the "strenuous doings of the Wild West."—London Daily Chronicle.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

We read that at a Sunday concert in London: "A post prandial burden of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding seemed to lie heavily on the orchestra, which appeared, indeed, to be playing in its sleep." The audience, if the critic is to be believed, slept profoundly.

One correspondent points out that the distinguished author of "Ann Veronica," in referring to the prelude to act 3 of "Tristan," says: "It begins, you know, with that queer piccolo solo." We have turned up the passage, and, as a matter of strict accuracy, it may be noted that the remark in question is put into the mouth of Ann's very ardent admirer, in whose company she hears the Wagner opera. But did the correspondent who recalled that passage overlook the author's entirely new and original version of the climax to the first act? "The lovers broke into passionate knowledge of themselves and each other, and then, a jarring intervention, came King Mark, amid the shouts of the sailormen, and stood beside them." Outside the polite circle of "Perfect Wagnerites," most people, we fancy, would feel tempted to protest loudly if that dreadful bore, the Cornish king, dared to put in an appearance before the second act.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph, by the way, noting the fact that Mark Hambourg, the pianist, playing at the Coliseum, drew upon a repertory of 100 pieces, including works of Bach, Beethoven and Chopin, wonders what the old-time music hall patrons would have said to this entertainment? It continues:

"Has it occurred to any concert-giver to ask himself what is likely to happen if this kind of thing—the gradual widening of the variety manager's net to catch musical fish—goes on spreading, as in all probability it will? As has just been stated, our leading variety house promises a program containing the names of three popular concert artists in addition to the usual heterogeneous attractions. How do concert-givers—if they have thought about the matter—propose to cope in the future with a form of rivalry which, after all, is perfectly legitimate? The modern luxurious variety theatre, appealing as it does to an ever-growing public representative of all classes of the community, has killed any old-fashioned prejudices that may have lingered against a class of entertainment formerly viewed with suspicion by some hyper-respectable folk, and it has also finally disposed of the idea that it is infra dig. for an artist of real standing in the musical profession to appear upon its stage. And, as time goes on, it is certain that the number of those who will seek engagements of this kind will increase and multiply. What, eventually, will be the effect of this on the concert-going public—particularly on those music-lovers who, as a correspondent pointed out in this column recently, are inclined to be repelled, rather than attracted, by programs of a 'stodgy' character? Manifestly it is impossible for the ordinary concert-giver to 'get even' with his new rival by adding 'variety' turns to the attractions offered his patrons. What, then, is to be his remedy in the event of competition reaching an acute stage? The problem is—or at all events may become—an interesting one, and seems well worth pondering."

The London Times said of Debussy's "Iberia" (Nov. 14): "With Debussy construction goes to the winds, unless there is anything more ethereal for it to go to, and the whole stress is on orchestral resources which would have delighted, if they did not astonish Berlioz. Such a clicking, clacking, bubbling, gobbling, chirruping, shattering, gurgling, twittering, as never was heard, all standing out for a moment, to be lost the next, against a faint opalesque background of indefinable sound." This is amusing; the collection of words might have come from Urquhart's Rabelais; but Debussy has the finest sense of form.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Schubert's piano trio in A-flat: "One so seldom hears Schubert nowadays that it is, perhaps, easier to place him in his right perspective, a process that is long overdue with some of his contemporaries. A little Schubert is a delightful experience, but, except in his songs, he was seldom content to give us a little of himself. It was invariably a lot. And it is only by reducing the frequency of the occasions that we have been able to arrive at a correct estimate of the delights."

And of Mr. Sapellnikoff: "M. Sapellnikoff is a great pianist. All musicians know it, and the less informed music lovers are in every sense willing to take their word for it. It is as well that this is so, for his methods are apt to conceal his excellence. It is all very well to be armed against the sentimentality that lurks in the shadows of the romantic movement, waiting to engulf the unwary performer, but there is such a thing as being too well armed. M. Sapellnikoff's intellectual grip is such that he conveys the impression of purely 'cerebral' emotions. Now it would be unwise to be dogmatic on the subject, but for many reasons we do not accept the emotions of, let us say, Liszt, for instance, as purely cerebral. His biography is against it."

George Alexander Redford, who from 1893 to 1911 was examiner of plays to the lord chamberlain died on Nov. 10. During his term of office 43 plays out of 7000 submitted to him were condemned and 13 or 14 of them reconsidered and granted a license. Almost every week changes were made at his suggestion.

"One of the plays on which he was most severely questioned was Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna,' which was subsequently produced privately with the author's wife, Mme. Georgette Leblanc, in the title-role, and which Mr. Redford, either on his own judgment or, as has been suggested in several instances, on instructions, refused to license. Another was Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and a third D'Annunzio's "La Citta Morta'." December, 1911, he resigned, and was afterwards appointed an unofficial censor of kinematograph films for the United Kingdom, and then president of the British board of film censors.

The French Players performed Musset's "A Quoi Revent les Lunes Filles" and Tristan Bernards force "L'Anglais tel qu' on le parle." in London at the Aldwych, Nov. 12. "The little de Musset fantasy, with its story of the wise father who serenaded one of his daughters and kissed the other in the dark on his prospective son-in-law's behalf, and arranged a duel and the rest of it, knowing 'a quoi revent les jeunes filles' was both produced and acted with the perfection of taste. The exact de Musset charm 'got over.' One could not help recalling Rostand's 'les Romanesques,' and realizing where it came from. But how much truer and more pungent the wit and less labored the grace of the master himself! There is an affected phosphorescence about Rostand where de Musset is the pure gem."

If, as the program of the Queen's Hall Symphony concert stated, Debussy has referred to Turina's "La Procession du Rocio" as a "luminous fresco," it is proof that he has lost none of that happy choice of terms that was his when he wrote musical criticisms. It is luminous, both in the clarity of its construction—a clarity that is not dimmed by its intricacy—and in the extraordinary vividness of its orchestral coloring. The subject is a popular one. The day is that of an annual procession through the streets of Triana, a suburb of Seville, whose characteristics have furnished the occasion for a brilliant piece by Albeniz, Turina's compatriot, and one of his teachers. The scene is one of great animation. The contrast of the folk music with the religious "motif," and of both with the blatant "Marcia Reale," is cleverly worked out. In short, the work is one of the most welcome novelties Sir Henry Wood has given us for a long time. May one express the hope that it will not suffer the fate of most novelties?—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 13.

"Georges Dorlay" is a pseudonym covering the identity of a member of the Queen's Hall orchestra, several of whose works Sir Henry Wood has introduced at the Promenade Concerts. This latest one (a piano concerto), which purports to reflect the vicissitudes of a composer, far outdistances its predecessors, from which the greater part of its thematic material is derived. Opening with a passionate impetuosity, it passes through a variety of moods, all of them expressed with an emotional conviction that has the good fortune to be backed with sound musicianship. Whether regarded as a technical achievement or as a piece of tonal eloquence, the piece "La Lutte et l' Espoir" must be hailed as a remarkable addition to the list of modern concertos. The French have an admirable word for such music; it is "vecu." M. Moiseiwitsch played it admirably, considering that he had not memorized it.—Pall Mall Gazette, Oct. 19.

Gabriel Pierne's Prelude for full orchestra, "Les Cathedrales," written to the poem by Morand, which Mme Bernhardt recited in London a year or so

The author has described this enter-

ago, was played for the first time in concert without words in London on Oct. 14. "Mr. Pierne clearly envisages the scene of material desolation contrasted with spiritual aspiration and exaltation, and portrays the ideas in strong lines and vivid colors. Yet the music is not complete: it leaves one unsatisfied. The idea is too big for the means of musical expression at his command. Mr. Frank Bridge, on the other hand, in his 'Lament' for strings, has been content with a smaller and simpler thought, the memory of a child lost on the Lusitania, and his little work, which he conducted, has an immediate and intimate appeal.'

A new sketch by Judge Parry, "Disraeli" was announced for production in Manchester (Eng.) Oct. 8. Disraeli and his wife, Lord Cairns, the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Derby and Sir Stafford Northcote are the characters introduced.

What particular form of bagpipe is used by the Irish regiments? According to that enthusiastic bagpipe authority, Dr. Alexander Fraser, the modern Irish pipe was so improved that it became practically useless. "I venture to say," he wrote, "that there is not one person in Ireland * * * who can tune the double bass Regulator Pipe, to say nothing of being able to play upon it." Dr. Fraser asserts that the great Highland pipe retained its popularity because it remained primitive, the scale of the chanter remaining the "old Eastern scale of neuter thirds." Moreover, this Highland pipe makes all the running because no modern instrument can play in harmony with it; it must be pipes all the time or no pipes at all. It has been claimed that the modern Northumbrian pipe is the sweetest of all, with its up-to-date scale and keys for sharps and flats; but Dr. Fraser says that its "constitution has been so weakened by all this tinkering that it can hardly eke out sufficient breath with which to sing its own death song."—London Daily Chronicle.

A gift of historical interest and importance has recently been received at the Victoria and Albert Museum. David Garrick's bed has been presented to the museum by Mr. H. E. Trevor, a direct descendant of David Garrick's brother George. The bedstead was made about 1775 for Garrick's villa at Hampton, where it remained after Garrick's death and during Mrs. Garrick's lifetime, and subsequently until the sale of the villa in 1864.

A cinema tragedy which will not be shown on the screen occurred in front of the camera recently, says the Daily Express, when Mr. Richardson Cotton, an old and valued member of the Essanay stock company, was killed instantly while attempting to leap into a moving motor car for the purpose of making a thrilling scene in a film. This is the first fatal accident that the Essanay Company have had in the whole of their career as film producers.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Teresa Carreno, pianist, and Louis Graveure, baritone. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital of Oscar Seagle, baritone, of New York. Falconieri, Begli occhi lucent; Isouard, Nos premiers Amours, Old French, L'Amour de moi; Tambourin, Chanson a Manger; Paisdilhe, Lamento Provencale; Szulc, Clair de lune, Debussy, Recueillement; Hue, L'Ane blanc, Moussorgsky, Chanson de la Puce; Brahms, Alte Liebe, Botschaft, Nachtigall; Wolf, Wenn du, mein Liebster; Old Welsh, Ash Grove; Old Irish, Balynure Ballad, Would God I Were the Tender Apple-Blossom, Horsman, Thus Wisdom Sings, The Joyous Wanderer.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Charles Anthony, Rameau-Godowski, Musette en Rondeau; Debussy, Prelude from "Pour le Piano"; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Albeniz, Almeria; Brahms, Intermezzo, E major; Paradies, Toccata; Bach, Andante and Presto Gloioso from the Italian Concerto; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 26; Reger, Caprice; Chopin, Mazurka in B flat minor; Schumann, Papillons; Debussy, L'Isle joyeuse.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Composer's recital. Sixteen songs by Hallett Gilberte sung by Benjamin Berry, tenor, and Sweden Hormo, baritone, with Mr. Gilberte, pianist. Songs by Rogers, Reuckauf, Tours, MacDermid, and a duet by Bonheur. Piano pieces, Nocturne and Fantasie played by the composer, Mr. Gilberte.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mrs. Nolin Hewitt Stevens, soprano, will sing Ante-Bellum Plantation songs. En avant Guenadil, Zelim to Quitte la Plaine, Papa va la rivere, Salangadou, Father Abraham, I done done What Yo' tol me, De b in man, Round about de Mountain, Rock Mount Sinai, I doan want fu' stay hyeah no longah, Rock me Julie, Negro lullaby, I'm gwine to Alabamy, You'll git dar, Bye and Bye, Blow li'l Breezes, Massa gwine sell us, When de Debbil comes 'round, See What de end will be, Uncle Dan in de mornin', Conju'ed Me. Mrs. Stevens is a southerner. The songs were taken by her from her childhood attendants and others. In some cases harmonizations by Prof. Clarke of Tuskegee Institute are used.

Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Concert in aid of the Bryn Mawr College Endowment Fund by Mme. Alma Gluck, soprano, and Efrem Zimbalist, violinist. Songs: Rosa, Star vicino; Mozart, Un moto di Gioia; Handel, Come Beloved; Arne, The Lass with the Delicate Air; Mozart, Air from "Il Re Pastore" (with violin). Italian, French, Scotch, Spanish, American, German Folk Songs; Leroux, Le Nil (with violin). Goodeve, Fiddle and I (with violin). Violin pieces: Handel, Sonata in E major; Beethoven, Romance in G; Bach, Prelude in E; Granados-Kreisler, Spanish Dance; Cui, Nocturne; Kreisler, Caprice Chinois.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Cecilia Society. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Grace Leslie, mezzo-soprano. Schubert, Aufenthalt; Brahms, Sapphische Ode, Der Schmied; Wolf, Bescheidene Liebe, Weingartner, Nate, Sternen; Spanish Folk Song, Neapolitan Folk Song; Verdi, O Don fatale from "Don Carlos"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Eastern song; Moussorgsky, Song of the Hebrew Maiden, Debussy, Green, Air of Lia from "The Prodigal Son"; Scott, Lullaby; Rogers, War, Titcomb, The Sea Child, When I Stood Upon the Sands, A Birthday.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Second piano recital of Harold Bauer. Schumann, Fantasia in C major, op. 17; Chopin, Ballades, F major, F minor, A flat, G minor; Schumann, Papillons, Toccata; Chopin, Etude in C minor, Nocturne in F sharp minor, Scherzo in C sharp minor. The program, "Composers of Today," which had been announced for this recital, will be deferred until Mr. Bauer's concert in January.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Dec 11 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mike Kelly.

As the World Wags:

Regarding the remark of Billy Sunday's concerning Mike Kelly, which the Herald reporter is reported to have reported correctly. The writer well remembers Mike Kelly, that celebrated "$10,000 Boston Beauty." Not the Kelly of Boston and his halcyon days in this dear burg, but Kelly of Allentown, Pa., when that city leaped into (and out) baseball fame. Boydom of two cities thrilled when the local trolley company purchased the defunct racetrack and turned it into a ball field, picnic grove and amateur zoological garden. Thrilled again when Mike was brought to captain and manage a new ball team that was to bring glory to Allentown and its little, jealous neighbor, Bethlehem. What a gala day the opening was: with what fervor we watched for the opening ball and saw our beloved Mike whale it into a distant corner while he circled the bases. An exhibition game it was with the Philadelphia Nationals slaughtered to make a holiday; that Mike never could repeat did not dim his radiance or pluck a feather from the cap of reverence we bore him. Then, too, the heart interest he wove around his name; how we gathered about him each morning while he watched the monkey cage in the nearby zoo. There was one old baboon, dear to Mike's heart, a knowing cuss, full of mischief and fleas. To him Mike gave his own name, fed him on every delicacy the wayside inn could supply and told him all his many troubles. To the children, one Mike was as great a favorite as the other, but to us older lads, Mike the ball artist, was a greater King than the one he claimed as forebear. Alas, 'twas not for long he lingered with us, a prior and stronger attachment drew him away, followed with a thousand sighs, while Mike the monk missing so sadly his genial friend, slipped to whatever place the souls of monkeys go. We lost track of him, so many and so far his wanderings, nor could any one tell the time and place of the "Boston Beauty's" passing, but as for me, rather would I have one memory of his jolly face close to the monkey cage than a thousand glimpses of these latter day captains of the diamond.

J. C. L.

Whitman, Dec. 6.

A Glass of Barm.

As the World Wags:

The reference to barm in your recent quotations from the Oxford Dictionary recalls a tragical moment of my salad days. I had lately landed in England, and found that country all that Dickens and Hardy and George Augustus Sala had taught me to imagine it. In my thirst for knowledge I conceived the idea of applying to my blood all the hot and rebellious liquors familiar to the British public but unknown in my native land. One October day, on the road between Stratford and Warwick, a mile or so on the Warwick side of Sir Thomas Lucy's park, I passed a public house and in the window thereof was a sign reading "Fresh Barm." That was a new one to me, and, my legs being weary, I hastened in. The woman in the bar made me think of the buxom widow who waited so long for Mark Tapley.

"A glass of barm, if you please," says I.

"A glarss o' barm, sir?" with an inflection of amazed inquiry.

"Yes," says I; "I guess I'll try a glass."

"O' barm, sir?"

"Yes, barm; certainly, if you have it."

I suppose my use of "guess" betrayed my origin. She looked at me with eyes full of wonder, as at a cockroach or a Boche, and, instead of drawing the liquor from a tap, disappeared in a back room. When she returned she brought a glass filled to the brim with a liquid which in my native town of Albany I used to buy at a baker's under the name of yeast. That it was, yeast, and nothing else. I believe that out of bravado, or disinclination to admit my error, I drank it off and departed. For all I know they may be talking yet of the mad American who drank barm.

W. E. K.

Boston.

Barm, meaning yeast, also nonsense or foolish talk. Hence probably the phrase "A bit barmy in the crumpet." This barmy" is also spelled "balmy." Has any visitor eaten in Cheshire, Cornwall or Lancashire halm-dumplings, barm-balls, barm cakes? In Lancashire barm also means bosom or lap, and a barm-cloth is an apron. Was yeast ever called barm in New England? The old fashioned yeast-man, we see him now. He drove a covered wagon and sounded a dismal horn before each house in the village streets. He had a daughter, tall and fair, with corn-colored hair, slightly freckled. Yeast-man, daughter, plodding horse, went the way of all flesh. The wagon no doubt was broken up. Possibly the horn is still blown by some restless youngster.

Bange and Ho-go.

As the World Wags:

Did any of the readers of the Herald ever hear the word "bange" (pronounced banj) used? It meant to loaf and lounge as idlers do. "Bangeing-place" was a place of resort where such characters gather. I do not find the word in any dictionary, but it was in common use in my boyhood. It conveyed the idea of disapprobation with somewhat of contempt.

Also as to the word "ho-go"? Whenever and strongly offensive odor was perceived, as in case an "essence-peddler" came around, I used to hear an elderly lady explain: "O, what a ho-go!" I wondered what the derivation of the term might be. Finally, looking over my French dictionary, I came across the expression "haut gout," pronounced "ho-goo," I suppose. This seems to denote a high or strong relish, flavor, or smell. It flashed upon me that this was the "ho-go" of which the good lady sometimes spoke. And when I recalled the fact that the lady had a sister living in Canada in contact with the French speaking population, and that the sisters were wont to visit back and forth, the whole matter became clear. I saw in what way the exotic "ho-go" became translated into the soil of New Hampshire.

J. W. H.

Center Tuftonboro, N. H.

"Haut-gout" has been in the English language since the middle of the 17th century. It has been spelled in many ways. The word meant (1) a high or piquant flavor, a seasoning; (2) flavor, spice; (3) a high or slightly putrescent flavor, a taint; (4) a highly seasoned dish. There is a fine use of the word in Thomas Jordan's song, "The Careless Gallant," in the verse enthusiastically praised by Swinburne:

Your most beautiful bit, who hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sells for a hogo of honor,
Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splendor
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her,
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.

There is an English dialect word "bangling," meaning hanging about, wandering idly, from the verb to bangle, to waste, squander, or to ramble without a fixed purpose.—Ed.

MME. CARRENO'S PLAYING JUSTIFIES APPLAUSE

Louis Graveure, Baritone, Shares Favor of Audience.

The concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was given by the celebrated pianist, Mme. Teresa Carreno and Louis Graveure, baritone. Mme. Carreno played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata and pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein and Liszt. Mr. Graveure sang songs by Franz, H. Wolf, Grieg, Brahms, Debussy, Duparc, Elgar, Crist and others. Frank Bibb was the accompanist.

An audience of fair size welcomed Mme. Carreno warmly and her performance justified the applause. Mr. Graveure, is a restful baritone, who sings sweet songs in a sentimental manner. His most important asset is a fine voice, sympathetic in timbre and of natural flexibility. This voice, however, is not skilfully used. His tones are often throaty or veiled. His breath control is poor. His phrasing is for the most part mannered. He is indefinite as an interpreter and his diction in French, German and English is slovenly. Calling himself a Belgian, his pronunciation of the French language is often original, at times unique. In fact, those who noticed his singing of certain phrases in Debussy's "De Soir" found it difficult to believe that the singer had more than a bowing acquaintance with the speech used by these unfortunate people. The audience, pleased, no doubt by the agreeable quality of Mr. Graveure's voice, applauded indiscriminately.

Dec 12 1916

OTIS SKINNER

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONEL THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Mister Antonio," a comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington. Performed at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, Sept. 18, 1916.

Tug.....John McCabe
Pearl.....Agnes Marc
The Man.....
Antonio Camaradonio.....Otis Skinner
Joe.....Robert Harrison
June Ramsey.....Eleanor Woodruff
George Riddle.....Walter F. Scott
Minnie Riddle.....Sue Ann Wilson
Avalonia Jorney.....Frances Landy
Earl.....Patterson McNutt
Mrs. Jorney.....Louise Sydneth
Milton Jorney.....Joseph Brennan
Rev. Jesse Walpole.....Ernest A. Elton
Mrs. Walpole.....Jessie Crommette
Mr. Cooder.....William Lorenz
Mrs. Cooder.....Winona Dennison
Capatano.....Himself

The first act was realistic and amusing. The other acts were amusing and artificial. That mayors of little towns with others in authority visit New York ostensibly on business and then fall into strange company and are stripped of overcoat, hat, jewelry and money has long been known to all. That even pillars of the church may totter and fall is also known to all. Their experience was once described by the euphemistic phrase "seeing the elephant." Nor is it at all unreasonable that Mr. Antonio of the hurdy-gurdy, recognizing in "the man" in Tug's European cafe the major of Avalonia, who had once jailed him for grinding on Sunday, befriend him with an eye to the future. Italians are quick-witted, they have long memories, and are greedy for revenge. They also have a sense of humor.

But the scenes in the acts that follow are devised simply for theatrical purposes and for the glorification of Mr. Antonio. The narrow or hypocritical life in a model town is satirized. Avalonia is a stage town. The setting of the last three acts was remarkably true to life. We have all seen the wooden houses in which Mayor Jorney and Parson Walpole lived. No detail was missing. The woodwork of the mayor's piazza was only one feature of a photographic scene. But the people in these and the other houses? All are not hypocrites even in a model town. Hazlitt wrote an essay to prove that all country people are suspicious, envious, malicious. It is amusing but not convincing.

Fortunately for the last three acts the Mister Antonio is Mr. Otis Skinner. He carries them by the charm of his voice and personality, the significance of his gesture and the mobility of his face, the admirable technic, so thoroughly developed, so apparently a revelation of character and so convincing, so rare in these days when "stars" are suddenly commanded to shine in the theatrical firmament. Whether he is talking with Juno, who has been thrown out of the mayor's dwelling because she went to a dance at a roadhouse, or enjoying verbal passages at arms with the son-in-law or the clergyman and their women, or philosophizing with Joe, his half-witted partner, and Capitano, the donkey, he is real, human, lovable. Seeing Mister Antonio, hearing his voice, we accept even the purely melodramatic business of the slavey turned out of the village and the more incredible and clumsily managed business with the real pistol by which the mayor hoped to rid himself of Antonio through the cheerful lunatic Joe with his mania of killing his partner with pistols of wood.

It is a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Skinner again, to be again reminded that after all there is an art called acting, that the old phase "a well graced actor," is not wholly obsolete and unintelligible. There are some that speak of Mr. Skinner's "mannerisms." If certain tricks of speech, gesture, walk are mannerisms, they were not disturbing, and in this instance they fit snugly the part.

The company is a good one. Miss Woodruff played the part of June simply and skilfully. Her portrayal of confidence in Antonio after her first natural suspicion and of confidence warming into affection was particularly well drawn and colored. The hide-bound townsfolk were not mere caricatures. The eccentric part of Joe was not overdone by Mr. Harrison. Mr. Brennan was especially good as the man that had seen the elephant when the curtain rose. Nor do we forget Mr. Tug behind the bar and Pearl the street girl.

"Mister Antonio" should be seen by all lovers of good acting. The audience last night was enthusiastic, so enthusiastic that it persuaded Mr. Skinner to step out of his part and say a few words before the curtain, which was regrettable. It is strange how many theatregoers like to rob themselves of a delightful illusion.

OSCAR SEAGLE

By PHILIP HALE.

Oscar Seagle, baritone, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Henri Doering accompanied him. The program was as follows: Falconieri, Begli occhi eucenti; Isouard, Nos premiers Amour; Old French, L'Amour de moi, Tambourin, Chanson a manger; Paladilhe, Lamento Provencale; Szulc, Clair de lune; Debussy, Recuiellement; Hue, L'Ane blanc; Moussorgsky, Chanson de la puce; Brahms, Alte Liebe, Botschaft, Nachtigal; Wolf, Wenn du, Mein Liebster; Old Welsh, Ash Grove; Old Irish, Ballynure Ballad, Would God I were the tender apple blossom; Horsman, Thus Wisdom Sings, The Joyous Wanderer.

Mr. Seagle sang here five years ago last month in a concert with Mrs. Florence Stevens Low. He was then as a singer more conspicuous by reason of a manly, resonant voice than for his skill in the art of interpretation.

Much can be done in five years if a man has brains and patience; if he is willing to criticise himself and listen receptively to singers and players who are interpreters. Mr. Seagle evidently considered his ways and realized that voice is not everything, in spite of the dictum attributed to Rossini. Whereas formerly his idea of expression seemed to be a constant see-saw between fortissimo and piano with emphasis on unimportant words, yesterday he pleased as a rule by his appreciation of the finer side of his art. At times his tones, especially the lower ones, were throaty; at times he sang as though he thought the hall the size of Mechanics building; once at least he fell into the trick of the inaudible pianissimo to make an effect; but on the whole his voice was the servant of musical intelligence and imagination. Unfortunately his diction was often not clear, and text was sacrificed for tono.

The program was well arranged. It contained some songs that were unfamiliar. Those by Falconieri and Isourd at once put the audience in a state of agrecable anticipation. Was this Falconieri, the Neapolitan of the 17th century who published two volumes of Villanelle? Surely the "Chanson a manager" was roared at meetings of the contributors to the Almanach des Gourmands. Verlaine's "Clair de Lune" has inspired many composers, chief among them Gabriel Faure and Charpentier, but the music of Szulc has a vaporous charm. It is to be regretted that Mr. Seagle did not choose a more characteristic song of Moussorgsky. The "Chanson de la Puce" was written when Moussorgsky, two years before his death, made a tour in southern Russia with Miss Lounova, a singer. Mr. Seagle sang it in a spirited manner, with the appropriate Mephistophelian sneers and grunts, but the song was still insignificant, if not forcibly stupid. On the other hand he is to be thanked for Debussy's beautiful music to Baudelaire's "Recuiellement." How the early Debussy puts to shame the later!

The audience applauded warmly.

Let us consider for a moment the occult and forget for a day the Anthology of the Gibbet, although another stirring ballad of pirates by Mr. Charles Wilcox is ready for publication. Let us also forget strange phrases and proverbs, even if Dr. Briry of Bath, Me., writes about aged persons telling him that some people "leaned to Gilbert's" as well as "leaned towards Sawyer's."

The Mystery of a Ring.

Miss A. Monckton of High Ham told a strange story in the Morning Post of London. She has worn an onyx signet ring for over a year. At the back of the ring is a receptacle measuring half an inch, into which a year ago she put two initials written in ink on white paper. On the 22d of May, 1916, she opened the ring and covered the white paper with an ordinary clover leaf. She took the ring from her finger on St. Swithin's Day to use it as a seal. It then contained a miniature of a handsome old man. The features were remarkably distinct. Turning the ring upside down she saw another miniature, one of a boy 18 or 20 years old. This miniature was equally perfect. "I gazed in amazement, and slowly turning the ring, with the oval to right and left of me, I saw a splendid profile of a man of 50. The features are long and clear cut. These miniatures could be mistaken for tiny photographs. They are as clear today as when I first saw them. . . . I know that the ring contains nothing but the bit of paper and a decayed clover leaf."

"Vengeance of Jenny's Case."

As the World Wags:

I am somewhat afraid of your heading this communication, by way of a delicate hint, "The Last of Jenny Hunt"; and I deeply regret th necessity of again intruding that female upon your notice. But I have just received a letter from a Miss Elvira Tuttle of Chelsea, which leaves me no option in the matter.

Of a truth, I hardly understand this lady. Never having even heard of her before I cannot possibly have given offence to her, yet the tone of her letter implies the contrary. I have come to the conclusion, however, that she is "taking it out of me" for some earlier misunderstanding with Dr. Tuttle of Squab Crossing, who appears to be her nephew. Indeed, she refers to him as "my precious nephew, Buchanan Tuttle." To quote one passage which seems to me unduly vituperative, she writes: "I would suggest to the Herald management that the absurd title of one department of that journal, 'As the World Wags,' be changed to 'Rubbish Shot Here,' if the recent contributions signed by you and my estimable relative are any criterion of its merit." Now really, you know!

At the close of her "sarcustick" epistle, Miss Tuttle relaxes into the more agreeable attitude of historical critic. "Since," she says, "you and Buchanan, who, I believe, calls himself a doctor" (mean way to speak about her nephew!) "have seen fit to drag the unimportant peculiarities of this Hunt person before the public, I wish to observe that I heard the anecdotes about the pig and the baby, and the nightcap, before you and your friend 'the Doc' were born, and neither one of them related to Jenny Hunt, but to Ma'am Jewell. The latter did have a husband, with no 'common law' about it; consequently she possessed the undoubted right to make him a nightcap—it was, indeed, a duty—and, if it be not indelicate for me to say so, to 'become a mother.'"

Perhaps it is because I am rather annoyed at Miss Tuttle's manner of addressing a perfect stranger (how, by the bye, does she know my age?); but, at all events, I am not interested in Ma'am Jewell. Don't know who she was, and don't want to know. However, if "Doc" Tuttle and I are at fault in our facts, it is due to your readers that the matter should be set right.

To change the subject, I have wondered if the doctor, by his allusions, in his first letter, to my alleged passion for New England criminalia, was not leading up to some explanation of Old Billings's not unnatural lack of celerity when he went to be hung—for certainly poor Jenny Hunt, while not, apparently, strong in mind or morals, was far from being a Moll Flanders, nor has the tripe episode any obvious connection with highway robbery. After the splendid story about Gen. Moulton and the devil, not to speak of Liverpool Jarge, Jenny and her tripe, and Ma'am Jewell and her night-cap, seem "pretty small potatoes." The whole correspondence can be rescued from flatness only through some one's coming forward with a thrilling tale of what Old Billings did that he should be so cut off. Cannot a broadside ballad be found, describing his crime after the manner of that "notorious quatrain," as Mr. Seccombe calls it:

They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they batter'd in;
His name was Mr. William Weare
He dwelt in Lyons Inn—

the most blood-curdling stanza known to me in literature? J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster, Dec. 6.

"Varsity" Again.

As the World Wags.

In regard to the word "varsity." It was imposed on Harvard from outside. There had been university nines and crews to distinguish them from those of the classes; but I am sure the English "varsity" was not current till after the Harvard-Oxford race of 1868.'

There the reporters picked up the word "varsity," and it pleased them, for they always used it afterward. For several years after 1868 one never heard the word "varsity" at Harvard; but the papers were full of it. As the reporters always used it, the word was gradually adopted by others. M. J. C.

Boston, Dec. 7.

"Varsity" vs. "University."

As the World Wags:

So far as Harvard is concerned, neither! as the departments other than the "college" are not represented in the teams; and students in their first year cannot compete except upon freshman teams. It would be better to say the "Harvard" as was the custom in the Sixties. J. T. W.

PLYOUTH THEATRE—James T. Powers in "Somebody's Luggage," a farce comedy in three acts by Mark E. Swan from the novel by F. J. Randall. First performance in Boston.

Adam Dustry.....George Manning
Porter.....Harry Payne
Etienne Duval.....Jean DeGousac
Walter Owen.....Harold Christie
Ellison Gruff.....Homer Granville
Henry Crawford.....Pell Trenton
Caroline Parfitt.....Grace Hampton
Alfred Hopper.....James T. Powers
Susan.....Georgia Bryton
Fisher.....Lionel Belmore
Charles Ketcham.....Frank Farrington
Enid Irving.....Evelyn Varden
Higgs.....Tom Graham
Bruce Matthews.....George Riddell

Mr. Powers is pleasantly remembered as a shining light in "The Geisha," "A Runaway Girl," "San Toy" and other pieces. Last evening he appeared in a play without the elements of chorus, dancing and music. A host in himself, the burden of the play rested lightly on his experienced shoulders and he kept the audience amused throughout the evening.

The play is very light. Based on the well known theme of mistaken identity it concerns the adventures of one Alfred Hopper. Eager to know the cause of his fiancee's frequent trips to France he pursues Miss Parfitt on board the Dover boat. After scenes of upbraidings and tears Hopper resorts to frequent communing with the demon rum for purposes of consolation. A passenger falls overboard.

After an encounter with a motor Hopper next finds himself in the home of the late Mr. Fairfax at Chelsea. The contents of his valise lead to the supposition that he is Henry Crawford, heir to his uncle's property. A tyrannical butler, once a prize fighter, seeing rich possibilities for graft, aids in maintaining the delusion. When Hopper attempts to prove the truth he is threatened with a surgical operation. The real Crawford, safe and sound, appears in time to save the situation and marry the young cousin destined by his uncle to share his good fortune.

Mr. Powers is a finished comedian. His spontaneity is endless. He controls a remarkable variety of comic expression. As Hopper, his make-up, voice, gait, familiar mannerisms pleased and excited laughter as of old. His droll antics, his facial play, his voice, all these are still irresistibly funny. His efforts to describe the kangaroo and other inhabitants of Australia, the country from which young Crawford was supposedly returning; his boxing match with Fisher, the butler, were only two of many incidents which afforded the comedian unlimited scope for the display of excellent clowning. Warmly welcomed by a good-sized audience, he made a little speech after the second act.

Mr. Belmore, an accomplished actor, was a tower of strength in the supporting company, as Fisher, the butler villain. Mr. De Goursac was a lifelike steward. Miss Varden fluttered amiably through the scenes as Miss Irving, the marriageable third cousin. Others were well cast. The setting of the first act, on board the Dover boat, was realistic and the cinema reproduction of the surging waters enhanced the illusion.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Stella Mayhew, assisted by Billee Taylor, is the headliner of a bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week that contains many acts presented for the first time at this theatre. Miss Mayhew's act is entirely new, and the comedienne appears in a new setting. The act is a varied one, though the singer leans decidedly to the songs of the Negro dialect in which she has distinguished herself by her studied attention to detail. Mr. Taylor was not content to remain at the piano and shared the success of the act vocally as well as "feeding" the comedienne with her delightful line of chatter.

The big laughing number on this week's bill is the act of Billie Montgomery, formerly of Montgomery and Moore, and George Perry, late of Perry and White. This is the first appearance of the new team at this theatre. The act excels in its speed and this must be charged up to the credit of Mr. Montgomery. His burlesque playing of the piano that showed him to be something more than a mere trickster and technicist, was accompanied by a pertinent line of "business" that in other hands would have fallen flet. To his credit, let it be said that he not only pleased his audience and aroused them to uproarious laughter, but he kept them in a state of constant expectancy. Mr. Perry sang a few songs, notably the parody on the rhymes of childhood, effectively and after the manner of the well versed comedian.

Another Newcomer.

Another newcomer was Bert Hanlon, eccentric singing and talking comedian, with a tendency to philosophize entertainingly. Mr. Hanlon offers something entirely new, both in song and speech, and, it might also be added, in poise and general characteristics. His songs were often reminiscent by the excellence of their delivery, of the style adopted by comedians of a generation ago in the topical song.

Una Clayton and her players were seen in "Collusion," an interesting sketch that has as its theme the disillusionment of a jealous wife. Miss Clayton was assisted by Herbert L. Griffin and Eleanor Hicks. Others on the bill were May Elinore and Violet Carleton in "Nonsensical nonsense," a singing and dancing act; Bert Lamont and his cowboys in a singing and comedy act; Harry Antrim and Betsy Vale in songs and chatter; the Flying Mayos, trapeze experts, and the Kanazawa Japanese troupe in feats of skill and strength.

JEWETT PLAYERS GIVE "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

Score Distinct Success at Copley Theatre.

The Henry Jewett players scored a success last evening by their fine portrayal of the characters in J. M. Barrie's production, "The Admirable Crichton," a four-act play, which opened at the Copley Theatre. The appearance of the Jewett players in this play was the second of the year. The play will run for the entire week.

Lionel Glenister as Mr Crichton, the butler, and Gladys Morris as Lady Mary Lasenby ably took the parts of hero and heroine. In the minor roles Beatrice Miller made a fine impression in the role of Tweeny. The other members of the cast did their share toward making the second appearance of the play a success.

The author has described this enter-

"MRS. MURPHY" AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Gracie Emmett Scores Success In Interesting Comedy.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE. "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband." Comedy in three acts by Ullie Akerstrom. The cast:

Barney McGee.....Fred E. Strong
Lawrence Watson.....Charles H. Elwood
Daniel O'Neil.....Ben J. Miles
Frederick J. Mawson.....Victor Herndon
Denny O'Flynn.....Melville Hunter
Jackson.....Joseph Burton
Instalment Man.....Harry A. Chick
Real Estate Agent.....Burt Hunter
Lady Maud Halley.....Bessie Warren
Katie Murphy.....Uncas Daniel
Nora O'Neil.....Sue Talbridge
Nannette.....Miss P. Hall
Honora Murphy.....Gracie Emmett

From Third avenue to Central Park West and back again is quite a jump, but Gracie Emmett in "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband," performs the feat without difficulty and seems to enjoy one environment as well as the other. There is the picture of Mrs. Murphy, brought up among the lowly people of Third avenue, poor but proud, placed among people of higher station, of great wealth and insincere society ways. She surmounts all difficulties by the simple use of common sense and supreme cheerfulness. The Symphony trio play several delightful specialties.

"Peg o' My Heart" will return next Monday for two weeks. It will be the annual Christmas holiday attraction.

Herald 12/13/16

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Will Mrs. C. M. H., who wrote a note about her grandfather, Col. Gouverneur Ogden—the note was published in this column on June 23, 1916—kindly send her address to the Boston Herald?

Liverpool Jarge died at last in New Orleans. Mr. Shaghellion's pathetic account of the passing will be published tomorrow.

The Beverage Barm.

As the World Wags:

This morning's statement of "W. E. K." that he drank a "glass of barm" with no hint of any sequel suggests that the story is too good to be true. I wonder if the gentleman ever drank a glass of half-brewed ale, drawn in process of fermentation from the vat? It is a common custom in the English country to send to the brewery for a jug or a pail of ferment as a happy alternative to the time-honored sulphur and molasses.

The traveler in Newfoundland today will see in small shop windows a card bearing the word "barm" for the use of bread-makers, who have never taken kindly to yeast in today's commercial form; and to eat barm bread is to appreciate their preference. A. E. H.

Boston, Dec. 11.

Waffles.

As the World Wags:

Waffles "such as mother made." Yes, or even better than "mother's" or "Aunt Jane's," and we all know what that means. If you don't believe it, just come to the Waffle booth in the balcony at the Allied Bazaar and try a Belgian waffle hot off the gridiron, buttered and sugared, then add some maple syrup and Mixter cream and go home to dream of your ancestors. L. B.

Boston, Dec. 11.

If we are not mistaken, the word "waffle" comes from the Dutch "wafel." Was the waffle itself invented there? Did the Dutch bring the recipe to this country? Did Ichabod Crane eat waffles at the famous supper table where he sat a wooer? (The story is not at our elbow.) In Dr. Wright's English Dialect Dictionary the waffle and waffle iron were originally known in England only in Warwick. He gives the pronunciations "waff" and "woff." Here is the Warwick variety: "The cakes were made of thin paste or batter, placed between the blades of the waffle iron, which were then closed and held in the smokeless portion of an open fire until the cakes were baked. The cakes were eaten hot, with butter." In the sixties we preferred black molasses to maple syrup; but we were young with a wolf-

is appetite. The more fastidious sprinkled the waffle with cinnamon and sugar and then poured cream. Alas, the wolves of our boyhood is no longer to be purchased, at least not in Boston. Horrid stories were told about the making of it in New Orleans, how Negroes put their naked feet in the thick liquid, etc., etc., but that did not deter us.

The word waffle, by the way, is not in Shakespeare or the Bible, but note other meanings of the word in England. Verb: to wave about, to flap, to hesitate, to vacillate, to go about gossiping, to bark as a small dog, to yelp, to bark in a suppressed manner, to masticate and swallow with difficulty. A waffle-bags, waffler, waffler, is a weak, undecided person; also a person who talks much and foolishly, a tale-bearer, the green sandpiper, also a loafer.

In England, the approved word for "waffle" is "gofer." The German word is "waffel."—Ed.

Boldt and Cadwalader.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "W. E. W." appears to be in error in his description of the supposed scene between Gen. Cadwalader and the late Mr. Boldt at the Waldorf Hotel. The only Gen. Cadwalader who could have been a member of the Philadelphia Club while Boldt was a waiter there died in 1879.

The Waldorf was opened about 15 years later. Boldt opened the Bellevue in Philadelphia in the eighties and the Waldorf in the nineties. After the success of the former it is not probable that he doffed his hat at the command of any man, although he always had a tender spot for those who were members of the Philadelphia Club during his period of service there.

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

Boston, Dec. 8.

Dec 14 1916

CHARLES ANTHONY PLAYS UNCONVENTIONAL PROGRAM

Pianist Pleases Small Audience in Steinert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Charles Anthony gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon. The program was as follows: Rameau-Godowski, Musette en Rondeau; Debussy, Prelude from "Pour le piano"; Ravel, Jeux d'eau, Scarlatti, Presto; Albeniz, Almeria; Brahms, Intermezzo, E minor; Paradies, Toccata; Schumann, Papillons; Reger, Caprice; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 26; Debussy, Cathedrale Engloutie; Chopin, Two Mazurkas, B flat minor, D major; Debussy, L'Isle joyeuse.

This program was unconventional in its arrangement, but it was not the less welcome on account of the departure from the accustomed order. There is no reason why the moderns and the ultra-moderns should not be mixed up instead of being set apart and ticketed in groups. Scarlatti is not remote from Debussy, and Paradies may well be near Schumann. The tinkering of Rameau's Musette by Godowski may well be deplored, for the naivete of the 18th century was lost in 20th century harmonic progressions and gingerbread ornamentation. Reger's Caprice is insignificant.

Mr. Anthony at times, as in the Musette, toyed with rhythm to the injury of the musical flow, and in other instances he did not maintain the continuity of a composition. On the other hand, he often gave pleasure to a small audience. He was more successful in his treatment of Schumann's "Papillons" than in his interpretation of the pieces by Ravel and Albeniz. The "Papillons" cycle was played in a poetic spirit and with fine tonal gradations; but the aqueous quality was lacking in "Jeux d'eau" and "Almeria" seemed pale and wan. Debussy's Prelude was played in the virtuoso manner.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Jarge in New Orleans.

As the World Wags:

A couple of weeks ago a good-for-nothing nevvy of mine brought home a book that he had off a second-hand shop with a piece in it about the last words of great men, and I read the thing though my eyes aint what they was. It comes out that none of them says what you'd think. You got a right to expect a soldier to say something about war and a sailor to say something about ships. But they don't. The same way you'd say a sailor ought to die at sea and Davy Jones's locker is the only grave for him if he's a real sailor, but some of them dies ashore and it can't be helped.

And that brings up what happened to me and Liverpool Jarge once in New Orleans. I mind it like yesterday. We took a tow up the river in the bark Belgian Prince four months out of Sydney, and when we docked New Orleans looked like the promised land, what with our being near starved living on salt horse and weevily biscuit and lime juice. The skipper says we lay there 10 days, and me and Jarge goes ashore the first day. Jarge says he's going to eat and then he don't know what he will do. Unluckily, he had got all filled up with tattooing in Sydney and hadn't any place empty on him, barring his face. He'd thought some of having that done, but Jarge fancied himself and he'd promised a gal he knew not to have his face tattoed. That didn't keep him from getting a design drawed out by an artist for a shilling showing decorations like a Fiji Islander, and Jarge said he might get it done if things got dull in New Orleans. They didn't.

First thing ashore him and me went into a little eating house and Jarge had a bit of beef, maybe a couple of pounds, with onions and caulilflower and four cups of coffee and half an apple tart, and Jarge loosened up his belt and paid a dollar and a half without grumbling, which showed there was something the matter with him from the start. Directly after that walking up Canal street Jarge was talking about finding a tattoer to have his face done, when we run foul of a smart young cove that said he was the water front reporter for some paper. He asked would we like a drink and we said we would, so he steered us into a very swagger place full of mirrors and brass work and ordered three that he said was made of egg and sody and gin. You couldn't notice the gin, but Jarge said it was very tasty and the reporter lad bought three or four more. Jarge started in then and pitched a scandalous yarn about getting cast away in the Solomons and being loved by a native princess, and how he lived on human flesh for a year all in hope of the reporter buying a round of real liquor that would have a bite to it.

"You aint ever et," says Jarge, "until you've tasted human flesh."

And all the time him and me was eyeing a long table over to one side that was set out with the most amazing mess of grub anybody ever did see. After a bit Jarge whispered to the reporter and asked what it cost to eat off the table and he says its free. Jarge gulped down the drink he was holding and turned to on the grub. There was little brown sausages, and a mess of potatoes and onion with grease over it, and some kind of white meat and green stuff with yellow slush and about six kinds of sausage cut up in slices and sardines and mustard. Jarge tried 'em all once and some several times and after a bit one of the men in the white jackets comes over with a little wooden mallet in his hand and comes toward Jarge with a mean look in his eye. The reporter whispers to him and gives him someting and he grins and goes back and Jarge has some more of the pickled tripe.

Well, the grub Jarge has had seems to rather brace him up, and he tells the reporter he'd like some other kind of grog. So he orders what he says is a cocktail, and when Jarge smells of it he begins to cry a little because he says it reminds him of the spring medicine his mother used to give him. But he got it down and went back and found a platter of pigs' feet he'd overlooked and had about six and threw the bones under the table.

We went to about three more places and had drinks called punch and more grub, and finally hove to in what was called the old Absinthe House, and the man sets out three glasses of soap and water. Jarge drinks his and a wild look comes in his eye, and he swings on the reporter without any talk; but the lad is very hefty on his feet and runs out, and Jarge after and me, but we didn't catch him, us being bad runners and a good deal of a cargo aboard anyhow.

After that we brought up in a kind of a market that looked like Whitechapel with coster carts and we found one that was loaded with boiled crabs, 10 for 5 cents. Jarge said he preferred periwinkles, but he bought 10 crabs in a sack, and I did, too. Up the street we found another cart with 12 crabs for 5 cents, and Jarge said they were a bargain, and had a sack, and I did, too. Then we found a man that gave 11 for 5 cents, and Jarge said that was a big bargain, and had 28, and made me, too. Shortly we begin to spill crabs, and we set down in a narrow doorway, and I got out a mouth organ I'd bought somewhere and begins to play "Rule Britannia," and Jarge shells crabs and eats 'em. After he'd had about 30 he falls back with a groan and lays there with his eyes shut and near covered with shells and legs with the meat sucked out. I was just starting the "British Grenadiers" when up comes a nigger woman and says its her door and what do we mean by cluttering it all up. Jarge opened his eyes a second and kicks her very savage on both shins and she screams and a crowd comes and a bobby and a black maria, and me and Jarge brings up in a police station, with him unconscious. They tries to make out we're drunk, but I showed how it couldn't be only having sweet drinks, and said Jarge was sick. And they said he was, and had a doctor in. The saw-bones took Jarge's pulse and listened to his heart and shook his head. There he lay on a cot with a blanket over and still hugging his last sack of crabs. I bent down and says "Jarge." And he opens his eyes and picked at the blanket. "Jarge," says I, "wots the matter?"

He gave the kind of a rough whisper. "I must of et something," and he give a gasp and died. And that was the end of him, and them was his last words, and he's buried in New Orleans.

JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHEALION.

Condor street, 44½, East Boston.

SONG AND PIANO RECITAL

A recital of songs and piano pieces by Hallett Gilberte was given last evening at Steinert Hall by Hallett Gilberte, composer-pianist; Benjamin Berry, tenor, and Sheldon Holcomb, baritone.

Mr. Gilberte writes happily for the voice and has natural facility as a pianist. There were melodious and appropriate settings for "Thoughts of You," "My Lady's Mirror," "A Rose and a Dream," "A Valentine" and other subjects. Messrs. Holcomb and Berry sang with sincerity in an effective manner.

Dec 15 1916

FIRST CECILIA

By PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton, conductor; William Lester Bates, organist, assisted by an orchestra of Symphony players; Miss Marcella Craft, soprano; Bernard Ferguson, baritone, and Willard Flint, bass, gave its first concert of the season last night in Symphony Hall. There was an audience of fair size on the floor. The second balcony was nearly full.

The program was injudiciously arranged, and it was too long. When a cantata of the dimensions of Mr. Converse's "Peace Pipe" is to be performed for the first time in Boston, it should be placed so that it could be heard when chorus and hearers were comparatively fresh. Last night the performance of the cantata did not begin until 9:40.

It would be fairer to speak of this cantata, produced two years ago at Chautauqua, if it had been performed under more favorable conditions, led by a more experienced conductor, one with a more decided beat, and played by an orchestra that had had more rehearsals. It seems to us after one hearing that Mr. Converse has succeeded in overcoming a difficulty that Coleridge-Taylor in his "Hiawatha" trilogy did not surmount: he has avoided rhythmic monotony, the monotony of Longfellow's verse that might well tax the ingenuity of any composer. We do not believe that the orchestral expression throughout the performance was wholly in accordance with Mr. Converse's indications, for there were few contrasts, and the general impression made was one of over-orchestration. There are fine descriptive and picturesque pages, especially in the first choral passages, music conceived in a truly imaginative spirit; the long baritone solo, sung by Mr. Ferguson, is less effective; in fact it is rather prosaic, nor was this the fault of the singer.

The concert began with Bach's cantata "Sleepers, Wake." Curious things have been written about this cantata by learned men. Sir Hubert Parry, commenting on the fact that in the first chorus the instruments supply the rhythmic element, said: "The rhythmic element is manifested in a marchlike character produced by the energetic trochees, combined with the three stern beats of the molossus." (We quote this with fear and trembling. Ten to one "molossus" will come out in print "molasses.") Sir Hubert and others found that a dance-like accompaniment represents the joy of the virgins meeting the bridegroom, although in the English text they are characterized as "prudent." All this may or may not be true, the performance of the cantata was not spirited or in any way impressive. The most commendable feature was the singing of the section allotted to the tenors. No doubt it is rank heresy to say it, but we find little beauty, little religious fervor in the duets for soprano and bass, sung by Miss Craft and Mr. Flint, or in the recitative for the bass.

The chorus was more effective in the portions of Brahms's "German Requiem," but Miss Craft is not the soprano for this music.

After Bach and Brahms, Puccini! Miss Craft sang "In Quelle Trine Morbide," from "Manon Lescaut," and "Un Bel Di," from "Madama Butterfly." These arias were sung with marked dramatic intelligence and spirit. The audience called for more. Miss Craft sang Mimi's song from "La Boheme," but in a too sophisticated manner.

Mrs. Nelda Hewitt Stevens, soprano, gave her first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program consisted of antebellum plantation songs, melodies sung on the "Good Hope" plantation, Spirituals, "Little Studies in Color."

Mrs. Stevens, a southerner, dressed in a costume of 1860 which became her, gave a pleasant entertainment. She made a few introductory remarks about the general character of her undertaking, and spoke in turn about each song. The songs were sung in an agreeable and unpretentious manner, while the spirit of each one was fully expressed. In her enthusiasm Mrs. Stevens stated her belief that these "Negro" songs were true American folk songs. We are aware that this belief is shared by others. But the melodies sung on the Good Hope plantation are undoubtedly of French origin, as shown by their rhythm, melodic structure and mood. The Negro is quick-eared and mimetic. Many of the songs in the Negro anthology, sacred and profane, are undoubtedly perversions of melodies heard by household servants and field hands as sung by the white folks in the parlor or the church.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Words constantly undergo degradation in meaning. They preserve the integrality of their signification only when they serve in the designation of objects that are unchangeable in composition or usage. Other words, especially those that serve to express our sensations of size, color, savor, sonority and all the nuances imposed on them by feeling, are worn away, are turned to dust.

Yeast and "Emptyings."

As the World Wags:

A day or two ago in annotating a letter about "barm," or yeast, you spoke of the old style yeast pedlar, with his horn. I imagine he was indigenous to the Connecticut valley, as the liquid yeast was particularly a by-product of the gin distilleries of Westfield, Agawam and Warehouse Point. Furthermore a Yankee housewife of the old days would hardly have known the article by the name of yeast. "Emptyings" it was. The pedlar was known as an "Emptying Pedlar." The phrase was also used when a man was run down and had lost standing. He was "runnin' emptins." I saw the phrase used within a few years in the editorial columns of the Springfield Republican in speaking of a public man who was in opposition to some of its high and transcendental ideas; he was just "running emptins." I remember when it took about a quart of Porter's gin to haul the net at the Gregory or Thompsonville shad fishing place, and some of those old pirates lived to be about 80. By the way, do you know what a skowbanker is?

S. H.

Westminster.

"Running emptins" was a common phrase in Northampton in the sixties, but yeast was yeast, and we never heard it called "emptyings" in our boyhood.—Ed.

UNDER THE GIBBET.

I likes to go up on the hill
  An' spend a hour or so
Along o' my shipmate, Bill,
  As was hanged a month ago.

Bill, he jigs a step or two,
  (The gibbet a-keepin' time)
Jolly as he uster do
  When he was in his prime.

It's kinder soci'ble up there
  Along o' good old Bill;
I smokes a bit, an' takes the air
  An' sits around until

I gets to thinkin' how that he,
  One happy day that's past,
Threw his knife at me
  An' pinned me to the mast.

An' how one time at Belzise
  He stole my girl from me,
An' I thinks: "Now dam yer eyes,
  I'm glad you swingin' be!"

But them things is past an' done;
  I don't hold it agin ye, mate,
For me an' you had heaps o' fun
  Way back in '48.

Them was jolly times in th' Bonnie Bell
  A-piratin' on th' sea;
Many a soul we sent to hell
  Old Bill did, an' me.

I allus liked the careless way
  Bill had o' cuttin' throats;
Merry he was, an' blithe an' gay,
  Like he was stickin' goats.

He uster take 'em by the hair,
  An' bend 'em over his knee—
He did his work with such an air
  'Twas a pleasant sight to see.

I minds the time how Bill an' me
  By way of a bit o' sport,
Served the bosun, Thomas Lee,
  Who hailed from Newburyport.

On th' yard arm we rigged a hook
  All shiny an' sharp, did we,
An' then we up an' took
  An' hanged by th' chin, Tom Lee.

Funny it was to see him kick,
  A-hangin' there by th' jaw;
The crew was tickled blue by th' trick,
  The cleverest they ever saw.

Full o' them waggish ways
  Was my old shipmate, Bill;
An' now he's spendin' his days
  In a gibbet atop o' a hill!

An' so I comes on pleasant days,
  An' a pipe an' 'baccy take,
To sit where Bill in his gibbet sways,
  For old times sake.

CHARLES WILCOX.

Narragansett Pier, R. I.

"Tough as Tripe."

As the World Wags:

"Tougher than tripe" and "As tough as tripe" are much more frequently used as colloquial similes than "tougher than Jenny Hunt's tripe" and "as tough as Jenny Hunt's tripe." Why, in a simile, should tripe be used as a synonym for something which is tough? Tripe is tender, is it not? Tripe is not used in any of the similes to express toughness which are given in Mr. Frank J. Wilstach's comprehensive work on similes, "A Dictionary of Similes." By

the way, can you explain the etymology of the familiar saying, "as thick as old Hunt and his wife"? Were those Hunts relatives of Jenny Hunt?

Brookline, Dec. 11. SCRUTATOR.

"Plain tripe is the first stomach, paunch, or rumen; honeycomb trip the second, or reticulum." We do not like tripe. Served, it looks to us like a piece of rubber door-mat, yet for years tripe has been considered by some a great delicacy. We quote from Moufet and Bennet's "Health's Improvement": "The taste of tripes did seem so delicate to the Romans that they often killed oxen for the tripes sake." There was tripe in the stew that Codlin and Short sniffed joyously late at night in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Tripe was—perhaps is—a special breakfast dish at the Manhattan Club in New York. Is not tripe an essential ingredient of pepper-pot dear to Philadelphians? Grandgousier told his wife at the great feast attended by stiff drinkers, brave fellows, and good players at nine-pins to eat sparingly of tripes which were no very commendable meat. Notwithstanding this admonition, Gargamelle, just before Gargantua was born, ate sixteen quarters, two bushels, three pecks, and a pipkin full, with disastrous results. We could fill a column with words in praise of tripe, yet to many the dish is a low and vulgar one, with or without onions. The word is used in contempt of persons and things: "Tripe-visaged rascal," as we say "pie-faced mutt"; a vulgar book, "a dish of literary tripe and onions." We find no proverbial saying, "tough as tripe" in the reference books; but in Lancashire they speak of a contented person as "happy as a cat in a tripe shop."—Ed.

MME. ALMA GLUCK AND ZIMBALIST GIVE CONCERT

Large and Enthusiastic Audience in Symphony Hall.

Mme. Alma Gluck, soprano, and Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall under auspices of the Bryn Mawr Club of Boston. Mme. Gluck sang songs by Rosa, Mozart, Handel, Arne and a group of folk songs. With her husband she sang Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," Leroux's "Le Nil" and Goodeve's "Fiddle and I." Mr. Zimbalist played pieces by Handel, Beethoven, Bach, Granados-Kreisler, Cui and Kreisler. Mr. Chotzinoff was the accompanist. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Mme. Gluck's golden voice is in itself a delight. This voice is now exquisitely pure in timbre, now tropically warm. Its melting richness is haunting and irresistible. Thus Mme. Gluck is admirably fitted by nature to be emotional in song. Already gifted with natural flexibility, she has devoted much attention to style. In certain respects, as in her mastery of legato, her vocal poise, her emotional sincerity, the singer's performance is excellent. Yet when she wishes to be vocally sophisticated, her singing of extremely florid music challenges criticism. Mme. Gluck's voice has not the lightness, the peculiar brilliance of the true coloratura singer, nor is she by her art able to establish the illusion. Her singing in rapid passages is not always clear.

Her tones are sometimes throaty. Not wholly at ease, her breath control is insecure and phrases that should be smooth and limpid are distorted. In Arne's famous song these defects were noticeable, and again in the Spanish folk song, a trap for applause. There was little brilliance in bravura. The other folk songs were better suited to the singer. She appeared to excellent advantage in Massenet's "Elegie," sung with Mr. Zimbalist, and in Leroux's song her luscious tones were those of the golden-haired maiden drifting with her lover between the sphinxes down the starlit waters of the Nile.

Mr. Zimbalist's playing is smooth, distinguished, a bit reserved. He plays easily. There is no thought of technical difficulties showily surmounted. His performance of the first three numbers radiated classical purity of outline. In the modern pieces there was perfection of style, beauty of tone, the semblance of emotion. It is to be hoped that this excellent artist will add more colors to his palette. At present his emotional discretion threatens to become monotony.

Dec 16 1911

SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 385); Wagner, songs with orchestra: Stehe Still, Tracume, Schmerzen, Wolf, songs with orchestra, Der Freund, Verborgenheit, Er ist's (Miss Elena Gerhardt); Tschaikowsky, Suite No. 1 in D minor, op. 43.

This symphony in D major of Mozart is ranked as one of the lesser ones, and there are traces of the fact that the composer thought of it first in the form of a serenade: witness the Andante and the Minuetto. It is said that he wrote it in great haste; but he had the gift of inventing before he set pen to paper. There are charming pages in this symphony, which is peculiarly Mozartian throughout. No wonder that the Austrian Emperor, who attended the concert when the symphony was first performed, was greatly pleased; and that the audience, as stated by a contemporary musical magazine, applauded in a manner "unexampled in the concert history of Vienna." There is the simplicity in this music that is described by Walt Whitman as "the art of art, the glory of expression, and the sunshine of the light of letters." This simplicity of Mozart is too often a stumbling block to those who are moved by the roar or ingenious trickery of the modern orchestra and do not concern themselves with the character of the musical thoughts, often thin, pale, inconsequential but robed in instrumental garments of gorgeous or extravagant colors.

Tschaikowsky's Suite had not been heard at these concerts since March, 1899. When Mr. Gericke brought it out, the amusing Marche Miniature was omitted, for, although the score contained it, the parts then at hand were without it. The music evidently pleased the audience yesterday, but as a whole the Suite is one of Tschaikowky's minor works. The salient features are the Fugue and the Marche. The former is impressively worked out. The latter, though to some it suggests a somewhat like treatment in a movement of the "Nutcracker" Suite, will always tickle hearers. We remember when the Suite was produced in Berlin by the Philharmonic Society then led by Franz Wuellner. We sat behind Heinrich Dorn, the teacher of Schumann, the author of a bitter pamphlet against "Tristan and Isolde," a savage critic, a thoroughly equipped musician. Berlin was not friendly, then, toward Tschaikowsky or other contemporary composers of France and Russia. Old Dorn and his companions nodded approval of the Fugue and were highly entertained by the Marche Miniature. This was in 1883. Alas, the fleeting years!

The Divertimento and Intermezzo are pleasingly melodious and adroitly colored; but the Introduction to the Fugue is weak and long-drawn out, and the Gavotte, having little character, as a finale is far inferior to the pompous and brilliant Polonaise that ends the Third Suite. In the Introduction to the Fugue and in the middle movements, except the Marche, there are too many examples of Tschaikowsky's worst mannerisms: as the frequent repetition of inconsiderable phrases tossed from one section of the orchestra to another.

Miss Gerhardt brought nothing new. Even "Stehe Still," unfamiliar perhaps to some in the audience, had been sung by her at a Pension Fund Concert; but she sang the songs of Wagner and Wolf with her accustomed warmth of feeling, her indisputable sincerity, and, when occasion demanded, with the "Innigkeit" that puts a hearer in close communion with a singer. She sings with such gusto, to use a favorite word of Hazlitt, that even when her intonation is occasionally insecure, an audience is unmindful. Yesterday, as a rule, she was vocally well-disposed.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be Liszt's "Faust" symphony, in which a male chorus from the Choral Music Society and Arthur Hackett, tenor, will assist, and Schumann's piano concerto, played by Mr. Paderewski.

Mrs. Leslie's Recital.

Mrs. Grace Leslie, mezzo-contralto, gave a recital in Steinert Hall last evening. Everett Titcomb was her accompanist. The program was as follows: Schubert, Aufenthalt; Brahms, Sapphische Ode, Der Schmied; Wolf, Bescheidene Liebe; Weingartner, Unter Sternen; Spanish folk song, Ouvre-Moi ta porte; Neapolitan folk song, Traditore; Verdi, O Don Fatale from "Don Carlos"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Oriental song; Moussorgsky, Song of the Hebrew Maiden; Debussy, Green, Lia's air from "The Prodigal Son"; Scott, Lullaby, Rogers, War; Titcomb, Two Sea Moods; The Sea Child, When I Stood Upon the Sands, also A Birthday.

Mrs. Leslie has a voice of contralto quality and liberal compass. The voice is resonant, vibrant, dramatic, a voice that suggests the opera; yet in the later group, of songs the singer showed that purely lyrical measures could be fitly expressed. Probably on account of nervousness, Mrs. Leslie lacked poise in her interpretation of the German songs. There was undue haste, a sort of restlessness, in "Aufenthalt" and in "Der Schmied," songs that are admirably suited to her voice, and the impressive song of Weingartner would have gained if the pace had been slower.

In the groups that followed Mrs. Leslie was much more at her ease. Her voice was under firmer control; her interpretation was more significant. She was especially effective in the beautiful songs of the Russians. When she came again to dramatic music, as Rogers' "War," she sang authoritatively and with rhetorical discrimination. In the last groups a certain hardness that was noticed earlier in upper tones disappeared. The tones had more body and a more sensuous quality. With this voice, dramatic instinct and musical feeling, Mrs. Leslie, with more experience in public concerts, should make her mark.

Mr. Titcomb, who has an agreeable touch, played sympathetically his accompaniments. His "Sea Moods" are aptly named, but the more obvious melody of "A Birthday" made a stronger appeal to the public.

There was an enthusiastic audience. The singer added to the program at the end.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Sothern's Book.

As the World Wags:

If you have delayed reading the Sothern book, remark, when you do so, the absolute fidelity that it displays in its ambitions to those of its author's mistaken theatrical industries. What the public wanted of him in the theatre was comedy, for which he had a strong vocation and many advantages; yet he chose to manifest himself as a tragedian with a total result of dull mediocrity.

What his public wanted of him in his book was an account of his theatrical doings and experiences; they had no further interest in him or his forebears, in his friends and their merely private doings and sayings. So far as his book sticks to its author it is above the average of interest of such books; but he has chosen to pad it insufferably with specimens of his various literary achievements, which are as dull as his Hamlet.

It is a queer reflection of the whole man, and so far admirable, only the whole man is not interesting.

Milton, Dec. 11. ABEL SEAMAN.

"Emptins."

As the World Wags:

As far back as I can remember, and that is to the days of the civil war, there was no "barm" in the old New England town which was my home. Neither was there a peripatetic yeast man with dismal horn and daughter fair, "slightly freckled, corn-colored hair"—it rhymes in spite of one! Had there been, my mother, who made yeast, for her own use, of a most excellent quality, would not have been so frequently summoned to her door by less efficient housewives beseeching "a cent's worth of 'emptins.'" "Emptins" being the vernacular for emptyings, which Webster states is "lees of beer, cider, etc., and U. S. for yeast." While "emptins" and yeast were used interchangeably, "emptins" was the word more frequently heard. R. B. S.

Roslindale.

"Bange" and "Old Tufts."

As the World Wags:

In regard to the word "bange" which J. W. H. inquires about in today's Herald, I can say that the word was in use in the western part of York county, Me., where I lived many years. As this is practically the same part of the county where J. W. H. lives, the word was apparently used in the same sense, of loafing or lounging about. I have heard "bange" and "banging-place" many times and they carry the idea of laziness or indolence; as I recall the use of the word it also has the idea of a warm or comfortable place as when a flock of hens "bange" in the sun on the southern side of a building or protecting wall, or when loafers "bange" around a warm stove in the country grocery store.

I would like to inquire if anyone in that same section of Maine and New Hampshire can give any information in regard to a character, historical or legendary, called "Old Tufts"? He seems to have been a sort of Robin Hood away back in the early times of the country who delighted in pranks of various sorts. He used to seal not so much apparently for the purpose of acquiring things as for the fun he got out of it. As, for instance, when he stole a man's hog in the darkness of night and then called the man himself from his house and sold him his own hog.

But the story I recall most distinctly is of the time "Old Tufts," on a stolen horse, was being pursued a little too closely by a posse of men. Perceiving that he would soon be overtaken, and on the lookout for some loophole of escape, he came to a piece of newly laid stone wall, still unfinished, by the side of the road. Having his presence of mind with him, he quickly hid the horse in the woods back from the road and, throwing off his coat, went to work industriously laying up the stone wall where some one else had left off. When the pursuers soon came up and inquired if he had seen a man go by on horseback, he told them such a man had just gone by, and that they would soon overtake him if they hurried on. Keeping industriously at his laborious task until his pursuers were out of sight on the road he had sent them on, he then put on his coat and mounted his horse and set off in the other direction as fast as he could go.

I have heard similar stories told of "Old Tufts" by a native of Gilmanton, N. H., and so have reason to suppose that he was a well known character over a wide section of New Hampshire and Maine. Some one in that section ought to be able to recall far more about him than I can.

Lancaster, Dec. 11. F. L. MUDGETT.

"Main Timber."

As the World Wags:

I find in Pepys's Diary (Wheatley's Ed.) under date of Sept. 21, 1666, the following:

"This day I had new stairs of main timber put to my cellar going into the yard."

In the old house in which I am living the cellar stairs are solid blocks of oak. I wonder if they are what Pepys means by "main timber."

WILLIAM DE WAMPTURE.

Wrentham, Dec. 12.

As Dr. Johnson remarked: "Sir, you may wonder." As yet we have found no definition of "main timber," but Sunday is near at hand and there will be hours for patient investigation. Ed.

In 1876.

As the World Wags:

The term "'varsity" is of distinctly English origin as applied to the crews of the competing universities of Oxford and Cambridge in their annual race on the Thames. If memory serves me right it was current in England about 1864-5. In this country no such term was applied to any college boat until 1876, when the first eight-oared race between Yale and Harvard was rowed at Springfield.

The crews of the regattas previously held at Springfield and Saratoga before that date were not eight-oared, and were designated only by their college names.

The similarity of the rowing conditions of the first two leading colleges of New England to those of the great universities of old England then became so apparent that naturally similar designations followed. Hence "'varsity." It's cockney! It may be vulgar, but most likely it is here to stay. G. ST. J. S.

Attleboro, Dec. 12.

Remy de Gourmont, commenting on Rostand's play "Cyrano de Bergerac," pointed out the dramatist's departures from the truth. Thus the real Cyrano was not a Gascon; he was of an old Parisian family. He was not a bully, a braggart, or particularly devoted to fencing. He fought duels, but did not seek them. Water was his drink. He cared little or nothing for women; no sentimental or amorous affair is attributed to him. Nor was he a lyric poet. Outside of his tragedy "Agrippine," there are hardly any verses except a mediocre sonnet. Gourmont did not discuss the size or shape or color of Cyrano's nose.

Cyrano was born in 1619. He died in 1655. Menage was born in 1613. He died in 1692.

Now in "Menagiana," a collection of the critical, historical, and learned observations of Menage, is this passage about Cyrano: "He was a great fencer. His disfiguring nose was the cause of his killing more than ten men. He could not bear any one that looked at it without drawing his sword." We quote from the third edition (1729). Elsewhere in "Menagiana" there are other statements that describe Cyrano as a ruffler, a hot head, a madman, but in the second volume some annotator contradicts the story of his madness.

Theophile Gautier began his delightful essay on the Cyrano of history by discussing the question whether a long nose is the emblem of wit, valor, all the fine and noble qualities that make a man great. He cited Caesar, Napoleon, Pierre Corneille. "Look at medals and portraits. You will find that heroes have the nose proportioned to the degree of their glory." Socrates was snub-nosed; but he confessed that he was born with vicious dispositions and only laziness held him back from being a great rascal. "The elephant whose intelligence puts many poets to shame owes it to the trunk, the prodigious extension of the nose." This reminds one of Victor Hugo's remark, that the wise men of India and the demigods before they wrote their sacred books consulted the elephant. Gautier, seeing the gigantic size and singular shape of Cyrano's nose as pictured in a frontispiece to the first volume of his works, studied this nose, analyzed, criticised, rhapsodized. At the extremity of it there was a streak "like unto, though more pronounced, the furrow that cut the cherry-red lip of Austrian Anne, the white queen with long hands of ivory." And so it seemed to Gautier that Cyrano, like certain hunting dogs, had two distinct noses on his face. It was this nose, Gautier said, that compelled Cyrano to fight duels nearly every day. "Not content with seriously wounding or killing those who did not appear to be satisfied with his smelling apparatus, he wished to establish the principle that every one should have a big nose; that the snub nosed were wretched abortions, creatures scarcely sketched, for whom nature blushed. It is in his 'Voyage a la lune' that he advances this singular paradox: In countries of the moon, if a snub nosed child is born, from fear lest in his manhood he will perpetuate this abominable deformity, they see to it that he is assured a soprano voice for the rest of his life." Without a huge nose, said Cyrano, there is no valor, wit, finesse, passion; nothing that makes the man. The nose is the seat of the soul. It distinguishes man from the brute, for no animal has a nose made like that of a man. To this Gautier answered: "Ah,

Monsieur Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac! It seems to me that you turn a little too plainly to the advantage the fable of the fox without a tail."

Gautier described Cyrano as given over to wine and women in his young years at Paris.

"'Twas then the time of beautiful Spanish and Italian adventuresses, proud and voluptuous creatures, loving love and good [illegible], blood and perfume; pale as [illegible], supple as the willow, strong as steel, with nose slightly arched, lip drawn back to its corners, with [illegible] eyes swimming and [illegible] hair thick and crinkly, [illegible] and almost royal hands, slim [illegible] whiter than the ivory of a fan; the [illegible] time of handsome and poetic [illegible], the time of scaled [illegible] silken ladders, ballets, masquerades of this Spanish gallantry serious and mad, devoted even to madness, [illegible] even to ferocity, the time of sonnets and the little poems, deep thrusts of swords, mighty draughts, extravagant gambling. A man threw his life out of the window, or scattered his soul to the winds, as if this were all he knew to do. He staked himself on a cast of the dice at every moment, he fought for himself or served as a second rather than to stand still with folded arms. Does one look at you? At once a duel. Does one pass you by unnoticed? Again a duel. The one insults you; the other despises you. And all this without boasting, with an admirable let-her-go and nonchalance, as if it were nothing more than to quaff a [illegible] of hippocras. What courage wasted on nothing! The money of a hundred thousand heroes squandered at the corners of cross-roads at night, under some lantern. In a society thus composed, Cyrano, a young man who had come only yesterday from Perigord, from the dwelling of a poor country priest, found the way to be known as 'the intrepid.' Magnificent debut."

How far we are from the Cyrano of Remy de Gourmont and possibly the man of history! Gourmont loved his Cyrano because he was a free-thinker, a "libertin" as a free thinker was then called, for the late essayist almost lost his calmness and raised his voice whenever any religion was mentioned before him. He loved Cyrano because he was the creator in France of the comedy in prose, the inventor of the imaginary and philosophical journey, the learned physician, the exponent of the wholly modern theory of auto-suggestion applied to cures by workers of miracles; the Cyrano, who died at an age when many writers of genius are still searching their path.

Is tradition, or Remy de Gourmont, to be trusted? The Cyrano of Menage, Gautier, Rostand is nearer to us than the "libertin" of Gourmont. Perhaps Gourmont did not dare to discuss the question of Cyrano's nose.

Much has been said of late about the small audiences here at recitals of singers, pianists, fiddlers in Steinert Hall and Jordan Hall. Not long ago a visiting pianist, not without merit, not wholly unknown here, drew about $10 to the boxoffice. Hearers were scattered in Jordan Hall, but the majority were deadheads, who tramped down the aisles during the first half-hour of the recital, and tramped up the aisles before the end, but they did duty by applauding vigorously and indiscriminately.

Does it ever occur to the younger men and women who give recitals here that they as a rule ask too high a price for hearing them? A few have charged $2 a seat. Nearly all think that the hearer should pay $1.50. They would probably say in reply that their "artistic dignity" would suffer if they were to ask only $1, even if they should then play or sing to a large and paying audience.

Mr. David C. Taylor has written a book of 113 pages entitled "New Light on the Old Italian Method: an Outline of the Historical System of Voice Culture, with a Plea for its Revival." The book is published by the H. W. Gray Company, New York.

Mr. Taylor some years ago attracted attention by his "Psychology of Singing," in which he attacked nearly all modern methods of instruction. This book at the time was called "revolutionary."

In the [illegible] book Mr. Taylor speaks of the current belief that "it is necessary to 'do something' in order to lead the voice to act properly." The scientific principles of vocal management embodied in modern systems of voice culture are in their nature mechanical. "They include the management of the breath, the control of the laryngeal action, the placing of the tone in the resonance cavities, the expansion of the throat, and a variety of other topics with which vocalists are generally familiar. In all of these principles the underlying idea is the same—to bring the will power to bear directly on some part of the vocal organs. No other idea of training the voice seems to be even thought possible . . . yet the old masters knew how to train the voice in a way which was the direct opposite of the present system.

Mr. Taylor believes that the old masters simply took the means which nature has provided for the management of the voice. There is nothing about management of breath, control of the vocal cord action, use of nasal resonance, etc. "Nature's provision for the guidance of the singer's vocal organs is the singer's own ear." This fact sums up the entire theoretical side of the old method. Mr. Taylor also believes that it is distinctly natural and normal for the voice to produce musical sounds. Unfortunately we all have heard "natural singers.' Too often our seats were not near the door.

Here is the book in a nutshell. "Beauty of sound is the basis on which the natural training of the voice rests. The old method did not concern itself with the mechanical features of the vocal action. Its process was to arrive at the correct manner of voice production through the singing of beautiful tones. This course was the direct opposite of the modern system, which seeks to reach beauty of tone by first making the vocal organs act in some way figured out in advance as correct."

There are these chapters after the first: The History of Voice Culture Before the Invention of Solo Singing; The Rise of the Italian School and Its Progress to the Year 1750; Literature of the Old Italian Method and Its Course to 1855; The Mechanical System and the Reason for Its Failure; The Ear as the Judge of Vocal Correctness; The Traditional Learning of the Old Masters; The Practical Course of Instruction in the Old Italian System: "Bel Canto" and Its Restoration Through a Revival of the Old Method.

There are curious statements in these chapters or curious facts, if you prefer. In the first half of the 17th century when there was a high standard of vocal perfection, the only training in the management of the voice which vocal students ever received before they went to successful masters was imparted in the sight singing classes. "Under the older instinctive system of voice culture, tone production was not considered in any sense a difficult matter, and teachers of any standing refused to be bothered with it. Their interest was centred only on the artistic elements of singing. While they recognized the fact that the correct management of the voice is essential to the mastery of advanced vocal technic, they looked upon tone production as too simple and elementary a matter to require their attention."

Books by old Italian teachers are discussed. Tosi's, which was translated into English in 1742 and reprinted in 1905 professes to cover the whole ground of instruction, but there are no directions for the mechanical management of the vocal organs. The subject of breathing is not mentioned. Mancini's famous "Riflessioni Pratiche" (1776) was published in English in this city three years ago. "It confines itself to a verbal description of the exercises and ornaments included in his system of instruction." The matter of vocal control was left to the guidance of the ear. So in the "Methode de Chant du Conservatoire de Musique" (Paris, 1803) there is no mention of the mechanical elements of tone production.

Mr. Taylor dismisses the reasoning of Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke ("Voice, Song and Speech," 1883), who tried to prove that the old masters had solved the vocal problem along strictly mechanical lines, as "fallacious." The scientific laws of the vocal action are beyond the grasp of the average vocal student. No one can consciously regulate the actions of laryngeal muscles; no one can apply directly the scientific laws for the management of the resonating cavities. The ear, it is the ear, that is the teacher. "Faults of production may be corrected, but the injury done to a voice by faulty use can never be entirely remedied. How often is it said that cultivation takes all the freshness out of a voice!"

The old masters had three simple rules: Sing with open throat, sing the tone forward, support the voice. They used the phrase "singing on the breath," but this was "the description of a quality of sound, not a rule for the management of the vocal organs."

The older operas demanded the same flexibility and command of voice from the men as from the women singers. Rossini's "Barber" was written for Manuel Garcia, the elder. "At present this opera is looked upon rather as a show piece for a coloratura soprano. It would probably be impossible now to select from all the singers of the world a cast capable of performing the same composer's 'Semiramide.' No one familiar with the history of modern singing will question the soundness of the old masters' faith in the study of coloratura as the best method of vocal cultivation. Almost without exception the really great dramatic singers have been graduates of the 'bel canto' method."

Let the pupil first control his voice in the accepted scientific manner, paying due attention to 14 items of vocal control. Mr. Taylor names them. Then let him repeat the same tones and passages without attention to the vocal organs or their workings. "Round out the voice, make it full and rich: sing the notes freely, with musical expression and feeling: listen to the tones, and let the artistic sense dominate the singing. See then if your judge does not decide that the voice sounds better, and the whole effect is more pleasing and artistic, in the second style of singing."

Let vocal teachers consider their ways and repent. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Taylor's views his book is good reading. Was it not Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, who, in his book said that he had taught a man in New York, some broker or other grossly commercial person, to sing delightfully in a few months—or was it a few weeks?—by a course of natural instruction?

Notes About Concerts, Music and Musicians

Not very long ago I announced in this column that the French so-called "cubist" composer, Erik Satie, is about to visit London, his health permitting, in December, to take part in a concert of his music, given by Mr. de Lara, M. Jean-Aubry to be the "interpreter," as it were. The name of Satie is an almost unknown quantity here, so, in view of his forthcoming visit a word or two about him may not come amiss. The story goes that ere he had become famous Satie was a humble musician at the Montmartre cabarets, where he earned the few sous which kept his body and soul together by playing the piano. At the famous "Chat Noire" (was not this the temple in which the divine Yvette Guilbert first exhibited her talent?) Satie played his own sketches regularly, and there his popularity was supreme—and, indeed, he was till comparatively recently still, I believe, unknown to fame elsewhere. Then, one fine day, he awoke suddenly to the fact that he was never likely to be more widely known if he persisted in his cabaret manner. So he began to label his compositions with curious titles (Percy Grainger seems to belong to the same "school" in this respect). In due course there appeared, therefore, a "Fantasy in the Form of a Pear," "The Drinking Song of a Dog," "The Lobster Hunt," and so on; and he wrote explanatory comments under the musical phrases, thus: "This is the hunt after the lobster: the hunters descend to the bottom of the water. They run. The sound of a horn is heard at the bottom of the sea. The lobster is tracked down. The lobster weeps." In early days Satie wrote humble sarabandes and serenades before he "awoke," when he composed "She Who Talks Too Much," the "Skinny Dance," and the pieces named. Then, too, he has parodied Chopin and Puccini and Chabrier and a host more besides, and has actually asked his interpreters to play one of his pieces, "Sur du velours jaunie, sec comme un coucou, leger comme un oeuf"! (on faded velvet, dry as a cuckoo, light as an egg). Satie was born in 1866 and studied for a time at the Paris Conservatoire. In the music of his with which I am acquainted he disregards the bar line altogether. On the whole, then, his appearance here will be interesting for more reasons than one, and Mr. Jean-Aubrey's explanatory talk upon his work will clearly be most useful.—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 25.

The Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of Ysaye's Third Poem for violin, "Chant d'Hiver": "containing some beautiful writing, but, alas! following the fashion that ordains that a poem should be longer than it is broad." Of Albert Mallinson's songs, the same reviewer says: "They are, one and all, well written lyrics, with a great deal of expressive quality and considerable musicianship. It is Mr. Mallinson's misfortune rather than his fault that they follow the German rather than the English manner, for he came at a time when it was still the prevailing belief that salvation must be sought in the German classics. He has sought his precisely where so many of our writers of chamber music have sought theirs, but, somehow, in the vocal medium, the fact becomes more patent. It is a great pity, for many of the songs are little masterpieces of their kind. 'Slow, horses, slow' is quite a gem. But in others an alien sentimentality forces its way to the surface and reminds us of songs that are being given a rest just now." Mrs. Mallinson, formerly Anna Steinbauer, a Danish soprano, sang some of her husband's songs on Nov. 24. The Daily Telegraph said that songs like "Slow, horses," and the "terribly, almost horribly poignant 'A Blood-Red Ring' are striking examples of homogeneity and character in text, voice and piano . . . His 'accompaniments' (hideous term in this connection) are shining examples to his lyric compatriots of something like perfection in their art-way." We have heard songs by Mallinson in Boston that impressed us as being amiably commonplace.

John Francis Barnett, the composer, died in London on Nov. 24. The Times published this obituary notice: "He was born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and his music represents with great accuracy the ideals of the more refined English musicians of the early Victorian period. As a composer he has long ceased to be a factor in contemporary art, but one may occasionally find a performance of his once popular cantata, 'The Ancient Mariner,' announced by a provincial choral society, to recall the fact that he used to fill a prominent place among native composers. He was, in fact, one of the group of men in this country who were influenced by the early romanticists of Germany, and who responded to that influence without seeing what the logical outcome of the movement would be. Sterndale Bennett was the chief and strongest of them; Barnett's position at one time was considered very little behind that of Bennett. He followed the same ideals, the combination of classical style with gentle romantic feeling which could never advance very far, but which was sufficiently fresh in its day to arrest the attention of a people nourished on more prosaic musical fare. Such cantatas as 'The Ancient Mariner,' 'Paradise and the Peri,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'The Building of the Ship,' were, with kindred things, from Bennett and Macferren, a refreshing change from the tedious oratorios which preceded them, and piano pieces such as 'The Ebbing Tide' and 'The Flowing Tide' had a vein of poetry which made them a blessed relief to young ladies brought up on Czerny and Hummel. Barnett, like so many of our 19th century composers, did not probably realize where his strength lay, and he probably would have preferred to make his success with the oratorios and larger orchestral works which he brought forward from time to time. However, he had not enough originality to enable him to do lasting work in the bigger forms, though in slighter things he did good service. He was an able pianist, and when a young man he played at the Gewandhaus at Leipzig, and soon after before the London Philharmonic Society, both at that time among the highest honors which a young pianist could covet. Later, however, all the time which was not spent upon composition was devoted to teaching, both privately and as a member of the staff of the Royal College of Music and the Guildhall School of Music."

Inquiries have been made in Parliament concerning which tribunal it was that exempted Sir Thomas Beecham, who is 37 years old, from military service.

"Young England," a new musical play, book by Basil Hood, music by George H. Clutsam and Hubert Bath, was produced at Birmingham, Eng., on Nov. 29. Drake is the hero. The Birmingham Daily Post said: "It is a pleasure to hear music in the lighter style that bespeaks the craftsman in every bar. Mr. Clutsam and Mr. Bath every now and then show that they have grasped the great truth that the way toward a revival of genuine English light opera lies through an idealization of the English popular style."

A new opera, "Savitri," in one act, by Gustav von Holst, was produced by students of the London School of Opera on Dec. 5. The subject is the triumph of Love over Death. "Only 12 instruments are used in the orchestra, which is augmented by an invisible chorus, the members of which produce only sounds without words."

The much lamented death of Capt. F. S. Kelly, D. S. O., killed in action last week, adds one more name to the list of musicians who have sacrificed their all. Capt. Kelly was wont to be chaffed as a fine pianist for a winner of the Diamond sculls, or, reciprocally, a fine sculler for a pianist. He was a fine musician, however, a fine fellow and a typical Briton, his loss is great—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 25.

Miss Viola Tree gave a recital of French songs in London on Nov. 27. The Times remarked: "It is so delightful to watch Miss Tree, to hear what she has to tell us, and to taste the general effect of the music that we forget that she does not sing in tune. Happy in this forgetfulness, we manage with her help to get at the life of a song."

Mr. de Pachmann played Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise with orchestra and from the book in London on Nov. 25. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "As a result, he appeared to pick his way as he went. His touch was as good as ever, but the quaint little hesitations that punctuated his performance must have worried the accompaniment at least as much as they did the listener." The Times: "It is unnecessary to speak of the exquisite neatness of M. de Pachmann's handling where the ornaments of Chopin were concerned. These things were as beautifully done as ever, but towards the end of the afternoon one longed for something big and clumsy and purposeful."

Concerning Elgar's second symphony, which, the Pall Mall Gazette says, many "discerning" people prefer to the more popular first. "Save in the elegaic slow section its hues are more vivid, and the basic ideas are less suggestive of the smell of incense. If the expression may be forgiven, it is better ventilated." Tschaikowsky's first suite was played at the same concert—the suite heard here last week at the Symphony concerts. The Times said: "The firm, hard outline of the Tschaikowsky was happily balanced by the dissolving views of the Elgar. They are neither of them beautiful music. We have authority for this in the program, which told us how little Balakireff could find to admire in the first, and quoted the motto the second, 'Rarely comest thou spirit of delight,' which gives a hint of the way in which the composer intends to surround his rose with thorns. The themes of both of them promise little on paper, and keep their promise. But it is quite a tenable theory that music was never intended primarily to be beautiful. It is an epitome of the life of the universe, and that is not at all times beautiful—only strong, true and infinitely various."

If the Bruges carillon has become metal for war, very sweet-voiced ancient bells have been silenced for ever, but no very interesting tunes. "Never," writes a correspondent, "was expectant ear so disappointed as mine by that famous belfry. When I first went to Bruges the carillon was out of order and remained

so for the month of my stay. But on Sundays a human 'carillonneur' used to go up the tower and improvise on the bells with a hammer. But when I went to Bruges for a second visit the machinery was all right, and the chimes rang automatically, as they should. But did they play anything mediaeval or Flemish? No; a tune of Mozart's—a charming tune, but disconnected from Flanders—was cut into pieces; two bars for the quarter, four bars for the half hour, six bars for the three quarters, and the whole unfortunate tune for the hour, all day and all night. The chime of three quarters, leaving the melody suspended for 15 absurd minutes, was intolerable."—London Daily Chronicle.

FOR FRENCH MUSICIANS

The wives and children of killed and wounded French musicians will benefit by the concert to be given tonight at the Copley Theatre under the direction of the department of music of Harvard University, to swell the fund being gathered by leading musicians and musical organizations in this country. The artists are to be Albert Spalding, violinist; John Powell, pianist, and M. Andre Benoist, accompanist.

Members of the Boston branch of the national committee for the relief of the families of French musicians, of which W. R. Spalding of Harvard is an active worker, will have tickets on sale at the theatre this evening.

Sonata in D.....Handel
Prelude de Deluge.....Saint-Saens
Moto Perpetuo.....Burleigh
Alabama.....Spalding
Hungarian Dance No. 1.....Brahms-Joachim
Abendlied.....Schumann
Polonaise in D.....Wieniawsky
Mr. Spalding.

Sonata Appassionata.....Beethoven
Nocturne in F major.....Chopin
Impromptu in F sharp.....Chopin
Scherzo in C sharp minor.....Chopin
Carnaval.....Schumann
Mr. Powell.

HAROLD BAUER GIVES ANOTHER RECITAL HERE

Pianist Arouses Enthusiasm in Large Audience.

Harold Bauer gave his second piano recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Fantasia in C major, op. 17, Papillons Toccata; Chopin, Ballades in F major, F minor, A flat and G minor, Etude in C minor, Nocturne in F-sharp minor, Scherzo in C-sharp minor.

Chopin's four ballades were an interesting feature of the program. Heard thus in succession they gave food for thought and comparison. It is said that the composer found his inspiration for these works in the poems of the Polish poet, Mickiewicz. The ballades in F minor and F major are less familiar, less often played than their companion pieces, perhaps because of the striking difficulties of technic. It is said that Schumann preferred the work in G minor to any of Chopin's compositions and that the composer of the ballades himself, echoed this sentiment. The fire of Chopin's genius never burned more brightly than in these four pieces, widely contrasted in mood, throbbing with emotion, telling strange and fascinating stories.

Mr. Bauer played superbly. What new praises can be found to describe his caressing touch, his magnificent technic, his fine mental and emotional equipment. He is master of the art of pedalling and in this respect thinks for himself and with authority. At the command of his skilled fingers the piano voices sentiment, humor, passion, nobility. His playing has true strength artistically controlled. It also has rare delicacy.

His admirable characteristics were fully revealed in Schumann's Fantasia, in the four ballades, but perhaps the feature of the concert was the extraordinary brilliance displayed in Schumann's "Papillons" and Toccata.

A large audience was justly enthusiastic. Mr. Bauer will give his third recital on Friday afternoon, Jan. 26.

Dec 18 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

"Would you deprive me, sir," says he, "of the title which was bawrn be me princelee ancestors in a hundred thousand battles? In our own green valleys and fawrests, in the American savannahs, in the sierras of Speen and the flats of Flandthers, the Saxon has quailed before me war cry of MULLIGAN ABOO! Mr. Mulligan! I'll pitch anybody out of the window who calls me MR. Mulligan." He said this, and uttered the slogan of the Mulligans with a shriek.

Speaking of Names.

As the World Wags:

The subject of variations in spelling of family names is particularly interesting to me as I am the inheritor of one which can boast of a greater number of cacophonic synonyms than can be found in the usual run of surnames which have been derived from another language.

It belongs to a group which in passing from the original Gaelic into English "as she is spoke" assumed a variety of forms which seem to bear little relation to each other in sound or spelling, yet they are homophonetic when pronounced by a Celtic tongue.

Except for the prefix "Mac," which signifies "son" or "the son of," the name itself (i.e., the patronymic as it is spelled in all of the variations to which the prefix is attached), is not a Gaelic word, and it requires some stretching of the imagination to be able to connect all the varieties of spelling with the original stem from which they are derived.

"Mc Aoidh" or "M' Aodh" is the Gaelic patronymic and it has been variously Anglicized "the son of the stranger or the guest" and "the son of Hugh"—the latter, as one writer has it, "because of some fancied resemblance" between the Teutonic Hugo from which Hugh is derived and Aodh, or Aoidh (dh mute), a common proper name among the Gaelic (Highland Scottish and Irish) people whose language was probably the only one used in what is now called Great Britain when Julius Caesar first landed there some half a century before Christ.

The antiquity of this ancient tongue is vouched for by all the bards. Gaedhil (Gael) was a friend of Moses and the language spoken then was Pelasgian, another name for Celtic, of which Gaelic is a branch, and James McCampbell assures us "it was spoken by our first parents, and in Paradise flowed from the lips of fair Eve."

But that is another story. What I want to say is: After the rebellion of 1745, in which the clan system was broken up and the Highlanders ceased "cutting each other's throats and trying the thickness of each other's skulls," intercourse with the English-speaking people in the lowlands and in Albion became common and the confusion of names began.

When a Celt was asked his name he would give his father's name coupled with the prefix Mac. Probably no greater difficulty was experienced by the Sassenach in finding a decent equivalent for a personal appellation than this very "Aoidh,"—"for few indeed could frame to pronounce it right." Some were easy, as Mac Ian, "the son of John" became Johnson, Mac Donald became Donaldson, Mac Neil became Neilson, Mac Feargus became Ferguson, and so on.

But, Aoidh "ah! there's the rub!" What did they do? They gave it the sound of "I" and in some musty records I find "Mac Aoidh" appearing as "Mac I," and again as "Mac Y." Another time Aodh "Mac Aodh" is recorded "Y M' Y," which, we are informed, "sounds like a grunt." Then came a strong man, Donal, who married the daughter of Mac Neil of Gigha and their son Aoidh became the founder of clan Mac Aoidh—Anglicized Mac Kay and always pronounce "Mac I." Of this name I have discovered 64 variants. How could such a thing be? Why that's easy. Take "Mac," "Mack," "Macc," "Mc," "M'," "Mc K," "Mc G" ("g" has the same sound as "k" in Gaelic), "Mc C," and give to the patronymic "Aoidh" any vowel sound which suits your fancy—for the terminal "dh" is silent—and you can readily see you have the material with which Anglicized Gaelic surnames can be constructed ad. inf.

Just a few examples to show you how it's done: Mackay, Mac Kay, Mc Kay, M' Kay; or Macoy, Mac Coy Mc Coy, M' Coy. Do you see? So you can have all the changes apply to such of the more common forms of the name as Mac Cay, Mac Kie, Mac Kee, Mac Ghie, Magee, Mac Quay, Mac Quoi, Mac Quey—Makki, Mac Iye, Mac Ye, etc., etc., etc.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN M'COY.
Somerville.

"The Liberator."

As the World Wags:

On page 128 of Lyman Abbott's "Reminiscences," he says, in speaking of the celebrated religious revival, in the United States in 1858, that "to the Boston 'Liberator,' the organ of Thomas Paine's infidelity, it was an 'epidemic.'" Was "The Liberator" "the organ of Thomas Paine's infidelity"?

INQUIRER.
Brookline.

Medicinal Brass.

As the World Wags:

As my quondam cook and deck-hand, now butler and chef since we have taken to land-living, slid in with the soup this evening, I glimpsed a tiny adornment encircling his little finger. "What is that?" I demanded.

"Oh, him gold ring I buy dis mornin', sir."

"Gold?" says I.

"Yezir—he brass un'erneat', he only ten cent."

"But why didn't you buy a man sized ring?" put in the First Mate.

"Big ring make too much disturbance on me finger, mum."

"Takitoff," says I, "the gilt'll wear off and the brass will poison you, not that I care for that, but it'll get into the food."

"Yezir, but dere de llans we wears brass on de arm—it keeps de stifniss out."

I'm asking Mr. Shaghellion if Liverpool Jarge wore brass for this same reason?

F. A. F.
Chestnut Hill.

"THE MESSIAH" GIVEN BY HANDEL-HAYDN SOCIETY

Symphony Hall Performance Attended by 3000 Persons.

Three thousand persons attended the 135th performance of Handel's "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society in Symphony Hall last night. That they thoroughly enjoyed the singing of soloists and chorus was quite evident from the generous applause given to all.

The soloists were Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano; Miss Christine Miller, alto; Reed Miller, tenor, and Wilfred Glenn, bass. In her first number, "There Were Shepherds Abiding in the Field," Mrs. Littlefield was not at her best, but she improved as the evening progressed. She was heartily applauded after singing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

Mr. Miller sang exceptionally well. His singing of "Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart" was especially well received.

Miss Miller received a generous amount of applause after each solo. Perhaps her best number was "He Shall Feed His Flock Like a Shepherd," in the second part.

Mr. Glenn's singing was even throughout.

The work of the chorus was of a high order. The playing of the pastoral symphony by the orchestra was well done and received merited applause.

Emil Mollenhauer conducted. H. G. Tucker was at the organ.

The performance will be repeated tonight. Miss Grace Northrup will sing the soprano solos.

Benefit Performance Given for Permanent Relief Fund—

An interested and attentive audience attended the benefit for the British, French, Belgian permanent blind war relief fund at the Boston Opera House last night. Those present not only paid liberal prices for their seats, but also contributed generously when after the showing of war pictures an appeal for aid for this special work was made.

Sergt.-Maj. Robert Middlemass, who himself is a victim of the war, was the most striking figure of the evening.

Roused Deep Sympathy.

Artists of skill contributed their services, but this Scottish non-commissioned officer with his blinded eyes staring out into the body of the opera house from the stage, aroused a feeling of sympathy which was inescapable.

Raymond Hitchcock, who has already given liberally of his time and energy to the Allied Bazaar did his bit by a stump speech on Boston blue laws and by singing one of his old favorite musical comedy songs.

The others who assisted were: Orrin Bastedo, accompanied by Romualdo Sapio, Miss Lucile Orrell, Miss Belle Story with Emil J. Polack as accompanist, and Hugh Allen.

A. Spalding violinist
John Powell, pianist
at Copley Hall
Dec. 19, 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

When the Whale hungereth sore, he casteth out of his mouth a vapor, that smelleth as the smell of amber; and fish have liking in that smell, and for the odor and smell of that vapor, they go into the Whale's mouth, and be so deceived and eaten. Also in this fish earthy matter hath more mastery than watery, and therefore he is soon great and fat; and so in age for greatness of body, on his ridge powder and earth is gathered, and so digged together that herbs and small trees and bushes grow thereon; so that that great fish seemeth an island.

The Story of Symondsby.

As the World Wags:

Them letters that John Shaghellion—I don't call him Mr. because any lubber could tell by his language that he never slept aft the main hatch—them letters that he writes remind me of a man I was shipmates with once, cruising on the blubber hunter Sary B. Hale in '53, the cruise we sent home and brought back 5730 barrels and fourteen pound of amber grease.

I never wrote to any paper before except to protest the tax rate once in the Item and Bee, and don't know how I'll log it on this trip but I'll serve you the yarn all ship shape in as few words as I can.

Well sir, we was laying pretty well down beyond Butler's flats, just far enough so's the men couldn't swim ashore, awaiting for two hands tnat old Bible back Gardner, the feller the chanty was written about, that, he was going to deliver aboard before the tide turned. Old Elkanah Sherman was skipper, John Swift was mate, he that was killed in a bar room in St. Helena in '61, and I was second mate. Little after eight bells, old Gardner hove alongside and hails us, saying he has the two hands.

"Heave 'em aboard, Mr. Gardner," sings out Elkanah. "Tide's turning and we're a long ways from the Trusteens." So old Gardner he hove the two stiffs in the gangway and I got a couple of men and passed them down the forecastle scuttle me having the deck at the time.

Well sir, the next morning when we called all hands, one of them new ones was as dead as Noah, and must have been just abous as long. The old man was wilder'n old Tilly, and swore so he singed his chin whisker, that old Gardner and Brightman had been selling this same man for six months, and then when the ship cleared, they'd be down on Mishaum ready to pick him up when they'd hove him over, and he had washed ashore, so's they could sell him over again. But Elkanah he fooled them this time, for we carried him, not Elkanah but the dead one, on the main hatch till we'd dropped No Ma's Land astern before we hove him overboard with a piece of Fairhaven rock at his feet.

But the other feller was alive enough. He was a britisher named Symondsby. Now I don't mean just a ordinary limejuicer, but a high up social feller. He swore he was a Lord, and one of the fellers forard nick named him Lord Forgive Us, which started a pretty good little ruction for a while. First thing he did was to come to Elkanah and says: "I say, me man, this will never do. I was taken on board this bloody craft while unconscious and you can be held liable if I am not sot on shore." Old Elkanah give a snort and hollers "A damn sea laywer!" and cuffs Symondsby so hard he near stove up the try works when he lit. That was about all we heard from him about going ashore. Mr. Swift and I had the usual argyment with the hands forard, which I have always found hard on the hands—I mean the mate's hands, not the sailors forard. So Symondsby was told he was signed on for a four years cruise on a 150th lay, and began to figger it up in pounds and shillings and we didn't hear no more.

Eleven months out we was a little off the Crozets. John Swift had left the Sary B. Hale in St. Helena to go mate on the Sea Lion, and I was mate. One morning the man at the foremast head raised white water that turned out to be a little 40-barrel bull sperm whale, about a mile off our weather bow, coming quarterly towards us. I lowered and we got up to him without no trouble, and Ezra Wampanockett, my boat steerer came from Mashpee, and good a whaleman as ever darted an iron, he made fast to him, and off went the fish hellbent.

Well, sir, soon as that fish sot off, knew we'd struck the liveliest whale I ever see, and I've whaled it from the Arctic to the Indian, and up in the Japan sea, man and boy. He hit up such a clip that the pressure of the water started to force in the bow planking and we all had to pile aft to lift her nose out of the water. Then all to once he sounded. He went down so fast that I didn't have no time to cast the line of the loggerhead, and he took boat, crew and all down with him.

I kicked off my boots, and a Portuguee that had a clove hitch round my legs riz to the top of the water and found the spare line tub, and got hold of it, and we all floated around on oars and thwarts and such till the Sary came down to us, we being to looard of her and picked us up, all but the Englishman. We couldn't find hide, hair nor gristle of him, and we cruised around there for much as half an hour, probably an hour. We all made up our minds he was lost, probably having got an arm or leg caught in a bight of the line. I see old Capt. Warren Nickerson, not the Warren that lost the Matilda Eldridge, but his father, I see him, old Warren I mean, not young Warren, get his arm caught in a half-hitch, and if it had tightened before he pulled it out he would have lost it sure, only he gave a little flip, and it dropped off and fell around a Kanaka's neck and pulled his head right off and took it overboard.

Now I dont know how deep it was there, but it must have been pretty deep, for we cruised around quite a spell, and then the old man called hands by the main hatch to ask them if they were satisfied if he had done all that could be done to find him. I was standing by the try works, picking at a brick that was a little loose, and all to once I felt a thump and I thought sure we'd hit a rock.

"What the hells that?" yells Elkanah. "Get below, Anderson, and see if anything's started." Anderson he was the carpenter. He was a good carpenter but he was a Finn, and you know they say they can tell what the weather's going to be. The men forard believed this,

The author has described this enter-

...ut they were generally... never seen ... Finn ... weather myself at least not more than once or twice.

Anderson ... jumped below and I right after him, all the other ... to the rail to see if they could see anything over the side. We got down in the lower hold, and Anderson lighted a little candle and we crawled along the planks in amongst the oil barrels looking for a hole.

All to once I heard Anderson swear in Finn. I ... barking my shins on the ca... and there was Symondsby's head sticking up through the planks clean inside the ship as far as his ... He had been carried so far below by the whale that it had taken ... all the time to get up to the surface, and in the mean time the old ... B. Hale had happened to ... right on top of him and he was coming up so fast that he driv his head right through her planks and ... up the hole so nice that she didn't leak a drop. Of course he was dead, and the old man says to leave him right there, as he plugged the hole up fine. Seems he had drank so much lime juice that it had sort of soured him and puckered up his head till it was just like a bullet, and the force he hit the ship didn't even started a bone in it.

We used to go below every once in a while with a candle to look at him, and always found him right there, and he would have been there when we got home, only the old barky hit an uncharted rock off Ascension and was lost with seven hands.

(Capt.) MARTIN GALE.

Falmouth, Dec. 16.

Dec 20 1916

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Augustus Pitou, Inc., presents Fiske O'Hara, the singing comedian, in "His Heart's Desire," a romantic comedy in three acts by Anna Nichols and Adelaide Mathews. (Production under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus Building Association for the erection of the proposed Catholic Social Centre building.) First performance in Boston. The cast:

Sir Larry O'Neil	Fiske O'Hara
Lord Henry Beresford	Pirie Bush
Paddy Tam	J. P. Sullivan
Jonas Slatts	William T. Sheehan
Mollie McGarry	Patricia Clary
Norah O'Neil	Elizabeth Paige
Lady Alice O'Neil	Lisle Leigh
Biddy Tam	Lou Ripley
Lord Dunwoodie	J. E. Miller

The performance was late in beginning and the waits between the acts seemed unnecessarily long. There was a small audience, though the performance, interesting from many angles, warranted a much larger attendance. The enthusiasm of those present were unmistakable, however. There were many curtain calls for the star, flowers were passed over the footlights and Mr. O'Hara, unfortunately, was prevailed upon to leave the picture to make a speech.

Is Tailored to Fit.

The play is obviously tailored to the measure of Mr. O'Hara. In fact, it is not easy to think of it minus this well graced comedian. Built on the much hackneyed theme of mistaken identity it is, to say the least, given an interesting development. The dialogue is often amusing in its delightful bits of blarney, and then there is the pleasantly ever recurring interruption of song by Mr. O'Hara, often deliberately brought about, but none the less the joy of the performance. In a word, the play might best be described as "pretty." And, best of all, the authors and the comedian have an interesting romance ... the red crop wig, the shillalah and the leering Michael Feeneys.

The story is simple. Mollie McGarry will have nothing in common with the O'Neil's. Sweet and pretty, but with a sharp tongue, she is piqued at the arrival of Sir Larry O'Neil. With the latter is his friend, Lord Henry Beresford. But O'Neil is already Mollie's ardent slave and he voices his sentiments in song. Alive to the situation he passes himself off as the secretary to Beresford and the courtship proceeds. Lady Alice O'Neil's interference offers the single complication, and Mollie in despair endeavors to run away. Thwarted in her move, Sir Larry not only reveals his identity but has the papers that read of a rich inheritance for Mollie. Incidentally the romance of Beresford and Norah is also completed after the conventional manner.

Knows Value of Nuance.

Mr. O'Hara's performance was interesting in speech as well as in song. Knowing the value of a nuance, he was always intelligent in his coloring of this or that tone. The possessor of a delightful personality, he is, first of all, the singer. He was especially fortunate in his lucid conveyance of the text. With all his songs there was always a picture conjured up before the eye of the listener. The possessor of a sweetly sympathetic voice, he aroused great enthusiasm in sustained song, and there was always the suggestion of reserve. Mr. O'Hara sang "Be Sure and Kiss the Blarney Stone," "Mollie Mine," "Heart's Desire" and "That's How the Fairies Came to Ireland." The first two were poorly orchestrated. The singer was generous in lengthening his program.

Many of the cast gave pleasure, nota-

... the Molly McGarry of Patricia Clary ... a ... wistful miss, she might have stepped out of a picture. Viewing her last evening there was small wonder that Larry was quickly turned into an ardent lover. It is a pleasure to recall ... the first act, as she majestically swept down the grand staircase with all the airs of a queen of a ...

Next Saturday evening will be

"Beauty night" at the Boston Opera House, for Miss Catheryn V. Devine, who will be Miss Boston at the big Preparedness Bazaar in New York, will be the guest of honor and will occupy a box.

AT KEITH'S

A Christmas tree for the kiddies, a real Santa Claus at all matinee performances, and Emma Carus with all her old fire and personality for the kiddies and the grown-ups as well, is enough to insure a real all-star show, but B. F. Keith's Theatre goes just one step better this week, with several star acts.

At yesterday's matinee, hundreds of children were made happy by the Keith management with a mammoth tree, lighted up in real old fashioned, Christmasy fashion, Santa Claus in all of his toyland togs, and gifts for every little boy and little girl who attended. It was an act that could not be resisted and will be repeated at each matinee during the week.

Emma Carus Leads.

Emma Carus, a little stouter, but just as full of pep as ever, with Larry Comer, Beau Brummel of Songland, heads the bill. She sings and she dances and she lets her audiences see that she has gained several pounds advoirdupois.

One of the cleverest laugh-acts that has played Keith's during the present season is "The Night Boat," a comedy by John B. Hyner, featuring Elsie Glynn as the flirting wife of the Hudson River night boat captain. The comedy has two scenes, the first, the boat pier, the second the berth deck of the steamer. It is a wealth of fun from start to finish.

"Lady Gossip," billed as a comedy of morals by Edgar Allen Woolf, with Miss Laura Burt in the leading role, is here for the first time. The act is a clever bit of satire on an evil of modern society, entertainingly dialogued and cleverly acted.

Marion Weeks, the coloratura soprano, is back again at B. F. Keith's for the week. Although not particularly strong, her voice is sweet and has a wealth of volume. Her high notes are particularly clear, even to her G above high C.

Others on the bill are the Australian Creightons, in gymnastic eccentricities, here for the first time; Phina and company, in a lively singing and dancing act; Geroge Rosener, presenting characteristic types, first time here; Jimmie Hussey and William Worsley in "The Fox Hunters," and George and Dick Rath in feats of strength and endurance.

Copley Theatre

By SALITA SOLANO.

A Merry Christmas and a long life to the Jewett Players! Of all the theatrical institutions in Boston it is the one to place emphasis on the artistic rather than the commercial, side of the drama. It is doing for this city what Grace George's Repertory Theatre, the Washington Square Players, the Portmanteau Theatre and other small but faithful bands are doing for New York. In such tiny beginnings rest the seeds of the future American theatre.

This week a special bill, appropriate to the season, is being given. It is composed of three one-act plays and Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" in six scenes. The best of the playlets is "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" by that usually irrepressible humorist, W. W. Jacobs. In this instance, however, Mr. Jacobs has done a rather blood-curdling bit of drama. At least it was so intended and it is not in the least his fault if the Jewett Players have chosen to convert a tragic and logical ending into one more fitting to the season of the year. We fear that even the patrons of the Copley Theatre want their happy endings once in a while!

"The Chance," a melodrama of crooks, and "The Morning After the Night Before," an agile little farce, preceded the familiar Dickens story. This was arranged from the novel and an old book play by Mr. Jewett and Leonard Craske. The entire action takes place in Scrooge's office. All other scenes are shown through a scrim in a small space at the back of the stage. The spirit of the book was admirably conveyed and the company gave its customary excellent accounting.

The next bill will be "The Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, to be followed by "The Odd Man Out," a Harold Brighouse play. Shaw's "Man and Superman" is announced for the second week in January. The next two bills are "Dr. Wake's Patient," first American production, and Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance."

Dec. 20 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Measured Beauty.

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in the descriptions of the beauty contests and the choice of Miss Boston to represent your city. It seems to me that as an anthropologist and sociologist I might have been invited to serve on the committee for observation and examination. As yet I have seen no table of measurements. If I had been on the committee, I should have insisted on the measuring tape, and in spite of my natural and well known modesty I could have been persuaded to use it with my own hands.

The other day I saw in a New York newspaper pictures of Cleopatra, Annette Kellerman and the Venus of Milo. Underneath each one was a table of measurements. And there was this caption with special application to Miss Kellerman: "Do not let cruel fortune cheat you of the radiant pleasure and privilege of witnessing the paragon of physical perfection and pulchritude in the full refined measure of her glory and grace."

I have seen Miss Kellerman and the Venus of Milo. I have not seen Cleopatra except on the stage. What I wish to know is, who took Cleopatra's measurements? See how precise they are: Height, 5 ft. 5; neck, 13.7; waist, 29.3; hips, 39.6; shoulders, 40; upper arm, 12.6; fore arm, 9.5; chest, 33.4; length of foot, 9.3. Again I ask, Who took these measurements? Caesar, Young Pompey, or Mark Antony? Plutarch does not inform us. Yet here are figures that might have come from a corset maker, dressmaker or professor of physical culture then living at Alexandria.

I have my doubts about Cleopatra's surpassing beauty, and for these reasons: First of all there is Plutarch: "Now her beawtie (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet suche, as upon present viewe did enamor men with her: but so sweete was her companie and conversacion, that a man could not possiblie but be taken. And besides her beawtie, the good grace she had to talke and discourse, her curteous nature that tempered her words and dedes, was a spurre that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voyce and words were marvelous pleasant; for her tongue was an instrument of musicke to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easely turned to any language that pleased her."

The Chevalier de Mere, discoursing on the art of being agreeable, expressly states that Cleopatra was not so beautiful as to surprise one at first: "but when one came to consider here, there was a charm in her," and he dwells on the fact that Antony never saw her till she was of an age when few women continue beautiful. Perhaps the wisest comment on this statement was made by the celebrated Mr. Bayle: "This way of reasoning is much better than those imagine who talk only of girls of 15, and roses half blown, and who look on 20 as the beginning of old age," impertinent people who may easily know, both by what passes in their own time and by the history of past ages, that the ladies who have charmed great princes the most and have made the most noise in a court were of an age which had allowed them time to acquire experience in affairs, and to perfect their understanding; and that there are few whose empire is lasting, if the graces of the mind do not second the charms of the body."

Cleopatra on the stage has black hair and is a brunette; a sad mistake, although Tennyson fell into the same error when he sang of her as "a queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes." She was of Greek descent and without a trace of African intermixture. In the encaustic picture of Cleopatra applying the asp to her breast—a picture done on a sort of black slaty marble and found in the recesses of a great wine cellar at Florence—the hair was of a deep auburn color; the curls were finished hair by hair, "with vivid curved lines on the lighted parts of the bright yellow golden color." This picture was attributed to Timomachus, artist and traveler in the time of Augustus Caesar. He had seen Cleopatra often.

Mayor Prince once asked Mr. McKim, the architect, if he knew that the Apollo Belvedere was bow-legged. Mr. Lincoln told Mr. Seward when there was talk at a cabinet meeting about the statue of a public man that in a successful statue the legs should be long enough to reach to the ground, or at least the pedestal. What I should like to know is this: How does any one measure the Venus of Milo below the waist? I observe that no measurement of her forearm has been taken. Richard Grant White, when he was praising Lydia Thompson's British Blondes in the Galaxy Magazine, said that Miss Pauline Markham could supply the missing arms of this Venus: but as I remember her—Venus, not Miss Markham—it is no easy matter to measure her hips or foot.

I have much to say about the influence of the present female costumes on how legs in my colossal work to which I may have before this alluded, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription). May I add that I am somewhat disappointed, now that money is in the pockets of every one, that the list of subscribers has not materially increased since Jan. 1, 1916.

Subscriptions may be sent to me at Clamport, Barnstable county. I may move to Boston, as soon as I know whether Boston will be a wet town. I have already looked at a suite of rooms in Branch street, as I should like to be "on the hill." If Boston goes dry, I think I shall stay here or spend the winter in New York, as near as possible to a brewery.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, Dec. 18.

Dec 21 1916

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

Twenty-Six Picaroons.

As the World Wags:

In the year 1723 twenty-six pirates were hanged at Newport all on the same day. They made the fatal mistake of attacking his majesty's sloop-of-war Greyhound carrying twenty guns, under the rum-born delusion that she was a merchant ship. They were captured, tried and sentenced to death. In the interim between their sentence and execution, the Rev. James Honeymon, rector of Trinity Church, labored with them daily; with what success the following lines will show. CHARLES WILCOX.

Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Six and twenty picaroons,
  Pirates of the water,
Bloody-handed buccaneers,
  Crimson birds of slaughter,
Who never spared a single ship
  Or giv a victim quarter.

Waitin' here in Newport gaol
  For Jack Ketch, the hound!
They're buildin' of the gallows,
  We can hear the hammers pound;
We sings to keep our sperrets up—
  It ain't a cheerful sound
For six-an'-twenty picaroons
  Fettered to the ground.

Every day the parson comes
  An' prays for every one;
But we, as stood knee-deep in blood
  An' wallerin' in the rum,
Little cares for the whinin' prayers
  Or a cantin' Honeym'n
An' only prays they hurrys up
  An' gits the gallows done.

They'll hang us all together
  As the day is dawnin';
For six-an'-twenty picaroons
  The pit of hell is yawnin'.
Parson Honeym'n will preach
  An' plat a solemn warnin';
But we will die with heads held high,
  An' faces to the mornin'.

The Eponymic Sawyer—and Others.

As the World Wags:

The conclusion is unescapable that the various persons put forward as the original "Sawyer" of the popular saying are, after all, only eponymous heroes. Not that they never existed, but their identity with the proprietor of that "Sawyer's" of which the location is lost in the fogs of antiquity has been foisted upon them. In short, there are too many of them.

I have written to Mr. Clark with reference to the extraordinary communication he received from my poor Aunt Elvira. It would be childish on my part to resent her unkind allusions. It is well known that persons in her peculiar mental condition usually turn against those whom they have loved best. I am sure she is right about "Ma'am Jewell."

As a contribution to the anthology I am sending you—as nearly as I can recall them—two stanzas which I saw, many years ago, in a scrapbook. While of course lacking the glamor of the Spanish Main or of the North Road and the York Assizes, they present, as it were, a thumbnail sketch of an episode not uncommon in the early annals of our Great West.

He found a rope and picked it up
  And with it walked away.
It happened to the other end
  A horse was hitched, they say.

They took the rope and tied it up
  Unto a spreading limb;
It happened that the other end
  Was somehow hitched to him.

J. BUCHANAN TUTTLE, M. D.

Squab Crossing, Vt., Dec. 17.

Beer-Grounds and Emptins.

As the World Wags:

In my younger days, in Newbury, Vt., the common term for yeast was "emptins." We had "hop emptins" and "milk emptins." The expression "tough as tripe" is a common one here to this day. In olden times, when farmers prepared their own, it was tough. Modern methods of pickling make it tender.

C. E. S.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the use of the word "barm" in Newfoundland, I have understood that in Chatham, N. B., yeast is called "beer-grounds"—an exact synonym of "emptyings" or "emptins."

Lancaster. J. C. L. C.

Tripe and Jenny.

As the World Wags:

I am sure I can give an explanation of the old saying, "As tough as Jenny's tripe." It was a familiar expression in our family many years before I knew its meaning. Jenny was a character who lived in the neighborhood of my grandmother. She had a defect in speech which caused her to pronounce the letter "c" as "t." In telling her neighbors about some tripe she had, she said is was so "tussed tough she couldn't eat it." This was told me by my grandmother more than 40 years ago.

West Acton H. M. P.

Haut-gout and Snurl.

As the World Wags:

I find in a very old English dictionary "hogoo" spelled "haut goust," meaning "a high taste or relish." The book is old and perhaps rare. The fly leaf is missing, so I do not know the date. What do you understand by "snurl"?

Newburyport, Dec. 10 L. J.

These variants of "hautgout" are given in the Oxford Dictionary: haugou, hau-gou, haugoust, hautgoust, haultgust, hautgust, haugout, houghtgoust, haugust, see also hogo. Here is a quotation from Howell's Familiar Letters (1645): "He can marinat fish, make gellies, he is excellent for a pickant sawce and the haugou." Your dictionary is not Bailey's, dear to our grandfathers. In I. Blount's "Glossographia, or Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words of Whatsoever Language Now Used in Our Refined English Tongue" (5th ed, London 1681) we find "haut-goust (Fr.), a high tast; vide ho-goo." Ho-goo is defined as "a high taste, smatch or savour; is is usually taken for any dish of meat that has some more than ordinary taste or savour." But "snurl" is not in this dictionary. "Snurl," or "snirl," is a dialect word. The noun means a nostril, occasionally the nose, an iron instrument for holding a bull by the nose, a cold in the head. The verb means to sneeze, to snarl, to laugh in an involuntary and suppressed way. Another "snurl" or "snirl" means to twist, tangle, ruffle, wrinkle, to catch in a snare; to shrink, wither, contract, shrivel; to turn up the nose in contempt, to frown; also a knot or tangle, a gnarl or knot in wood, a snare, a loop. "Snurl" or "snirl" seems to be a useful word.—Ed.

Dec 24 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

We read that in London bacon and one egg is reckoned as one course; bacon with two eggs as two courses. Mr. Burton Chadwick, director of Munitions Overseas Transport, suggests in a letter to the Times that afternoon tea should be cut out; that every caterer, every club, and, in fact, every person who can be reached through the powers that have been conferred on the Board of Trade should be prohibited from selling food or drink of any description between 4 P. M. and 6 P. M. "Afternoon tea is not a meal; it is a habit, and its discontinuance is merely a matter of personal discomfort." The result, he thinks, would be an enormous reduction in the consumption of wheat, sugar, milk, eggs, butter and margarine; a large saving in ships, railways, labor, coal, money. "Afternoon tea is a habit of the more well-to-do classes. Its stoppage would not hit the poor or the children. The discontinuance would help to bring the war home to the people of this country."

There was an Englishman that recommended the discontinuance of tea as an expensive habit back in 1692. When Dr. Thomas Tryon, the author of "The Good Housewife made a Doctor, with some Remarks on the Physick and Chemistry," wrote: "'Tis a pretty innocent, harmless liquor—but Chiefly for Novelty Sake, and because 'tis Outlandish, and dear, and far fecht. The Truth is, our Dandelion is a far better Drink than Tea, though the latter cost 16 or 20 shillings pound" John Wesley gave up drinking tea, as an example to the poor.

High Tea and Low Tea.

The London Daily Chronicle has traced the growth of "tea" into the elaborate meal which Mr. Chadwick wishes discontinued. In "Cranford" it was only the beverage with very thin bread and butter. In "Pickwick" it was accompanied only by buttered toast. The "high tea" provided by Mr. Snagsby for the Chadbands in "Bleak House" included "dainty new bread, crusty twists, thin slices of ham, tongue and German sausage, delicate little rows of anchovies nestling in parsley, new-laid eggs brought up warm in a napkin and hot buttered toast." According to Disraeli, the clergy were among the first to insist on elaborate teas. "The family at Hurstley Hall partook of tea comprising only bread and butter and toast, but when they visited the rectory they found a much daintier meal awaiting them: The tea equipage was a picture of abundance and refinement. Such pretty china, and such a variety of delicious cakes! White bread and brown bread, plum cakes and seed cakes, and no end of cracknels and toast, dry and buttered."

"High tea," in the north of England, we are informed is one of the chief meals of the day, essentially a middle and working class institution. It is often a sort of combined dinner and supper, served between 6 P. M. and 7 P. M.

A Shattered Household.

Only yesterday we received a pathetic letter from a man well known in State street, a man of the stanchest integrity, who has served on committees. We hasten to add that his "social position" is unimpeachable. His ancestors were for years pillars in the community.

"I have been for some time a victim of the tea habit, and I am amazed that the Rev. William Sunday, assisted by Mr. Foss, has not thundered and gesticulated against this evil. Not that I myself am a slave to tea, for I never drink anything stronger than a high ball (Scotch or rye), but my domestic life has been almost ruined by the pernicious practice. My wife, sir, is still young, though she is the mother of five children. When I courted her she drank tea in moderation, and the brew was weak. The evil influence of fashionable associates, the frequenting of afternoon teas contaminated her. She now is not only a confirmed tea-drinker; she even holds afternoon receptions where reckless women and debased men join in hideous revelry about the tea-table. Girls in shameless costumes are easily induced to serve the poisonous decoction, and by their charms, in my own home, young men, thus tempted, take the first and fatal cup. You may ask, why do I continue to live with a woman so unworthy of me? A man will submit to much for the sake of his tender children. By the way, I detected my Henrietta the other night in the act of administering a brimming cup of Garfield tea to my youngest son, a blue-eyed innocent. Thursday afternoons I stay at my office, or at my club, until I am sure that the guests are gone. Last week as I stood sorrowfully in a trolley car, I reflected on my changed and miserable life. At last I was at my door. The butler met me in the hall. 'Is it all right, Robert?' I asked. 'I wouldn't come in quite yet,' he replied, 'for the three worst of 'em are still here.' I thanked him and walked on the Esplanade for half an hour, to my great personal discomfort. As I was about to enter my house, Robert signalled me through the hall door with a reassuring gesture, and as I took off my overcoat he whispered, 'It's all right now, sir.'"

For obvious reasons we do not publish our correspondent's name. We are informed on the best of authority that sandwiches of anchovy and other piquant layers are now served to increase the thirst for tea, which is frequently so strong that even an infusion of rum is not mitigating.

HARVARD AND RADCLIFFE STUDENTS IN FRENCH PLAY

A good-sized audience enjoyed the performance of "L'Aventurier," a comedy in four acts by Alfred Capus, given by the Cercles Francais de Harvard at de Radcliffe at the Copley Theatre yesterday afternoon. The cast was as follows:

Etienne Ranson	Hardinge Scholle,	'18
Gueroy	Robert D. Longyear,	'18
Jacques	George L. Howe,	'18
Andre Vareze	Edgar Scott,	'20
Franise	Francis de Wolf,	'18
Dambleur	Warwick Potter,	'19
Sablier	E. L. Tongas,	'21
Genevieve	Marion Graves,	'18
Marthe	Doris Halman,	'16
La Baronne	Mary Peabody,	'19
Lucienne	Priscilla May,	'17
Mme. Sablier	Ruth Jaeger,	'20
Juliette Sablier	Mary Reed,	'19
Suzanne Sablier	Dorothea Tobias,	'19
Mme. Dambleur	Elinore Hill,	'17

Dec 23 1916

Orchestra in Ninth Concert Plays Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Schumann's Piano

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program included Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Schumann's piano concerto. The orchestra was assisted in the symphony by Arthur Hackett, tenor, and a male chorus from the Choral Music Society. Mr. Paderewski was the pianist.

This concert will not soon be forgotten. The symphony made a marked impression when it was performed two seasons ago although the solo tenor, Mr. Draper, was not the man for the allotted task. Yesterday the impression made was still deeper. The effect of the finale, the "Chorus mysticus," was overwhelming. The orchestra played throughout as though it were inspired by the genius of the composer and by the genius of the conductor. Mr. Longy outdid himself in the solo passages for oboe, nor were Messrs. Witek, Ferir, Sand, the only other virtuosos: every man in the orchestra was for the time being a virtuoso musician. The chorus, which had been prepared by Mr. Townsend, the conductor of the Choral Music Society, gave an imposing performance. Mr. Hackett, who sang at these concerts for the first time, has a true tenor voice of unusually agreeable quality; it is warm, pure, sympathetic, virile. He sang with musical and rhetorical understanding. For important concerts in this city it will not be necessary to import a tenor.

The program book showed at a glance what a prominent role Liszt has taken in the concerts of this orchestra since 1881. Yet there are some who still pooh-pooh his music and dismiss it in a lump as barren of ideas, bombastic, tricky. We find no less a man than Sir Charles Villiers Stanford in the recent "History of Music," written by him and Mr. Forsyth saying that Liszt as a composer was always "a virtuoso first and a composer afterwards"; the symphonic poems are "lacking in the power of development and concentration which alone could make them live"; and Sir Charles speaks of "Dante" and "Faust" as two "grandiose but unconvincing" symphonies. Is the "Faust" symphony "unconvincing"? Sir Charles should have heard the performance yesterday.

Liszt's greatest orchestral works demand an unusually efficent orchestra and a conductor who not only appreciates the imaginative pages of the symphonic poems and symphonies, but has the skill to impart vitality to pages that are more prosaic. Furthermore this conductor must not only be master of his orchestra, endowed with the qualities just named; he must also be a romanticist, not afraid of dazzling effects and startling contrasts, which, under the baton of an honest conductor, good enough in routine work, careful in paying tithe of mint and anise and cummin, but by nature a pedestrian, may seem brutal and vulgar. The ideal conductor of Liszt's music must drive Pegasus in his prancing and furious bursts of speed with loose reins. It is a pity, we repeat, that Sir Charles has not yet heard an important work of Liszt played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra led by Dr. Muck.

After the colossal symphony with the movement entitled "Gretchen," one of the most beautiful and profoundly emotional things in all music; with a first movement in which the restless, unsatisfied mind of Faust is dramatically portrayed, with a characterization of Mephistopheles that has been surpassed only by Berlioz, and with the noble final chorus, the concerto of Schumann might have seemed tame if the pianist had not been Mr. Paderewski. The effect of Liszt's music would have made the skill of many pianists following seem impotent, but the concerto, as played by Mr. Paderewski in the peculiarly romantic and poetic manner that was befitting and necessary, was not in the nature of an anti-climax. Mr. Paderewski played as he alone can play when he is wholly in the mood. It would have been better if the audience had been dismissed with the memory of two unsurpassable performances. With his accustomed good nature Mr. Paderewski played charmingly a group of little pieces, for many hearers, insatiate as Oliver Twist, wished a memorable Symphony concert turned into a piano recital.

Dr. Muck was enthusiastically recalled again and again after the symphony. Mr. Paderewski was honored in his turn in a like manner.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program for next week will be as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Balakireff "Thamar" (first time at these concerts); Georg Schumann, Symphonic Variations on the Choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott laestt walten."

"FRANCISCA DA RIMINI" SUNG FOR FIRST TIME IN U. S.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22—The third novelty of the Metropolitan opera season in this city was presented tonight when "Francisca Da Rimini," a comparatively new opera by Riccardo Zandonai, was sung for the first time in this country. The book is a tragic poem by Gabriele D'Annunzio, adapted by Tito Ricordi, the Milan publisher. The opera had its first performance in Turin Feb. 18, 1914.

The composer, although of Italian blood, is a subject of Austria and was unable to leave Italy to witness the first American performance of his work.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Air is a cause of great moment in producing melancholy, or any other disease, being that it is still taken into our bodies by respiration, and our more inner parts. "If it be impure and foggy it dejects the spirits and causeth diseases by infection of the heart," as Paulus hath it. lib. 1, c. 49.

Air, Air, More Air.

As the World Wags:

Now that the hermetically closed season is upon Boston, I have for the new boss of the Elevated railway, who has broken up the long isolation of the South Station and is eager to make further improvements, a "modest proposal." It is manifestly vain to hope for ventilation in the cars of the company because, however Boston votes on the question of "wet" or "dry", there is always in the traveling public an overwhelming majority preferring foul air to fresh. I never ride in the company's cars shortly after a meal because at the present cost of food I canont afford to risk losing what I've paid for and eaten. Indeed I walk rather than ride when I can.

Since ventilation by means of direct and continuous communication with the outer air is impossible for the next few months, I respectfully direct the attention of the boss to an incident of some weeks ago when windows and ventilators were still open, and a car was rather suddenly emptied because a skunk had got in. Why not during the winter and early spring months carry a skunk on every car to improve the atmosphere, since nothing can make it worse? Skunk is especially grown for his fur upon so-called "farms" in parts of this country, and the boss of the Elevated road could easily procure a supply of these interesting creatures at a moderate price, while the cost of maintenance would not be great. I have no doubt that the increased number of passengers would make up for both, for there must be thousands who, like myself, now avoid the cars as much as possible, but who would use them were the atmosphere improved as I suggested.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Chestnut Hill, Dec. 21.

A Mac Aoidh in China.

As the World Wags:

Mr. McCoy's letter has interested me strangely, particularly as I have been privileged to look over some of the notes prepared by my friend and adviser, Parsilias Bdeochk, of whom Mr. McCoy must have heard as a student of Gaelic, and whose last name, as Mr. McCoy is well aware, is not pronounced in the usual way, but after the Gaelic manner, "Yeep," sounding, as we are informed, "like an irritated bark or the shrill cry of the Kurfew."

These notes Mr. Bdeochk has gathered as material for his forthcoming stupendous work to be entitled "How Names Are Made, or the Anatomy of Nomenclature." Mr. Bdeochk has been working on this masterpiece since 1841 and hopes to have it completed and ready for a thorough revision in 1920. It is with the utmost confidence then, that I supplement Mr. McCoy's interesting narrative with some facts gleaned from the perusal of the aforesaid notes. It is perhaps not generally known to what a considerable extent the simple name of MacAoidh has influenced the names of the world. "Mac Ye," Mr. McCoy has already mentioned, but Mr. Bdeochk's notes bring out the landing of a Mac Ye in China, his marriage to a native woman and the consequent scions. Mac Ye, unable to abandon his native Gaelic compromised by substituting for "Mac" its equivalent in the Chinese tongue "Sun" and giving to "Aoidh" its full value by calling his offspring the sound of any vowel surrounded by appropriate consonants. Hence we have Sun Yen, Sun Yee and Sun Hat Sing (obviously a corruption), etc., etc., etc. In fact, it may be stated with apparent certainty that certain guttural qualities in the Chinese language are due solely to the fortuitous introduction of the Gaelic "Aoidh" into this speech.

"I do not wish to anticipate my friend Mr. Bdeochk by further pursuing the subject, but there is one matter of vital interest to many of us to which I should like to refer in closing. It is perhaps not generally known that one branch of the MacAoidh clan, who were naturally rather snobbish, took to substituting "t" for the letter "d" (both letters being highly immaterial in Gaelic), and adding a few letters "smj" to the front of "Aoidh," as a sort of caste mark, and of course not being able to change its inflexible Gaelic pronunciation thereby. I need say little more. In time the "j" dropped out. A descendant afflicted with a verbal impediment in the shape of a lisp restored the missing consonants to the Gaelic "Aoi," with whose pronunciation Mr. McCoy has familiarized your readers, and the family name evolved, as Smythe, Smith, etc., etc., etc.

Cambridge. PROPHYLAXIS.

"A History of Music" by Charles Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth (684 pages), with 33 portraits and other illustrations, is published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

There are few good histories of music in the English language, histories that are reasonably concise and at the same time interesting. (There is an excellent history in German by Arrey von Dommer, but he ends it with Beethoven.) The three volumes of John F. Rowbotham are extraordinary in many ways, curiously learned, written in a manner that is now fascinating, now eloquent, now wholly preposterous, and Mr. Rowbotham stopped with the fury of the Crusaders and the burning of the Albigenses in bonfires. "Vineyards lay blackened and destroyed, fields were bare and hard, villages burnt, castles in ruins. The gay reign of Love and the Troubadours was over forever."

The author has described this enter-

Sir Charles Stanford and Mr. Forsyth have certainly succeeded best of all in being entertaining. Mr. Forsyth, already known by his volume, "Music and Nationality: Sketches of English Opera," and his invaluable "Note on Orchestration," is a composer who has paid special attention to the viola, having written a concerto for it with orchestra which was performed in London in 1903. Mr. Ferir played the first movement here at a concert of the Boston Orchestral Club, and his "Chant Celtique" at a Friday afternoon concert of the Symphony Orchestra in 1912. Mr. Forsyth also composed four orchestral sketches, "Salean," "Cosette," "Fantine," "Gavroche," inspired by "Les Miserables," an opera, overtures, string quartets and a number of works for solo voice and orchestra with his own text as a rule. Born in 1870 he studied for a time with Oakeley, but for three years with Stanford.

Mr. Forsyth is now in this country. He was proposed for the chair of musical history at Princeton. His election seemed inevitable, for there are few men so thoroughly fitted for the work; few that in this position would reflect so great credit on the college. But it seems that some one who had agreed to furnish the necessary funds insisted that the one chosen should be able to play on a $5,000 organ, or an organ that cost or a $10,000 organ, or an organ that cost $50,000, provided with all the mechanical appliances? Mr. Forsyth unfortunately is not an organist, and any one that fills the chair of musical history at Princeton must be able to play the organ with both feet. Whether he will be required to have a technic sufficient for the proper performance of pieces by the ingenious Thiele, the complex Reger and the sonata by Reubke remains to be seen.

But to go back to the history by these accomplished Englishmen. The purpose of the writers is declared in the preface. "This book gives the student and the general public a short, easily read account of the whole course of musical history. It has been the object of the authors to place before the reader the fruits of their research rather than the research itself. The technicalities of musical history are, as a rule, neither abstruse nor uninteresting. Most of them are beyond discussion and can be stated in simple language. Nor does this simplicity imply any evasion of stringent thinking about the 'things that matter.'"

Mr. Forsyth is the author of the chapters that treat the origins of music; music of the Egyptians, Assyrians and Babylonians, Hebrews, Arabians, Indians (Hindus), Chinese, Greeks; music of Rome and the Dark Ages; Scales and Notes; the Less Dark Ages; Dunstable, Dufay, Des Pres; the Golden Age; the Palace of Greenwich, a delightful study of Tudor instruments; Song and Folk Song.

Sir Charles Stanford takes up the story with "The Secular Century," with consideration of Monteverde, Lully, Purcell, Kaiser, Couperin, Corelli and others. He then writes of "The 18th Century," "The Viennese Masters," "The Contemporaries of Beethoven and the Development of Opera in Germany, Italy and France," "The Post-Beethoven Period."

The remaining chapter, "Nationalism; Modern Schools," is by Mr. Forsyth. We regret that Mr. Forsyth was obliged to discuss music by American composers. We say "obliged," for we are informed that he was disinclined to write these pages, but the publishers insisted. The result is that the half dozen pages are unsatisfactory and perfunctory. Mr. Forsyth was not the man to write on this subject, although if he had had his way we should have lost the characterization of Mr. Chadwick. "He has a directness of thought, a humor, and a power of seeing himself as others see him that smack more of London or Paris than of Boston. The desperate spectacled earnestness of that virtuous town is not his."

Mr. Forsyth admits that it is difficult for a stranger to make a personal acquaintance with American music. "Its literary prophets are journalistic and fragrantly damp with rosewater. The proportion of its included in public orchestral concerts would be ridiculous were it not a scandal. The writer has sat out more than one third-rate performance of a dull resurrected antique, which should have been a first-rate performance of a live American work." Mr. Forsyth has evidently heard the wail of "the neglected, crushed American composer" crushed under the hoofs of imported conductors, if we are to believe the shouters for performances of orchestral works simply because these works, irrespective of intrinsic worth, were written by "Amurricans." Conductors, imported or native, have on the whole within the last dozen years been kind to the American composer. We have heard, Mr. Forsyth, first-class performances of fourth-rate compositions by Americans. We have also heard many first-class performances of interesting works by Americans. A conductor is not bound by his oath of office to encourage mediocrity or to boost the unworthy into the seats of gods, demigods and the lesser immortals.

These pages written by Mr. Forsyth about "American music" are not discriminative. There is a list of names with a few pleasant lines for each composer. Mr. Forsyth evidently felt it his duty to be agreeable. At times his comparisons are curious. "Victor Herbert is to America what Sullivan is to England and Chabrier or Messager to France." Mr. Herbert is an excellent musician, with a flow of pleasing melody, and an indisputable gift for piquant, brilliant, effective orchestration. A virtuoso 'cellist, he is also a resourceful conductor, a man that has won success in other fields than that of operetta. But does Mr. Forsyth maintain that Chabrier, a man of undoubted genius, who greatly influenced the younger French school of his day, is to be classed with Arthur Sullivan, delightful as are the latter's operettas?

This whole chapter that treats of modern composers is in other instances hurried. Thus mentioning the "best" of Cesar Franck's compositions, the string quartet, the violin sonata, the piano quintet are not named, but "Les Djinns" is included!

Yet these pages are as nothing in comparison with the many chapters that are wholly admirable. What author of a musical history has written so clearly, so sanely and in so interesting a manner about the beginnings of music and the music of ancient peoples as Mr. Forsyth? The pages come from a full knowledge; they are not overcharged with quotations and references. Mr. Forsyth is enamored of his subject. He writes with gusto. To him the discovery of part singing is "the most important invention of the last 2000 years; for it betokens the existence of a new and hitherto unsuspected human faculty." There has been nothing more delightful in description of a musical period since Vernon Lee's study of a great Italian singer than Mr. Forsyth's account of musical life at the palace at Greenwich: Jan. 26, 1595.

And Mr. Forsyth is not afraid to write in a free and easy manner. He has a sense of humor; he has a pretty wit. All this he had shown in his other books. See how sane he is in his treatment of folk song concerning the importance of which as thematic material for great works there are both gentle and aggressive maniacs. Mr. Forsyth remarks: "A sort of glory or halo has of late been set round the subject. And this has at times become a nimbus of obscurity. The folk lorists themselves—some of whom are better railway travelers than musicians—are not guiltless in this matter. There has been a somewhat indiscriminate praise. Any tune that has a C for its first climax-note and an E for its second is hailed as a miracle of strength and subtlety. Modality and masterpiece become synonyms. But there is nothing magic in the two words, 'folk music.' They mean simply 'music of the people.' And the tunes of the people are to be judged by the same canons as those of the professional artist. A bad tune does not become good by having the word 'folk' prefixed to it. If it is to be classed as 'good' it must have beauty of expression and organization—that is to say, of climax, balance and proportion."

The finest folk song in the world, Mr. Forsyth thinks, is the Irish, by reason of variety, and variety of substance in the tunes themselves. "The best examples are astonishingly beautiful; and they have an incomparable perfection of form. They are never wandering or doubtful, unless intentionally so. And they rarely depend, as some English tunes do, on mere mathematical balance of design; though they generally include this special form of excellence."

On the other hand, while the Russian folk-music is not less interesting, Mr. Forsyth thinks it looks at life from fewer points of view. Man does not appear in these songs as the master of the world, but as its victim. "They give utterance to a 'yearning without hope,' a thirst never to be slaked, a gnawing bitterness of heart. The word 'destiny' seems to be written across them in letters of iron. Humor there is. But it is the black humor of the drunken headsman. All this music has force, color and passion. Yet to a westerner, however conscious he may be of its merits, it always remains something of a nightmare."

Sir Charles Stanford has accomplished a difficult task in the chapters allotted to him. He has characterized in a few words the characters of composers as musicians and men. He notes the amazing strides in dramatic conception and in modernity of expression made by Haydn in "The Seasons," a work of his old age, and likening this work of youthful inspiration in old age to the "Otello" and "Falstaff" of Verdi, he says: "Both these men possessed the rare faculty of keeping their brains and hearts young and of preserving an open mind, a clear and matured insight and a sympathetic outlook upon every development which made for experimental progress."

We have before this quoted Sir Charles's fine remark about Mozart: "It is a curious commentary on the subtle character of Mozart's creations, that almost every music lover only reaches the point of adequate appreciation of his work, when his judgment has become matured. . . . His simplicity of expression is so perfect that it gains with repetition. It is not the simplicity of a superficial or vapid mind, but the natural expression of a highly-trained and deeply sensitive one.

Of Beethoven as a writer of fugues it is said that he mastered the suburbs of the fugue without capturing the citadel. Bach and Mozart danced in fetters, but the fetters are invisible. "To write such a complicated piece of quadruple counterpoint as the finale of the 'Jupiter' symphony, and to leave the hearer in ignorance that any such complication exists, was a gift denied to his great successor." To Sir Charles "Fidelio" is the noblest, "most ideal, most human and most touching opera in existence." He admits that Beethoven does not shine as a song writer.

Weber's "Euryanthe" as a work of progressive art is "alongside and not antecedent to the earlier works of Wagner; as music it is superior to them"—"Lohengrin" and "Tannhaeuser" are included—"alike in vivid picturesqueness, in melodic invention, and in absence of monotony." One of the most discriminative pages in these chapters of sketches is that devoted to Meyerbeer. "It is to his credit that, though he could be trivial, he never would consent to be ugly. His worst characters are never delineated by uncouth or unmusicianly means. He had a certain sense of humanity which makes such figures as Marcel, Fides and Raoul de Nangis stand out as creations in musico-dramatic literature. He advanced orchestration, he knew to a nicety the limitations and capabilities of the voice, and he was not afraid of a big tune, even though it was not always a distinguished one." Gounod's oratorios "poor husks of things," to quote Carlyle, are "sufficiently sentimental temporarily to capture the unthinking part of the English public, appealing alike to Catholics, Anglicans, and the Salvation Army. * * * But his early songs and 'Faust' remain."

Offenbach, an opera-bouffe Meyerbeer, with the same faculty of feeling the pulse of his public, could write uncommonly pretty music when he chose. His "Contes d'Hoffmann," "a worthy repentance for his earlier peccadilloes has retained popularity of the better sort."

There is a suprisingly shrewd estimate of Mendelssohn, who in England "more or less crushed native individuality, not by Handelian methods, but by the glamour of his works." Scant justice is done to Liszt. There is a significant line about Wagner: "Concerning Wagner's personal relations and private life, it is happily unnecessary to dilate."

There is a table of the chief names in musical history. There is also an Index.

To the Editor of the Herald:

A Curious Crux in "Antony and Cleopatra"

The curious reading of the First Folio: "Yon ribaudred nagge of Egypt," has proved a stumbling block to many Shakespearean scholars, and has taxed the ingenuity of editors and commentators to extract from it anything in the nature of a rational interpretation. So far, no satisfactory substitute for ribaudred has been suggested. As it still holds its place in the standard editions despite the numerous attempts to displace it, an inquiry into the reasons for its successful resistance to the efforts of critical scholarship may not be amiss in helping to remove one of the most serious blemishes in the play.

The problem which the passage presents to careful readers fairly bristles with difficulties the moment we turn to the recognized authorities for an explanation. Stated as briefly as possible, this is what we find—I quote from the Variorum and Cambridge editions: Steevens: "Ribaudred" is no more than a corruption, and adopts "Yon ribaldrid nag." Malone says: "I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. Ribaudred was only the old spelling of ribald and the misprint of 'red' for 'rid' is easily accounted for." "I believe," says Tyrwhitt, "we should read, 'You ribauld hag.'" Tyrwhitt's change of "nag" into "hag" was favored by Singer, who exclaims "that the poet would surely not call Cleopatra a nag." Any change in "ribaudred" Singer deems quite unnecessary. "Read ribaud-red for ribaudred," says Thistleton; "no such word as 'ribaudred' is known. In the Folio the u in the word usually given as 'ribaudred' is raised above the level of the preceding and succeeding letters and would, therefore, seem to be, in reality an inverted n." Furness explains it thus: "'Yon ribaudred nag' means, I think, 'Yon nag' made up of or composed of ribaldry." Next comes Rowe with: "Your ribauld nag." Collier: "Yon ribald hag." Hudson: "Yon ribald nag." Gould: "Yon ribauded nag," the anticlimax being reached by the anonymous conjecture of "Yon ribald rag."

Here we have at a glance an array of conjectural opinion by authorities on the text of Shakespeare universally acknowledged to be the best, yet no two of which are in actual agreement. And though the differences cannot be deemed essential, they are, nevertheless, sufficient to prevent a general acceptance of any of the proposed amendations as a final or satisfactory solution of the problem. Editions of recent date show no signs of any tendency to converge toward a greater unanimity, and the probability is that the Folio reading will have to stand as it is without the appositeness of "ribaudred" being questioned or its meaning defined, unless some newer method of investigation shall replace it by a discovery that should instantly commend itself to the favorable notice of textual critics.

The failure to agree on any single suggestion as having a greater degree of plausibility than any other should cause no surprise when it is known that no serious attempt has been made to discover what relation "ribaudred," or any of its derivatives bears, to the object it qualifies; in other words, whether there is not a want of harmony betweeen the sign and the object symbolized. Some one has said that we may know the definition of a word without knowing its meaning or with a slight conception only of its meaning, and it is this want of a right conception of the meaning of ribald as a substitute for "ribaudred" which has caused so much confusion of thought that its objective meaning has been strangely overlooked. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to create an invidious distinction by selecting "ribald" as exemplifying the conjectural methods of any editor when dealing with an admittedly difficult problem. I am not primarily concerned with Hudson's, Hanmer's or other emendations which are merely correlatives of ribaudred, per se, as their tacit rejection by a considerable number of Shakespearean scholars of repute not only reduces their claim to a point of doubtful validity, but is—in a wider sense—a challenge to prove their right to a place in the text.

It seems incredible that Shakespeare should put into the mouth of any of his players such an uncouth word as "ribaudred," especially as none of his audience had ever heard it before and only a curious few could be expected to satisfy themselves with guesses at its meaning. "I cannot perceive," says Hudson, "the sense of 'red' tagged on to ribaud. Nor is the word met with anywhere else.

Bishop Hall has ribalddish and so I suspect the poet wrote here. Ribaud is only another spelling of ribald." All of which would lead us to suppose that if "ribaudred" has any meaning at all—which is doubtful—it must be as a cognate of ribald, although Rolfe's definition of it as: "Lewd or profligate," extends the meaning much beyond the bounds of what customary use has assigned to ribald or ribaldry. He prefers the original reading to any suggested change, and defends it by saying: "Some have thought the word a corruption of ribaud or ribald, but 'ribaudrous' and 'ribaldous' are forms found in Baret and other writers of the time, and 'ribaudred' may have been another then in use."

Neither ribaudred nor ribald nor any of their forms can be accepted as conveying a true conception of the thought which the figurative expression was intended to body forth. It is not to be supposed that Shakespeare with his divine gift in selecting the symbols most appropriate for the expression of his ideas, and his consummate skill in combining them into countless forms of beauty, would apply to a feminine object an epithet which the discriminating taste of less gifted minds has long regarded as exclusively masculine in significance. With his supreme mastery over the resources of expression and the abundant proofs he has given us of the possession of a rare felicity in the choice of words, it would be surprising indeed had he deviated from his "heaven-bred art" of selecting the epithet most appropriate for his purpose, and restricted himself to the use of an unfamiliar term—meaningless alike to his audience and contemporaries—and one which utterly fails to convey a sense of fitness as a descriptive of a single foible of the great Egyptian Queen.

To preserve the force of a metaphor when composed of more than one word, it is essential that the qualifying term should be so related to the truth or beauty of the image it helps to describe that when used as a similitude or figure of speech, it is at once perceived to be both apt and appropriate as portraying some property, peculiarity or known characteristic of the object to which it is applied. "Ribald" as a term qualifying nag does not fulfil this essential requirement. There is a lack of harmony between ribald and nag that makes their union impossible, because each represents ideas which are unrelated and antagonistic. As a characterization of obscene, low, filthy conversation and behavior, ribald may and does fittingly describe the conduct of a certain class of men, but the observed facts of natural history concerning the habits and general deportment of the trusty nag, are against the libelous implication which the misapplied term so broadly conveys. It is conceivable that it might apply with a certain degree of propriety, as Shakespeare applies it in the only instance in which he uses the word: "The busy day, waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,"—referring, no doubt, to their raucous noise and filthy habits, but to express any trait of the nag or horse by such an opprobrious epithet is a misuse of the English language in a case where a descriptive term should at least hit off some well known characteristic of the object it was meant to describe. By no stretch of meaning can it be made to fit the gentle, docile, patient, sweet and lovable, obedient and clean-living little nag or horse, whether Shetland pony, Irish galloway or lady's palfrey, not one of whose natural traits is included in any of its essential meanings.

It is only reasonable to assume that Shakespeare must have selected an adjective that, combined with nag, would be, metaphorically, the best fitted to preserve a conscious recognition of the unity and consistency of the historic character as well as the image of the fascinating queen. Having stated what must be conceded as logical objections to the acceptance of ribaudred and especially to its most obvious derivative, ribald, the point has been reached where some correction of a more plausible kind than any hitherto suggested would be in order. I believe the word needed to restore the rhythmic content of the line; to give the expression the force and verisimilitude intended by Shakespeare, and to make the symbolism harmonious and complete is—brinded.

Ribaudred is thought by some editors to be a corruption of ribald. Why may we not, with a better show of reason, conclude it to be—in the highest degree of probability—a corrupt form of brinded? A consideration of undesirable value in strengthening the cumulative force of the argument in favor of this proposed reading, and supporting its claims to be considered the most plausible suggestion yet offered, is that the stem-letters in both words are the same; and if allowance be made for a possibly inverted "n" in the folio printing, as Thistleton suggests may be the case, all the letters in brinded are to be found in the non-descript ribaudred.

If then "You brinded nag of Egypt" should prove to be the long-sought emendation—and I know of no process of inductive reasoning which could lead to a clearer result—have we not in the combination of these homely words a further proof of the marvellous skill by which the poet takes an apparently unrelated idea and blends it in perfect harmony with other shadings of the great queen's personality? Singer takes the expression too literally when he says "the poet would surely not call Cleopatra a nag." Does not the idea of speed implied in the image justify the metaphor? What else did Cleopatra do but gallop away with Antony at the battle of Actium? Is not the simile of her fleeing "from the great face of war" "like a cow in June" in full flight from tormenting gadflies, but another way of picturing the same idea? It is by just such similitudes as these that—supplemented by indirect allusions to her physical appearance and by inferences scattered throughout the play—we have a composite portrait of Cleopatra as clearly limned as any artist could have painted from the life. In the matter of her complexion, Tennyson describes her as having "swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes." She is described by Philo, one of Antony's friends, as being tawney or gypsy-colored; by herself, as being "by Phoebus's pinches black," in the sense of being swarthy. Between tawney and brinded there is a closer descriptive affinity than the form of the words might lead us to suspect. Both denote a tan or sunburnt brown, the latter word being derived from the Anglo-Saxon brun, the root beornan, byrnan, brinan, giving by a natural derivation both brown and brinded to which the diminitive brindled corresponds; so that the blending of tawney and brinded may well be viewed as a not inapt suggestion of the vivid warmth and glowing color of Egypt's radiant queen.

There is another point which deserves attention. With the suggested correction there follows as a sequence, a truer scansion of the line. This, in itself, is a testimony to the watchful supervision exercised by the poet over the speech of his serious minor characters, and to his invariable rule of having the lines allotted to them controlled by the necessities of the metre he uses for the time being. Moreover, the controlling characteristic of the language used by his soldiers, attendants and others of a like grade, is its straightforward simplicity. This admirable requirement of the English speech Shakespeare is always careful to emphasize when describing persons and things of objective interest; and in no instance does he allow his serious minor characters to express themselves except in language that is simple, clear, direct and forcible. Why then should we lay him under the suspicion of committing a solecism in allowing a plain spoken, rough and ready soldier like Scarus to untune his metre and spoil his metaphor by introducing such an awkward and uncouth word as ribaudred when the harmony of both would have been preserved by using a forcible and expressive term like brinded? Even if ribald had been the reading of the folio instead of ribaudred, it could not have failed to produce the impression of being harsh and inappropriate, and must—eventually—have been detected as a misreading by a careful scrutiny of its qualifying relation. Some clear-sighted lover of the immortal poet, keenly sensitive to the exquisite beauty of expression, and endowed with the power of a refining idealism, resting his eye on the word and noting its inept and inharmonious position, its grotesque and unfeminine applicability, the lack of congruity in the sign and the object symbolized, would have striven "with all the fierce endeavor of his wit," to prevent the memory of Egypt's majestic queen from being described by an epithet that her immortal delineator thought only fit for crows!

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.

The French-English Musical Entente

M. Jean-Aubry, the distinguished emissary from the French ministry of fine arts to this country a few weeks ago, said to me, in the course of a brief conversation, that music can no longer be ignored as a medium for cementing the friendship of nations, a dictum with which I cordially agree. * * * But before a musical entente between any two nations or group of nations can come to its fullest fruition, it seems obvious that each nation concerned should have at least a smattering acquaintance with the musical conditions which obtain in the country with which the entente exists, or may come to exist. M. Aubry, a very distinguished author, has laid one stone in the foundation in which his own interest is paramount by publishing recently an entrancing volume of studies, entitled "La Musique francaise d'aujourd'hui." It is entrancing because it deals, not with the French renaissance, which, as M. Gabriel Faure, the eminent director of the Paris Conservatoire, says in his preface, "dating from about half a century back, no longer requires to be discussed," but with a movement more recent, which is still a subject for controversy. M. Faure bravely declares that he cannot accept all of M. Aubry's theories or "curious appreciations" without discussion; but this is all to the good. For the world is over full of "works" of so amiable a character that even the most controversially inclined can find in them no head to break! M. Aubry's sketches for portraits of such French musicians as Chabrier, d'Indy, Duparc, Dukas, Ravel, Satie, and of such interpreters as the wonderful trio, Ricardo Vines, Jane Bathori-Engel and Joachim Nin, are keenly sympathetic appreciations, and, to my thinking, will prove to average English readers to be not only the most attractive portion of his book, but also the most generally useful. But for those who dive deeper than the average musician into a country's musical history, for matter of greater importance than the portrait sketch of even the very greatest, the two chapters on French and German music and on the French origins of clavier music will prove to be really valuable. Moreover, those who know their Romain-Rolland, who recall that only some 10 years or so ago he wrote that "I have never hidden my preference for German music, and I still consider today Richard Strauss to be the premier musical personality in Europe," will read M. Aubry on the same thesis with an added interest.

In point of fact, the more one reads of M. Aubry the more one finds that which will attract attention and produce thought. He is so splendidly direct and individual in his method of expression. He spares neither friend nor foe, and in criticizing either or both his pen is judicial as well as judicious, yet always characteristic. Today, he says, those who a month or two ago busied themselves least about the efforts of the young French composer suddenly have taken it into their heads that France could have a national music. One has seen, he continues, Camille Saint-Saens, the quality of some of whose works and whose age naturally call for our respect, virulently attacking Wagner, and proclaiming aloud, under the pretext of French music, the rejuvenescence of many compositions definitely "dated." M. Aubry holds that while Saint-Saens may, even should, be justified as a judge of the French music of an earlier day, this does not carry with it the right to be regarded as the champion of the French music of today, at which, in point of fact, he hurled naught but sarcasm on every occasion. It is vain to decline to recognize the genius of Wagner, continues M. Aubry, now no less than before the war. It is puerile to invoke the aid of genealogists and to shelter oneself behind the Flemish antecedents of Beethoven; as well might a musicographer on the other side of the Rhine "prove" the German descent of Cesar Franck!

M. Aubry's own point of view may be arrived at from these quotations as well as from many such, remarks as that "Richard Strauss himself, in spite of the power of his symbolic work, the incontestible value of 'Salome' and of 'Elektra,' in spite of his prodigious orchestral skill, has only the appearance of genius. He is one of the clearest personifications of modern Germany alike in his essence and in his expression; perhaps he is the symbol." On the other hand, M. Aubry regards Wagner as "the musician of an ascending Germany," while "Richard Strauss, despite all his gifts, and even because of them, is the musician only of German decadence."

But, I repeat, M. Aubry speaks not only to his own French audiences. He speaks with a rare eloquence and with a fine sense of justice and freedom from prejudice (pace M. Faure, who confesses that he cannot comprehend how scholastic discipline can restrict expression), and for this reason, combined with the fact that his little book is a perfect mine of information, this book should be read as well over here as in France. It is the kind of book to enable a better understanding here of French music and composers, and their aims, and in this way it is a stone in the foundation of a musical Anglo-French entente.—London Daily Telegraph.

Let us now praise famous men
And our Fathers that begat us.

Old Tufts.

As the World Wags:

The Lancaster correspondent of the Herald mentions "Old" Tufts, one of the notorious personages of the olden time. An old friend of mine, who died long since, was formerly acquainted with Tufts, and was wont to relate many anecdotes concerning his queer and laughable pranks. Some of the stories would be hardly suitable for publication as Sunday school literature. As your correspondent intimates, Tufts, in playing these tricks, did not seem to be actuated by malice, nor by covetousness, but mainly or wholly by a love of fun. Often, however, the victims of those practical jokes failed to see the "fun" of the thing.

One of his pranks was as follows: He caught a heifer belonging to a man in the vicinity, and painted her all over with a color entirely different from her natural one. Then he took the animal thus transmogrified to her owner in the dusk of the evening, and actually sold her to her owner for a small sum and pocketed the money.

The following is one of his most laughable performances. He made a bet with a neighbor that he could steal from off her body the shift worn by the neighbor's wife. Like a fool the husband took the ridiculous bet. It happened that the neighbor had a goose-pen under his bedroom window, close to his house. Tufts went there in the darkness of night and prodded the birds, stirring them up at a terrible rate. The good woman, hearing the fluttering and squawking in the pen, jumped from her bed, and not waiting to dress, rushed to the window, and opening it, leaned far out to see what was the matter with her beloved geese. Tufts was waiting for this opportunity. Taking a firm hold of her undergarment on each side, he gave a vigorous yank and instantly pulled it off over the woman's head, leaving her nudam in partibus, perhaps I should say, nudam in omnibus, and the most astonished woman in Belknap county. Tufts had won his bet. Next morning he carried the garment to the husband and received the wager. What the good woman said when she learned of the trick which had been played upon her, we are not informed. In case her language was somewhat sulphurous, we trust that the recording angel listened leniently.

Did any of the Herald readers ever hear of "Devil Ben Brown"?

Center Tuftonboro, N. H. J. W. H.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, earnest student of sociology, will please make note of the fact that women in Belknap county went to bed in the chemise of the day. Were there no nighties in that county? Ed.

"Look It."

As the World Wags:

What has Mr. Herkimer Johnson to say as to the why and whence of "Look it," used by intelligent graduates of our leading female colleges synonymously with "listen," to attract or to hold the attention? H. C. SOUTHARD.

Allston.

Prohibition Days.

As the World Wags:

Not to meddle with the eager efforts of a lot of excellent, good fiends, it seemed kind to keep quiet about some reminiscenses of the days when Boston had a "prohibition" law. The fact is that it was a "sumptuary law," a very excellent class limitation of expenditure upon drink, keeping the temptation of the glittering bar room with its inviting interior and tempting odor from the poor folk who would often succumb to misuse and consequent vices and crimes, or to the callow youth who had chosen certain bars for headquarters (the famous raid on the "John Brown meeting" at Tremont Temple was organized in the Tremont House bar by young F——.) But all over town were private "clubs," rooms hired by a group of men, in charge of a real "barkeep," who was on hand in office hours, with the usual stock, the door being locked against all but members of the group, who paid rent and wages and the cost of the "goods." Many men carried a ring of half a dozen such "club" keys. Then a lot of young "medicos" wrote out bunches of prescriptions, "R. oz. Spiritus Frumenti" or "vini Gallici" for friends who could get them honored at the apothecaries. And, of course, in the regular clubs and in well-to-do families there was free license. All this is a bit of history of human nature, which has not changed a lot in 60 years. Needful as it may seem to be, I should like the question got out of the "Woods" (and his followers) and answered. Can there be a distinct class legislation in a democracy? It is the old platonic question, which the philosopher negatived and consequently fell back upon aristocracy and its "guardians" for the ideal government. We believe in the education, not the subjection of the masses.

Boston, Dec. 22. THE OLD 'UN.

Tea-Crazed.

As the World Wags:

The article on tea in your column this morning was interesting. Forty years ago I visited the State Prison at Wethersfield. One of the prisoners, a woman, serving a life sentence for murder, attributed her crime to the tea habit. She drank 13 cups of tea every day. Usually this crime is charged up to the Demon Rum.

Here is a description of high tea from the London Daily Telegraph of May 9, 1893. "A well understood high tea should have cold roast beef at the top of the table, a cold Yorkshire pie at the bottom, a mighty ham in the middle. The side dishes will comprise soused mackerel, pickled salmon (in due season), sausages and potatoes. Rivers of tea, coffee and ale, with dry and buttered toast, sally luns, scones, muffins and crumpets, jams and marmalade."

Mary Rogers loved tea, but I believe she got her inspiration from the song, "Johnny Sands": "For he was tired of life, and she was tired of him."

Boston, Dec. 22. J. D. K.

BY THIBAUD

Jacques Thibaud, violinist, and George Copeland, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Chausson, Poeme; Saint-Saens, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Mr. Thibaud. Bach, Bourree; Chopin, Waltz, Etude; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Debussy, Prelude, Reflets dans l'Eau, Danse de Puck, clair de Lune, L'Isle Joyeuse; Grovlez, Recuerdos; Albeniz, Tango, Cartillas; Chabrier, Bourree Fantasque, Mr. Copeland. Nicolai Schneer was the accompanist.

Since his appearance in Boston three years ago Mr. Thibaud, patriot, has seen service in the trenches. A consummate artist, whose skill is akin to genius, whose playing with its technical suavity and profound emotional appeal, can be enjoyed by the humblest as well as appreciated by highly trained musicians, the admirable French violinist should have been welcomed by a great audience. But this is a season for fireside gatherings and if the audience was small it was quick to realize the musical significance of the occasion, and there was hearty applause throughout the afternoon.

Mr. Thibaud played three distinguished works, pieces with which he is thrice familiar, that he has stamped with the poetry and superb musicianship of his interpretations. In all three his calm mastery of his instrument was apparent. His tone was at all times beautiful, haunting, above praise, capable of infinite transformations in nuances, now sturdy, now of exquisite delicacy. Certain characteristics, gravity, intensity, melancholy, elegance, set Mr. Thibaud's playing apart and reflect his Latin nature. His performance of Lalo's beautiful Symphonie was rich in variety of expression and surpassing beauty of tone. Again in Chausson's Poeme Mr. Thibaud was flawless in the matter of technic, supreme as an interpreter. Chausson's musical speech was often that of a mystic, of one keenly alive to human suffering. These qualities of tenderness and infinite compassion were eloquently voiced by Mr. Thibaud. In Saint-Saens's piece there was further opportunity for a display of polished technic.

Mr. Copeland's interpretations of the pieces on yesterday's program are now familiar. An excellent pianist, he gives pleasure and excites admiration for his touch, his art in coloring tone, his clarity and his feeling for rhythm. Recalled he added to the program.

At the close of the concert there were scenes of unusual and well deserved enthusiasm, and Mr. Thibaud further delighted by his playing of Saint-Saens's Havanaise, Bach's Air and Faure's Romance. Mr. Schneer was a skilful and sympathetic accompanist.

The concert next Sunday afternoon will be by Mme. Gadski, soprano, and Eddy Brown, violinist.

'PASSING SHOW'

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of the Winter Garden "Passing Show of 1916." Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg, Otto Motzan, and arranged from the music of operatic composers. Antonio Honda, conductor. Produced at the Winter Garden June 22, 1916.

This is indeed a show, and it passes quickly. There is only one intermission, and, Allah be praised, no encores are allowed. If dullness happens to be dull or a song too foolish it is soon over. The name of the man that wrote the "book" is given on the program, but the book has now only a page or two. This too, is a source of rejoicing, for many shows have been ruined by a "book."

There is a prologue of the old fashioned order, with Father Time, the years 1914 and 1915, Uncle Sam, Charlie Chaplin, War, Wine, Women and Song, and other well-known characters, conspicuous by reason of costume and lack of costume. Then follow various scenes, many of them entertaining, some of them unusually funny.

In the middle of the first scene, Montmartre, with an Apache dance, Mr. Wynn seated in a box told the audience that the show was "terrible." We could not agree with him. The stage setting and the costumes were interesting; there was violent action; the violin girls could not keep quiet while they fiddled; Mr. Wynn himself was not at his best in the second scene. The third, Madam Fathisle's dressmaking establishment, gave Miss Belle Ashlyn opportunity for pleasing gags and wheezes and a remarkable invitation of Mme. Bernhardt. Startling costumes were introduced; also Messrs. Wilson, Roosevelt and Hughes. Jokes on the election now have an ancient and a fish-like smell.

Messrs. Walton, Philbrick and Harper were well made up, and there was no offensive partisanship in the dialogue—the three were roasted alike—but the audience, one that crowded the theatre, was more interested in the young women who were the dressmaker's models, especially in Miss Roehm, the girl in peacock blue, and in Miss Ashlyn's remarks. After the Ford sisters had danced gracefully clog dances came one of the chief features of the show, "A Modern Garage," in which Mr. Wynn was excruciatingly funny as repairer and seller of automobiles. A burlesque on the Indian play brought out by Mr. Belasco was made tolerable by Miss Ashlyn as Wetona. How quickly the great majority of modern plays are forgotten. Probably not two out of ten in the audience could have told the subject burlesqued, yet the play was produced here and it was well acted.

William Arnold as Sergt. Ellsworth, U. S. A., sang forcibly an appeal for preparedness. And then came the mechanical feature of the show, a thrilling representation of a cavalry charge. Yet, impressive as it was, the stage trick by which a broken-down automobile suddenly stood up, ready for use, rivalled it as a feature.

The second part of the show began with the "Olympian Ballet," with Mazelle and Wilbert Dunn as the chief dancers. Again an effective stage setting with varied and brilliant costumes, young women galore, dancing and posturing, all pleasant to the eye, but what Helen (a Grecian slave), Troilises and Cressida were doing in a Grecian, not a Trojan, bath, some earnest student of ancient history will explain. Mr. James Clemons, an extraordinary athletic dancer, with a lampost chorus, gave a shocking exhibition of drink as a devitalizing force. Mr. Wynn in the Potash and Perlmutter Loan Shop told two old stories, excellent when they were new. Messrs. Philbrick and Mack as Alexander and Henry were seen again in their laughable war of words and facts, and Mr. Mack was funny in the scene in which Shylock demanded his pound of flesh from Romeo, while Juliet sat by in sympathetic mood, and Shakespeare objected to the liberties taken with his plays. "School Days on Broadway" is a filler, but Mr. Wynn's "Travelogues" should be heard and his pictures seen by everyone. It is all nonsense, but delightful nonsense, which is often more to be desired than orthodox and prating sense.

In shows of this nature there are always dull moments. In this show they are few and the "features" are excellent. There is no large orchestra, but one that is decidedly noisy. For the holidays, "The Passing Show of 1916" is truly an entertainment. The large audience was of this opinion last night.

The Rev. William Sunday has named men of renown and noble courage who, according to the best of his information and belief, are now in the place of everlasting torment. And yet there may be surprises in store for Mr. Sunday, where s[illegible] says in the "Religio-Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne that may well be pondered. "I [illegible] many [illegible] who to man seem reprobated, and many are reprobated who in the opinion and sentence of man stand elected. [illegible] will appear, at the last day, strange and unexpected examples, both of his justice and his mercy; and, therefore, to define either is folly in man, and insolency even in the devils."

And even in monkish times the singer of "Aucassin and Nicolette" could have said with Sir Thomas Browne that he was "never afraid of hell, nor could it grew pale at the description of that place." Sir Thomas had so fixed his contemplations on heaven that he had almost forgotten the idea of hell. "That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of him. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven; they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell." Robert Burns expressed this thought in one line.

But Aucassin told the captain of the city that there were folk who would make paradise a doleful place for him. "For into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tournays and great wars, and sore men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also there to. Thither goes the gold and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of gris, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me, Nicolete, my sweetest lady." Thus did the unknown writer of the 12th century speak out, to quote Mr. Andrew Lang, "What many must have thought in those incredulous ages of faith." Walter Pater wrote a fine page about this outburst of Aucassin as showing the spirit of rebellion and revolt against the moral and religious ideas of the time, the Antinomian element found in the history of Abelard and the legend of Tannhaeuser, "this sinster claim for liberty of heart and thought." "The Albigensian movement, connected so strangely with the history of Provencal poetry, is deeply tinged with it. A touch of it makes the Franciscan order, with its poetry, its mysticism, its 'illumination,' from the point of view of religious authority, justly suspect."

The Demon Tea.

We have received several pathetic letters concerning the evils of tea-drinking, narrating how constitutions have been shattered; how happy homes have been ruined. These letters are so pathetic that in these dismal days we forbear publishing them. Yet we make room for a quotation from a book on matrimonial etiquette entitled: "The Husband, in Answer to the Wife," and published in 1756. The husband speaks: "I look upon afternoon tea as one of the greatest superfluities that custom has introduced among us. I have calculated the expense, and dare affirm that a very moderate tea-table with all its equipage cannot be supported in less than forty or fifty pounds a year."

This book was long ago out of print, or we should earnestly recommend it as a wedding gift. Fortunately William Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men," in a light and well-printed volume, is within reach of the humblest. In the chapter, "Advice to a Youth," we find: "Let me beseech you to resolve to free yourselves from the slavery of the tea and coffee and other slop-kettle; if, unhappily, you have been bred up in such slavery. Experience has taught me that those slops are injurious to health. * * * I pretend not to be a 'doctor,' but I assert, that to pour regularly, every day, a pint of warm liquid matter down the throat, whether under the name of tea, coffee, soup, grog, or whatever else, is greatly injurious to health. * * * If the women exclaim, 'Nonsense! Come and take a cup,' take it for that once; but hear what I have to say." Then Cobbett shows how time is wasted by taking slops.

Uncrowned Royalty.

We have received a letter from Mr. Jean d'Archismard of Providence, R. I., translated into English, it runs as follows: "About 20 years ago I was a wigmaker in Paris. It was I that furnished M. J. D. Rockefeller with a marvellous wig. Whether he wore it at the funeral of his friend, M. Archbold, is not for me to say; but in baring his head he would have had nothing to fear from the weather. No need of a hat! The wig—there is the protection. Eat cats and clip dogs."

"Exclusive Waists."

As the World Wags:

"Exclusive waists." (Advertisement). Perhaps my memory cannot be relied upon, but I seem to have a glimmering notion that I preferred them once "Inclusive." THE OLD 'UN.

Boston.

The Recruit.

As the World Wags:

Can you give me any information about the following verses which I heard sung by my grandmother over 70 years ago? E. S. P.

Winthrop.

My father was a farmer good.
With corn and beef in plenty,
I hoed and sowed and held the plough,
And longed for one and twenty.

For I had quite a martial air
And scorned the lowing cattle,
I longed to wear a uniform,
Hear drums, and see a battle.

My birthday came, my father urged,
But stoutly I resisted,
My mother wept, my sister prayed,
But off I went and listed.

They marched us on through wet and dry
To tunes more loud than charming,
And carrying knapsack, sword and gun
Was harder work than farming.

We met the foe, the cannon roared,
The crimson tide was flowing,
And dreadful death groans reached my ear,
I wished that I was mowing!

I lost my leg, the foe came on,
They had me in their clutches,
I starved in prison till the peace,
Then hobbled home on crutches.

JEWETT PLAYERS APPEAR IN "AN IDEAL HUSBAND"

Excellent Performance of Oscar Wilde's Comedy.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "An Ideal Husband," a play in four acts by Oscar Wilde.

Mrs. Marchmont	Mary Gray
Lady Basildon	Bertha Bates
Olivia Trafford	Barbara Phillips
Tommy Trafford	S. A. Hendry
Lady Jane Barford	Alma Tapping
Mason	J. Casler West
Lord Caversham	Fred W. Permain
Lady Chiltern	Gwladys Morris
Mabel Chiltern	Beatrice Miller
Lady Markby	Florence LeClercq
Mrs. Cheveley	Jessamine Newcombe
Duchess of Maybrough	Ann Remig
Vicomte De Nanjac	Cameron Matthews
Sir Robert Chiltern	Lionel Glenister
Lord Goring	Leon Gordon
Mr. Montford	Leonard Grey
Phipps	Leonard Craske

Mr. Jewett has again shown his discrimination in the choice of plays by putting on Wilde's delightful comedy of manners. The piece was given in Boston some twenty years ago with Herbert Kelcey as Lord Goring, W. J. LeMoyne as Lord Coversham, Miss Isabel Irving as Lady Chiltern and Miss Ellta Proctor Otis as Mrs. Cheveley. It was lately revived in German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York.

Wilde has made a dramatic incident in the domestic life of two ingratiating figures, Robert Chiltern and his wife, the basis of an entertaining exposition of his philosophy, satirical reflections, and well turned epigrams. Yet the characters are something more than mere drawingroom puppets. Lady Chiltern embodies the feminine failing of loving her husband, thinking him above reproach. Mrs. Cheveley, an adventuress, proves beyond a doubt that her idol's feet are of clay. Chiltern, angered at his wife's reproaches, loudly proclaims the superiortiy of a man's affection, which does not demand perfection, but looks tolerantly upon the weaknesses of the beloved. In an ingenious manner Wilde contrives to have the adventuress foiled. The compromising letter is restored to Chiltern. He and his wife arrive at a broader and more perfect understanding.

The performance is in keeping with the high standard set and steadily maintained by this excellent company. Mr. Glenister played Chiltern with the force and quiet authority characteristic of his work. Miss Morris is an aristocratic Lady Chiltern. Miss Newcombe as Mrs. Cheveley is in turn insinuating, languid, incisive, sure of her power over men, brazen in the face of well merited snubs from women who knew her past. Mr. Gordon as Lord Goring reads his lines effectively and lends to the character an appropriate note of mingled vagueness and sincerity. Miss Miller is pert and amusing as Mabel Chiltern. The others in the company are well cast and efficient.

Next Monday afternoon "The Odd Man Out," by Harold Brighouse, author of "Hobson's Choice," will have its first production in America.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Chin-Chin, or a Modern Aladdin," a musical fantasy in three acts. Book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside; lyrics by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea; music by Ivan Caryll W. E. Macquinn, conducted.

Chin Hop Lo	David C. Montgomery
Chin Hop Hi	Fred A. Stone
Aladdin	Douglas Stevenson
Abanazar	Oscar Ragland
Cornelius Bond	Jay Quigley
Tzu Yung	Edgar Lee Hay
Ring Master	Charles Mast
Violet Bond	Gladys Zell
Goddess of the Lamp	Virginia Ehrgott
Widow Twankey	Bessie Franklin
Sen Sen	Margaret Irving
Fan Tan	Violet Zell
The Bears	Misses Callahan, Ward and Valerio

An excellent holiday attraction, "Chin-Chin," began a return engagement in Boston yesterday afternoon. Since its first production the piece has enjoyed unrivalled popularity built, as it is, around the favorite comedians Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, in various amusing disguises they frolic through the scenes providing endless entertainment, exciting constant laughter.

Although the spectators are chiefly concerned with the adventures of the leading comedians in the toy bazaar, at the tea shop, on the palace terrace and in the circus tent, other diverting incidents are provided by various members of the company. There is the Teddy bear dance, the delightful music provided by the six Brown brothers, who form the circus band, the extraordinary courage and flexibility of Miss Violet Zell in her eccentric dance with Mr. Stone.

An audience of good size welcomed the comedians, enjoyed the attractive music and admired the charming stage settings. There was hearty applause and the audience left the theatre in high spirits.

TRANSFER "YOU'RE IN LOVE" TO PLYMOUTH THEATRE

The transfer of "You're In Love," that charming musical comedy, from the Shubert to the Plymouth Theatre was safely accomplished and the performance given at the latter house for the Christmas matinee was as finished and as smooth as they have been at the Shubert. The longer the run of "You're in Love," the firmer becomes the conviction that Messrs. Lauerbach, Friml and Clark's comedy will be a success. Friml's music is unusually attractive and already "Loveland" and "Boola" songs are whistled on the street. Marie O'Flynn, the dainty prima donna, has become a favorite in Boston, as have May Thompson and Al Roberts, whose drolleries add so much to the performance.

Next Monday evening Miss Grace George in Shaw's "Major Barbara" will be the attraction. Seat sale opens today.

KEITH'S THEATRE

The holiday program presented at Keith's Theatre yesterday more than satisfied the audiences that filled the house at both performances. The most ambitious undertaking on the bill was the presentation of a playlet, "Overtones," by Alice Gerstenberg, in which the struggle of the outer soul and inner soul of woman was portrayed. Miss Helen Lackaye was credited with the principal role, but the attention of many Boston musical people was centred, through association, on Miss Francesca Rotoli, who is a daughter of the late Augusto Rotoli, a well known composer and teacher of music, who for many years was the conductor of music at St. James church.

Really, the program maker, in describing this playlet, involved his audience in the title. It centres about the everyday struggle between the real and make-believe selves of two women. Interest was held by producing on the stage the two make-believe women, passing compliments with each other, while close beside them, shrouded in veils, their real souls conducted counter-conversations, in which they expressed their real sentiments.

Dialogue Striking.

The dialogue was strikingly realistic, and as a result the four players, Miss Lackaye, Ursula Faucit, Francesca Rotoli and Josephine Hamner, left the stage with less applause than they deserved because the audience was working out of its mental shivers when the curtain fell.

There was a generous measure of music and minstrelsy in the program as befits the holiday season. Pistel and Cushing contributed the "Stranded Minstrels," which, while slightly reminiscent of another turn of a similar nature, had plenty of honest original business which held the house to laughter.

Muriel Window, with songs and many costumes, the changes being made behind a rather small settee on the stage, succeeded in surprising her audiences.

Musical numbers were furnished by Willie Weston, Anna Wheaton, Composer Harry Carroll. For the children the management provided the Maxime Brothers and their acrobatic dog Bobby, but it was noted that the grownups were not above applauding. Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris did a dancing sketch, "Golfing with Cupid," and the standard farce was contributed by W. H. Macart, and Ethelynne Bradford in the family sketch, "Love, Honor and Obey."

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: Klaw & Erlanger and George C. Tyler present "Pollyanna," a comedy in four acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter; staged by Frederick Stanhope. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Mrs. Carmody	Maude Granger
Mrs. Carmody	Helen Weathersby
Mrs. Gregg	Maud Hosford
Nancy	Jessie Busley
Mr. Pendleton	Effie Shannon
Pollyana Whittier	Patricia Collinge
Sodom and Gommorah	Ry Themselves
Jimmy Bean	Stephen Davis
John Pendleton	Earle Browne
Bleecker	Harry Barfoot
Doctor Chilton	Herbert Kelcey
Jimmy Bean (Grown up)	Harry Duffey

Many enchanted by the book "Pollyanna" are undoubtedly curious as to whether the play follows faithfully the novel. It is enough to concern oneself with the play as a play, without any regard for the book—in a word, judge it wholly from the standpoint of a play. The character of Pollyanna has been made by the author nothing

short of irresistible; in fact, with the absence of the title character from the stage, her influence goes with her and some of the characters are little else than shabby. The first act, while often interesting, by reason of the microscopically scandalous verbal scrutiny of the three ladies of the Ladies' Aid Society, is as often dulled by a constantly recurring tendency to be preachy. Acts two and three, by judicious pruning, might be made into one act, for there is a tendency to make the play episodic, rather than to strictly adhere to the ideas of cohesiveness and continuity.

The piece, too, with its pretty bits of sentiment, is in many spots overwhelmingly sad; but this does not mean that the comedy element has been neglected; on the contrary, Pollyanna's "glad" philosophy is often delightfully and subtly funny, the audience at times laughed uproariously, now and then they smiled through a prism of tears even as John Pendleton through the magic of Pollyanna's improvised rainbow. And then there is the delightful boyishness and speech of Jimmy Bean, of the first three acts, and his more perfectly matured successor of the last act; the character of Nancy, the servant, was furnished generously with good comedy lines and took its place logically in the story.

Pollyanna, simply dressed in gingham, bursts in unceremoniously upon her aunt, to whom the orphaned girl has been sent to be brought up. The aunt, a frigid lady, who carries a heavy heart over a love affair of some 20 years back, is a cool hostess and at once proceeds to discipline the girl. The latter, with her optimistic philosophy and magnetic personality, softens the aunt, and when the girl, interested in reclaiming the village hypochondriac, John Pendleton, who was frustrated in elopement plans with Pollyanna's mother some 20 years back, and who adds to the gloom with another heavy heart, attempts to take up her abode with Pendleton, the aunt professes her love for the girl in impassioned speech. Thus the girl, in relating a "fairy story" to the morbid Pendleton, unfolds the real love story of her mother and Pendleton. The latter is warmed and enthusiastic over the girl; incidentally the girl picks up the 20 years-old threads in the love affair of the aunt and Dr. Chilton and completes the romance. Pollyanna is struck by Chilton's auto and is seriously wounded. Five years abroad at the expense of Pendleton and she is cured; the homecoming is awaited feverishly by all, but by Jimmy Bean in particular; everyone is made happy by the imparted gladness of Pollyanna, and Jimmy Bean is an expectant and radiant bridegroom.

Miss Patricia Collinge's Pollyanna was nothing short of irresistible. Physically adapted to play the youthfud part, she was the unsophisticated, wistful wisp of an orphan in manner, speech and poise. With a performance entirely free from gush, she was always the confiding, sweetly sympathetic little girl. And with all the sadness that was in her life, there was never a tendency to overdo that element. In a word, witnessing Miss Collinge in the part, it is not overshooting the mark to put in the mouth of the authoress the words: "Here, indeed, is Pollyanna vitalized as I would have her." In fact, it was the authoress herself that held the remainder of the cast back till the proper time to fold her in their arms. And there were those in the audience who wished for the same pleasure.

The Jimmy Bean of Stephen Davis in the earlier acts charmed with the perfection of his boyishness as did the later Jimmy Bean of Harry Duffey in his worshipful moments. Effie Shannon was always interesting as the aunt, as was Herbert Kelcey as Dr. Chilton and Earle Browne as John Pendleton. Jessie Busley made much of the small part of Nancy, with her irrepressible spirit, and others of the cast gave pleasure.

Dec 27 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The Fate of S. Files.

As the World Wags:

Since Mr. John Savage Shaghellion has seen fit to turn your column into a dog-watch it mightn't be amiss to log the tale of S. Files and how Jemmy Squarefoot got him. Squeak Files we called him on account of his voice, but I don't think he was christened that. I don't think he was christened at all.

The first time I knew Files was in the Polydore, a nasty little bath tub of a hooker, from London to Baltimore, in the winter of '48. Cold it was, cruel cold, and the old hooker made the passage under water, every fathom from the Norc to Cape Henlopen. Just like this here Dutchland, only we got frosted feet instead of banquets. We was off the Banks, and the watch below got to talking wistful like whether or not there was a place as hot as the Good Book says. Files was laying in his berth, steaming like a stuck pig on a frosty morning. All at once he rips out an oath as long as the fore royal stay.

"I'm bound for it and Jemmy Squarefoot, but I'd like a taste of it before go," he sings out.

There was an awful thump on deck just then.

"Jemmy heard you," I says. I never was strong religious, but I don't hold by blarsphemy at all. But Files he just laughs—squeaky.

The second time I met Files was on the beach at Grand Bassam, on the Ivory Coast. He and a Dutchman from Cape Town was planning to go back country and raise watermelons and trade ivory and gold dust. It stood to reason that there was millions in it, because a nigger will sell his soul for watermelon, but Jemmy Squarefoot switched their seed and they all come up cucumbers, and they had the devil's own time getting back to the coast, consequence of the niggers having their mouths all made up for melon and not taking it kindly when they was offered cucumbers.

But the third time I saw Files was something I won't forget. I told the yarn to a scientific sharp in G'asgow once and he said that the berg must have been worn smooth and round by the currents unde, it and then come over with Files in an air pocket. But I know better. You can't fool with Jemmy Squarefoot and he done it.

This time I was crossing the Banks again, outward bound in the John K. Kingsley for Christiana with a cargo of rum. Foggy it was, but lifting. We nosed along easy like and pretty soon we ran into wreckage—too hamper, bales and such. Ben Tate and I were keeping bow lookout.

"There's been a wreck," says Ben. "On a berg," he says, "nearby."

Then I felt the berg chill in the air, which is something you can't mistake for nothing else. I yelled aft to ease her off and they eased her. Then there was a thundering big crash to leeward and four big waves come galloping out of the fog and I knew that we must be pretty close to a big berg, when she turned heels up.

Then the fog thinned a little and I started to yell and couldn't. I was that scared. Out in the fog I seen Files, 50 foot high if he was an inch, and wearing the same old patched pea jacket he'd worn on the Polydore. Fifty foot high he was, standing on nothing and stamping his feet to keep warm.

Well, we gawked at him, being too scared to do aught else, and then the mist thinned some more and I see the outlines of a berg over Files's head. It was all smooth and bulging toward us on the face and Files as tall as the foremast in the middle of it. The mist kept on thinning and Files stopped stamping his feet and took off his neckerchief. Then he took off his pea jacket. And then he looked worried like and began to fiddle with his shirt buttons. Pretty soon he took off his shirts—he had on three of them, one over the other, and the last one ripped up the back, being stuck to him.

The berg kept getting clearer and clearer as the fog thinned. And Files kept on his disrobing act, like an actress on a tight-rope. Only he went further and stood as naked as Adam and seven times as big. And he was sweating. His face, as we seen it, was 10-foot high and he sweat at every pore. It run off his chin and finger ends, and he got red all over and gasped like a dogfish.

Then, just like that, there wasn't any fog, and there wasn't any Files. The sun came out, burning bright, and Files wasn't there. There wasn't nothing there. Nothing but a little swirl of gray dust where he'd been. He was gone.

This Glasgow sharp said a lot about refraction and concentration of rays and burned the back of my hand with his watch crystal. But I ask you, how could ice burn Files up? No. Jemmy Squarefoot got him, and I know it. I saw it.

And you could ask Ben Tate and he'd tell you the same, only he was shot blockade running in the war and has been dead 50 years and better.

JOHN COFFIN.

Holystone Farm, Holliston.

Dec 28 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea, seem to have occurred to the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them, from the story of the stealing of Dionysus downwards, the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions.

Mr. Frank J. Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes" is a useful and entertaining book, but it is necessarily incomplete, as a dictionary of slang would be next week even if it had been published only a month ago.

We turn to the word "work." Work like a horse, worked like a fury, worked like a Trojan, work like beavers, work like a galley slave, worked like a miner in a landslide, work like a brick, working like the gills of a fish. A still more common simile is not noted: "Work like a dog." And there are countries where dogs do work, and work hard.

Under "blush" we find the simile "blush like a black dog." The simile is an old one. It goes back to the 16th century, meaning the person does not blush at all, having a brazen face; but there is also a dog of another color. Here is an extract from Dean Swift's "Polite Conversation":

Lord Sp. (to the maid)—Mrs. Betty, how does your body politick?

Col. Fye—My lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Sm.—Blush! Ay, blush like a blue dog.

The Number Lessened.

By the death of Dr. Edmund D. Spear of Jamaica Plain this column loses a valuable contributor. His letters were always timely, often conveying curious information, often enlivened by a peculiar humor. Only a few days ago we received a note from him to this effect: "Out in our yard on a stone fence lies a rock which the lights and shadows play upon and produce Gladstone's face. (It is not a gladstone!) It smiled the morning when Lloyd George became premier."

The Linotype's Little Joke.

We have received the following letter relating to a letter headed "Prohibition Days" published in this column on Dec. 25:

"The Old 'Un is perhaps presumptuous in thinking his words matter at all, but as even a 'nom de plume' has a certain sensitiveness may he say that he called some 'no license' people 'excellent good friends,' not 'excellent good fiends,' as printed?"

For the Toasting Season.

As the World Wags:

I have never been a toastmaster, but they have my sympathy, and at this season I would bring them a boon. A formula has occurred to me which might be useful, and as I do not remember seeing or hearing it, it may be new. Let the toastmaster say in introducing an eloquent speaker: "We have with us tonight our distinguished friend, W. K. Whale, who will address you with a few well chosen words and many others."

I will permit any toastmaster to use this without acknowledgment, provided he will agree to use his best efforts to ascertain for me the remaining stanzas of a ballad which used to be sung by Haverly's Minstrels, I think in the eighties: The stanza which haunts my memory as an unsatisfactory fragment runs:

Give my chewing gum to sister,
I shan't want it more,
On my lips it raised a blister.
Oh! but ain't they sore!
Dumdi dum, di dum di dumdi
(Always have to hum it; can't remember)
Mother don't be mean,
Give the sexton a quarter of a dollar
To see that my grave is kept green.

The tune was in three-four time, two beats to the first note in the measure, except that the last line was adapted to be sung to the well known do, re, mi, do, mi, do, do (octave).

PAUL F. ELA.

East Douglas, Dec. 25.

Perhaps Dr. Ela will find the stanza in a volume of poems by Robert H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr). There are several parodies of sentimental songs at the end of the volume. Mr. Herkimer Johnson borrowed our copy two or three years ago. We may find it some day in a second-hand bookshop.—Ed.

Pleasant Memories.

A Mrs. Owen, who died in England early this month, was the last survivor of those who were present at the funeral of Napoleon I. Born on the island of St. Helena in January, 1821, she was taken by her mother to the funeral on May 9th of that year. When the body was exhumed in 1840 she was one of the women who worked and gave an embroidered silk flag to be unfurled at the stern of the boat containing the coffin as it left the shore. Mrs. Owen with others was entertained on the Belle Poule by the Prince de Joinville; she talked with Count Bertrand and Gen. Gourgaud and danced with Las Cases and others.

The Fated City.

An equestrian statue in the square of Taurus in Constantinople was secretly inscribed with a prophecy, how the Russians in the last days should become masters of the city. Gibbon, noting this fact, remarked: "Perhaps the present generation may yet behold the accomplishment of the prediction, of a rare prediction, of which the style is unambiguous and the date unquestionable." This brazen statue, brought from Antioch, and melted down by the Latins, was supposed to represent either Joshua or Bellerophon.

On the other hand there is the Shining Stone in St. Sophia. "It emits rays of dazzling brilliancy during times of national prosperity or religious triumphs of Islam, but becomes black and opaque, however cloudless the skies, when disaster threatens the Ottoman Empire or the Faith. It has never hitherto been seen darkened, though the Sultan's armies have frequently been defeated, and the power of Islam seemed to suffer eclipse."

Dec 29 1916

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

The author has described this enter-

As the World Wags:

My daughter Abbie's girl came home from school the other day with a book they're reading there by the name of the rind of a ancient mariner. I got looking at the pictures in it, and see it was about some old square rigged sailor, so thinks I, I'll just look this through. I sot down and read it all that night, afore I turned in, and I felt just as though the feller that wrote it was having fun with me when I got through. Some parts of it seemed a little might improbable, although Lord knows nothings improbable when you get out of sight of land.

The feller that was spinning the yarn was mate on a Englishman, probably one of them Dundee whalers. They sot out to round Cape Stiff, probably going up in Kamschatky or maybe down on the Solander grounds. Anyway, they had a good trip, picked up the nothe-east trades, and run down pretty well to the Horn, and then, when they must of been about Lat. 40 deg., this mate he ups and shoots a albatross, thing I never allowed any of the men to do on any ship of mine.

Well sir, the crew they ups and mutinies. First thing they did was to take and tie that dead albatross round the mate's neck and make him wear it. I've got a picture of any foremast hand tieing a dead bird round my neck when I was mate of a ship, but you cant tell about them Englishmen. Now I hove a feller down through the main hatch whango oncet, when we were laying in Albany, but thats another yarn, as the feller says.

Right after the mate killed that bird, they began to have hard luck, as they might of known. First thing they got hit by a pampero, and carried away a lot of their gear, and stove up all their boats. The old man, he callated to put into Valparaiso, and refit, but down off Staten Island somewheres, they run into a old wooly that took the sticks clean out of her. They drifted around after that till somehow they got around, how they did it the feller dont say, but they hit a spell of calms and lay there and wallered, and the water went bad, and all the grub in the harness cask that went bad, too, and the crew got scurvy and beri-beri, till the mate was the only feller able to do a trick at the wheel. Then they began to die. They died so darn fast that the mate couldnt heave them over the side. Finally he got so bad that he began to see snakes and ghosts and got in a bad way.

Well, sir, he would have gone over the side crazy, just like a Cape Verde Islander I had with me in the old Galloway did, down in Mauritius, only, all to once he got religion, just like fellows do in revivals. Beat Billy Sunday all holler, 'cause this mate he just went to work and converted himself all alone. And at that that stinking old albatross dropped off his neck and fell into the water, whango. Guess his legs must have been pretty near ready to pull out by this time. The mate, he caught some cod and hake, so's he'd have some grub, and it began to rain, and he filled the scuttle butts, and after he'd turned in and had a good watch below, he sot up a jury rig and worked the old tub into Valparaiso and collected salvage, and managed to get back home. But he had got enough of the sea and had to get a job tending light for the government, and used to make a practice of going around to weddings and funerals (just like one or two in this town whose names I won't mention) and telling folks not to shoot albatrosses.

What I started to ask was if John Shaghellion could spin us a yarn about shooting a albatross. If you don't believe they bring bad luck, ask me or old Eben Nye about how the Wild Goose happened to be lost.

(Capt.) MARTIN GALE.

Falmouth, Dec. 27.

Genteel English.

As the World Wags:

A lady was overheard relating her experience at the Allied Bazaar. She had heard Mme. Miura sing, she had been much tossed about in the crowd, and she went home. But to her friend—and neighbors—in the car, she had heard Mme. Miura "render a selection," had "great difficulty in maintaining her equilibrium when the assemblage dispersed" and had "arrived home."

This grandiose style may be frowned on at home, or a weak husband may go to his club, "exclusive" or otherwise. But suppose she was not a married woman; suppose she teaches school and inflicts such talk on the waxen minds of children. Among causes of weariness there is also the male prude. I knew a piano tuner, in the days of the good old squares, who always spoke of the limb of the piano if unmarried women were present.

F. EDWARDS.

Boston, Dec. 26.

Dec 30 1916

BALAKIREFF'S 'THAMAR' HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

The last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8; Balakireff, "Thamar," symphonic poem after a poem by Lermontoff; Georg Schumann, Symphonic Variations on the Choral "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

After a time proportioned and rhythmical performance of Beethoven's Symphony, a work always welcome, although for many years it was underestimated, not ranked among the great ones, Balakireff's "Thamar" was performed for the first time at these concerts. It was played at concerts of the Boston Opera Company in 1912 and recently was heard with a ballet in the repertoire of Diaghileff's company. Unlike the suite "Scheherazade," this symphonic poem gains by the miming and dancing on the stage. As a translation into music of Lermontoff's poem, it is lacking in sensuousness, passion, wildness and terror. The most significant portions of the work are those that portray the roaring of the River Terek with the sinister suggestions of the tragedy to come, and the ending with the farewelling of the corpse by the wanton, demoniacal Queen. The melody typifying the amorous Thamar is not seductive, nor are the themes portraying her victims lured in the night mists by the inviting and hospitable light in any way characteristic. The music of the orgy is labored and dull. Lermontoff's poem might have attracted Richard Strauss. The story is that of Margaret in the Tour de Nesle, but Buridan was more fortunate in Dumas's drama than were the lovers of Thamar.

As in other works of Balakireff that have been performed here, there is a crudeness in the music of "Thamar," a lack of fancy or imagination. No doubt he was a wise counsellor to the men in his group, a guide, philosopher and friend; it is said that he was an excellent pianist, but with the exception of his "Islamey" and some of his earlier songs the music that we have heard is not conspicuous by reason of ideas or poetically dramatic treatment. As an original musical thinker he stands below his associates, Borodin, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, nor did he have the technic and the sense of color possessed by the last named.

Georg Schumann's Variations were brought out here 15 years ago by Mr. Gericke. This Schumann belongs to the class characterized by the Germans as "solid" musicians. In one season he played all the sonatas of Beethoven in successive piano recitals. What might not he expected of one so lost to all sense of humor? In the present instance he uses academic liberties with a staid choral, but he strayed for a moment from the conservatory into an opera house where he heard "Tristan and Isolde" and then went back to work with a passion remaining in his mind. No doubt the variations are "well-worked," highly respectable, and at the end there is the announced, inevitable apotheosis of the chorale, allegro glorioso, brass and wood wind and organ in full blast with fiddles in counterpoint, which brings the expected and desired applause. These Variations were composed at Bremen. They might have been composed at Stuttgart or at Wiesbaden.

The concerts will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The programs of the concerts Jan. 12 and 13 will include three pieces by Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter," "The Oceanides," "Night ride and Sunrise" (first time here); Beethoven's violin concerto (Albert Spalding, violinist); and the overture to "Egmont."

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

To W. C. T. The Halliday Witherspoon who wrote letters to the Boston Journal in 1912—they appeared in a column headed "Talk of the Day"—was not the Halliday Witherspoon whose letters and articles have greatly entertained readers of the Boston Herald.

Overheated Cars.

As the World Wags:

To "Pro Bono Publico's" protest against the atmospheric foulness to which patrons of Boston's street cars are subjected in the cold season of the year I wish to add a protest against the barbarous methods by which the cars are warmed. In the cars which have seats arranged crosswise the hot air by which the cars are warmed comes into the cars directly under the seats and, as a consequence, the seats are often so hot that it is painful to sit on them. It not infrequently happens that when I ride in a car warmed in that way the seat is so hot that I vacate it and stand in the aisle. In the case of cars in which the seats are settees built to the cars lengthwise at the sides the method of warming the cars is not quite so execrable as in the case of cars which have the seats arranged crosswise, but the method of heating cars of that kind is, nevertheless, very uncomfortable. Cars of that kind are warmed by hot air pouring into them from four or five registers set at intervals into the front side of each of the settees, and if a person sits on a part of a settee where there is a register the calves of his legs are subjected to a continuous blast of hot air which is decidedly disagreeable.

Is there no better method of warming street cars than the execrable ones in vogue on the street cars of Boston? If so, I should say that some ingenious Yankee should set his wits at work and invent a better method. Riding in cars which are not warmed at all would be preferable to riding in cars thus warmed. Formerly the Boston street cars were not warmed in the cold season of the year, and I should like to see that condition of things restored until some civilized or semi-civilized method of warming is devised.

Dec. 23. TIMON of Brookline.

The street cars as pictured by "Pro Bono Publico" and "Timon of Brookline" remind us of a song mentioned by "S. H." of Westminster. It is entitled "The Slave Ship." "S. H." remembers only the first verse:

Stretch every inch of canvas, lads,
And give it to the wind.
Our bowsprit points to Cuba
And the Coast lies far behind.
Hail to a merry passage
As across the seas we go
With twice two hundred Negro slaves
In the stifling hold below.

Traditional Bungling.

Mr. L. March Phillipps in his book, "Europe Unbound," published recently in London, comes to two conclusions: The British have a good cause; they have failed to make as much of it as they should have made. He asks the question: "Have we risen intellectually to the level of our own cause?" and answers it mainly in the negative.

"We are in that position deplored by Walt Whitman of not being able to give an intelligent account of ourselves. Were the question—what are we fighting for?—put to the nation, the answers would cover the whole range of human motives. We are fighting for Belgium, or to indicate the sanctity of treaties, or for justice, or against militarism, and for many other reasons too numerous to mention. Briefly, we stand for a vague jumble of everything that is good against everything that is bad. Few, as it seems to me, have any clear mental conception of Prussia as the great representative of the tyrannic principle."

No "Annihilation."

As the World Wags:

The British naval historian, John Charnock, writing in 1800 on the wars of Louis XIV., uses words that, with a little rearrangement of the nations enumerated, might fairly cover the situation today: "Spain, Portugal, Britain, Holland, Germany and the northern parts of Italy formed an immense volcano, of which France was the crater; while Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and, in fine, almost every country in Europe, influenced by the persuasion, terrified by the threats, or cajoled by the specious promises of Louis, were armed against each other, and joined in a scene so terrific, as almost to threaten an annihilation of the human race."

The idea in the above quotation is that if Europe could emerge from the threatened "annihilation" of the wars of Louis XIV. to enter the Napoleonic conflicts, any threatened "annihilation" or exhaustion today is likely to prove just as transitory. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Sam Hyde's Dog.

As the World Wags:

Where did the phrase "Uglier than Sam Hyde's dog" originate? It was common in Maine 40 years ago. Who was Sam Hyde and what about his dog?

Boston, Dec. 27. J. BALL.

DEC 31 1916

Mr. Rabinoff is a brave man. He will open the engagement of the Boston National Opera Company at the Boston Opera House tomorrow evening with a performance of Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," which is practically unknown here, for the performance in the Boston Theatre 20 years ago, when the attending circumstances were not favorable, drew a small audience, so small that the late Henry W. Putnam, an opera-goer of many years' standing, wrote a letter to the Transcript, commenting bitterly on the indifference of the public towards an unusually good company and on the tyranny that compelled Col. Mapleson's orchestra to strike.

Umberto Giordano, the composer of "Andrea Chenier," had already written "Mala Vita" (1892), an opera with a singularly unsavory libretto, and "Regina Diaz" (1894). The former made a stir in Rome, and afterwards in Vienna and Berlin. The latter was a failure at Naples, where Giordano had studied at the Conservatory. "Andrea Chenier" was produced at La Scala, Milan, March 28, 1896. The chief singers were Mmes. Carpera, Ticci and Rogers, and Messrs. Borgatti, Sammarco, Giordani, Wigley, Roveri, Terzi and Brancaleone. The statement has been made that Mr. Zenatello "created" the part of Chenier. The statement is incorrect. Mr. Zenatello took the part in London in 1905 (Nov. 11), when Mme. Strakosch appeared as Maddalena and Mr Sammarco as Gerard; but the first performance in England was in English at Manchester, April 2, 1903, with Miss Burgess and Messrs. Walther and Deane as the leading singers.

The opera was to have been produced at Covent Garden in 1896, with the passionate De Lucia as Chenier, but he threw up the part. Cremonini was talked of, but Giordano wanted Jean de Reszke or Alvarez. This was impossible at the time. Giordano complained of the general inefficiency of the cast. Sir Augustus Harris could not or would not meet his wishes and so the opera was withdrawn. In 1907, it was revived in London, with Mmes. Destinn, De Cisneros and Zeppilli, and Messrs. Caruso, Sammarco, Marcoux and Gilibert. Surely a strong cast.

The opera met with unusual success in Italy, Russia, Germany, Austria before Col. J. H. Mapleson brought it to New York in the repertoire of his ill-starred Imperial Opera Company. "Andrea Chenier" was performed for the first time in this country at the Academy of Music, New York, on Nov. 13, 1896, Italo Campanini for the part of Chenier. This tenor, a Frenchman who had sung chiefly in Italy and Russia, with a distressing tremolo, sang and acted with uncommon fervor. The part of Gerard was taken by Lighetto, an uncommonly good baritone, conspicuous by his dramatic as well as by his vocal ability. Mme. Carmen Bonaplata-Bau, the Maddalena, was by birth a Venetian, but she called herself a Spaniard because her family moved to Barcelona when she was a baby. Having studied in that city and in Paris, she made her debut in Milan in 1896 at the age of 20. She sang in Milan for four seasons, and afterwards in Russia, Spain, Portugal and South America. She had talent and she was fat. Her performance of Alda is still remembered in this city. Her death was reported some time ago. As Madelon, Mme. Scalchi, although the part is a small one, made an indelible impression. The conductor was Mr. Tango, a young man, only 22, authoritative and fiery. The chorus was an excellent one. The minor parts were well taken. We heard this performance and are even now excited by the recollection.

Soon afterwards Col. Mapleson brought his company to the Boston Theatre. A memorable performance of "Aida," on the whole the best we have had in Boston for 25 years, took place on Nov. 30, 1896, with Mmes. Bonaplata-Bau and Parsi, and Messrs. Duro, De Anna, Pinto and Dado, the chief singers. The late Oreste Bimboni conducted. On Dec. 1, "Lucia di Lammermoor" was performed with Mme. Josephine Huguet and Messrs. Randaccio, De Anna and Pinto.

"Andrea Chenier" was announced for the night of Dec. 2. Alas, the orchestra struck. Col. Mapleson, about 8:30 o'clock, appeared before the curtain, irreproachable in a Prince Albert coat and dark trousers. A man of the world, he carried his "silker" in his hand. He addressed the audience as though he were announcing the sudden death of a dear friend known to all. He said—and we see the gallant colonel now—he was tolerably well known in Boston. Everything behind the curtain was ready; solo singers and chorus were dressed; but local musicians who had rehearsed with the orchestra demanded their pay in advance, and although Mr. Eugene Tompkins had given them his personal guarantee, they had refused to play. He would either dismiss the audience or perform the work with a piano accompaniment. The audience applauded. (A Boston audience applauds everything and everybody. If a manager were to say from the stage that the theatre or concert hall were on fire there would be "hearty" applause.) In the corridor there was loud talking. The harpist left her seat and was wailing in broken English. Some of the local musicians to whom Col. Mapleson had referred in a venal manner appeared in search of their instruments. They were hissed. Sheepishly they crawled beneath the stage. Mr. Thomas J. Baldwin appeared on the stage, cool, laconic. "You all know me. I assure you a piano is comfy." Faint applause. The harpist took her seat. She was applauded stormily. She began to cry. Repeated applause comforted her. Mr. DeAnna, the baritone, her husband, walked to the footlights. His arms were lifted melodramatically, forming the letter Y. "I am DeAnna. No orchestra. I not speak English. Everybody ready. No orchestra. I sing four or five romanzas. And madame there—my poor wife." He covered his eyes. "She play a concerto. You want? No? You want?" (Applause.) Other gestures of DeAnna, indicative of despair, disgust. He left the stage. Oh, glorious lack of self-consciousness! The admirable baritone, an Italian, was not ashamed to betray his emotion to a foreign audience. A grand piano was taken down the centre aisle and hoisted over the orchestra railing, threatening ruin to everything and everybody near it as it was borne aloft. The audience sat prepared for DeAnna's romanzas and the harpist's concerto. Again the gallant colonel addressed the audience, saying that members of the company thought that a performance with piano would injure the reputation of the composer. The audience would be dismissed and money refunded at the door.

But on Saturday night, Dec. 5, 1896, the opera was given in the Boston Theatre. An orchestra had been extemporized by local musicians. The chief singers were Mmes. Chelia and Dado. Mr. Tango conducted. The fourth act of "The Huguenots" was sung as an after piece, with Mme. Hariclee-Darclee and Emilio Di Marchi, who then made their first appearance in Boston, and Mr. Dado (San Bris). The Transcript remarked: "Considering the disadvantages attendant upon the gathering of a new orchestra after the disaster of Wednesday evening and the rearrangement of the original cast, it seems little short of wonderful that the opera could have been so well given.

Col. Mapleson, Mr. Tompkins, Mme. Bonaplata-Bau, Di Anna are all dead. What became of Durot and Ughetto? It is our impression that the former is no more. Di Marchi afterwards visited Boston with the Metropolitan Opera House Company, a brilliant tenor.

Mapleson's company was stranded here. Through the generosity of Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, the chorus and some of the principals were enabled to make their way home. Col. Mapleson stayed for a month or so, ate his Christmas dinner with the large-hearted Benjamin E. Woolf, and was made happy for the time.

On March 27, 1908, "Andrea Chenier" was again performed in New York, at the Manhattan Opera House, "as a compliment to Mr. Cleofonte Campanini and his wife, who as Signora Eva Tetrazzini had retired from the operatic stage after singing in the opera three years ago." This Eva Tetrazzini took the part of Desdemona in Boston when Italo Campanini produced "Otello" at the Grand Opera House on April 30, 1888. When her sister came to Boston with Mr. Hammerstein's company the two were confounded by some. In the performance at the Manhattan Opera House in 1908 the chief singers were Mmes. Tetrazzini-Campanini, De Cisneros and Messrs. Bassi, Sammarco and Crabbe.

It is needless to say that the librettist of "Andrea Chenier," Luigi Illica, departed widely from history in his treatment of the poet-hero. That Chenier was a gifted writer of classic verse and was guillotined is known to all. The crafty villain in Le Fanu's "Uncle Silas" was fond of repeating a couplet of the poet. The Chenier of history was imprisoned on the charge of having given aid to a political criminal and lost his head with 23 others accused of conspiracy while in prison.

When the opera was revived in London in 1907 the Times was grateful for a libretto taken from anything so promising as the French revolution. "Among the more important results (not mentioned by Carlyle) of that particular epoch in history may be reckoned the opportunities given to operatic and theatrical librettists. Lay the scene in the bloody nineties, call your play 'A Romance of the Revolution,' and half the incidents will not require inventing at all. The tenor by the time the second act has come will find the net closing round him; in the third act (as soon as he has finished his love duet with the heroine) he will be arrested by the baritone, who will immediately have a revulsion of feeling and try to save him; the jury of the revolutionary tribunal will not listen to the baritone, having already considered their verdict before he began to address them; result, an affecting duet between the tenor and the heroine in the shape of variations on the theme, 'Addio, addio, addio.'" And so the Pall Mall Gazette four years earlier found that the story, despite the use of historical and more or less well known names, runs on grooves similar to that of nearly all French revolution stories: "The sudden elevation to power of that which had been menial, the fall of the aristocracy, cross-currents of love and duty, the alternate wielding of powerful influence on the part of one and another lover, a final self-sacrifice leading to the guillotine. Ever since Dickens wrote a 'Tale of Two Cities' incidents of this kind have surely been the stock in trade of every dramatist who has handled the subject."

The story of the opera may thus be told:

At the chateau of the Countess of Coigny, Chenier is asked to improvise about love. Refusing, and teased by Maddalena, the countess's daughter, he angers the company by a revolutionary speech. A mob of starving people break in demanding bread. Gerard, dismissed from the countess's service, is thrown out with them.

Act II. Paris, 1794—Chenier refuses to escape, and risks his life, being in love with an unknown correspondent. At last he consents to leave Paris. The unknown woman sends a messenger to

him making an appointment. A spy of Gerard overhears the conversation. Gerard is now in power as a representative of the people. In love with Maddalena, he cannot find her, although he knows she is in Paris. The spy, now knowing all, is the one to aid him. Maddalena meets Gerard and confesses her love. Gerard appears and would bear her off. Chenier fights with him and Gerard falls. Believing he is wounded unto death, he tells Chenier to care for her.

Act III. Revolutionary tribunal—Gerard, recovered from his wound, instructs the spy to announce falsely the arrest of Andrea, thinking in this way to get control of Maddalena, who has again disappeared. She pleads with Gerard for Chenier's life, and promises to abandon herself to him if he will spare her lover. But Chenier has already been arrested. Gerard, with a change of heart, tells the tribunal that the accusation was false, but he is not believed.

Act IV. The prison—Maddalena, not being able to save Chenier visits him in company with Gerard. Wishing to die with the poet, she takes the place of a condemned woman and goes with her lover to the guillotine.

This devlee recalls Dumas's "Chevalier de Maison Rouge" and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." A London critic, speaking of "Andrea Chenier," wondered why some one, preferably Puccini, did not turn the latter novel into an opera.

In December, 1914, performance of "Andrea Chenier" was prohibited in Rome, lest the Marseillaise introduced in the opera might hurt the feelings of sensitive Germans then in the city.

Giordano is known in Boston by his "Madame Sans-Gene," produced here by the Metropolitan Opera Company at the Boston Opera House, April 17, 1916, when Mme. Farrar took the part of the heroine, Giovanni Martinelli that of Lefebvre and Pasquale Amato that of Napoleon. Mr. Polacco conducted. Giordano's "Fedora" (1898) and "Siberia" (1903) have not been performed here.

Mascagni's "Iris," also in the repertoire of the Boston National Opera Company, was produced at Rome on Nov. 22, 1898. The chief singers were Mmes. Darclee and Milanesi, and Messrs. De Lucia, Caruson and Rubin. The production was a gorgeous one, as far as the mounting was concerned. A foreign journal said at the time that Mr. De Lucia received a sum equivalent to $1.12 for each note he sang; Mme. Darelee was very emotional as Iris. There was a long row of gongs, and the audience was moved only by the Hymn to the Sun in the first act. A ballad and the love duet in the second act were repeated. The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette described this first night:

"What changes a few years can make! 'Iris' is given eight years after, in that same large Costanzi Theatre, where on the memorable evening of May 17, 1890, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' was represented for the first time. But what a difference! Then the theatre was half empty, now it overflows, not one seat being vacant; then only a few scrupulous critics thought it their duty to be present, now the elite of the city, and nobles, writers, critics, composers have come, not only from all parts of Italy, but from abroad; then, to attract people prices were lowered to five shillings for the stalls and £1 for the boxes; now the former cost about £2 and the later £25. Eight years ago the composer, a clean shaven, nervous young man, totally unknown, stood in the wings, alone, pale as death, nit thinking so much of glory as of what depended on his gaining the prize—wife, child, home. These hung on a thread. The overture began, people turned, slightly startled toward the stage; attention became fixed, changing rapidly from pleasure to enthusiasm, to rapture, to an ovation seldom seen in a Roman theatre. That night Mascagni leaped into fame at one bound. Today the eyes of the whole musical world are centred on the maestro, for he himself in the midst of one of the most brilliant and select of assemblies, in the chair of conductor, radiant as on a throne, leads the orchestra."

Mascheroni had been chosen as conductor of this performance. Mascagni, wishing to give him a free hand, left Rome and returned only for the last rehearsals. After listening to one, he went to Mascheroni and said: "I am very sorry, but you have already misunderstood my music." Mascheroni took his hat, left the theatre and did not come back, whereupon Mascagni conducted the remaining rehearsals and the performance.

The first performance in Boston was in the old Music Hall, where Loew's Orpheum now stands, on Nov. 4, 1902. The cast was as follows: The Blind One, Francesco Navarrini; Iris, Marla Farneti; Osaka, Pietro Schiavazzi; Kyoto, Virgilio Bellatti; a Gelsha, Dora de Filippi. Mascagni conducted. The performance did not begin until 9 P. M., for Mascagni could not be persuaded into the belief that Americans wished an operatic performance to begin promptly and to be over at a reasonable hour. The members of the orchestra were in a high state of excitement over the question of payment. Furthermore there had been an election that day. Miss Farnetti was a young and charming apparition with an unsteady voice. Afterwards in Italy she gained a reputation as a dramatic singer. Mr. Schiavazzi screamed. When he did not scream he bleated. Mr. Navarrini was an excellent actor and the best singer on the stage. Mr. Bellatti had talent as a comedian. Neither chorus nor orchestra was efficient.

On Nov. 3 the company had performed "Zanetto" (first time here) and "Cavalleria Rusticana," in which Mme. Bianchini-Cappelli gave a remarkable interpretation of Santuzza. Mascagni did wonders with the orchestra. It was interesting to observe his choice of tempi, which, in many instances, were slower than those to which we had been accustomed.

On Nov. 5 there was a concert in the afternoon. "William Ratcliff" was announced for the evening, but the orchestra refused to play. About 9 P. M. the audience was dismissed with the statement that money would be refunded at the door. The non-performance was a severe disappointment, especially to many who were dead-heads. Concerts were given in Symphony Hall later in the month, when Mascagni showed marked ability as a symphonic conductor.

"Iris" was performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Mr. Conried conductor, in the Boston Theatre on April 6, 1908. The Blind One, Mr. Muehlmann; Iris, Mme. Emma Eames; Osaka, Mr. Caruso; Kyoto, Mr. Scotti; a Geisha, Miss Rita Fornia. Rodolfo Ferrari, conducted.

Mascagni himself said of "Iris": "In writing this opera I had always in mind the principle that it should be judged not by the drama but by the music, for music should not be a dry comment on the drama: it should be the drama itself, the story in its inexorable development. In 'Iris' I wished to reinvigorate the melodramatic opera, to maintain the equilibrium between the voices and the orchestra. There is much music in this opera. I have not contented myself with two or three ideas turned round every way, repeated, reproduced and enriched, for you cannot disguise the fact that these ideas are always the same. Instead of this, I have searched after melody, and searched is the word, for if I do not feel the inspiration suddenly, I wait for it to come. The tenor serenade in the first act came instantly and to my great surprise. I used it without the change of a note. I wish, first of all, to be sincere in my music. I should like 'Iris' to be judged as a work of art, conceived serenely, written in accordance with my own standards, with ideas that have germinated in my own fancy."

And yet at one of the rehearsals of "Iris" Mascagni turned to a friend and said "with emotion": "I am ready to renounce all my works with the exception of 'William Ratcliff,' which will never be popular; but if anything of mine lives in music it will be some scene from 'Ratcliff'." Extracts from "Ratcliff" were performed here in Mascagni's concerts. Even in concert form Douglas's description of London as sung by Mr. Bellatti made a deep impression.

Alas for Mascagni! His sojourn in this country was full of trouble. He did not understand our ways; we could not accommodate ourselves to his. He was nagged and pestered by the managers; also by his wife, of whom he stood in superstitious awe, for she to him was as a mascotte. There were pecuniary complications. More than once there was talk of a dungeon cell. No doubt he was a difficult man to manage; there was no doubt that he was miserably mismanaged.

"Iris" has been characterized as a realistic opera; also as a symbolical one. One scene is certainly realistic. The last act is certainly symbolical, though many have asked "of what?"

Act I. Iris, a Japanese maiden, lives with her father, the Blind One. It is early morning. There is a chorus to the God of Morn and gongs galore are sounded in his praise. Iris in the garden tells her father a dream. The "brilliant and worldly" Osaka, a gross sensualist, sees her and falls madly in love with her. Young girls pass on their way to wash in the stream, and as they pass they sing. Osaka returns with his companion Kyoto, a Sir Pandarus. They are disguised as strolling players, carrying a marionette theatre. Three masked women, Beauty, Death and the Vampire, accompany them. Iris, eager to see the show, leaves her father and is borne away. The Blind One misses his daughter. A note is found by his side, informing him that she has been taken to the famous place where women caged are exposed to public view.

Act. II. Iris is "in the midst of luxury and vice," but, innocent, does not understand in any way her plight. Osaka kisses her. She weeps and wishes to see her garden again. Osaka, not prepared for this behavior, is bored. He orders Kyoto to take her home. Kyoto disobeys him and shows her at a window to the crowd outside. Among the lookers-on is Osaka, who, hearing the admiring comments of the gapers, feels a revival of his old passion. As he goes near to her, Iris hears her father's voice calling out her name with curses. She runs towards him. He strikes her; he throws mud on her. Then she knows where she is, what it all means, and rushing to a raised balcony she throws herself down.

Act III. Iris lies dying at the bottom of the sewer behind the Yashiwara. She is tormented by fearful thoughts and images. The voices of the three egoists, Osaka, Kyoto and the Blind One, are heard. Their selfish passions in one day tore her from her home and ruined her. She asks of this world and heaven, "Why?" The sun is rising and the torturing thoughts pass with the darkness and the mist. "The dark chasm and the frowning cliffs slowly disappear, and in their place Iris sees a wonderful country of flowers and beauty—Paradise, at last! All sense of pain and suffering leaves her, and so, as the splendid sun rises above the beautiful mountain and sheds its warming rays over the smiling country that surrounds her, her pure soul passes away, and the poor body falls among the flowers."

To the Editor of the Herald:

"Thrice the hrinded cat hath mew'd." A careful perusal of Mr. Delamaine's instructive treatise in Sunday's Herald spurs curiosity as to the exact color of the "Macbeth" feline. May we be enlightened? A VISITOR TO BOSTON.

Dec. 26.

"The Odd Man Out," by Harold Brighouse, author of "Hobson's Choice," which the Jewett Players will produce at the Copley Theatre tomorrow, was brought out at the Royalty Theatre, London, on April 16, 1912. The performances were matinees twice in the week. The Pall Mall Gazette then described the play: "As neat a piece of work as we have seen for a good while, not altogether new in its materials, perhaps, but decidedly new and adroit in its handling of them. It is a comedy which runs closely along the borders of the farcical; it almost seems to cross it when we see a middle-aged woman of strict principles in possession of two husbands, and oscillating, not only morally but physically, between them. But true farce is incompatible with the strong vein of intellectual combativeness excited by the action of the story, and there is almost a moral relish to the exuberance of its iconoclastic humor." Another critic characterized the play as "a cross between the 'new gospel' type of play and commonplace, old-fashioned, pretty comedy." A breezy husband, thought to be dead, comes back to find his wife married again to a dull, preaching fellow, while his daughter is about to be forced into marriage with a nincompoop. The Enoch Arden stays and sets things right.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

Of a soprano's "superb recital" the Iowa City Press wrote: "The audience pronounced every number the synonym of the charming carolling of a perfect-throated songstress of the leavy glades and swaying treetops." Even a bad singer, one might imagine, would hardly deserve such a long sentence.—London Daily Telegraph.

George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard will produce "Under Cover" at the Strand Theatre, London, on Jan. 17, with Matheson Lang in the leading part.

An "All-American" matinee took place at the Palace, London, on Dec. 8, for the auxillary committee of the Y. M. C. A. and Miss Lena Ashwell, in charge of the "Concerts at the Front." The sale of seats amounted to $11,250. There were tableaux illustrative of pictures by Sargent, Whistler and others. Mrs. Leslie Carter and Miss Genevieve Ward took part in the entertainment, also the "Celebrated Mastodonic Marvellous Minstrels," with R. G. Knowles and Robert Leonard as bones, Augustus Yorke as tambourine and Paul Arthur as interlocutor.

Thomas Hardy's elaborated and improved version of his "Dynasts" was performed at Dorchester, Eng., on Dec. 6, in aid of local Red Cross societies.

A cockney war play, "London Pride," by Gladys Unger and A. Neil Lyons, was produced at Wyndham's, London, Dec. 6. "A war play of the more comfortable sort, that is, without Germans or spies, and, parenthetically, a coster play about pearlies and donahs and donkey carts (though donahs are never mentioned—perhaps the name is obsolete—and costermongers are apparently known inter se as fruit merchants)."

Paris theatres will only be allowed to open on two days a week after Jan. 15, telegraphs the Paris correspondent of the Daily Express. Efforts to curtail the consumption of gas by private householders will also be adopted, and it is also said in well-informed political circles that the government will take steps to secure the co-operation of the civilian population on war work.

Florent Schmitt on Dec. 7 played in London the piano part of his "wonderful quintet for piano and strings, which ranks as one of the finest examples of modern chamber music."

A new opera, "Savitri," by Gustav von Holst, was produced by the London school of opera, on Dec. 5. The Daily Telegraph described it as follows: "This is an opera da camera—there are but three characters, and the orchestra consists of two string quartets, a double bass, two flutes, English horn, and hidden choir of female voices. Briefly, the story is this: Savitri hears the voice of Death announcing that he comes to claim her husband, Satyavan. The latter, arriving at home after his day's work, notices her distress, the cause of which she explains. He replies that the comer is Maya, 'illusion, dreams, phantoms.' But she is not convinced, and Satyavan falls insensible at the approach of Death. Savitri tries to protect her husband, and Death offers her a boon on condition that she asks nothing for Satyavan. She then asks for life in its fulness. Death grants the boon, whereupon Savitri urges that full life is impossible to her without husband and children—that, whereas she must enter Death's portal alone and desolate, the gate of Life can only be opened by Satyavan. Death yields to her. Satyavan revives and relates a dream of Maya, to which Savitri replies that a Holy One has visited and blessed her. Satyavan realizes that Savitri's love is the only reality in life, and she retorts that for her life is made real only by him. They go out, and Death sings that 'even Death is Maya,' and the curtain falls as Savitri sings to her husband a song of supreme consolation." The music is said to be charming. "It is not cast in the lyric mould which the general public loves, and very likely only the cultivated few will thoroughly appreciate the declamatory vocal passages, with their appropriate and very difficult oriental inflections, which are allotted to the protagonists. But many of these passages are intensely poignant, and from the tiny orchestra, re-enforced by female voices uttering only sounds without words, the composer obtains many beautiful and—in moments of emotional climax—some exceedingly thrilling effects."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 9 thus disposed of a newcomer: "That M. Strockoff should have announced Cesar Franck's Sonata for piano and violin as if it were a fiddle solo, to be accompanied by some modest gentleman 'at the piano' is the measure of the man—and of his performance. True, the pianist, M. Simon, did his best to rectify this misstatement of their respective positions by making his part as loud as he could, but in the end it remained a wholly inartistic interpretation. M. Strockoff belongs to those players whose love is not of music, but of effect. 'Make an effect—decently if you can, but make it,' is their law." Mme. d' Alvarez, "who," as the same critic said, "belongs to the aristocracy of song," saved the concert for him.

By a curious and pathetic coincidence a letter was received in London from the late Dr. Richter on the very day of his death. In it he says: "Give my love to my friends and all the artists who worked with me when you meet them. They are with me in my waking hours and in my dreams, and my thoughts of them are always good and pleasurable. With thankfulness I think of the hours I spent with them. They were the happiest of my artistic life." To the best of my knowledge and belief, the "act" for which men now cover Richter's name with obloquy exists only in the imagination. Now let him rest in peace!—London Daily Telegraph.

It appears that the committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society in February, 1915, "decided to take no action for the removal of the portrait of Dr. Richter, which hangs in the hall, and which was found with the face turned to the wall."

Robert Parker, who sang here first in Mr. Savage's English Grand Opera Company, took this month the parts of Amonasro and Kurvenal at the Aldwych Theatre, London.

The composer, who chooses to be known as Poldowski, has composed an opera in three acts, with a libretto taken from Andreiev's "Silence," with music that has been brought as near human speech as possible. She is disturbed because she finds that Dargomijsky in his "Stone Guest" did this before her. She turned Maeterlinck's "Aladine and Palomide" into an opera before "Pelleas and Melisande" was produced, and she withdrew it because her "method, atmosphere, etc.," might have brought accusations of plagiarism.

The London Times thus gently chastened a pianist: "Dvorak's pianoforte quintet in A went well, but without life, and Solomon, who was at the piano, is learning to play in time, though we do not yet hear anything distinctive from the left hand."

The London Daily Telegraph praised Miss Muriel Foster, who on Dec. 4 "emerged for once from private life" for paying attention to "the native product in song." Sir Hubert Parry's "Armida's Garden" and Rutland Boughton's "most impressive setting of Edward Carpenter's tremendous poem of 'The Dead Christ'" were features of the program.

Mr. de Pachmann played again to an "enormous" audience in London on Dec. 2. His program as announced consumed nearly two hours. Then the "unofficial part" began. "It was," the London Times said, "as if a poet had taken us into his library, and was reading to us, one after another, bits out of his 'dear and dumpy twelves.' This procedure is unusual enough to be dubbed with a short word which for robust minds covers everything from unconventional to bizarre. If it is madness, we could wish that M. de Pachmann would bite some other pianist who could be named. . . . What fills the hall and holds it is the certainty that the limits of true pianoforte tone will never be exceeded, the entire absence of 'the

The author has described this enter-

charm of woven paces and of waving hands' which some players affect, the finger-work which never fails at a crisis and which makes a new thing of the simplest bit of melody, and the personality which lies behind these."

The Pall Mall Gazette found "something leisurely and comfortable" about Mr. Victor Benham, as he sat at the piano, "not on the traditional stool that is so often one of repentance, but on a chair with a back to it, of which he takes advantage." The critic added: "His playing is not always of the best, but this attitude of his often gives it an air of confidential communicativeness that has its advantages. He plays as a friend, and to a friend much is forgiven that is resented in an artist on a platform." Mr. Benham played the "Waldstein" sonata, some of it not cleanly. But his "disarming air tempted you to believe that he had just discovered it and come, full of enthusiasm, to invite your admiration of his 'find.' Where Beethoven is concerned we prefer, after all, the grand manner." We remember Mr. Benham. It was over 20 years ago that he put on his program here a "sonata by Saint-Saens." Now Saint-Saens never published a sonata for the piano. What did Mr. Benham play? "Anything that came out," as the bassoon player said in the minstrel show?

The Music Club of London has given to Eugene Ysaye a "magnificent pipe of briar, silver, and amber—of a grace to suit the recipient's art and of a size to suit his stature."

Sir Hubert Parry's setting of the Poet Laureate's "Chivalry at Sea," a tribute to the memory of Lt. Charles Fisher, was performed by the Bach choir, London, Dec. 12. "Poets and musicians have many ways of casting flowers into a grave, from the solemn, reticent manner to that which is rightly unashamed of the emotion it betrays. Sir Hubert prefers the former, and has not merely cast flowers, but carved a monument worthy of its subject. Yet he has not expressed that which we feel in this matter. The thought of those men who died bravely at their post arouses in us a warmer feeling than is portrayed in such music."

Jan 1 1917

MME. GADSKI AND EDDY BROWN AT SYMPHONY HALL

Mme. Johanna Gadski, soprano, and Eddy Brown, violinist, appeared at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Francis Moore was the accompanist.

Mme. Gadski, a reliable and well schooled singer, sang songs by Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Schubert, Cadman, Toepke, Henschel and others in a conventional manner. On certain occasions, as in "Erlkoenig," there was a chance for dramatic contrasts, and these opportunities were used by her with the effectiveness which is second nature to the artist who has had long experience on the operatic stage. With Mr. Brown, she sang Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Mr. Brown, an excellent violinist, pleased by the beauty of his tone, his smooth technic and the sincere and youthful fervor of his performance. An audience of fair size showed appreciation. Next Sunday afternoon the concert will be given by Mr. Kreisler.

Jan 2 1917

Boston National Company Sings Giordano's "Andrea Chenier"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Boston National Opera Company. Max Rabinoff, director. Giordano's "Andrea Chenier." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Andrea Chenier.......... Mr. Zenatello
Gerard.......... Mr. Baklanoff
Madeline.......... Mme. Villani
Bersi.......... Mme. Fo[illegible]
La Contesse.......... Mme. Peralta
Madelon.......... Mme. Winletskaja
Roucher.......... Mr. Lazzari
Il Romanziero.......... Mr. Ananian
Sans-Culotte.......... Mr. Ananian
Fouquier.......... Mr. Pulitl
Un Incredibile.......... Mr. Pulitl
L'Abate Poeta.......... Mr. Boscacci
Schmidt.......... Mr. Ramo

It might be reasonably supposed that the announcement of an unfamiliar opera—for "Andrea Chenier" had been performed here only once, and twenty years ago—and the return of Messrs. Zenatello and Baklanoff in a company that gave excellent performances last season would have filled the opera house. Perhaps the "many that are thirsting for opera" were celebrating a belated New Year's night. Perhaps others were unwilling to risk disappointment by hearing an opera new to them.

The performance last night deserved a crowded house. The company deserved a better opera.

For although there are some fine pages in "Andrea Chenier," the music as a whole falls between two stools: it is neither impressively dramatic nor emotionally lyrical. The first act is by far the best of the four, containing the dramatic monologue of Gerard, a charming little chorus, light and graceful measures for conversational scenes, and the dance much interrupted for a [illegible]d a protest time by the entrance of the poor and hungry wretches. There is variety in this act: there is a spontaneity that is too often lacking elsewhere; there is dramatic continuity, there is a firm grip on the subject. But even in this act the composer fails in finding the suitable music for Chénier's revolutionary tirade.

In the second act the noteworthy pages are those of the orchestral measures as evening comes on and the street lanterns are lighted. It is plain that Puccini had this music in mind when he conceived his introduction to the third act of "Tosca." The mood is the same, though Puccini greatly extended it. And in this opera are many passages that remind one of music invented by Puccini after "Andrea Chenier" had been produced. In this act the love music is without tenderness or passion; perfunctory, labored; always the promise of something that does not come.

The third act is of a more dramatic nature, dramatic chiefly in the handling of the crowd and in the mother's song as she gives over her young son to the army. Giordano in other scenes shows a curious skill in writing music for crowds in action. But how he falls when he should triumph! The scene in which Gerard debates with himself whether he should allow his rival to be denounced was endurable last night only by reason of Mr. Baklanoff's virile voice, rhetorical skill and dramatic impersonation. Nor in the long scene between Gerard and Madeline is there genuine expression in the music, any more than in the long drawn-out "Addio" of the final act. The one emotional page in the duet between Gerard and Madeline is not for the singers; it is a 'cello solo.

A singular opera, one that might and should have been better. There are delightful bits in the lighter vein, as the music for the spy in the third act. The music as a whole is scrappy. Here are bits of passion; there are eloquent measures; but they are scanty, fragmentary, episodic, at times almost experimental. In the scenes that should be great, Giordano's invention is weakest.

The performance was in every way excellent. Mr. Zenatello sang with a fervor and an authority that almost persuaded the hearers of the intrinsic worth of the music. Mr. Zenatello is remembered here by many noteworthy impersonations. That of Chenier must now be added to the list. We have spoken of Mr. Baklanoff. His characterization of Gerard is a striking one; thoughtfully planned, consistent, convincing. Mme. Villani drew finely the distinction between the gay and careless daughter of the Countess and the grief-stricken woman of the later acts. The pity of it was that the composer had not provided her with more expressive music. What expression there was crossed the footlights in spite of Giordano's laborious attempts. The smaller parts were well taken, especially those of Roucher by Mr. Lazzari, Madelon by Mme. Winleskaja, the spy and the gate-keeper.

The chorus, a remarkably well trained one with fresh voices, had much to do and did it well. Mr. Moranzoni gave a vivid reading of the score, conducting with spirit and with a fine sense of nuances. The stage management called for warm praise.

The opera tonight will be "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. Tamaki Miura and Leveroni, Messrs. Martin and Marr, the chief singers. M. Guerrieri will conduct.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Every day there is more evidence against the insidious and pernicious work of the Demon Tea. "W. G." writes to us from Dorchester: "Adding to your information about the effects of tea, I recall that in the seventies in the City Hospital at Halifax, N. S., there was a young girl being treated for delirium tremens brought on by her chewing tea leaves. I think at the same time a sailor was in that hospital supposedly stricken with moonblindness through sleeping on deck. These curious facts were told me by Dr. Slayter, the visiting physician."

What did the Psalmist say? "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." That moonbeams have a blighting influence is believed throughout the East. Sir Richard F. Burton, noting the fact that Northerners of Europe, who see the moon under different conditions do not share this belief, says in a note to the tale of Nur al-Din Ali and the Damsel Anis al-Jalis: "I have seen a hale and hearty Arab, after sitting an hour in the moonlight look like a man fresh from a sick bed; and I knew an Englishman in India whose face was temporarily paralyzed by sleeping with it exposed to the moon." A word about tea leaves: When tea was a rarity in England a family receiving a box stewed the leaves and served them dressed at table as though the mess were spinach. As we recollect, no disturbance of the brain followed. There is a fine allusion to the teatable in Congreve's "Way of the World," a comedy so brilliant that we should not like to see it on the stage. The adorable Millament says to her lover as they are making conditions before marriage: "I will have my closet inviolate, and be sole empress of my teatable, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave." To this Mirabel replies: "To the dominion of the teatable I submit—but with proviso that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple teatable drinks, as tea, chocolate and coffee; as likewise to genuine and authorized teatable talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends and so forth."—Ed.

The Amenities.

The London Daily Chronicle of Dec. 14 published this amiable paragraph:

The Kaiser's penchant for dragging in the name of the Deity on every possible occasion, and his character in general, are excellently foreshadowed in two verses extracted from "The Masque of Life," published in 1855. They run as follows:

Here's a thing that's half a saint,
Half a soldier, all a monarch,
Weighing down a people's life,
Yet a most embodied Anarch.

Like a bloodhound, lean and fierce,
He gnaws Europe; yet his curship
Talks of God in every act,
And blasphemes Him by such worship.

Bostonians's Manners.

As the World Wags: Can't you teach Bostonians that the man who opens a door to come out opens it for himself and not for the incomer who happens to be a second later at the outside knob? I employ several forms to enforce this lesson: one is to call after the man who has blocked my exit: "Well, I'll be d—d"; another, "Thank you for your extreme courtesy"; another, "I'm really not the door-keeper." All excite the same surprise, since Bostonians seem never to have learned the elementary principle of "let 'em off first."

GROUCHER.

Chestnut Hill, Dec. 28.

Personal.

Mrs. Anscomb died last month at Lindfield, near Haywards Heath, England, in her 94th year. She had the pleasure of sitting behind Charles Dickens in the Parish Church. When the sermon was too long, she said, he used to sketch fellow sufferers and the offending preacher on the wall or a pillar; but sometimes he would fall asleep and was then aroused for snoring.

Ben Davies, the tenor, is well remembered here. "Waft Her, Angels" was his war horse. In his time he was greatly praised, but perhaps the highest compliment he ever received was paid him last month by Mr. Archibald Eyles, a tutor, who forged the singer's name on a check.

An Irish Hero.

As the World Wags:

I was somewhat disgusted to see one of the recent contributors, when referring to English highwaymen, include the famous Brennan o' the Moor. Are not Dick Turpin and his partner, Tom King, Jack Sheppard and a host of others, enough for the British including Scotland's Rob Roy?

Was it not enough that every Irishman for centuries who had distinguished himself in art, diplomacy, or war, on the stage or in literature was forthwith claimed as English, or at least British, without an attempt to cheat the Emerald Isle even out of her picturesque criminals? Brennan and his famous exploits all belong to Ireland, just as does Capt. Freney, who, disguised as an attractive lady traveling by horseback on a lonely road, met and beguiled a wealthy Quaker who proposed marriage to her, telling her he had a large sum of money "under his saddlebow," on which the "lady" promptly covered the bewildered friend with a pistol; who promptly handed over the spoils and went his way a sadder, if not a wiser, man. And another time, finding the person he had robbed was a tailor, he returned his money with the remark that he robbed only a whole man, not a fractional part. As the old ballad has it:

His money I spurned,
His tools I returned,
I'll never rob a tailor if I can;
I'd ten times sooner rob a man,
For I am Captain Freney.

ORION.

Noddle Island.

GRACE GEORGE AT PLYMOUTH IN SHAW PLAY

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Grace George and her Playhouse company in "Major Barbara," a play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. First performance in Boston.

Stephen Undershaft.......... Clarence Derwent
Lady Britomart.......... Charlotte Granville
Morrison.......... Philip Loeb
Barbara Undershaft.......... Grace George
Sarah Undershaft.......... Norah Lamison
Adolphus Cusins.......... Ernest Lawford
Charles Lomax.......... Rex McDougall
Andrew Undershaft.......... Hubert Druce
Rummy Mitchens.......... Janet Slater
Snobby Price.......... Gerald Rogers
Jenny Hill.......... Sylvia Bremer
Peter Shirley.......... Richard Clarke
Bill Walker.......... Lewis Edgard
Mrs. Baines.......... Florence Edney
Bilton.......... Robert Fedrow

"Major Barbara" is the third of a group of plays which contributed substantially to Shaw's reputation as a serious dramatist. The first of the trilogy was "Man and Superman." The second "John Bull's Other Island." When the play of munition works and the Salvation Army was produced in 1905 at the Court Theatre, London, Annie Russell appeared in the title role. The last act was then a failure, and the author, after the manner of playwrights, great and small, blamed the excellent impersonator of Undershaft, Louis Calvert, for the lack of appreciation displayed by the public towards the Shavian darts in dialogue.

The play's first performance in America took place at New Haven, December, 1915. Before that, the actor had his revenge. He and others fell upon the last act with a heavy hand and dealt irreverently with superfluous lines.

In its present state the piece gives keen intellectual pleasure, though there is little story. Major Barbara, the daughter of an aristocrat and a self-made man, is ardently engaged in the work of saving souls as a member of the Salvation Army. Her father, a millionaire whose wealth is accumulated as the head of a thriving munitions factory, holds two things necessary for salvation—money and gunpowder, power of life and death. To him poverty is the root of all evil, the direct cause of crime and disease. He is quixotic. For years the factory which he rules has passed from generation to generation, never as a natural filial inheritance, but always into the hands of a foundling, chosen by the magnate in control. He has certain principles, too, for no distinctions of race, creed or color are permitted in the selling of his deadly wares. Any man who has the price may buy. Undershaft's views of life and those of his daughter are pitted against each other. He visits her at the Shelter. She goes to see his ammunition works, and the idealist capitulates. Her spirit is for the moment broken. Were it not for her father's generous contribution and the cheque of a liquor merchant, both of which are gladly accepted by a more practical member of the army, higher in authority, Barbara's Shelter could not remain open through the winter. The little major tears off her badge and pins the symbol on her father. Later she decides to turn her attention to saving souls at Undershaft's admirably organized ammunition works, for as her father gently reminds her, these men's souls need attention, for their bodies are fed.

The play is resplendent with literary qualities. The dialogue is richly seasoned, always clever, witty, cynical. In fact, the writer's philosophy dominates every line. He assails orthodox opinions brilliantly and with a two-edged sword. In certain respects the play preaches the power of wealth. It displays a profound contempt for social follies and hypocrisies, and reforms, religious, moral or political.

The dialogue is wholly in keeping with the stage settings. In the first act, in Lady Britomart's drawing room, the foibles and conventionalities of society are the chief topic of conversation. In the second, at the Shelter, there is discussion of religion. Capital and labor are also dealt with here and throughout the last act.

Much of Shaw's knowledge of the Salvation Army was gained when as a passionate Socialist he addressed open-air meetings in London and the provinces while the Salvationists were at work on the same ground. He left his meetings to watch their work and study their methods. The scene in the Shelter is cunningly contrived to unite satire and sympathy. Bill Walker, the unregenerate coster, tells home truths—Snobby Price steals cheerfully a few hours after his redemption. The Army appears to be supported by capitalistic criminals responsible for evils which it is the Salvationists' aim to destroy. Still there is prospect of work for Peter Shirley and other unfortunates are saved. On this and other subjects throughout the play Mr. Shaw has revelled in his love of paradox.

Miss George, who as the heroine does distinguished work, has surrounded herself with an excellent company. It would have been interesting to see Mr. Calvert's Undershaft, but Mr. Druce is no doubt a worthy successor. He displayed the arrogance and shrewdness of the self-made man. Mr. Lawford was admirable as Adolphus Cusins, the professor of Greek who joined the army for love of Barbara and ultimately as an eligible foundling is a candidate to succeed Undershaft. It is said that Gilbert Murray, professor of Greek at Oxford University, served as the model for the part.

Miss Granville as Lady Britomart was high bred, amusing and a tyrant at home. Mr. Edgard's Bill Walker was a fine bit of character acting. Others in the cast deserve praise.

The nature of the play as well as the high quality of the acting delighted a brilliant and enthusiastic audience.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

The opening bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre for the year 1917 sets a high standard for the weeks that follow. Last night there was an overflow audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Bessie Clayton heads the bill in her dancing act. She has surrounded herself with a large company that includes an orchestra that takes its place in the dancing numbers. Constantine Kobeleff of the Russian imperial ballet and Lester Sheehan also take part.

Miss Clayton gives a varied program. Some of the dances are said to be of her own creation. Others are of the ancient, classic and modern types. The dancer was especially pleasing in the toe solos. In this particular style she is delightful in poise and fleetness. She flutters about with a lightness of touch, and there is always the suggestion of buoyancy. It was noticeable that the dancer wearied a bit at the conclusion of her act. Mr. Kobeleff was a virile and supple partner in the dance; he was especially pleasing in his bounding numbers, though he, too, at the conclusion was noticeably insecure in his steps. The orchestra, an irrepressible group of players, added bedlam to the act, dancing and playing various instruments at the same time.

Noticeable among those on the program to make their first appearance at this house was Bert Baker in "The Prevaricator." Mr. Baker has not only a good sketch, which justifies its name, but he is a comedian with a good style and one who gets far away from the stereotyped path. Often the audience laughed uproariously, so much so as to interfere with the progress of the act. The comedian has surrounded himself with an excellent company. His associates were Charles Raymond, Pearl Stevens and Mardell Wickey.

Another act that was new to this theatre was that of William Hallen and Ethel Hunter in "Just for Fun." Mr. Hallen's style is, to say the least, individualistic. He takes his turn at the comical song and gets all the fun there is in it or out of it; nor was he less interesting in speech and the audience was glad to make the acquaintance of his friend Kelly. Miss Hunter fiddled to the extent of filling in the act.

Other acts on the bill were the De Pace Sextet, in a singing and instrumental act; Gene Greene, in songs and character sketches, with Walter Ford at the piano; the Primrose Four, in a singing act; "General" Ed Lavine, the burlesque soldier, in his excellent juggling act; Minnie Allen, in a change act, and the McIntyres, in a sensational act of markmanship.

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Odd Man Out," a comedy in three acts by Harold Brighouse. Produced by the Henry Jewett Players:

Barbara Weir.....Beatrice Miller
Dick Carrington.....Leon Gordon
Constance Enderby.....Florence LeClercq
Simmons.....Leonard Grey
Jonas Enderby.....Cameron Matthews
Lawrence Enderby.....Leonard Craske
Daniel Weir.....Fred W. Permain
Dolores.....Doric Sawyer

Mr. Brighouse is known in Boston as the author of "Lonesome Like" and that delightful comedy "Hobson's Choice." He won reputation in the Manchester and Glasgow repertory theatres before his "Polygon" was performed in London in 1911. "The Odd Man Out" was produced at the Royalty in London on April 16, 1912, when Dennis Eadie took the part of Daniel, Helen Haye that of Mrs. Enderby, Hubert Harben that of Jonas, while Malcolm Cherry played Dick and Gladys Cooper, Barbara.

The comedy runs close to farce. The story is an amusing variation on an old theme that Tennyson chose for "Enoch Arden." Daniel Weir had forsaken his wife, "strange countries for to see," and she had married straitlaced, psalm-singing Jonas, thinking Daniel dead. She obeyed Jonas in everything. He and his nephew were living on the property left by Daniel and the nephew was to marry Barbara, when the play begins. Now Barbara is in love with the free-thinking Dick Carrington. Enter Daniel Weir from Central America, not at all anxious to claim his wife, but eager to see his daughter, although his interest in her seems belated to the rank outsider. Then is Mrs. Enderby perplexed by a sense of double duty. Should she stay with No. 2 while she has a weakness for No. 1? The smug, platitudinous Enderby had satisfied her weak, foolish nature, but what she was pleased to call her conscience whispered that Daniel was really her legal husband.

Daniel's only desire was to make his daughter happy, so he saw to it that she should wed Dick, the agnostic. Incidentally, his second wife, a Central American, turned up in the last act, for he had secured a divorce in a convenient Central American republic. Mrs. Enderby remained with No. 2. And Enderby's nephew was left, the odd man out.

The play is consistently entertaining and its theme developed with ingenuity and finesse. Incidentally, the author gives his views of life, love and marriage which are unconventionally refreshing. He has dealt shrewdly with contrasted characters. The awakening of Barbara is plausibly accomplished.

A large audience enjoyed the performance yesterday afternoon. The company was well cast. Mr. Matthews as Jonas Enderby was imposing in speech, action and makeup. Mr. Permain's Weir, breezy, honest, worldly, provided an effective foil. Miss LeClercq was appropriately pious, as the wavering Constance. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Craske realized the contrasted types of Barbara's suitors effectively. Miss Miller, demure or newly awakened to the joy of life, was convincing and womanly.

Next week the play will be Shaw's "Man and Superman."

BRINGING UP FATHER OPENS AT CASTLE SQUARE

Farcical, Musical Comedy Lives up to Its Description.

"Bringing up Father in Politics." Farcical, musical comedy in three acts from George McManus's cartoons.

Jiggs Mahoney.....Johnnie Jess
Jerry Sullivan.....Dave Conroy
Billy McGee.....Freddie Hedges
Oswald.....Robert S. Rice
Buck Harding.....Frank Cullin
Orphull Hites.....William F. Ryan
Dr. Moriarty.....Richard Simmons
John.....George Cravens
Hiden Seek.....N. C. McCourt
Maggie Mahoney.....Isabel Winlocke
Peggie.....Lizette Hedges
Mrs. Molineaux Sullivan.....Madeline Grey
Nellie.....Elsie Noyes
Minnie.....Elizabeth Fuller
Gertie.....Margaret Nelson

Jan 3 1917

"Unchastened Woman" Has

By PHILIP HALE.

Wilbur Theatre: First performance in Boston of "The Unchastened Woman," a modern comedy in three acts by Louis K. Anspacher. Produced by Oliver Morosco and the author. Performed at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, Oct. 9, 1915.

Hubert Knolys.....H. Reeves-Smith
Mrs. Murtha, a charwoman..Miss Jennie Lamont
Miss Susan Amble.....Miss Isabel Richards
Caroline Knolys, wife of Hubert.....Miss Emily Stevens
Lawrence Sansbury.....Malcolm Duncan
Hildegard Sansbury, his wife.....Miss Frances Underwood
Miss Emily Madden..Miss Lillian Kemble Cooper
Michael Krellin.....Howard Hall

Four members of the company were in the original cast: Miss Stevens, Miss Richards, Miss Lamont and Mr. Reeves-Smith.

Mr. Anspacher has drawn in Caroline Knolys, an intensely disagreeable character: a female philanderer, physically chaste, mentally vicious. Her husband, a hard-headed business man, with a sense of humor, wandered from his own fireside, impelled by the selfishness and the vanity of his wife, who having an independent fortune, gloried in her ability to fascinate foolish young men, to lure them on to declarations and then make mock of them.

Extravagant, rejoicing in her attempt to swindle the government, never so happy as when she makes trouble in households, she at last fancies herself in love with a young married architect, Sansbury by name.

Knolys allows Caroline to shape her own life. He has no proof that she has thrown her bonnet over the windmill; she knows that Emily Madden had been his mistress. Thinking that he is still Emily's lover, she taunts him in a most exasperating manner. Emily, who had left a newspaper office to work in the customhouse, is betrothed to Krellin, a Russian Socialist.

As a foil to Caroline, the wife of the architect, Hildegard, is represented as a helpmeet, not ashamed of poverty, living in a model tenement, writing vigorous articles against mill owners for their shabby treatment of their employes. And thus into a comedy of manners and intrigue the labor question is introduced unnecessarily and without advantage to the play.

The main theme is engrossing enough: the feline pleasure taken by Caroline in making others miserable by exerting her fascination over the male. She fires the ambition of Sansbury; talks of the squalor of his home; calls him a genius, who should have free scope; monopolizes his time, under the pretence of aiding him in his work in her house and securing other contracts. She insidiously poisons the mind of his wife, and attempts to make her jealous. Going to the model tenement with her silly friend, Susan, having invited herself to dinner with the Sansburys, she happens to meet Krellin and Emily. Here the comedy becomes purely theatrical, incredible save by the will of the dramatist.

Bent on mischief, angered by wild talk of Krellin, she openly charges Emily with being her husband's mistress. What comes afterward is fantastical, but the meeting of all concerned in the last act is well arranged for the element of surprise and for the curiosity of the audience. The substance of the scenes and the dialogue is this: Knolys, who has bettered the condition of his employes in the Southern mills, obliges his wife to retract the statement about Emily in the presence of those who were at the dinner; he also obliges her to apologize, by threatening to bring a divorce suit against her and naming Sansbury as co-respondent. Now there was no real evidence against Caroline, and in fact Sansbury was innocent of the charge.

As Caroline leaves the room after her husband, she makes fresh and circumstantial statements concerning Emily's relations with him. Emily confesses that the charges are true. Krellin, broken-hearted, cries out that God is a great humorist. Hildegard, who has lost her respect for Sansbury, in whom she now has no faith, would abandon him, but seeing his tears and hearing his vows, relents, because he is only a child. Caroline is still unchastened. Virtue is not its own reward. The good woman is punished. The vampire goes her way rejoicing.

The comedy, artificial as it is, is noteworthy by the portrayal of Caroline, who, in spite of her abominable nature dominates the audience by her very callousness and malice. Hildegard is a conventional stage type, seen for many years, and her name is Legion. The dialogue, often brisk, often entertaining in itself, would be improved if it were blue pencilled, in the scene where Hildegard first meets Knolys and in the tenement where Krellin spouts socialism.

Miss Stevens, often as artificial in speech and gesture as is much of the play, succeeded in making the audience almost tolerant of Caroline's outrageous treatment of others. Her entrance and first scene in the last act were the salient features of her impersonation. Too often she appeared by indistinct speech and mannered gesture to be giving an imitation of Mrs. Fiske. Miss Underwood was womanly and not too lacrymose in her distress. Miss Richards was appropriately loud, flippant and inconsequential as the friend of Caroline. Miss Cooper had little to do, as the faintly sketched Emily. Miss Lamont furnished the needed element of humor as the charwoman. Mr. Duncan played honestly the part of the architect who wished to serve the rich and through Caroline became a cad. Mr. Hall was adequate as Kellin.

The feature of the performance, however, was the delightfully true impersonation of Caroline's husband by Mr. Reeves-Smith. It was an excellent piece of work, in which the lightness and also the authority of this well-graced actor gave life and reality to a character not wholly explained by the dramatist.

The large audience was deeply interested.

KNEISELS PLAY

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the third concert of the Kneisel quartet, which took place yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, was as follows: Haydn, Quartet in C major, op. 54; Tschaikowsky, Quartet in F major, op. 22; Franck, piano quintet.

This was a fine program. Tschaikowsky, alternately rejoicing in his work and condemning it, had no doubt concerning the worth of his second quartet, although Nicholas Rubinstein, when it was first played at his house, poohpoohed it; he said he could not understand it; that it was not at all in the style of chamber music, etc., etc.

The attitude of the two Rubinsteins toward Tschaikowsky was curious. Nicholas, greatly respected by Tschaikowsky, as a critic was almost malignant, and Anton seldom played Tschaikowsky's music, choosing little pieces by inferior Russians in preference. In 1874 Tschaikowsky called the quartet his best work, written at one sitting, and he was surprised that the public did not care for it. Five years later he spoke of it as a labor of love, an enjoyment, and so classed it with his Fourth Symphony and the operas "Vakoula" and "Oniegen." This quartet was first played here by the Adamowskis in 1891. The Kneisels played it six years later.

Tschaikowsky might well be fond of this quartet. It is dramatically emotional, with an oriental flavor that is not too exotic or too suggestive of the folk lorist. It is written sincerely, an expression of self, not with one eye fixed on the audience. The rhythmic oddity of the Scherzo is piquant, nor is this rhythmic effect a forced one. There is in the first movement and in the Andante the spirit of the self-torturing Tschaikowsky, the yew-like melancholy that is found in many of his letters to his brother and Mrs. von Meck. The frenzy of the Finale is to be preferred to the smug Germanisms of the later and academic Russians.

This quartet was placed adroitly between Haydn's in the more serious vein of that composer—witness the two last movements—and Franck's quintet. The Kneisels were especially fortunate in their interpretation of Tschaikowsky's work. They played with truly romantic feeling, with the requisite intensity and abandon in the stormier pages, with the appropriate delicacy in the Scherzo.

As for Franck's quintet, it is one of the greatest works in the literature of chamber music. How slow Bostonians were in recognizing the genius of Franck! There was only a small audience at the remarkable concert in the old Music Hall when this quintet was played by Ysaye, Marteau, Bendix, Gerardy, with the pianist Lachaume in 1898. When the Kneisels played it in 1991—a memorable performance, with Mr. Bauer the pianist—there were protests as when Mr. Gericke brought out Franck's Symphony. Lovers of Franck's music owe much to the Kneisels. They were the ones to acquaint us with the noble quartet after they had studied it for at least two years.

Franck's music is not for those who attack it with gay intrepidity. There is a depth, there is a spirituality that escapes the mere virtuoso and many skilled interpreters of other composers. No one has approached Mr. Bauer as the pianist in this quintet. Mr. Busoni was only brilliant. Yesterday the pianist was Mme. Olga Samaroff of Philadelphia.

The hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience.

CIO-CIO-SAN

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Boston National Opera Co, Max Rabinoff director. Puccini's "Madama Butterfly."

Cio-Cio-San.....Tamaki Miura
Pinkerton.....Giuseppe Gaudenzi
Sharpless.....Graham Marr
Suzuki.....Elvira Leveroni
Goro.....Romeo Boscacci
Yamadori.....Giorgio Pulitti
Commissioner, Lo Zio Bonzo..Paolo Ananian
Kate Pinkerton.....Bianca Whiteley
Conductor....Fulgenzio Guerrieri

Mr. Rabinoff gives us two "Japanese" operas this week, with a Japanese soprano. It would be interesting to know what the Japanese really think of "Madama Butterfly" and "Iris" as representations of life and manners in their country. Are the two operas classed by them with "The Mikado"? About ten years ago there was an attempt in England to stop all performances of "The Mikado" lest a visitor, a member of the Japanese royal family, should be offended. Military and naval bands were prohibited from playing the music of the operetta. Sensible English protested against this strained courtesy and the ban was soon removed. There was an effort in Chicago to stop performances out of respect for the visitor. But this visitor in England and the United States smiled sweetly when any allusion was made to "The Mikado" and expressed his regret at not having been able to see it; he had long wished for the opportunity.

Japanese in this country have pointed out, in an exquisitely polite, almost apologetic manner, the solecisms in "Madama Butterfly," but have had little opportunity to examine into the "realism" of "Iris."

It was a great pleasure to see Mme. Miura again as Cio-Cio-San. No one has impersonated the heroine in this city with the like freshness, grace, joy and pathos. A Japanese, she knows the absurdity of the fussiness that has disfigured the performances of other sopranos who thus fondly believed that they were natives for the moment. Mme. Miura's voice is as peculiarly adapted to the music as her face and figure are naturally convincing. It has the girlish quality demanded by the first act. The very smallness—the voice is never faint or indistinct—enlarges the pathos of the emotional scenes that follow. How natural, how charming is her impersonation! In the first act she is unsophisticated, without the mincing manners affected by some in the hope of being realistic, modest in her nuptial rapture. Recalling her father's self-slaughter, she is a fatalist, not suddenly a melodramatic actress. And in the interviews with Sharpless and Yamadori, in her behavior towards Suzuki and Goro, every musical phase as well as every gesture has its significance. No one can forget her outburst at seeing Pinkerton's letter, her play with her child, her preparation for the meeting. In the weak third act this little woman with the little voice moved the hearer by the quiet intensity of her tragic passion.

Mr. Gaudenzi as Pinkerton was substituted for Mr. Martin. The Suzuki of Miss Leveroni is well known here. Mr. Marr, the Sharpless, has a good voice, and acted discreetly. The minor parts were taken efficiently and chorus and orchestra did well. The performances of this opera company should fill the house. The audience last night was a small one.

The opera this evening will be "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Mme. Villani and Messrs. Zenatello, Baklanoff and Mardones the chief singers.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The following letter explains itself. Our readers will surely sympathize with Mr. Shaghellion and also with his presumably charming niece.

As the World Wags:

I am writing for my uncle, who is rather sick through having eaten too much cheese at the Bell-in-Hand. He wishes me to say that he has read what Capt. Martin Gale of Falmouth wrote about the Ancient Mariner, and that he

Richard Clark

The author has described this enter-

[illegible] d[illegible] know [illegible] about how the Wild Goose [illegible] Uncle John will be [illegible] He always is

MAR[illegible] [illegible]LLION

[illegible] Boston, Dec [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Mabelle's [illegible] in [illegible]mine." It is not merely [illegible] perversion." It came from the English provinces.

Overworked in Similes.

As the World Wags:

As [illegible] work like a [illegible] than any of the [illegible] Mr. Frank J. W[illegible] of Similes." It [illegible] general proposition, that [illegible] overworked in [illegible] into all sorts of [illegible] and regardless of whether he is fitted or unfitted for the [illegible] which he is made to do. The works of Shakespeare furnish several instances of such [illegible] of the dog in similes. [illegible] of the characters in "1. Henry IV" speaks of the peas and [illegible] at the stable of the inn at Rochester as being "as dank * * * as a dog." In a note upon that passage the eminent Shakespearian commentator, Henry N. Hudson, in his "Harvard Edition" of Shakespeare, takes occasion to say that "The dog was probably as much overworked in comparisons three centuries ago as he is now."

You say that there are countries where dogs work and work hard. I don't know to what particular kind of work you thus refer as being done by dogs, but in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" he refers to a dog as being "made to turn i' the wheel," where the reference is to a dog's working the wheel of a turnspit when meat was roasted on it before the fire, and, if a dog never did any other kind of work than that, the simile "work like a dog" could be justified as referring to a dog's doing work of that kind.

Brookline. OBSERVER.

For and Against.

Dogs in several countries have worked hard and are still working. We have often seen them harnessed and drawing heavily laden carts. Nor need we speak of shepherd dogs, the dogs that drag sledges over the ice, or the life saving dogs of St. Bernard with their traditional little casks of strong waters. "Observer" quotes Shakespeare. Lord Nugent once declared that these is no passage in Shakespeare "commending directly or indirectly the moral qualities of the dog." Sir Henry Holland made a wager of a guinea with him, and after a year's search paid. This was before Mrs. Cowden Clarke's concordance was published. Huxley also looked on dogs with a forbidding eye. "One of the most curious peculiarities of the dog mind is its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to external respectability. The dog who barks furiously at a beggar will let a well dressed man pass him without opposition. Has he not then a 'generic idea' of rags and dirt associated with the idea of aversion, and that of sleek broadcloth associated with the idea of liking?" Yet there is a recorded instance of a dog going to an open bread pan and giving half a loaf to a beggar. This was in a house where the mistress was in the habit of giving food to all that asked.

There are epithets in the Iliad disparaging dogs, but Homer recognized the good qualities. Perhaps the bitterest reproach is in II. Kings, where [illegible] Elisha: "But what is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" The writers of the Old Testament as Orientals looked on the dog as an unclean animal, lost to all sense of shame, yet they did not play the cat against him, for the word "cat" is not in the Bible. Was it because the Egyptians held puss in high honor?

Mr. Wilstach, searching for similes, overlooked an epigram of Sir John Davies, "In Cineam":

Thou [illegible] logged [illegible] like a dog,
For [illegible] like a mastiff dog,
[illegible] nothing but a dog.
[illegible] as a dog.
[illegible] dog.
As [illegible] and mean [illegible] as a dog.
[illegible] as idle as a dog.
But why dost thou compare thee to a dog,
In that for which all men despise a dog?
I will compare thee better to a dog:
Thou art as fair [illegible] comely as a dog.
Thou art [illegible] honest as a dog.
Thou art as [illegible] liberal as a dog.
Thou art [illegible] as a dog.
But [illegible] often heard thee tell.
Thou art [illegible] her as may be.
'Tis [illegible] faith I like it well.
[illegible] I a[illegible] not [illegible] me.

And now let [illegible] read the poems in praise of dogs collected by Mr. Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt and remember the saying of Victor Hugo's Ursus: "Let us respect [illegible] The dog what a comic beast! [illegible] sweat is on his tongue, and whose [illegible] is in his tail."

Jan 4 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Words and Sounds.

As the World Wags:

I see "spelling reform" puts up its head again—and gets it whacked, in New York. That city is an able authority on sound-values in our noble language. I never knew how to pronounce the name "Hearst" till I went to New York. And I have rejearst since to see its rigid attitude of repression of all attempts to fearst upon us new modes, such as vivisecting the word "though" by clipping out the vital and necessary "ugh," as the shameless spelling reformers do urge.

Let us be thankful that we not as other lands, of weird letter-puzzles, such as the Dutch name Boeckdgj (wasn't it?) recently given in the Herald, said to be pronounced "Yeep"; or the Welsh name Llwdjjlnw, pronounced "Purg." Of course everybody knows the English Majoribanks, pronounced Chumley.

There is one danger ahead; some day we may get tired of laughing at the idea of achieving sane spelling, and there will be an extra year of youth to provide occupation for, now spent in acquiring connoisseurship in distinguishing "though" and "slow" and "hoe," and learning to "write 'rite' right." Mother may be able to supply occupation for the girls, but the child labor agitators won't let the boy work, and there is no room in cities for him to play; his mother chases him out of the house, and the police and automobiles chase him off the street. As a means of keeping youth docilely busy, English spelling is surpassed only by the Chinese system, with its alphabet of forty-seven thousand letters, each letter a syllable, each syllable a word, allee-samee Rosary, or words to that effect.

Brookline, Dec. 30. C. T.

"C. T.'s" remarks about the pronunciation of "letter puzzles" remind us of a passage in Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit." Hugo is describing London in 1705. "Southwark was then pronounced 'Soudric'; in these days they call it 'Sousoure' or nearly so. For the rest, an excellent way of prounouncing English names is not to pronounce them at all. Thus, for Southampton, say 'Stpntn.' That was the time when 'Chatham' was pronounced 'Je t'aime.'" It is late in the day to speak of Hugo's extraordinary account of English laws, manners, customs; of his dreaded "Wapentake," of the fight between Phelem-ghe-Madone and Helmesgail, when after threo ineffectual rounds "the Reverend Doctor Grundraith, one of the Forty Fellows of All Souls, exclaimed, 'Pour some gin into them!'" of the fat villain rejoicing in the distinctively English name of Barkilphedro. But what a wonderful romance "L'Homme qui rit" in spite of—perhaps because of—Hugo's wild absurdities.—Ed.

"Boat" and "But."

As the World Wags:

As an old Tamworth (pronounced Tairmuth) Yankee, I protest against the libel contained in the following quotation from the Small trial ("De minimis non curat lex"?) dispatch in this morning's Herald:

"Conner, despite his profession, says 'not that I remember of' and Mathews pronounces 'boat' as if it was written 'but.' These hills bred them both."

These hills never bred anyone who pronounced "hoat" "but." The correct sound is a flat "o," not a flat "u." It can't be written; but ask any real Yankee you meet to demonstrate vocally the difference.

By the way, as I haven't been back to Tairmuth for some time, tell me: Does the tribe of wild men still inhabit the extinct crater of Ossipee mountains and harness their women folks to the plough? TIMOTHY.

Dec. 30.

Absent Minded.

A book of Lord George Hamilton's reminiscences and reflections has just been published in London. One of the many pleasing anecdotes is about the absent mindedness of Archbishop Trench. "He was always fearful lest he should be attacked by paralysis, and one night at a big dinner party he was sitting next my mother, who thought he was behaving very oddly. Suddenly, in a tone of agony, he exclaimed: 'It has come at last.' 'What has come?' asked my mother. 'I am paralyzed. I have been pinching my leg for the last ten minutes, and I cannot feel any sensation.' 'Excuse me, your Grace, but it is my leg that you have been pinching.'"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Boston National Opera Company. Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Mr. Moronzoni conducted.

Flora	Luisa Villani
Manfredo	George Baklanoff
Archibaldo	Jose Mardones
Avito	Giovanni Zenatello
Flaminio	Romeo Boscacci
Ancella	Estelle Dobson
Una Vecchia	Elvira Leveroni
Un Giovanette	Luigi Baiaario
Una Giovanetta	Maria Lara

Montemezzi's opera wears well. Unlike some other ultra-modern operas, its modernity has not caused it to seem old-fashioned after the first two or three years. The hearer is not concerned with the "symbolism" of the story as expounded by deep thinkers. He is not thrilled by the fact that Flora represents "the old Latin civilization"; that to Archibaldo she is an enigma; to Manfredo, "the beautiful image of a superior light to which he would like to ascend"; to Avito, "the hopeless desire for the sublime things that are lost to him." The hearer is not interested in the process of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. To him Flora is an attractive young woman who, through a political necessity, wedded Manfredo, although she loved Avito. The story is a very old one, and has been written in other languages than choice Italian. Agur, the son of Jakeh, wondered at the way of a man with a maid. In the opera the ways of three men with a wife need no elaborate explanation. To some the behavior of Archibaldo seems the revelation of senile dementia. If he had not been blind, he might not have had the courage to strangle Flora, but then we should not have had this play.

The composer succeeded admirably in wedding his music to Benelli's text, illustrating it and emphasizing the emotional quality. He may well be proud of this; the music cannot be separated from the words.

The chief singers of last night have been heard here before in their respective roles. Mme. Villani, the first Flora at Milan where the opera was produced, said a season or two ago that she lays more stress on "the symbolic meaning of the character than on its feminine weakness." She is therefore the grown woman, not the unsophisticated child-wife impersonated here by Miss Bori. Mme. Villani's conception thus shaped is well carried out by her in prevailing spirit and in matters of detail. Mr. Zenatello sang effectively, as he is wont to do. We know of no other tenor so satisfactory in so many roles. But the part of Avito is not one to be defined sharply. Avitó is, after all, the conventional stage lover. Mr. Baklanoff is a gallant Manfredo, somewhat sentimental as a husband rather than domineering. Mr. Mardones's impersonation of the blind king was justly praised last season. It is now even better. The minor parts were adequately taken; chorus, orchestra; scenery and stage management all contributed to the enjoyment of an appreciative audience. It is seldom that a visiting opera company brings so excellent an ensemble.

The opera tonight will be "Faust." Miss Maggie Teyte will take the part of Marguerite for the first time in this city. The other singers will be Mmes. Swartz and Winietskaja and Messrs. Martin, Chalmers, Puliti and Mardones.

MISSES PRESEL HEARD IN RECITAL FOR TWO PIANOS

Brilliant Performance Given at Steinert Hall by Providence Young Women.

The Misses Rose and Sadie Presel of Providence gave a recital of music for two pianos yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Chopin, Rondo, C major; Chopin-Schuett, Valse-Paraphrase; Saint-Saens, Scherzo; Reinecke, Impromptu on Themes from Schumann's "Manfred"; Chabrier, Espana; Liszt, concerto Pathetique.

Chopin's Rondo was originally written for one piano and later arranged by the composer for two pianos during his summer at Strzyewo. It is student's work with little of the charm, poetry or melodic grace of the compositions it preceded.

Liszt's concerto Pathetiqué was written in 1850 in one movement for piano solo. It was then called "Grosses Koncert Solo." In 1865 Liszt arranged it for two pianos and named it "Concerto Pathetique." In 1877 Buelow revised it and made additions. It was played for the first time in that year at Hanover by Liszt and his former pupil Ingeborg Straek-von Bronsart. Reuss made an arrangement for piano and orchestra which was played in New York by Joseffy. Richard Burmeister made another arrangement which he played here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1901. Liszt said of Reuss's arrangement made in the eighties "that it seemed to him a murderous piece in which first class virtuosa could make an effect."

Recitals for two pianos are now the fashion. These two young women played brilliantly with marked technical facility and keen sense of rhythm. Their touch was agreeable. They showed adequate strength, but they did not pound. They displayed sound musicianship and excellent training, both in phrasing and interpretation. Playing without notes there was complete understanding between the pianists, with a resulting excellence in unity and precision. An audience of fair size was interested and appreciative.

Jan 5 1917

When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well (said he) we had good talk."

Boswell: "Yes, sir; you tossed and gored several persons."

A Good Talker.

The late Joseph William Comyns Carr was a brilliant journalist and art critic, a busy man in the theatre, having adapted plays and served as collaborator, a versatile, restless person, who, when he was called to the bar, was soon known as "a brilliant young man." The London Times, chronicling his death, said that "a brilliant young man he remained throughout his life." "The dislike of novelty, the inability to 'move with tho times,' which come with advancing years, left his mind still young." Thrice fortunate Comyns Carr!

That he might have anything he chose was acknowledged by others than his intimate friends. All speak of his conversational powers. "As a talker he was great," says the Times, "worthy of a place among the famous wits and talkers of the past. . . . The tongue was his proper organ of expression, and the club smoking room the true field for his genius. Monologue, rather than conversation, was his province. He disliked having to argue; yet it was always worth while to contradict him, for contradiction struck from him richer streams of eloquence, in words printable and unprintable, more unexpected and ridiculous illustration, more vivid and racy description. Many of his bons mots are already current coin; and in time, no doubt, they will achieve the honor of being ascribed to Joe Miller or to Sydney Smith."

Ready Tongued.

Who would care to sit át meat or blow tobacco smoke with Mr. Joseph Miller if he were now alive? Some say he was a stupid person, so stupid that jests were ironically attributed to him; others say he never existed. But how dreary the insistent persistent flow of any professional or amateur raconteur! Byron found Sydney Smith a bore.

And lo! upon that day it came to pass,
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of heaven,
The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,
The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

The monologuist is also to be dreaded when he is didactic; when he has a hobby or a mission. Macaulay must have driven a company into the open air, where street noises were a relief. Coleridge preached when he talked—witness the memorable jest of Charles Lamb. Henley names men that excelled in talk, and at the head of them puts Lamb and Hazlitt. Of the latter he says: "Witness after witness is here to his wit, his insight, his grip on essentials, his beautiful trick of paradox, his brilliancy in attack, his desperate defence, his varying, far glancing, inextinguishable capacity for expression. And he was himself—Hazlitt; a man who borrowed nobody's methods, set no limits to the field of discussion, nor made other men wonder if this were not talk, but a lecture. . . . Well, Lamb, Coleridge, Sheridan, Hazlitt, Hunt, Wordsworth—all are dead, tall men of their tongues as they were." Henley names the two Stevensons, and, praising the art critic, lists the gifts that qualify the talker's temperament, "as voice and eye and laugh, look and gesture, humor and fantasy, audacity and agility of mind, a lively and most impudent invention, a copious vocabulary, a right gift of foolery, a just, inevitable sense of oonversational right and wrong." And Henley, if he could have called the great ghosts back to earth, would have begun and ended with Lamb and Hazlitt: "Hazlitt in one of his high and mighty moods, sweeping life, and letters, and the art of painting, and the nature of man, and the curious case of woman (especially the curious case of woman!) into a rapture of give-and-take, a night long series of achievements in consummate speech."

Would that we could have heard Henley talk.

Thompson's Colt.

As the World Wags:

There was Thompson's colt, so big a fool that he swam the Mississippi river to get a drink. Hence the saying "as big a fool as 'Thompson's colt." Who was this Thompson?

In Maine or in old prohibition Vermont men have made even greater efforts to obtain a drink. J. BALL.

We are reminded of the preacher who early in the 19th century dilating on the hardships of the early settlers spoke of their being obliged to drive their cattle several miles to water, "fording three large rivers on the way."—Ed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Boston National Grand Opera Company in Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Guerrieri conducted.

Marguerite	Maggie Teyte
Faust	Riccardo Martin
Valentin	Thomas Chalmers
Mephistopheles	Jose Mardones
Siebel	Jeska Swartz
Martha	Maria Winietskaja
Wagner	Giorgio Puliti

Mme. Teyte took the part of Marguerite for the first timo in this city last evening. She has been heard here as Mimi, Zerlina, Mme. Butterfly, Nedda and Haensel. Her Marguerite ranks

easily beneath her other impersonations in vividness and intensity of characterization. It makes no striking appeal. Physically well suited to the part, she succeeded merely in being dainty, girlish and respectable. Her voice has lost quality in the middle and lower tones. She sang the music, which is eminently better adapted to a singer capable of greater tonal opulence, intelligently, with a certain pleasing Gallic lightness in the jewel scene and sincerity in moments of deeper emotion. Dramatically her performance followed well-worn paths.

Mr. Martin is never a romantic Faust. Indeed he comes dangerously near to a realization of the stodgy and sentimental figure of the librettist. Last evening he often fell below the true pitch. But he was not alone. Both his associates, Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Mardones, erred in a like manner. Mr. Mardones sang sturdily and unsuccessfully defied tradition in the matter of costume and make-up. The Mephistophelian crimson of other days was far more effective than this gorgeously attired aristocrat, with brindled hair and beard and grotesquely macabre countenance, who might easily have been mistaken for a noble father, momentarily possessed.

Mr. Chalmers's manly performance as Valentin is familiar. Mme. Swartz was a genuinely boyish Siebel. Mme. Winletskaja was vocally well disposed.

The opera this evening will be Mascagni's "Iris," with Mme. Tamaki Miura and Messrs. Kittay and Chalmers.

Jan 6 1917

THE OPERA 'IRIS'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Boston National Opera Co., Max Rabinoff, director. Mascagni's "Iris." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Il Cieco ..... Virgilio Lazzari
Iris ..... Tamaki Miura
Osaka ..... Toyio Kittay
Kyoto ..... Thomas Chalmers
Una Guecha ..... Elvira Leveroni
Un Merciolo, Un Cenciolo ..... Romeo Boscacci

"Single-speech" Hamilton, it is said, made other speeches that were at least sensible if not brilliant. Mascagni is the man of "Cavalleria Rusticana." There are pretty things in "L'Amico Fritz." There are effective pages in "William Rateliff," but the composer is still "single-opera" Mascagni.

We have now heard "Iris" three times in Boston: first, performed by Mascagni's company; then by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and last night with the charming Mme. Miura as the heroine. The impression made by the book and the music remains the same, in spite of the admirable interpretation of Iris by Mme. Miura. The subject of the libretto is repulsive; the "symbolism" of the last act is neither operatic nor dramatic, nor it is easily understood. It is not necessary to argue at present whether symbolism is advantageous to a libretto. No one heeds the symbolism in Wagner's music dramas or in "Pelleas and Melisande." There is sufficient interest in the characters as men and women: the gods and demi-gods of Wagner are only human beings, for the most part a shabby lot. It is not easy to become interested in Osaka, Kyoto and the Blind Father.

We questioned, speaking of "Madama Butterfly," whether the Japanese smile at the picture of life and manners portrayed in that opera. What do they say of "Iris"? Is Mme. Miura, realistically and poetically Japanese, or has she been westernized in occidental cities? A Japanese, now living near Boston, has written to the Herald a letter about Japan in opera which will be published tomorrow.

The music of "Iris" is, on the whole, dull and futile; neither descriptive nor emotional, seldom even decorative. Mascagni shot his bolt with the opening hymn, which is adroitly contrived for effect and has genuine substance and dignity. No wonder that the audience, larger than on previous evenings, was enthusiastic. But one imposing chorus does not make an opera. The chorus of washerwomen in the first act has pleasing measures. How dreary is the music accompanying the puppet show! How inexpressive the music given to Iris and her father! In the second act the librettist afforded the composer an opportunity for displaying passion and pathos. Can one remember a single phrase of the music for Iris or Osaka? How insignificant, how crude, the chorus of admiration for Iris exposed in the Yoshiwara! There are piquant measures for Kyoto in the lighter conversational vein, but still more agreeable are the reminiscences of "Cavalleria Rusticana" occurring now and then.

In the third act the librettist and the composer are with Iris—in the sewer.

Mr Rabinoff undoubtedly added "Iris" to his repertoire for the sake of Mme. Miura. And for her sake we are almost inclined to forget the inherent stupidity of the opera. Her impersonation was subtle in its expression of sentiments and emotions. Light hearted girlishness, a daughter's devotion, curiosity were as deftly portrayed as were the innocent admiration of Osaka's gifts. The awakening to her real condition, the shame of the Yoshiwara and the horror at the father's curse. She worked wonders with Mascagni's vapid music. Her voice has not always the fascinating quality of a season ago. It is broader, with greater volume. It is to be hoped that she will resist temptation; not strive vainly to become a "dramatic" soprano and thus lose the peculiar charm that made an irresistible appeal when she first sang here.

Mr. Kittay, who was discovered in New York a few seasons ago, is a young tenor with a good voice. At present he lacks experience. Last night he certainly did not comport himself as the librettist's hardened sensualist and man about town. He was chaste as ice, as pure as snow, until he was obliged by the librettist and the stage manager to let down Iris's hair and clasp her in his arms. No wonder she was surprised and shocked by his unexpected, inexplicable behavior. Mr. Chalmers gave a carefully considered and effective impersonation of the pander, singing with much understanding, acting in a convincing manner. Yet we should have preferred an ollier, more genial, a slimier rascal. There were times when Mr. Chalmers seemed to be a blend of Tonio and Mephistopheles. The other parts were adequately, if not strikingly, portrayed. The stage settings and stage management were fitting and the chorus and orchestra worthy of far better music.

The opera this afternoon will be Puccini's "La Boheme." Mmes. Teyte and Riegelman, and Messrs. Gaudenzi, Chalmers, Lazzari and Puliti. The opera tonight, the final performance, will be "Aida," Mmes. Villani and Gay; Messrs. Martin, Baklanoff, Mardones, Ananian.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.

The Wild Goose's Tale.

As the World Wags:

I sailed from New Bedford captain of the old Wild Goose in August, 1869. Eben Nye from Dartmouth was mate. We'd been together on the Charles W. Morgan the year before, and he was as good a mate as I ever had under me, bar none. Had a sort of mixed crew—Gay Head Indians, Kanakas, black Portugees and white men from every country in the world except America, I guess. We was bound round the Horn to fish on the Solander grounds. First night out of port we picked up a good whole sail breeze, and she lasted till we got down off Staten island. Made a darn good cruise south—cut in 10 whales and had a little over six hundered barrels below by the time we reached latitude 40. Then all to once that darn crew began to catch albatrosses, every chance they got. No trouble a tall to catch 'em, just heave a piece of line over with a piece of pork on it, and they'd swoop down and gobble it, and then you'd haul 'em in on deck. Most of us old-time skippers never allowed 'em to be killed, although there was one mean old skulpin that used to kill 'em and heave 'em in the harness cask to feed the crew on.

This darn crew of mine killed half a dozen or so, probably a dozen, afore me or the mates found out about it, and then, a course, the trouble was done as a feller says. I was walking the deck one morning, and I see a big black Portugee we called Blue Josie haul in a regular old pelter of a bird, a old bull he must a been. Then what did that Portugee do but hit him a cuff with a belaying pin and kill him. I sung out to the mate, and in about two shakes of a whale's flukes, Mr. Nye had him triced up to the main swifter by his thumbs, to sort of meditate on killing albatrosses on old Martin Gale's ship. Course, the deed was done, as a feller says, and I knew darn well we'd pay for it, and says so to the mate.

Well, sir, afore the watch went below up comes a regular old woolly, right dead ahead. Caught us all aback, it did, and carried away the fore tops'l—we carried single tops'ls in them days—and down came the main ryalmast whango. Afore all hands had got sail offen her, she'd shipped a sea big as Shumet pond, and when we'd cleared away the gear there wan't nothing left of old Josie but his two thumbs lashed to the swifter. Great man with knots and hitches, Mr. Nye was. I knew all the time 'twas them albatrosses brought it on us, and I says to Mr. Nye, 's I, "We'll get more afore we get less." We lay hove to for three days. Sometimes we sailed astern faster'n the old Desdymony used to. All the time there was more albatrosses around than I ever knew there was in the world afore. They flew in through the rigging and all around us, hunderds of 'em—darndest sight I ever see. When the wind got all blowed out of the west it turned around and started to blow back in again. We set close reefed tops'ls and run afore it, albatrosses all around us day and night thick as sharks round a dead whale. By the time the wind died down we'd sprung the main yard, lost a man from aloft, shipped a sea that took out the gangway and smashed the larboard boats all to Cinderee, and drowned all the hens and pigs we had on deck. I found out in the mean time that there was three fellers forard that had killed albatrosses—a Swede named Swenson, a Kanaka we called Maui Sam and a Portugee named Manuel Sol.

I got a shot at the sun finally, and worked out my position. Found I was about a hundred miles from a little island name of Mahiva I'd been to when I was mate of the Sunbeam. I callated to run in there and sort of overhaul our gear, there being wood and water on the island, so I gave the mate the course when I went below and told him to call me when we raised land. I'd no more'n hit my bunk when Mr. Nye he calls for me to come on deck. I turned out and went up, and he was standing by the wheel looking forard, and just pointed. I looks, and there was Sam and Swenson setting on the rail just be aft the foremast, and right over their head was the darndest big corposant I ever see. While we was looking at it, Manuel Sol comes out of the forecasl scuttle, and it jumped right over him, and follered him over to the other two and then it sort of jumped up and down and went up and roosted on the fore yard, right over their heads. Both Mr. Nye and me knew it was a warning but we didn't say nothing, because they was both dead men then, for all we could do.

I went below again and turned in, and the next thing I knew the old hooker hit ground whango. Sent me out of my bunk, and I rushed up on deck and there we was, as the feller says, right on the rocks so close inshore to Mahiva that the Wild Gooses flying jib boom was only about six feet from the rocks. It was blowing a half a gale, and good sizeable sea running, and raining hard. She lifted and setteled down on the rocks every sea, and I see she would go to pieces darn soon, so I hollers to the men to get out on the flying jib boom and drop off onto the rocks. I jumped below to get the ships papers and such, and when I came on deck again, a couple of the men had got off on the rock, and Maui Sam was just creeping out on the bowsprit. When he stood up to jump, them albatrosses came down thicker'n ever, and I dont know whether he lost his footing or one of them flew into him, but he hit against the rock and bounced off into the water and we never see him again. Manuel Sol tried it next, and he done just the same—went down and never came up. Then a couple other men got off all right, and it come Swenson's turn. He walked out far's the cranse iron and darned if a great big albatross didnt fly fair and square into him—knocked him much as 10 or 15 foot away, dont know as it want as much as 20. Then they all disappeared. Couldnt see a albatross with a spy glass I do believe.

All the rest of us got ashore off the flying jib boom all shipshape. Next day we rescued three of the whaleboats, fitted 'em out with dried goat meat, there being a lot of wild goats on the island, and we set out for Apia. Worked along from island to island till we ran afoul of the Bertholomew Gosling, and she took us aboard, being on her way home. That's what comes of killing albatrosses, and Eben Nye will say aye to it. (CAPT.) MARTIN GALE.

Falmouth, Jan. 2.

Conversational Boston.

There should be good talk in Boston, but too many are timid or self-conscious. After the inconsequential chatter at the formal dinner table of the expected courses—chiefly about relatives and common friends—when there should be a little time for general conversation. Some singer, fiddler, harpist is brought in, and even the musician does not encourage conversation. There is good talk at a few clubs, but the card table is a greater attraction in some of them. In the ideal club there is no pack of cards and not only because disputes may arise, disagreeable scenes, complaints to the board of governors. There is no card room in the Porphyry; Mr. Auger is still there, nor have the years checked his volubility; better his monotonous flow than the avaricious concentration of minds and the sinister silence at poker or bridge. There is talk at the Twentieth Century Club, we learn from the newspapers; the world is reformed there every Saturday and the clock of the solar system wound for the week. This, too, is not to be discouraged, even if the universe and our little revolving ball remain indifferent. But where would Comyns Carr be at ease and at his best in Boston **today, could he return to earth?**

LOUIS GRAVEURE IN A PLEASING RECITAL

Baritone Presents Varied Program at Jordan Hall.

Louis Graveure, baritone, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Brahms, Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen; Jensen, Schlafnur ein; H. Wolf, An dem gruenen Balcom; Schumann, Gestaendnis; Brahms, Wie froh und frisch; Crist, The Parting, a Little Bird, Mistletoe; Dupare, L'Invitation au Voyage; Saint-Saens, Petite main, Mai; Chausson, Apaisement; Schubert, Fragment aus dem, Aeschylus, Das sie hier gewesen, Danksagung an den Bach, die intergehendem sonne. Orpheus Soiler, the Lights of Home; Speaks Sylvia; Johnson, "I told my love to the roses"; Bibb, a Rondel of Spring. Frank Bibb was the accompanist.

Mr. Graveure was vocally well disposed. The characteristics of his singing are now familiar. He has his admirers. His voice is undoubtedly a fine one, and while his art is not of a high order, he frequently displays taste and native intelligence, which makes one forget for the moment the rank sentimentalism of certain interpretations.

Jan 7 1917

There are some concerts of unusual interest this week. The Flonzaley quartet tomorrow night will perform a new quartet composed for it by Ernest Bloch, a Swiss musician, who is now in this country. A short time ago he visited this city and then showed some of his orchestral works to Dr. Muck.

Musical America of Nov. 25, 1916, published an interesting account of this new quartet. The composer talked with Mr. Frederick H. Martens about the work, which is still in manuscript. Let Mr. Bloch describe it.

"The quatuor comprises the usual four movements, but is quite free in form and development. The first movement, Lamento, is essentially Hebrew, a mingling of violence and grief. I ask my friends, when they play it, to think of the Bible, the ardor of the psalms and the hot pulsing blood of the Orient. I ask them to think of those poor devils whom one meets at times in the streets or along country roads, with long beards, dirty, sad, despairing . . . and yet holding fast to some obscure glimmering hope while they mutter their Hebrew prayers. I have tried to express something of all this in the Lamento—and I feel that one theme (in the viola) almost speaks to this effect.

"The whole movement is very free, a continual fluctuation of motion and nuance. Some of my themes are a direct result of my recollections of a painting by Gaugin. They embody something of Tahiti, of the distant Papuan Isles, especially in an ornamental passage where the four strings, suddenly leaving their proper orbit for a moment, rely altogether on polyrhythm and sonority to obtain a genuine exotic effect."

Mr. Martens interrupts to say that Mr. Bloch found the exotic color in colonial expositions, "with which his imagination had to content itself in place of tours of the world which a slender purse forbade."

"I told my friends, the Flonzaleys," Mr. Bloch resumed, "that the Allegro frenetico which follows the Lamento might make them grit their teeth at first. But it is sincere—I despaired of mankind in general at the time I wrote it—and it reflects a good bit of my most intimate feeling and the grimace of disgust which I perforce cut at humanity at large.

"The third movement, the Pastorale, is 'chamber music' composed almost altogether in the open air, in the woods or on the mountains. I used to make little excursions with my wife and children into the beautiful country in the environs of Geneva and Neufachatel and, far away from the distractions of the city found in nature the inspiration I sought. And the children . . ."

"No," said M. Bloch, "it is not a Pastorale in the usual sense of the word. It is, rather, a revery evoked by solitude and nature. In it the 'dolorous theme' of the first movement reappears in a transition full of serenity and tenderness, and other themes are folk-themes, 'of the countryside.' Two of my themes, a dance-theme and one of a 'savage lullaby,' I borrowed from an earlier drama, never completed, of the Lacustrian epoch—the age of the lake-dwellers.

"The finale, and Allegro con fuoco, is rhapsodic in style, and is intended to emphasize the subtle bond of character which, without a set program, links together the four movements of the quartet."

Mr. Bloch's chief compositions, as named by Mr. Martens, are: Symphony in C sharp minor (1902); symphonic poems, "Vivre-Aimer" (1900); "Hiver-Printemps" (1904), "Trois Poemes Juifs" (1914); and a symphony, "Israel" (1915).

His lyric drama, "Macbeth," prologue and three acts (seven scenes), based on Shakespeare's tragedy by Edmond Fleg, is alluded to by Mr. Martens. It was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Nov. 30, 1910, and an account of it was soon afterwards published in the Sunday Herald. The chief parts were as follows: Lady Macbeth, Lucienne Breval; Lady Macduff, Miss Vauthrin; Three Witches, the Misses Brophy, Charbonnel and Espinasse; Macbeth, Albers; Macduff, Vieuille; Duncan, Feodoroff; Banquo, Laure.

Richard Clarke

The author has described this enter-

[illegible] were introduced as [illegible] Porter, Malcolm, First Murderer, Lennox, an old Man, the first Apparition, a Servant, Macduff's son, Fleance.

Mr. Martens quotes Pierre Lolo as saying that "Macbeth" is "one of the most profoundly interesting works with which the musical drama may be credited in recent years," as he quotes Romain Rolland speaking of Mr. Bloch's Symphony: "Your symphony is one of the most important works of the modern school. I know of no other work in which a richer, more vigorous, more passionate temperament makes itself felt. . . . Continue expressing yourself in the same way, freely and fully. I will answer for your becoming one of the greatest musicians of our time."

But "Macbeth" perplexed by its modernity some of the Parisian critics, although they treated the opera respectfully. Thus one of them who characterized his art as "Nihilistic" in its disregard of tonal connections, rhythmic freedom, "an art that can not deeply touch the heart," recognized in his music energy, breadth, vivacity, brilliance, that proved him to be "a robust man of the stage." He cited in evidence the very dramatic ending of the first act, in which the growing contagion of horror and terror is expressed as soon as the murder of Duncan is discovered.

The question was raised whether Shakespeare's tragedy furnished the elements for a good opera. The motif of the tragedy is ambition. Can music express ambition? The critic answered his question in the negative. "No, because it cannot exist without withering the heart which is the source of all music. In 'Macbeth' there is no love, not one of the sentiments that are the natural ailment or substance of the art of sounds and rhythms; there are only murders, feelings of remorse, apparitions and witches.' And yet, the effect made by this opera is indisputable.

It appears that the librettist in the sleep-walking scene left out the physician and the woman attendant.

The Flonzaleys will also play a suite for two violins by Emanuel Moor, whose piano concerto was performed here at a Symphony concert in 1908 (Mr. Bauer, pianist). Mr. Pochon of the Flonzaleys played three preludes in the form of a suite for the violin in 1915 and some time before a nobly beautiful Adagio by Moor was played by the quartet. Moor considers himself a genius; he is sure of it; but others, as Ysaye, Thibaud, Marteau, Casals, Bauer take him seriously. He is a singular character. Born in Hungary, the son of a rabbi, he came to New York about 1885. As musical director of a concert company that included Lilli Lehmann, Ovide Musin and Franz Rummel he was in the Music Hall of this city in 1886. When he lived in New York he was poor and ambitious. He married there a rich woman, Miss Burke, daughter of a bottler, if we are not mistaken, and went to England, where he composed and played the piano. Two of his operas were performed at Cologne; his chamber music began to be known in Germany. For many years he has lived near Lausanne. A voluminous composer, he has written at least seven symphonies, a vast quantity of chamber music, songs galore—Mr. Bauer once told us they numbered about 500—operas, concertos, what not.

Miss Dayton's program should interest the folklorist and others. There are songs of Savoy, the Old Maid's Song found by Miss Loraine Wyman in the Kentucky mountains, unfamiliar songs by Miss Lang and others, songs of Quebec, a varied and pleasing collection.

The program of the Choral Music Society's first concert should be unusually interesting. Among the less familiar compositions Miss Lang's "Heavenly Noel" will be sung. The words are from R. L. Gales's "David in Heaven and Other Poems." The music was published in 1916. We quote the first three verses:

Oh! what great thing is done tonight,
Or what good news has sped?
What are the blessed Saints in heaven,
They cannot rest in bed?
But up and down so ceaselessly
They go in joy and dread.

The gate house all is lighted up,
Where in Saint Peter dwells;
Saint James looks out of his great house,
All made of oyster shells,
In his good boat I by the flood
Saint Julian rings the bells.

Saint Catherine wears her silver shoes
And pearl besprinkled gown;
Saint Barbara from her high, high tower
Upon the earth looks down.
Saint Christopher bends wondering eyes
On David's distant town.

Six old Christmas carols by Paul Emile Ladmirault will be performed. The composer was born at Nantes in 1877. When he was 16 years old his opera "Gilles de Retz" was performed at Nantes. This was the only performance. Having taken a first prize at the Nantes Conservatory he entered the Paris Concervatory, where he studied with Taudou, G. Faure and Gedalge. He did not succeed in obtaining the prix de Rome, but he took the first prize for harmony. It was said of him five years ago that he, a modest man, was appreciated only by "une elite." Debussy has praised him as a dreamer, singularly sensitive and emotional in his musical expression; one affected greatly by the pale sun, the changing sky, the forests, the inexpressible charm of Brittany. The program also includes Percy Grainger's bridal dance, "The Merry Wedding."

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra will visit Boston for the first time. An article sent to us from Cincinnati about the orchestra is printed on this page.

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra's Visit

From the time when a primitive brass band, the early ancestor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, which conducted by Dr. Ernst Kunwald will give a concert in Symphony Hall Jan. 11, played "Harmonies from Gluck and Haydn," according to an old record, for the edification of Gen. Wilkinson's soldiers at Fort Washington on the western frontier, 1796-1808, the bent of music in the Ohio valley has been towards the classics. Although there are still millions in the middle West who would prefer hearing Irving Berlin to Beethoven, the number is annually becoming significantly smaller.

The West would like its older sisters on the Atlantic to notice the progress it has made in music. In the Ohio and Mississippi valleys it is felt that enough has been accomplished that the people may with proper modesty go to the East and say: "We should like to have you see what we have done up to date. We are not offering a challenge. We do not intend to show you how it should be done.' We merely wish you to see that we are striving earnestly, and that we think we are making progress of which you, as fellow Americans, should also be proud. We wish you to know that we are doing our part in realizing our share of the highest musical ideals in our section of this great country."

If Beethoven has won thousands of converts further West during the past 20 years it is due to the faith of a limited number of public spirited men and women. In a half dozen cities, orchestras have been maintained only by hard work and mental anguish.

After struggling along with voluntary contributions of enthusiastic admirers, volunteer funds and generous donations of public spirited citizens, the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra last year received its first bequest, the sum of $700,000, left to it by Miss M. Cora Dow, a Cincinnati woman who combined business ability with a sincere love of music.

There is a feeling in the West that the ball has been pushed up to and perhaps a little bit over the crest and that from now on it will roll with more of its own momentum and with less of an auxiliary effort. This is particularly true of Cincinnati, where music has lived, compared with other cities in the middle West, to a venerable age. Nearly a century ago there was a Handel Society in Cincinnati which performed choral masterpieces. One or more such organizations have been maintained ever since. Today the public school children of Cincinnati sing Bach's music and that of other classics as a matter of course. In its appreciation of orchestra music, Cincinnati has taken long steps. It has possessed an orchestra of its own for nearly a quarter of a century, not long perhaps in comparison with some cities in the East, but still a considerable time in a part of the country supposed to respond only to the song of the cash register and to the sounds of a material world.

In proportion to its population, Cincinnati buys more tickets to symphony concerts, chamber concerts, recitals and so on, than does New York. And it would not do so unless it loved good music for its own sake. Impressarios have made an objective point of Cincinnati, so well do they know that an artist will get a profitable hearing, once he is accepted.

Dr. Kunwald and the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra have labored indefatigably in the cause of good music, believing that on no other basis can solid musical appreciation and taste be developed. In its out of town tours throughout the middle West the Cincinnati orchestra has made few concessions to a light popular taste. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and other classics have been played with undeviating persistence. Today the concerts of the Cincinnati orchestra are played to crowded houses and the organization has seen its faith in the classics justified by the soundest and most encouraging of results: Sold out houses with standing room at a premium.

The program of the concert in Symphony Hall next Thursday evening will be as follows: Wagner, prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Beethoven, "Pastorale" symphony; Strauss, Symphonia Domestica.

To the Editor of the Herald:

A Japanese Writes About "Japanese" Operas

In yesterday's paper your musical critic stated that "it would be interesting to know what the Japanese really think of 'Madame Butterfly' and 'Iris' as representations of life and manners in their country" and again, are the two operas classed by them with the "Mikado?"

Well, we may say that there is hardly a comparison, between the two former, and the "Mikado." If I remember rightly, the spirit in which they were written, was wholly different. At the time of the premier of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, the general conception of the Mikado was, somewhat, like that held about the fabulous King of Siam, or a comic opera Sultan, and hence, when Dai Nippon rose in the crest of the wars and the wonderful personality of the late Emperor Meiji known, there arose an hesitancy in regard to the production which culminated on the occasion of the visit of the Prince mentioned; and has continued ever since.

Now, "Iris" and "Madame Butterfly" are more modern compositions, but they do not truthfully portray the Japanese character morals. There are too many tourists, but few pilgrims, to the shrines of Japan. The former land in Yokohama, rush through the different places with a mind intent on seeking the unmoral Japan of certain ports.

"What came they out to see?" Not the beautiful domestic life of the Japanese, not the monuments of devotion to idealistic beauty, not the shrines kept through centuries for the worship of the one living God. No; all this is lost to them, for they are the creators of the great white ways of the cities, and as the horizon is their limit they cannot see beyond.

After all, sympathy is the master key to many doors, and those who will only use it will find the real heart of the people, for it is the people who are the pulse of the nation. If the visitors to Japan would only go among its people they would find conditions which make the most congenial and peaceful atmosphere, if not ideal. Japan could boast of a high civilization when Europe was in darkness, and she retains that civilization today.

Her art is known, her music not so well. Isabelle (Mrs. Larz) Anderson, in her book, "The Spell of Japan," tells of the charm which Japanese music has for her. It has the primitive purity of tone, the very essence, so to speak, and to be appreciated most should be heard in its own natural setting.

There is a moment to inspire occidental music with a strong trend toward the oriental. Perhaps out of it will come the opportunity, for the Japanese composers to interpret the real heart strings of Japan and then our "Kawai-i" (not petit) lady Madame Miura may have an opportunity to portray her wonderful power now latent because of lack of proper interpretation of Japanese heart in European music.

Japanese say "the mountain has 100 paths but one summit." Music has many modes of expressions but only one harmony. There is only one great soul and music is its most perfected language. Though the time is not far distant when we will look beyond the material finding; mutual understanding in the great soul of things in perfect harmony where our paths will merge and we will have reached the summit where east no longer east or west west, but all be reacted in the perfect harmony.

OSAMU TERADA.
Tufts College Medical School.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. Delamaine and the Brinded Cat.

The request in the Sunday Herald of "A Stranger to Boston" that I enlighten him as to the exact color of the brinded cat in "Macbeth" has caused me to realize how little I know about things I have long presumed to understand.

I have no skill in describing or explaining colors, whether shades, hues or tints. This humiliating confession, though it leaves me, as it were, naked to mine enemies, carries with it the somewhat consoling thought that there are a host of others who are quite as skilless. For instance, it would be easy to mobilize an army of highly intelligent persons who, if shot with the question, "What is black?" would certainly have to surrender or go down in ignominious defeat. Even the dictionary-makers have fallen down shamefully in their definitions, as "Black—the opposite of white; deficiency of light," and so forth. Leaving these futilities, let us turn to the man whose insight in things abstract has never failed. His reply to the question is: "Black is the badge of hell, the hue of dungeons and the sheet of night." There is a definition that really defines. Touched with imagination the meaning of black becomes as clear as daylight. A modicum of imagination establishes the fact that the cat in "Macbeth" is not a physical entity. It came not by the downright way of cat creation, but owes its existence to the wonder-teeming brain of the great imagist. How then are we to determine the exact color of an imaginary object when it has been described already by its creator as having a coat of an uniform hue of an indefinite shade of brown? A creature born in fancy cannot be described with strict exactitude to the truth, as though it were a specimen in a prize show. No information or misinformation can ever change its hue, nor can time or place ever tempt its spiritual nature to stray from the paths of moral rectitude. It is the one grand exception to the old saw that "All cats are gray in the dark." Chaste and free from the vicissitudes which nightly da afflict all prowlers of the feline species, it lives and mews in blest eternity! Happy pussy, prince of cats! To roam forever in the bright regions of imagination, where darkness never comes to shade thy tawny garb of gray, where neither dogs pursue nor midnight missiles fly, secure in feline immortality!

But what doth it profit a man if he know the exact color of all the cats in creation? Such knowledge is not important. However, it is important that a courteous reply should be given to an inquirer in order that the high traditions and world-wide reputation of Boston shall be sustained. These imperatively enjoin the inhabitants of our far-famed burg to see to it that no problem presented by a visitor for elucidation shall be left unsolved; that the earnest seeker after abstruse knowledge shall not be sent empty away; and that every citizen when politely requested to answer a question, shall honestly endeavor—to the best of his ability—to satisfy the intellectual curiosity of the stranger within our gates.

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.
Dorchester Centre.

Mr. Delmaine, we infer, does not fully appreciate the humor of the "Stranger's" letter. Let us add to his courteous reply. A brinded cat is one of a light brown or a brown approaching dun. The light brown approaches green. The body is marked with bars or streaks of a different hue. ED.

Notes on the Stage, Music and Musicians

The London Times said of Comyns Carr who died on Dec. 13 that his work at the bar was negligible. "Either as journalist or as art critic he might have been supreme—as indeed he might have been in anything he chose to undertake, were a brilliant intellect the only requisite for success. But his restless, many-sided mind drove him into other fields, among which the stage engaged him chiefly." Having named his 16 or more plays, the Times adds: "It was not in the theatre, any more than in criticism or journalism, that Comyns Carr was at his best. It was in talk. As a talker he was great—worthy of a place among the famous wits and talkers of the past."

A quarto "King Lear," wrongly dated 1608 but published in 1619, was sold at auction Dec. 13 in London for £205. A 1605 quarto play on which Shakespeare founded his "King Lear" was sold in London for £2470 less than a month before the war.

The London Times thinks that George Grossmith must have radically changed O. Henry's story, "The Hypotheses of Fallige," in adapting it as "Step in the Office" (the Coliseum, Dec. 18), the play is so farcical and irresponsible. The Times thinks that Joseph Coyne's antics, slang and catchwords, while they make the audience laugh detract from the comic, as distinct from the risible value of the play. Our old friend Mr. Lennox Pawle is one of the company.

We have already spoken of Mr. Mallinson's songs. Possibly provoked by a third recital of them the Pall Mall Gazette lifted up its voice: "Their musicianship is not in question, but the same cannot be said of their inspiration: After hearing a large number of them one suspects the use of a stencil, so far as their shape is concerned, and the stencil is not a compatriot of the English text used. Occasionaly a note of originality is heard, as in his setting of Tagore's 'In the Dusky Path of a Dream,' where the faintly exotic effect is not altogether attained by conventional means." The Times of Dec. 19 spoke of two songs. "One is about a bridge, and the other about a dream. These are not promising subjects, for neither of them moves. Winds can whisper or roar in song, trees rustle, bells be tolled or chimed or pealed, a story gather excitement, and a love-story is music itself; but a bridge, even when it has historic associations, only has two ends and spans. But as there is no more for it to do, this is just what Mr. Mallinson's 'Old Bridge at Florence' undeniably makes it do. It holds its breath for a moment as it thinks of the glories that were and that are, but it goes on with its work. The dream is Tagore's, and some day Asia should be given a chance of hearing it; they would understand. Its theme is the inchoate and incomplete, and therefore the eternal. Nothing happens in it, because everything is happening; and that is just what the music says. It gives the theme time to tell its tale of nothing. It does not flitter itself away upon 'Oriental imagery,' but goes straight to the human heart of the thing."

An "old-world preciosity about Miss Johana Heyman's playing was admirably suited in the Shubert variations." . . . Modern taste has had a powerful influence on pianistic touch, and it is sometimes refreshing to hear the classics played as if no such developments had taken place."—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 19.

In "See Saw," a revue produced at the Comedy, London, Dec. 14, there is a Cleopatra ballet. "Mr. Weigall had seized on that incident in which Cleopatra, seeing Antony enamored of a dancer brought by merchants from Babylon, expelled her from the court."

A few days ago Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's second pianoforte concerto in C minor was played for the first time in England by Mr. Benno Moiseivich under the auspices of Mr. Dan Godfrey at one of his Symphony concerts at Bournemouth. This young Russian pianist, by the way, deserves infinite

credit for his characteristic energy in introducing new or reviving old but important English compositions; he it was who revived Delius's beautiful work at a time when all other pianists were plodding along the hard high road of the painfully familiar. The original performance of the concerto took place 18 months ago at the Norfolk Festival (U. S. A.), Harold Bauer being the pianist. But I think it had been played even previously with orchestra complete. For, unless I am greatly in error, Moriz Rosenthal, seeking to emulate Kreisler in his playing of the Elgar violin concerto, had intended to take up the Stanford concerto, out of compliment to the England where they reaped so much, and it was for his benefit that the (private) performance was given, the soloist being a student at the R. C. M., Sir Charles Stanford conducting the R. C. M. orchestra, and Rosenthal being the "audience." I published a note on the subject in this column at the time. That was, I think, some five years ago, so that in any case the concerto has lived unseen or rather unheard for five years here.—London Daily Telegraph, Dec. 16.

Mr. Richard Northcott in his life of Bizet says that in the late eighties Augustus Harris acquired the performing rights of "Carmen" in England for £1500 and made £30,000 out of the deal. Mr. Northcott does not know what was originally paid for these rights.

An orchestral suite "A Christmas Carol" by Hollaender was played in London Dec. 14. "It consists of scraps, some composed, some dimly remembered, but put together in a manner clumsily naive, and drawn out beyond all reason."

A new suite "Palsgaard" by Frederic Austin based on his Danish reminiscences, "though its first movement seemed also to exhibit prenatal influences originating 'Up and Down the City Road,'" was played at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert in London Dec. 11. "The four sections are curiously contrasted, two of them being somewhat naive, another practically meditative, and the fourth remarkably ingenious, the dexterity consisting chiefly in the deft way in which fragments of not very distinguished materials are worked into a crazy quilt a la Stravinsky—more or less! The whole work arrests attention. Its weakest characteristic is that it is, as the French would say, voulu, for which self-conscious is a poor equivalent."

Should Sir Thomas Beecham fulfil his intention of producing Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar" at the Aldwych, it will be interesting to see if the opera will be curtailed as when played in Russia. One scene depicts the return of a bygone Tsar to the Kremlin after fighting the Poles. At the Petrograd Opera House the curtain is lowered just as the body of the imperial coach comes into sight of the audience. For by an ordinance enforced in all Russian theatres it is not permitted to represent the person of any Tsar on the stage.—London Daily Chronicle.

At the Scala Theatre yesterday morning an extremely interesting glimpse was given of the immense part which France is playing in the present war. It came in the form of a private exhibition of the French official war film dealing solely with guns and munitions. What the ordinary man in the street knows of the subject he has probably gleaned from newspaper articles. But here, when the pictures are publicly displayed, he will have an opportunity of studying at first hand the absorbing process through which these wonderful death-dealing monsters pass from their inception to their completion. In these busy hives where everything seems to go with a precision and regularity of clockwork you watch the men handling with unimaginable ease huge red-hot steel blocks, which are presently to be shaped by heavy steam hammers, some weighing as much as 1000 tons, into the rough semblance of howitzers or their more graceful rivals, the long 120-metre guns. Later you are introduced to the gigantic machines, many 52 yards in length, employed to drill, bore and rifle these latter. Of the making of shells, of which every detail requires the minutest attention, the spectator is also afforded an absorbing picture. But this is only half the story. There remains the deeply impressive spectacle of how these giants are conveyed to the front, and of how their movements are regulated by stationary balloons and airplanes fitly named the eyes of the artillery, by means of which the exact positions of the enemy are clearly denoted. Finally you see the guns at work, each fed by its little company of alert and skilful men, and belching forth fire and devastation upon the object, miles distant, of their unwelcome attentions. And just before the curtain falls the onlooker is permitted to gaze upon the result, representing a scene of unspeakable carnage and of chilling desolation, and in this way to form some faint conception of what modern warfare really means.—London Daily Telegraph, Dec. 15.

Selections from Glinka's "Life for the Tsar" were played by the Royal Philharmonic Society in London, Dec. 12. The Times said: "The Glinka surprised one by its un-Russian character—no poignant intervals or harmonies, and no particularly eccentric rhythms. The transitions seemed a little angular and the coloring crude; but it was easy to feel through the naive devices that the composer was too much in earnest to care what people would think about the detail. If his melodies were rugged they were never weak." The Daily Telegraph said: "At its best the music might have

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Haydn's "Creation," to be performed by the People's Choral Union of Boston, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor. 13th mid-season concert. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; J. Garfield Stone, tenor; Willard Flint, bass; Herman A. Shedd, organist; Miss Mildred Vinton, pianist. Orchestra of Boston Symphony players.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Extra concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Bloch, Quartet in B major (Ms.); E. Moor, Suite for two violins unaccompanied (Ms.), Messrs. Betti and Pochon; Haydn, Quartet in G major, op. 77, No. 1. See leading article.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Katharine Dayton, diseuse. Folk songs: The Old Maid's Song, A Woman's Work Is Never Done, Must I Go Bound, The Loyal Lover; Folk Songs of Savoy: Chanson de la Saint-Jean, Pernette, Dodo petite; Carpenter, When the Night Comes; Borodin, The Sleeping Princess; Newcomb, The Tum-Tum; M. R. Lang, Three Thumbnail Studies in Temper and Temperament; Usher, A Li'l Bit of Sum'pn, Three Pointed Points of View; Drummond, Johnny Courteau; Folk Songs of Quebec: En roulant ma Boule, Dans Paris y a t'une Brune; Drummond, Le Rossignol; Peel, The Yak; T. C. Sterndale-Bennett, The Old Man of the Cape, A Miraculous Escape. Ruth Dayton, pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Choral Music Society of Boston, Stephen Townsend, conductor. Messrs. Theodorowicz and Fiumara, violins; Mr. Werner, viola; Mr. Nagle, 'cello; Mr. Holy, harp, will assist. Osgood, Christmas Bells; Gretchaninoff, Our Father; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Russian Carol, Merry Yuletide; Miss Lang, The Heavenly Noël, for mezzo-soprano, female chorus, organ, piano, harp, string quartet; Ladmirault, Noëls Anciens—O Nulet Paatourelles, Voyage de Joseph et de Marie, L'Adoration des Bergers, L'Adoration des Mages, Adeste Fideles; Grainger, The Merry Wedding, for nine solo voices and mixed chorus with piano and organ; Chadwick, Silently Swaying on the Water's Breast, for female chorus; Stanford, Three Cavalier Songs (Browning), for baritone and male chorus; Lewis, The Consolation of Music, Cantata for quartet and mixed chorus, with organ and piano.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Kunwald, conductor, in Boston. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 11th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Second recital of Miss Evelyn Starr, violinist, Walter Golde, pianist. Corelli, La Folia; Mozart, Concerto, D major; Goldmark, Air; Sgambati, Serenata Napolitana; Marchand-Press, Gavotte; Couperin-Press, Les Petits Moulins; Stojowski, Melodie; Debussy, Le Petit Berger; Sarasate, Habanera.

Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. 11th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

The Boston National Opera Company, Max Rabinoff director, ended its engagement yesterday at the Boston Opera House by giving two performances. The opera in the afternoon was Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Guerrieri conducted.

Mimi.....Maggie Teyte
Rodolfo.....Giuseppe Gaudenzi
Mercello.....Thomas Chalmers
Musetta.....Mabel Riegelman
Colline.....Virgilio Lazzari
Schaunard.....Giorgio Puliti
Benoit.....Paolo Ananian
Alcindoro.....Paolo Ananian

The performance of Puccini's fresh, melodious, always welcome "Boheme" gave much pleasure. Miss Teyte is a charming Mimi, simple, unaffected, a pathetic little figure in the last two acts. Miss Riegelman of the Chicago Opera Company had been seen here, but not as Musetta. Mr. Gaudenzi sang well the music of Rodolfo. Mr. Chalmers is one of the best Marcellos that have visited us. The chorus and orchestra were again wholly competent, and Mr. Guerrieri gave an emotional reading of the score.

When Mr. Rabinoff's opera company with Mme. Pavlowa and her dancers came to the Boston Opera House last season, they were told they came too early: people were not ready for opera; many had not yet left their summer homes. Mr. Rabinoff, remembering this, came in January, 1917. Again there were excuses for the indifferenee of the public towards his excellent company. Bostonians had spent all their money at the Allied Bazaar; some were tired by their charitable work; it was too soon after Christmas; it was New Year's week; the weather was unfavorable; the Rev. William Sunday was a strong counter attraction.

Is it true that the people of Boston no longer care for opera unless Mr. Caruso is billed as the tenor of a performance? No doubt some will say: "But we didn't know that there was an opera company in town." And so we have had an opera week with first-class performances for the most part, first-class in every respect, better in some ways than two or three given by the Metropolitan Opera Company in recent years. For the benefit of those who are waiting for the Metropolitan Opera Company, it may be said that the Metropolitan company will not visit Boston this year; at least it is so stated in New York.

At the evening performance "Aida" was given with this cast:

Aida.....Luisa Villani
Radames.....Riccardo Martin
Amneris.....Maria Gay
Amonasro.....George Baklanoff
Ramphis.....Jose Mardonnes
The King.....Paolo Ananian
The Messenger.....Luigi Remario
The Priestess.....Francesca Peralta
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni

The chorus again sang with admirable crispness and purity of tone. A trifle too heavy in the Nile scene, Mr. Moranzoni's accompaniment was discreetly vital in the main and well colored. Some irritation was caused by tedious waits between acts. The performance lasted till after midnight.

While Mme. Villani's "Aida" is not a brilliant impersonation, her intelligent acting and appropriate vocal color afford pleasure. Mr. Martin's Radames is more impressive vocally than dramatically. Yet the role is one in which he should excel.

POVLA FRISCH

Mme. Povla Frisch, soprano, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach, "Bist du bei mir"; Mozart, Dans un bois solitaire et sombre"; Handel, "Strophes de Cleopatre", "Plaisir qui passe"; Gounod, "Mignon"; Hahn, "Trois jours de Vendanges"; Lalo, "Marine"; Ravel, "Sainte"; Debussy, "Mandoline"; Erlanger, "Les Larmes"; Lekeu, "Rondel"; Dupont, "Trois noisettes"; Saint-Saens, "Tournoiment"; Schumann, "Ihre Stimme," "Viel Glueck zur Reise Schwalbe"; Brahms, "Saphische Ode"; Moussorgski, "Au bord du Don"; Borodin, "La Reine de la mer"; Stravinsky, "Pastorale"; Grieg, "Med en Primula Veris," "Et Syn."

The program was unusually interesting. It would have taxed the versatility and the dramatic skill of any interpreter. Many of the songs were unfamiliar. All demanded the expression of various sentiments, emotions, passions, from the queenly melancholy of Cleopatra cager for tranquillity, weary of worldly pomp and vanity to the transfigured serenity of Ravel's saint, from the amorous ecstasy of the lovers in Lalo's "Marine" to the perfumed artificiality of the figures in Debussy's Watteau-like "Mandoline."

The Danish soprano has a remarkable personality; she is remarkable as an interpreter of songs. She has an extraordinary intellectual conception of poets' and composers' intention and the ability to impress this conception on the hearer. All moods are known to her. Her dramatic skill is boundless. She has both force and finesse besides an individuality of expression that is unique, incomparable.

Even before the opening phrase Mme. Frisch's personality is harmoniously attuned to the mood of a song. Like a seeress under a divine spell she voices its contents, whether as narrator or chief actor in an emotional drama.

Nor should the hearer, enchanted by her art as an interpreter, lose sight of the excellence of her singing in matters of technic. Her voice is not large nor of compelling sensual beauty yet so deft is she in the art of coloring tone that often, as in Brahms's "Saphische Ode," there is the impression of fulness and depth. Another admirable feature of her singing is the distinction and purity of her diction in French.

Her interpretation made many songs memorable. Hahn's episode of vintagetide was an impressive masterpiece of musical declamation. Saint-Saens's picture of the opium dreamer was drawn with vivid impressionism. Ravel's "Sainte" was exquisite in mystic tonal color and supreme tranquillity. In Erlanger's "Les Larmes," in Lekeu's gay "Rondel," in Stravinsky's wordless "Pastorale" there were many moments of dramatic eloquence and subtlety in contrast.

A large audience welcomed this great artist enthusiastically and expressed appreciation throughout the afternoon. Mr. Verd, an accomplished pianist, played delightful accompaniments. Mme. Frisch was gracious in adding to the program.

Am 8/1917

A talker is like an actor. It is only possible to say, he was wonderful on such an evening, or on such another, and as time goes on and this becomes matter of hearsay, why, it is as if his achievement had never been. For the flowers of his talk bloom only in dead men's memories, and have been buried with their skulls.

Sam Hyde's Dog.

As the World Wags:

An item appeared in your paper of Dec. 27, 1916, asking where did the phrase "uglier than Sam Hyde's dog" originate. "It was common in Maine 40 years ago. Who was Sam Hyde, and what about his dog?"

In 1855 Dr. George Osgood, for 55 years a practising physician of Danbury, wrote and had published in pamphlet form a historical sketch of Danvers Plains (a copy of which the Historical Society of Danvers now has).

In it he relates the stories that have been handed down to us of Sam and Jo Hyde, supposed to be wards of old Salem village. Sam and Jo Hyde were brothers. Their wigwams were located at Danvers. They were real "native Americans." They were Indians, the only real "native Americans" of which history gives us any account. Sam and Jo had the reputation of being great liars, more especially Sam; and it is a very old saying when any one tells what is not true, "you lie like Sam Hyde."

One of the many hunting stories that Sam tells is one about his dog. He was hunting for foxes, and his dog while running very fast to overtake the fox struck against the end of a sharp rail, and split himself into two equal parts. Sam in his hurry (not wanting to lose the fox) put him together two feet up and two feet down, and he affirmed that he was a smarter dog ever after, for when he got tired running on two legs he would change and run on the other two. This patching up of Sam's dog evidently gave him his reputation.

Salem, Jan. 5. H. L. W.

The Ossipees.

As the Wordld Wags:

If "Timothy" should return to Tamworth he would find that the New Hampshire civilization peculiar to the Ossipee mountains' crater has crept up north, even as far as his own town, with an increase in certain vices that are there valid as virtues. TITUS.

Boston, Jan. 4.

As the World Wags:

The tribe of wild men inhabiting the extinct crater of the Ossipee mountains and harnessing their women folks to the plow still exists. While last on the mountain recently I strayed by accident into the sacred and unmolested precincts. A cup of water for which I asked was so abominably filthy that I could make no pretence even of drinking it. The creatures most resembling women I found clad in rags of a most horrible state of uncleanliness, and the men were just as unshaven, filthy, profane and vulgar as of old.

DANIEL BOONE.

Cambridge, Jan. 4.

As the World Wags:

I have lived over 20 summer and a few solid years in the northern part of Tamworth. It is an abandoned farm country, inhabited, save by a very few good people, by the lowest sort of degenerate New England peasants. Crime of every description is common. There are two well known and confessed thieves in my little village, but no one dares to prosecute them for fear of being burned out. One match judiciously used could make an ash heap of one of the loveliest constructed localities anywhere, as well as many fine summer houses. And what is worse, it is growing worse by the continuation of the marriage of half idiots. H. T. B.

Boston, Jan. 4.

Toothless Heroes.

As the World Wags:

I have just returned from the "movies," first offence (this year) and the question uppermost in my mind is: Have you ever seen, or do you know any where in literature of a toothless hero? Wouldn't a hero with shrunken gums lack dominance unless perchance he had a whistling part? I recall what an excellent hero the late Kyrle Bellew made with his white hair, but what of bald heads? I trust you can find an instance of a bald headed hero, because of very personal reasons that I would not care to disclose.

If the hero be toothless should he wear a small mustache?

ROGER ASKEM.

Springfield, Jan. 2.

Jean Schenck de Graffenberg in his "Observationum medicarum, rararum, admirabillum et monstrosarum volumen" (follo, 1644) remarks: "Pherecrates, from whom the Pherecratick verse was so called, was born toothless, and so continued to the end of his life"; but perhaps Pherecrates was not a hero. We have seen brave men with store teeth. Julius Caesar was certainly a hero, and he was bald. "Moreover, finding by experience that the deformity of his bald head was oftentimes subject to the scoffes and scornes of back-biters and slaunderers, hee tooke the same exceedingly to the heart; and therefore he both had usually drawne his haire that grew but thin from the crowne toward his forehead; and also of all honors decreed unto him from the Senate and People, he neither recelved nor used any more willingly than the privilledge to weare continually the triumphant Lawrel guirland."—Ed.

FRITZ KREISLER GIVES THIRD RECITAL OF SEASON

Fritz Kreisler gave his third recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. There was a great audience. Extra seats placed on the stage were completly filled and the standing room was crowded.

The program was made up of familiar pieces by Bach, Gluck, Cartier, Schubert, Mozart, Weber and others, pieces that the violinist has often played at his other recitals. Perhaps the most imposing number was Vieuxtemps's second Concerto in F sharp minor. Mr. Kreisler played with resplendent beauty of tone and the calm yet brilliant mastery of his instrument for which he is justly famous. Karl Lamson was the accompanist.

Next Sunday afternoon the concert will be given by Mr. Paderewski.

Richard Clarke

The author has described this enter-

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION SINGS HAYDN'S "CREATION"

Annual Mid-Season Concert Is Marked by Sincerity and Gusto —Orchestra of Symphony Players.

The People's Choral Union, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor, gave Haydn's "Creation" in Symphony Hall last evening with an orchestra of 40 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and three soloists.

J. Garfield Stone, tenor, gave much pleasure and was loudly applauded as Uriel. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano, sang the lines of Gabriel with an accuracy and skill that drew much applause. Willard Flint, basso, surpassed as Gabriel even the expectations roused by his reputation. The audience filled the hall.

Jacques Hoffman, principal of the orchestra, told Mr. Wodell after the performance that it compared favorably with any he had heard the Choral Union give. This was the 13th annual mid-season concert.

A "people's" concert, it was marked by sincerity and gusto. The 325 members of the chorus obviously 'hong et heaves gets,' gave Father Haydn's great work with courage, vigor and smoothness. Though the performance might have shown a trifle more color or shading, it was creditable to all concerned and gratifying to everyone interested in the development in America of musical intelligence.

Jan 9 1917

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "Miss Springtime," musical comedy in three acts, book adapted by Guy Bolton from Martea Brody's "Miss Rabbit Foot" (produced at Budapest), lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse and Herbert Reynolds, music by Emmerich Kalman. Produced by Klaw & Erlanger at Philadelphia Sept. 12, 1916.

Paul Pilgrim	Wilmuth Merkyl
Michael Robin	Frank McIntyre
Kalski Schmidt	Alice Gaillard
Henry Wenzel	Alfred Moore
Hugo Knaus	William H. Sloan
Rosika Wenzel	Ethel Pettit
Jo Varady	Harrison Brockbank
Malmie Stone	Zoe Barnett
Dustin Stone	Frank Doane
Officer	Charles Williams
Inspector Block	George Fox
Secretary to Mario	W. P. Nunn
Maitre de Ballet	Charles De Haven
Premiere Danseuse	Mae Hennessy

This musical comedy might be justly called an operetta. It was a pleasure to see again at the Tremont Theatre a musical entertainment that was something more than a farce with jingle and vaudeville acts. For many seasons this theatre was the home of operetta. Performances of the grand opera within its walls are also pleasantly remembered. It is reported that in future the Tremont will be largely, if not wholly, devoted to productions of operetta and musical comedy. This will be welcome news to many.

The story of "Miss Springtime" is an agreeable variation on a familiar theme. The editor of a Hungarian paper organizes a festival and hopes to obtain as an attraction the presence of a famous baritone who was born there. Everything is in readiness, when the singer in a letter refuses the invitation. A wandering gypsy photographer is persuaded to represent the baritone Marto, who has not been seen in the village since his boyhood. He is persuaded the more easily because he is already half in love with Rosika, who has dreamed of singing in opera and incidentally of Marto. The nose of her lover Paul is naturally put out of joint. The identity of Marto is suspected. He is denounced and an inspector of police from Budapest arrives to arrest him. Then comes the surprise. What this surprise is, what becomes of Rosika and Paul, how Mr. Dustin Stone is caught in a trap by his vivacious wife: all this will be learned by the many that will surely see the operetta and be repaid in many ways. The story is pleasantly told. The dialogue is generally amusing whether the jests are Hungarian or American, invented by the librettists, or introduced for fattening the parts of the comedians.

The music has decided character. It is tuneful, varied, not too sentimental, not too Hungarian, now flowing, now piquantly rhythmed. In a few instances the verses, and the music by another than Kalman in all probability, are introduced for American consumption; but the music to the capital little burlesque act, "The Old Fashioned Drama," is excellent of its kind, as is the music of "A Very Good Girl on Sunday," sung by Miss Barnett. Mr. McIntyre's "When Your're Full of Talk" might be taken from any farce comedy of the inferior brand.

The scenery is by Joseph Urban and the costumes are alone an attraction. The stage setting of the third act, "The Stage of the Budapest Opera House," is particularly striking, recalling as it does Mr. Urban's better work for the dead Boston Opera Company. The color schemes are charming, sumptuous, never garish.

When the operetta was produced in New York the company was a noteworthy one. It included Sari Petrass, who had made her American debut in Philadelphia; Georgia O'Ramey, and Messrs. Meakins, MacFarland, Hazzard and Pronty. The company now at the Tremont was organized for this city.

Miss Pettit as the girl dreaming of an operatic life sang simply and prettily. Miss Barnett was amusing in a dashing, incisive manner. Mr. Brockbank as Varady, an unusually grateful part vocally and dramatically, proved himself an experienced singer, but he was not romantic in his impersonation. Mr. McIntyre, as Robin, the Hungarian who had lived in America, where he had dropped the "ivitsch" from his surname and acquired hustling manners, was funny in his own and approved manner. So was Mr. Doane in the burlesque of melodrama. The minor parts were acceptably taken.

The chorus was not content with making effects solely by revealing costumes; it sang. The large orchestra was efficient and not disquieted or perplexed by the exuberant gestures of the conductor, Mr. Previn, who at times gave a careful imitation of Mr. Chaplin in his latest moving picture show.

An audience that filled the theatre was greatly pleased by the music, the comedy and the general performance. There were many repetitions, too many, for the encore fiend was often not satisfied with two or three recalls.

Mr. Ferrari Fontana, tenor, sued for a divorce by Mme. Matzenauer, says that his married life was unhappy almost from the moment of their marriage at Buenos Aires, in 1912, when they were singing together in opera. Yet some of us remember the unalloyed bliss of the couple in this city as reported almost daily by the sympathetic newspapers of the town. There were confidential disclosures of an approaching "interesting event." When the child was born reporters were on the spot. There were photographs of the parents' little joy and pride. Were not bulletins issued from time to time, bulletins of a reassuring nature? Was not the baptism a civic event?

And now we are informed by the tenor that Mme. Matzenauer in New York a year ago used to scream out of the window for the police; that Mr. Fontana, thinking it unsafe to live with her, sought safety in a hotel, whereupon she told him "he could take their darling Adriana and go to the devil." O' Tristam! O Isolde! Was the public glorification of domestic happiness in Boston only a box-office trick of the passionate press agent?

Taking a Sight.

As the World Wags:

The custom of putting the thumb to the nose and twiddling the fingers in derision seems to have gone somewhat out of fashion, but when I was sweet one-and-twenty, it was quite general. The first time that I remember seeing it observed was when I was a small boy, and it was directed by a chum of mine at an imbecile who was chasing him for the utterance of some offensive remarks, which consisted principally in calling him "Long John," a nickname by which he was known in the vicinity of Theatre alley in this then comparative small city. The lad could not be caught, and from the top of a flight of steps that led into the Dearborn Scale Factory, he shouted: "No you don't, Dicky Racker," as he thumbed his nasal protuberance after the practice to which I have alluded. Now, who was Dicky Racker, and why should his name have been used in an irritating way? BAIZE.

Dorchester.

"Taking a grinder, applying the left thumb to the nose and revolving the right hand round it as if to work a hand organ or coffee mill," is an old trick. Dickens described it in "Pickwick": "Here Mr. Jackson smiled once more upon the company; and, applying his left thumb to the tip of his nose, worked a visionary coffee-mill with his right hand, thereby performing a very graceful piece of pantomime (then much in vogue, but now, unhappily, almost obsolete) which was familiarly denominated taking a grinder." What Baize refers to was known in England as "taking a sight," "Queen Anne's Fan," "pulling bacon," "making a long nose," "cocking snooks," while the operation of Mr. Jackson was also known as "working the coffee mill." Taking a sight was putting the thumb to the nose and spreading the fingers fan wise. The "double sight" was made by joining the tip of the little finger (already in position) to the thumb of the other hand; the fingers were similarly extended. In a frontispiece to the English Theophrastus (1702). Truth is stripping a fine woman of her false decorations, her false hair, etc., while a little satyr below is "taking a sight" at her, and a second satyr a double sight toward the spectator. In 1712 the Spectator spoke of the 'prentice speaking his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by sticking out his tongue. It is said that pictures of this gesture before the time of the Georges are rare, but we have read that the gesture is depicted in old Egyptian illustrations. In our boyhood we cited the ancient Egyptians when threatened with punishment for this twiddling the fingers in taking double sight, but the threat was carried into effect. Our archaeological, ethnological knowledge did not save us. The gesture was used in school as a Rabelaisian invitation, expressive of contempt. It is known in many lands. See the picture in Canon Jorio's "Mimica degli Antichi" (Naples, 1837, of the principal gestures in use among Neapolitans. The "taking a sight" is entitled "hesseggiare."—Ed.

A Hard Question.

As the World Wags:

We have taken quite a little interest in reading Balzac and Maupassant and we are puzzled as to the meaning and origin of the ornament of horns on cuckolds. We find definitions of cuckolds in the dictionary but no reference to horns.

"And the unhappy cuckold did not feel the horns that were being planted on his brow."
"And the cuckold having had presented to him an ornament of a beautiful pair of horns."

Any information on this subject that would ease a pair of troubled minds would be appreciated.

Boston. SMITHE & SMYTHE.

This is a hard question that has exercised the wits of many. Here is one explanation: "The origin of this, which appears in so many European languages, and seemingly even in late Greek . . . is referred by Dunger (Germania xxix., 59) to the practice formerly prevalent of planting or engrafting the spurs of a castrated cock on the root of the excised comb, where they grew and became horns, sometimes of several inches long. He shows that German 'hahnreh' or 'hahnrei' 'cuckold,' originally meant 'capon.'" In "Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems," by R. H. (London, 1664), we read: "Is not this Monster said to wear the Horns because other Men with their two forefingers point and make Horns at him?"

Neither one of these explanations is satisfactory. The "mano cornuta" is an efficacious gesture against the evil eye. When, without thought of the evil eye the hand with two pointed fingers was raised vertically toward the person's own head it denoted the compliment of the exalted horn; when pointed toward the chin, it implied conjugal infidelity to the husband. Some refer the origin of the association of horns to the time of the Crusades; but Jorio says the ancient Greeks used the horn and gesture with the present signification. See Elworthy's "Evil Eye" (London, 1895), and for horns and other two-pronged objects as amulets see Dr. Robert Means Lawrence's "Magic of the Horse Shoe" (Boston, 1899).—Ed.

FLONZALEYS PRESENT MEMORABLE PROGRAM

Bloch's Quartet in B Major and Moor's Suite for Two Violins Played from Manuscript.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave an extra concert at Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Bloch Quartet in B major (MS.) E. Moor: Suite for two violins unaccompanied (MS.), Messrs. Betti and Pochon; Haydn, Quartet in G major, Op. 77 No. 1.

The works by Bloch and Moor, played from manuscript, were heard here for the first time.

Ernest Bloch, a Swiss, is now in this country. Among his works are a symphony in C sharp minor; symphonic poems, "Vivre-Ouvrier," "Hiver-Printemps," "Trois Poemes Juifs;" a symphony, "Israel" and a lyric drama, "Macbeth," produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Nov. 30, 1910.

Writing to his friend, Alfred Pochon, the composer spoke thus of his quartet. "This work is the direct expression of my own feelings, of my own vision of the world; it is a part of my very life, a reflection of my joys and of my sufferings."

This work is an important addition to the literature of modern chamber music. Its musical speech is of today. Its modernity is vigorous, untrammeled. The composer has displayed surpassing skill and authority in his treatment of the four instruments. Thoroughly versed in the art of sounds and rhythms, he has given striking and poignant expression to varying moods, to the emotions of a sensitive nature given to introspection.

The quartet is in four movements. In the first, which has a solemn ecclesiastical character, there is the thought of the ancient Jewish race, forever oppressed, forever hopeful and undaunted. The second pictures human ugliness, the hideousness of warring wills. But in the exotic trio, there is contrast. Here is music akin to that heard by the traveller in the streets of Cairo. The Pastoral suggests the country both in gaiety and stillness. It is as though the composer, face to face with the serenity of nature, felt the futility of all human strife. In the finale, written in America, there is again a passionate protest against injustice and the resignation of the closing pages is sombre.

The suite by the Hungarian, Moor, paled in interest beside the quartet. Yet it is amiable music, fluent, melodious, often brilliant as in the second movement.

The performance of Bloch's music was memorable. The Flonzaleys are incomparable in the subtlety, intensity and warmth with which they absorb and transmit the spirit of a composition. In Moor's work dedicated to them, Messrs. Betti and Pochon vied with each other in skill and brilliance.

A very large audience enjoyed the concert. The second concert of the regular series given by the Flonzaley Quartet will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 25.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE: "Canary Cottage," a musical farce in two acts; book by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, lyrics and music by Earl Carroll; first time in Boston.

Michael O'Finnegan	Carl McCullough
"Sam" Asbestos Beverly Moon	Eli Dawson
Mrs. Hugg	Grace Ellsworth
Pauline Hugg	Leola Lucey
Jerry Summerfield	Charles Ruggles
Betty Fair	Dorothy Webb
Billy Moss	Herbert Corthell
Nip and Tuck	Egerotti Midgets
Blanche Moss	Trixie Friganza

"Canary Cottage" possesses several qualities out of the common, from an eastern viewpoint; for be it known that Oliver Morosco, who not only had a hand in its fashioning, but produced it, is himself a western product. The piece frequently is daring in its dialogue—out there they say "breezy." There are moments when talk and situations are of far more vivid hue than anything recalled in farces of ancient or recent date. On the other hand, there are moments of genuine, simon-pure comicality. There are many novel interpolations, smoothly placed and cleverly carried through. In brief, "Canary Cottage" can be judged by nothing which has preceded it, save comparatively as to its degree of "pep."

The piece has a story which concerns the adventures of an amorous youth who not only pursues but is pursued. In fact, it is seldom that the gentler sex is made, on the stage, to show its fondness for mere man in so obvious a manner. This youth owns a brightly yellow cottage in California, and it is here that the chief action takes place. Sometimes he is hard put to extricate himself from embarrassing moments in which he has to explain why two ladies are present instead of one; sometimes he takes it on himself to straighten out the marital or sentimental affairs of others.

Here, then, are introduced a rotund convivialist, in the person of Mr. Corthell, supposed to be far gone in liquor; a youthful Irishman, impersonated by Mr. McCullough, who takes advantage of a song called "The Syncopated Harp" to introduce his well-worn imitations of Harry Lauder and Eddie Foy; an impossible "coon" chauffeur, in Mr. Dawson; a plump and pleasing maiden in the person of Miss Lucey, supposed to be betrothed to Jerry, and in actuality a singer with an excellent mezzo-soprano voice; the maiden's mother, suggestive of Emma Janvier, and fully as clever; two little gymnastic and contortionistic imps, the Egerotti midgets, in neat skits; a butterfly, all grace and piquancy and allurement, in Miss Webb; and last but not least, that perennial favorite, Miss Friganza.

This entertainment has its weaknesses. There is too much reiterative dialogue on the subject of inebriety. Mr. Corthell and Miss Friganza, by their cleverness, lighten this affliction as far as they can. The music, much of it tuneful, was sung and played far too loudly for such an intimate theatre as the Park Square.

Thirdly, the entertainment is a bit too long. Fifteen or twenty minutes could safely be saved, and still the audience would be satisfied.

Miss Friganza beat out a tuneful anvil chorus on a real cook stove; wore several grotesque costumes, and clowned it as only she can. She even gave an imitation, with an unnamed associate, of Marie Dressler's famous scene in which she was wont to whirl the late Dan Daly about like a limp rag.

Of the score of musical numbers, "I Never Knew," and "Canary Cottage" were the gems.

COLONIAL THEATRE — Return engagement of "Pom-Pom," a comic opera in two acts. Music by Hugo Felix. Book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Chief characters:

Count De Jole	George Brugger
Manager of the Olympic	St. Claire Hales
Evelyn	Bessie De Vole
Policeman No. 13	Tom McNaughton
The Author	Phillip Travers
Paulette (first appearance as Pom Pom, the Pickpocket)	Mitzi Hajos
Stage Carpenter	Al Hedge
The Dummy	Marr Hotchkiss
Bertrand	Carl Gantvoort
Grolmus	Thomas Walsh
Mecache	Ben Hastings
Bidage	Harry Child
Therese	Rita Dane
Papa Chapelle	George Brugger
Big Riasson	Delmar Poppen

"Pom-Pom" is back in Boston, picking pockets, beguiling thieves, winning hearts and breaking up the performance

a new opera by being kidnapped just before her appearance as the prima donna.

Mitzi Hajos, the rogue of the piece, who is Paulette on the stage and Pom-Pom to her kidnappers, is more vivacious, more piquant, more droll, more charming even than she was during the brief stay of the opera here last season.

It is remarkable that so small a person should contain so many large qualities that fit her for so varied a part, and still more strange that besides all that she should possess a voice of such unusual sweetness and melody. Her singing charms especially in the tuneful "In the Dark," sung as she and the thieves escape from the police station. Her "Evelyn" is as captivating as ever.

All the members of the company have profited by their long practice in the opera since it was seen here before. All have seemingly become the actual character they assume and none has become stale by long appearance in the same part. The performance goes with zip and perfect finish from beginning to end.

Tom McNaughton raises plentiful laughs as Policeman No. 13. Al Hedge says little and does little, but he makes a real bull's eye as the stage carpenter. Sanctimoniousness oozes and drips from George Brugger, the thief with the pious "lay." Bessie De Voie dances with supple grace and abandon with Carl Judd. Rita Dane is a captivating confidence woman, Theresa. Detmar Poppen not only by his huge bulk, but also by knowing what to do with it makes Big Biassou alive. Mary Hotchkiss is very dead as the Dummy and very much alive in her Apache parody dance with Mitzi Hajos.

"Pom-Pom" has an unusual value in these days. It is not only a "show" in which many beauties almost unadorned are on view amid beautiful scenery and with taking music, but it also tells a lively, dramatic story in a novel, interesting way.

"Talking," says John Tanner, in the first act of Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," which the Henry Jewett Players are producing this week at the Copley Theatre, "why I have just begun talking."

"Don't mind her, dear," exclaims Ann to Tanner, as the curtain falls on the final act, "just keep on talking."

In the interval they have all done little else, for "Man and Superman" is surely the "talkiest" of shaw's so-called intellectual forces. In it he preaches with keenest relish his familiar doctrine of human nature as it is.

Had Burns been living in Shaw's day, he would not have sighed in vain for the "gittie," for one is shown himself as even the keenest of his neighbors has not the wit to see him, when he sits at the feet of this satirical Irishman, whose outrageous honesty assails his pet hypocrisies and prejudices much as an exploitive finger in the region of the ribs affects his sense of humor.

But the world is catching up with Mr. Shaw. "Man and Superman" was first seen in Boston when Robert Loraine played the boastful Tanner, who, despite his tall talk, finally swallows the matrimonial bait of the purposeful Ann.

Audiences who were utterly scandalized at this scarcely gallant philosophy wherein lovely woman drops her role of watchful waiting and conducts an energetic and determined pursuit of the male quarry now enjoy it thoroughly.

Ann, as everyone knows, is a sort of modern Hedda Gabler who sees what she wants, recognizes it and claims it for her own. Although Shaw vouchsafes no glimpse of the marital experiences of the subdued Tanner and the triumphant Ann, one is sure that Ann will settle down to a clever manipulation of the affairs of the universe and of the John Tanner, M. I. R. C. (Member of the Idle Rich Class), in particular.

The farce is well produced by the Jewett Players. Mr. Glenister, while he plays the talking hero, Tanner, with a degree of well-bred deprecation for his crass boastfulness, is most convincing. Dorie Sawyer is an engaging Ann, adding many touches of feminine fascination to the "clever baggage" who Shaw would have us believe is simply a compound of guile, subtlety and life force." Mr. Craske, as the enamored and weepful Tavy, and Cameron Mathews, as that empurpled and pompous stupid, Ramsden, were most effective.

Beatrice Miller protrayed another of Shaw's forceful young women, Violet Robinson, admirably and Leon Gordon, as Straker, the philosophical chauffeur did an especially good bit of work. An ambitious prompter insisted on playing John Alden to Tanner's Miles Standish during the final scene to the amusement of the audience.

RUSSIAN DANCERS GIVE ENCHANTING ACT AT KEITH'S

Kosloff and Miss Maslova Assisted by Large Company.

Theodore Kosloff, premier danseur of the Imperial Ballets of Moscow and Petrograd, assisted by a large company, including Vlasta Maslova, was the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night. The ballet music included pieces by Grief, Delibes, Brams, Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Tchaikowsky.

Not since "Sumurun," with Gertrude Hoffmann and her associates, has this theatre seen such an enchanting dancing act. Kosloff lends himself enthusiastically to his task and exhibits the technique of the Russian school. His pirouetting was remarkable in its duration and evenness. But above all was the lucidity of his interpretation.

Vlasta Maslova shared in the honors. A diminutive and bewitching miss, the excellence of her toe solos is something new to vaudeville audiences. With amazing recklessness she threw herself into many perilous postures in her numbers with Kosloff. Yet there was no suggestion of acrobatics. Both dancers were amazingly fresh after their arduous program. All of their associates added to the pleasure of the act.

Other acts were Pinkey and an unnamed diminutive comedian and dancer, in a singing and dancing sketch; Julius Tannen, in a monologue; Aveling and Lloyd, in amusing chatter; Dolly Connolly, singing a group of songs, assisted at the piano by Percy Wenrich; Walter Deleon and Mary Davis, in a moving picture burlesque; Meehan's leaping hounds; Martin Brennan and Ethel Powell, in a singing act, and the Levolos, in a sensational wire act.

Jan 10 1917

MISS DAYTON

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Katharine Dayton gave an entertainment yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Miss Ruth Dayton was the pianist. The program was as follows: English folk song, Hares on the Mountains; Kentucky folk song, The Old Maid's Song; Irish folk song, Must I Go Bound; English folk song, The Loyal Lover. Folk songs of Savoy: Chanson de la Saint Jean, Pernette, Dodo; Carpenter, When the Night Comes; Borodin, The Sleeping Princess; Newcomb, The Tum-Tum; M. R. Lang, Three Thumbnail Studies in Temper and Temperament; Usher, A Li'l Bit of Sum'pn, The Optimist, The Pessimist, The Altruist; Drummond, Johnny Courteau; Quebec songs, En roulant ma boule, Dans Paris y a t'une Brune; Drummond, Le Rossignol; Peel, The Yak; T. C. Sterndale-Bennett, The Old Man of the Cape, A Miraculous Escape.

A very friendly audience was well entertained. Miss Dayton has a keen sense of humor and a rare gift for expressing the comical. In her fun there is a certain lightness and a certain daintiness that make her songs of an amusing nature the more irresistible. Nothing could have been better, for example, than her interpretation of Miss Lang's music for Lear's "Young Lady in Blue" and Ethel Usher's setting of Oliver Herford's "Optimist." The comic is Miss Dayton's forte.

In the interpretation of serious and deml-serious folk songs she was as a rule less successful. More successful in the French than in those of English origin. There is more in the "Old Maid's Song," one of the Kentucky "Lonesome Tunes" found by Miss Loraine Wyman, than was conveyed to the audience by Miss Dayton, who did not do much more with "Hares on the Mountain," some of the words of which are found in "Rory O'More."

It was a mistake for her to put Borodin's lovely song, "The Sleeping Princess," on the program, for it is an art-song of exquisite quality, demanding an accomplished singer. Miss Dayton's conception of it was curiously mistaken.

The program and the performance were out of the ordinary and interesting. Entertainments of this nature are a relief from the cut and dried recital.

Talking, drinking and smoking go better together than any three other pleasant things upon this earth. And they are best enjoyed in company, which is almost as much as to say that they are not best performed at home. * * * Go to a tavern or a coffee house, where you will be left to yourselves. Be free from women folk, with their pestilential seriousness, or more aggravating flippancy. Get you and your company into a cosey room, with a bright fire and a closed door, where you may be free men before the universe.

Aids to Conversation.

As the World Wags:

One very serious objection to prohibition is that its universal enforcement will kill what little conversation we now enjoy. My contention is that a man talks better with a glass of the right sort at his elbow and two or three choice souls forninst him, than is possible sitting on a high uneasy stool in an infernal temperance spa. Did ever anybody say anything worth remembering in one of those places? Even the interchange of light talk between the customer and the embodiment of pulchritude who serves him is absolutely empty and banal. Some one may retort that there is good conversation to be heard over the teacups at many a 5 o'clocker, but at such gatherings our contacts are too fleeting to permit of anything but sparks and flashes. The famous salon of Madame Juliette Adam may have been conducted on total abstinence principles, but those who scintillate in such a company have made conversation a fine art. With us Americans, as with Dr. Johnson and his cronies, the time and the place are of importance, and just as important to the spontaneous, easy flow of conversation is a right guid willie-waught. Lots of us who have used good liquor in moderation all our lives, as taught us by our fathers, resent the implication of the prohibitionist that we are in the same boat with the Sir Tobys, the wife beaters and the great crew of tipsy revellers. Why must we be punished for them? * * *

Boston, Jan. 7. W. E. K.

"Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? * * * They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixt wine."—Ed.

Trouble in Chestnut Hill.

As the World wags:

By a deplorable oversight, practically inexcusable (and, in a way, hardly short of criminal, socially), many members of the Chestnut Hill Improvement and Chowder Association received no invitation to the first assembly. They are not inconsolable, as another is coming and there may be a more progressive policy next year. However, they feel the blunder keenly, and were not in the best of condition at the Saturday night meeting of the association to discuss the subject of the evening, "Why Thursday Is the Servant Girl's Day Off." A new member, who has just moved across the B. & A. from Brighton, introduced it. He said it was a national subject. As a new member, he was entitled to attention, but it takes at least an interplanetary subject just now to make some of the members forget the inefficiency of the assembly administration.

Three members are looking up the subject. They hope to strike a trail in Channing and Hart's Guide, but, as not one of them is a Harvard man, personally I have not much confidence in the result. The subject being purely sociological, can Herkimer Johnson assist?

P. J. McTISH.

N. B.—Possibly I should add that I see traces of snobbery in the Association. When the expression "servant girl's day off" was used by the Brighton man, another member interrupted to inquire if "servant girl" was used in the singular or plural sense.

"Singular, of course," said the Brightonian.

Thereupon the interrupter said that he really was not interested vitally in the subject, as there were three servant girls and two men servants in his establishment. To which the first speaker said, somewhat directly: "You haven't got (he pronounced it 'gut') anything on me. We have a smoke to do our work, and she goes home every night." A most curious man he is,—he thinks that Billy Sunday's hymn, "Brighten The Corner Where You Are" should be written: "Brighton, The Corner Where You Are." Extremely provincial, to put it mildly. P. J. McT.

Chestnut Hill, Jan. 7.

Gallant Mike.

As the World Wags:

Why didn't your correspondent, "Orion," include Mike Martin among the Hibernians who have distinguished themselves as knights of the road? He was one of Kilkenny's wild roving blades, I believe, and when he came to this free land of America, after many desperate deeds at home, attempted to appear honest for a time, but at last he yielded to the lure of the highway and robbed Maj. Bray on Medford turnpike. He was caught and convicted, and after a desperate attempt to escape from prison was hanged at Lechmere Point, East Cambridge. In my boyhood I knew an old man who said he saw him launched into the unknown. Martin was gallant, after some of his kind, and declined to take Mrs. Bray's watch. The old Sun Tavern on Batterymarch street, where he put up, was still standing within the memory of many Bostonians now living.

By the way, was Jack Sheppard a highwayman as your correspondent indicates? I thought house-breaking was more in his line when the villain, Jonathan Wild, still pursued him.

Dorchester. TRISTRAM.

Gen. Dearborn lived in what was afwards The Sun Tavern on Batterymarch street; so did Benjamin Hallowell. The inn was kept by one Goodrich in 1822. The sign of this tavern was not unlike a gravestone with a circular top. Underneath the rays of a gilded sun was this inscription:

The Best Ale and Porter
Under the Sun.

Mr. Drake, in his "Landmarks of Boston," says that this sign was afterward erected in Moon street, where it became the symbol of Mrs. Milk, "whose mixtures were perhaps not as mild as the name indicated." Mr. Drake adds: "Few of her customers escaped a coup de soleil; her neighbors were Waters, Beer and Legg." In 1724 there was a Sun Tavern in Dock square, another, kept by Capt. Day, was in Cornhill in 1755. The Jack Sheppard whose exploits delighted our boyhood as we read of them in a brilliantly colored paper novel behind a geography in school was a thief, not a highwayman, but he may have been versatile in knavery.—Ed.

The author has described this enter-

Jan 11 1917

CHORAL MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE.

The Choral Music Society of Boston, Alexander Steinert, president, Stephen Townsend, conductor, gave its first concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The society was assisted by these members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: Messrs Theodorowicz and Fiumara, violinists; Mr. Werner, viola; Mr. Nagle, 'cellist, and Mr. Holy, harpist. The program was as follows: Osgood, Christmas Bells; Gretchaninoff, Our Father; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Russian Carol, Merry Yuletide; Miss Lang, The Heavenly Noel; Ladmirault, Six Noelz Anciens; Grainger, The Merry Wedding; Stanford, Three Cavalier Songs; Lewis, The Consolation of Music. Samuel Endicott was the pianist.

This society should take a prominent place in the musical life of the city. There was a time when the Boylston Club led by Mr. Osgood gave delightful concerts of part songs, glees, and motets. There is a wealth of literature for mixed choruses. The treasure-house of English part songs, old and comparatively modern, is practically unknown to the younger generation of concert goers. There is in fact an embarrassment of riches. A concert with a judiciously chosen program of part songs and glees without accompaniment, or with the accompaniment of a piano, will in nine cases out of ten be more satisfactory than one in which an elaborate work with orchestra is performed, unavoidably without the necessary orchestral

The Kitchener Legend.

There is already a Kitchener legend. There are some in England who believe that Lord Kitchener is alive and a prisoner in Germany. One story on which the belief is based came from a charwoman, who at work was told by the mistress of the house that her son had been saved from the wreck; he had written that he was a prisoner in Germany, and "you would be very much surprised to hear who is with me here." Unforunately the charwoman afterwards said that there was no such lady; that she heard the news from some one else. A factory girl was reported as having had a letter from a brother, saying that he and Kitchener were prisoners in Germany. The Manchester Guardian explains these personal legends as instances of the old belief that a great hero cannot be overcome by death, and of "the human desire to attain importance among strangers by claiming a personal connection with a great event."

The Rediviví.

According to Plutarch, Saturn is sleeping on an island westward from Britain, perhaps five days' sail, and birds carry him ambrosia. Among those reported dead but really alive are David sitting in a cave under his tomb and the apostle, John. It was thought that Nero put a dagger to his throat. His funeral cost 200,000 sesterces, and his coffin was of porphyry; but he appeared later among the Parthians, and "was mightily upheld and maintained." Red-bearded Otto is in Kyffhaeuser, where he plays at skittles with Dame Holle, his housekeeper, when the days are boresome. Others that sit enchanted are Wedeking, Barbarossa, Siegfried and other heroes who will appear "when Germany is in dire distress"—it is high time for them to awake—Marko, Olaf, Odin in Walhalla waiting for his ravens, King Arcturus, snug in Mt. Gibier; Ogier, the Dane, haunting the Ardennes, Svatopluk sought by the Slavs in solemn procession. Arthur and his knights at Avalon or Camelot—there is a dispute about the sleeping place, but Felicia and Juno are with Arthur, and his men are well supplied with food, drink, horses and raiment. Loahdil is sleeping, St. Borondine dwells on an enchanted isle, the Mahdi of the ninth century now and then returns, and Vishnu in the form of Kalki will be seen.

Sir Richard F. Burton tells us that Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, escaped death, if the people are to be believed. "Many of the Istrian Vulgus, especially at Triest and Pola, believe (this was in 1881) that their beloved archduke still lives beyond the seas, under the charge of three sailors, captains in the English, French and Austrian navies." Yet his body was as carefully identified as that

of Dom Sebastian of Portugal killed far in the ranks of the Moors in 1578, whose second coming was for years a belief, a religion in Portugal where the legend was used by the Braganza house to strengthen a tenacity. Perhaps there are still Sebastianists in Portugal.

Some still believe that Marshal Ney was not shot as in Gerome's picture; that he made his way across the Atlantic to a southern state and was a blameless postmaster farmer, veranda-bird. It is not easy to convince some that the Dauphin died in the reign of terror. Was he not the Rev. Eleazar Williams with North American Indians? Was he not this one and that one in European countries? And now Lord Kitchener is added to the list.

An Old Song.

As the World Wags:

Reading Paul F. [illegible]'s recollections of the ballad as sung by Haverly's Minstrels brought fragments of it to my mind, and they shaped themselves into the following:

Give my chewing gum to sister,
I don't want it any more.
On my lips it raised a blister
That is awful sore.
And when I am an angel,
Mother, don't be mean,
Give the sexton half a dollar
To see that my grave is kept green.

Give my boxing gloves to brother,
Mother, when I am dead.
When the sexton puts me
Under my little bed
If the job is like to throw him,
When the string he jerks,
Get some little boy to show him
How the old thing works.

I cannot remember the first of the next verse, but this is the last.

Let me cut our tom cat's tail off,
He can't catch any mice.
Let me go in swimming with the girls,
It is naughty, but it's nice.

EDWARD W. BODGE.

Bar Mills, Me.

An English Joke.

As the World Wags:

In the Boston Herald of Jan. 4 a correspondent dealing with pronunciation of English surnames states that Majoribanks is pronounced Chumley, whereas Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks, and the name Cholmondely is pronounced Chumley. I think I am right. What say you? R.

Onset, Jan. 6.

Is it possible that "R." has never heard the old joke about Majoribanks and Cholmondely? Ed.

Jan 13 1917

CINCINNATI

BY PHILIP HALE

The Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, Dr. Ernst Kunwald conductor, played in Symphony Hall last night for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows: Wagner, prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Beethoven, "Pastoral" symphony; R. Strauss, Symphonia Domestica.

Orchestras from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and London visiting this city have met with a generous appreciation, even if Symphony Hall has not always been full. In some instances a celebrated violinist or pianist assisting has been a magnet at the box-office. The Cincinnati Orchestra brought only its own men, a full orchestra in the modern meaning of the word, one that could numerically do justice to Strauss's composition.

It is to be regretted that the program was not more attractive. Perhaps Dr. Kunwald looks on the three works as the battle-horses on which he rides to victory. To the public at large the "Pastoral" Symphony is not a charger but a plug, or say, a good old family horse, one that could be trusted to take the family in a carry-all decorously to morning service in the meeting-house. Perhaps the excellent Dr. Kunwald thought that his views concerning the interpretation of the symphony would excite curiosity and afterwards provoke discussion. But to add another symphony, even Strauss's fantastical composition, was a still graver error in judgment. The character of the program surely deterred some, if not many, from attending the concert. Those who were present gave the orchestra and the conductor a warm reception and applauded generously whenever there was opportunity.

Dr. Kunwald, who conducted without the scores, has good material with which to express his reading of a composer's intentions. The first violins have an agreeable and at the same time an incisive quality, and the other string choirs are efficient. There are pleasing players in the wood-wind section. This section last night made a more favorable impression than the brass.

Probably in time the orchestra as a whole will gain in euphony, homogeneity and elasticity. At present there is a certain rigidity in expression, even when there is virtuoso brilliance; a certain militarism, typified by the clenched fist of the conductor. Yet in the second movement of the "Pastoral" there was often a poetic freedom, as in the more tender episodes of Strauss's work, we say "tender," for the domesticity of the Strauss family is not constantly harassing.

The prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was performed in a respectable routine manner. The desirable and expected attention to the contrapuntal walks was duly given, there was the requisite clearness, the lively little episodes for the wood-wind were crisply played; but here, as in the symphonies, we felt the lack of a pervading poetic spirit, of delicate nuances, of finesse in the details. Too often there was undue importance given to unessentials; points were made that were hardly worth while. Some of the tempi might be questioned, thus the "Scene on the Brookside" admits of a faster pace than that of last night; but there is no need of insisting on this. The intention of the conductor was always sincere and honorable. His readings were earnest and dignified, if at times prosaic. Perhaps he has felt it his duty first of all to be the drill master, with the hope that later he will be able to poetize freely.

Great are the myths. I too delight in them,
Great are Adam and Eve, I too look back and accept them.

We thought that some would rush to the defence of the dwellers in the crater of the Ossipee mountains.

The Ossipees.

As the World Wags:

Even the country worm will turn in time and this is written to remind "Titus," "Daniel Boone" and "H. T. B." that the terrible crimes so far committed in and about Ossipee are placed at the doors of city people and are not the doing of the natives.

NED L. PARKER.

Farmington, N. H., Jan. 8.

As the World Wags:

I am not a native; but born, bred and resided in Boston for many years before coming here. For the past 17 years I have lived and paid my taxes in Tamworth, N. H., and my experience has taught me that the statement made is an exaggeration in the extreme and publicly creates a wrong impression of a God-fearing-and-loving people. As in any other town, there are unquestionably a few undesirables, but not to the extent to cause such general calumny as has been stated, and is justly and indignantly resented.

I have always found the majority of inhabitants kindly, considerate and imbued with a sense of right not common as a rule. H. W.

Chocorua, N. H.

A Sham of Life.

We are indebted to a valued contributor for a copy of verses written by William W. Story, the sculptor, which have never been published. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that Story and Longfellow were great friends, nor did this parody of the platitudinous "Psalm of Life" disturb the friendship.

Tell me not in feeble numbers
All that glitters is not gold;
For he does not wake that slumbers,
And the new is not the old.

Breaks the bow too rudely bended
And the arrow falls to throw;
Least said is the soonest mended
Was not spoken of the bow.

Not unto the swift the race is,
Nor the battle to the strong;
Dear to man are commonplaces—
Life is short and art is long.

Lives of dead men all remind us
We must end our lives at last;
If we never look behind us,
We shall never see the past.

Gardens of rich men remind us
We can have our flowers as well,
And departing leave behind us
Gardens, though they're not so swell.

Gardens where a fellow thieving,
As he poaches round the place,
Leaves his footprints, thereby giving
The police a clue to trace.

Let us then in all our courses
Choose the path that's straight and wide;
If our wishes were but horses,
Beggars would be sure to ride.

Up then while the morning's pearly
Water every feeble germ;
For the bird that rises early
'Tis alone secures the worm.

Windy English.

As the World Wags:

Do business men, like "public functionaries," in this age of ostentatious efficiency and economy, really like windy and verbose English? If not, why does a conspicuous bank of Boston write its "letters" in that fashion? A recent letter opens: "Peace proposals from the Central Powers caused a break in the security market and was (sic) a forcible reminder that sooner or later a drastic readjustment of trade conditions must be faced." Another sentence opens: "A conspicuous feature of the October statements lies in the fact that a considerable number of standard systems, etc." Again, we learn that "retailers are committing themselves to unusually large contracts." Later, we read: "An interesting phase of the situation includes boycotts." Why "includes"?

Here are a few more gems from this "circumlocution office:" "Cotton-goods manufacturers and merchants have tried with some degree of success to repress speculative tendencies"; "Of interest along this line, etc.". "In general peace talk regardless of the reception accorded to it by the belligerent nations is a factor impelling business men to husband their profits."

This letter-writer seems to have cast away the word "now" as too contemptibly small for his high themes; he prefers "at the present time," just as he neglects "soon" for the sake of "in the near future." I do not know which to wonder at most, the variety and interest of the information in these or the fussy phrases in which it is conveyed.

Chestnut Hill. Verbal Economist.

Between 3 and 4 A. M.

As the World Wags:

A lady richly clad was she,
Beautiful exceedingly,
Her gentle limbs did she undress
And sat down in her loveliness.

Regular riders on the 3.30 A. M. cars—newspaper men, teamsters, milkmen, scrubladies, etc.—often are treated to the unconventional. Recently two young girls, returning from a party, were of the passengers. One of them nonchalantly threw her leg over the knee, revealing a box of cigarettes held securely by a rubber band. The scrubladies lifted their heads disdainfully; the males dropped their newspapers and saw nothing but the box of cigarettes. J. D. K.

Boston.

Jan 13 1917

SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, "Pohjola's Daughter," "The Oceanides," "Night Ride and Sunrise" (the three for the first time in Boston); Beethoven, Concerto for Violin (Albert Spalding, violinist); overture to "Egmont."

"Pohjola's Daughter" was published in 1906; the "Night Ride" in 1909, and "The Oceanides" written at Mr. Carl Stoeckel's invitation, was performed for the first time at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union at Norfolk, Ct., in June, 1914, when the composer conducted it with other pieces by him.

Of the three pieces "Pohjola's Daughter," the earliest, is to us the most musically poetic. For inspiration Sibelius went to the Finnish epic, "Kalevala," and chose the episode in which the old and steadfast Vainamoinen is fascinated by Pohjola's daughter sitting and spinning on a rainbow. At once enamored, he begs her to come down and sit on his sledge. She lightly says that if he will fashion a boat out of her spindle she'll gladly follow him. This he fails to do, and, sorely wounded by the rebounding axe, he goes his way, alone, but with the memory of the girl's seductive voice, with the hope of winning her.

A condensed version of the story is printed in German verse in the score; but, fortunately, to our knowledge no commentator has pointed out different motives, the rainbow, the girl's mockery, the shaping of the boat, the axe, the wounded leg. As the music goes on, wildly beautiful for the most part, the hearer, if he is so disposed, can hear the story in the music, and say: "Now the hero is coming on his sledge; there sits the girl on the rainbow; I hear the talk and the work of the axe"; there will be no one to contradict him, though Sibelius, if he was present, might reply: "Not at all, my dear sir; you have the wrong theme"; or the hearer may be conscious only of something original, peculiar, forcible, always impressive and at times entrancing.

Now "Night Ride and Sunrise" has no printed argument. We are not told who rode, who saw the rising sun, or whether the title came from some personal experience in Finland that suggested the music. Some one rode, we infer also from the music; rode long, hard, and monotonously. The galloping figure is abused until it frets the nerves. The ride outlasted the night of a northern land. When the sun did rise, it made a mighty ado about it, but the sonorous pages at the end did not console one for the endless repetition in those preceding.

"The Oceanides" is unabashed Impressionism. The daughters of Oceanus—or the corresponding sea-nymphs of Finnish mythology—disappear with the tootling of the flutes. Then there is a picture in tones of winds and waves. Here the composer does not seem to us to be so successful as Rimsky-Korsakoff in the sea music of "Scheherazade," as Debussy in his symphonic sketches, as Paul Gilson in his symphony played here a good many years ago, or even as the genteel Mendelssohn in his "Fingal's Cave" overture. We do not mention Rubenstein's "Ocean" symphony with so many movements that the hearers usually makes the second for himself. The tone-poem of Sibelius, however, should be heard again. It is not music to be recklessly accepted, or jauntily dismissed. Remy de Gourmont thought that the sea was the most original creation of the 19th century. "How beautiful the ocean must have been, when it was unknown and solitary! Now it has too many lovers. Few men and only some women embellish landscapes." The ocean may not yet be ready to confide its secrets to composers. Rimsky-Korsakoff had sailed the seas. Sibelius had crossed the Atlantic. But the ocean is not the same to even the imaginative.

Mr. Spalding appeared for the first time at these concerts. About five years ago he played with the visiting orchestra of Chicago the interminable and ungrateful concerto of Elgar and then showed courage and endurance. Of late years he has given recitals in which he displayed his steady growth in the finer and richer qualities of violin playing. No doubt he thought it obligatory for him, a newcomer in concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to select either Beethoven's or Brahms's concerto. Would that the former could be laid on the shelf for a few seasons! Then played in a masterly manner, it might again be accepted as a marvellous work. Mr. Spalding gave a thoughtful, careful interpretation of it; a rather cool and chaste performance as a whole, though in the second movement his tone was warmer and his playing more emotional. His tone in the first movement was small and pure, his interpretation too often non-committal, and the movement seemed longer than ever before. We do not speak of his technical accuracy and facility, or the brilliance of cadenzas. He has studied hard and with the earnest resolve to play not merely as a fiddling virtuoso. He is entitled to all respect at present, and we believe he will go still farther in his art.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestral pieces next week will be Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Ballantine, and the Introduction and Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser.", Mme. Homer will sing "It Is Finished" from Bach's Passion Music according to John the Evangelist; Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" and three songs of her husband's: "From the Brake the Nightingale," "Sing to Me, Sing," and "The Song of the Shirt."

"Old Tufts."

As the World Wags:

"Old Tufts," regarding whom you have published communications from F. L. Mudgett and J. W. H., was a notorious vagabond and criminal of the name of Henry Tufts. The late Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson made use of him as the subject of a lecture, which he delivered on various occasions—for example, on April 9, 1887, at the old Tremont House, Boston, before the Paint and Oil Club of New England, on which occasion I was present. An article on Tufts by Col. Higginson—practically the same as the colonel's lecture on Tufts—was in Harper's Magazine for March, 1888, and in the following year the article was embodied as a chapter in Col. Higginson's published volume, entitled "Travellers and Outlaws." Tufts was born at New Market, N. H., on June 24, 1748, and died at Limington, Me., on Jan. 31, 1831. His life down to the year 1807 is duly set forth in an autobiographic volume of 366 pages published at Dover, N. H., in 1807, which is entitled "A Narrative of the Life, Adventures, Travels and Sufferings of Henry Tufts, now residing at Lemington, in the district of Maine. In substance as compiled from his own mouth." In that volume (on whose title page, by the way, "Lemington" is, of course, an error for "Limington"). Tufts gives a frank avowal and confession of the misdeeds of which he had been guilty. He was a type of character very similar to the notorious Rev. Stephen Burroughs, and his book is a narrative very similar to the biography of Burroughs. The story which Mr. Mudgett tells of Tufts's escape from capture after having stolen a horse is to be found on page 137 of Tufts's narrative, though in minor detail the story as told by Mr. Mudgett differs from it as it is told by Tufts, which is as follows: "It happened that I was travelling at the moment by the side of a stone wall enclosing an orchard, so, the more effectually to deceive my pursuers, I fell to patching up a part of the wall, which had been thrown down by people who had passed that way after apples." Mr. Mudgett tells a story of Tufts stealing a hog in the darkness of night and then calling the owner of the hog from his house and selling him the hog, and J. W. H. tells a story of Tufts painting a heifer which he had stolen and then, in the dusk of the evening, selling the heifer to her owner, but both of these stories must, I think, be spurious, neither of the incidents being narrated in Tufts's book, though an incident somewhat similar is narrated on page 115 of the book, as follows: "Happening to meet, one evening, with a valuable horse belonging to one Johnson, I did not lose the propitious moment, but seized the prize and rode him to a secluded place, where I so altered him by painting his face white, spotting his feet and legs, and clipping his mane and tail, that he had altogether another appearance. The next day I was overtaken on the road by Johnson himself, who, on missing the horse, had set out in quest of him and the thieves. He surveyed the nag repeatedly, but never recognized his property. We travelled in company several miles, and then parted without his en-

tertaining the smallest suspicion of the deceit." The story which J. W. H. tells of Tufts stealing the shift from off the body of a neighbor's wife must, I guess, be imaginative, as Tufts's book makes no mention of such an incident. In thus saying that one of the stories told of Tufts by Mr. Mudgett and the two stories told of him by J. W. H. are probably spurious, not being in Tufts's book, I am not unmindful of the fact that Tufts's narrative does not cover the last 34 years of his life, but at the close of his narrative he professes to have given up his career of roguery and crime. Copies of his book are now very scarce. It is said that his children, who are said o have been reputable people, bought up and suppressed every copy of it that hey could find. There is, I think, no opy of it in any of the public or corpoate libraries in or around Boston.

Brookline. OBSERVER.

Pulpit Aids.

s the World Wags:

I was surprised and, I must say, hocked when I read the following adertisement in the Congregationalist:

Original and Unpublished Sermons lent busy Pastors. Eloquent, impressive, thodox Discourses which built up hurches; choice variety of themes. Full articulars and specimen Sermon sent on pplication. Address Author, 1753 Scotten venue, Detroit, Mich.

I may say, however, that if any pastor so busy that he finds no time for riting a sermon or even thinking one r extemporaneous delivery I can supy him with a few moving discourses hich I preached to the great edification my congregation 20 years ago. As ese sermons were preached in a far estern town there need not be fear of posure. My terms are reasonable, and do not ask to have the manuscripts turned. One sermon on "Plenary Inlration" is particularly recommended.

(Rev) HEZEKIAH APPLEBY.

Malden, Jan. 10.

Jan 14 1917

The management of the Copley Theare will produce tomorrow a play unnown in Boston: "Dr. Wake's Paient," a comedy by W. Gayer Mackay nd Robert Ord. This play was proluced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, ept. 5, 1905.

The story is a simple one. Dr. Wake a famous physician. His parents are rming folk in Devonshire, whose peech and behavior are decidedly rusc. The elder Wake is one of the yoolen seen on the stage who say, "I'm ain glad to see tha, ma'lard." And as r. Walkley describes them, slap their ighs on the slightest provocation. The ictor's mother makes disturbing referices to a sow. The doctor falls in love ith the daughter of a belted earl—do t earls ever wear suspenders?—and e loves him. The Earl of St. Olbyn d the Countess are ready to take e into the family, but they cannot mach the elder Wakes. The lovers part one night—and then the Earl has hange of heart. For Dr. Wake hap- to be knighted in the nick of time l old Wake says that he and his wife ll emigrate rather than stand in their n's way. So the noble Earl declares at the old farmer is the finest fellow the world and everybody is happy.

When the play was produced in Lonn Mr. Mackay, one of the authors, k the part of Duff Wynterden, and ss Edith Osterle, the other author obert Ord), that of Harriet Bronson. e leading parts were thus distributed: e Earl, Alfred Brydone; Dr. Wake, M. Hallard; Old Wake, Charles Rock; e Countess, Hilda Thorpe; Lady Gera, Lilian Braithwaite; Mrs. Wake, E. H. Brooke.

aniel Frohman gave a matinee permance of the play at the Garrick eatre, New York, Nov. 19, 1907, when chief comedians were Grace Ellis, Edith Osterle, Bruce McRae, rles Walcot, Clarence Handyside. was then stated that the comedy met with great success in London the English provinces, in Australia South Africa. The London Standsaid of the play when it was proded at the Adelphi: "Anything pler it would be difficult to imagine; thing older it would be impossible find. Fortunately, there is more in Wake's Patient' than this. There a certain freshness of characterwing and neatness of dialogue; a h and appeal in the homely sentiment, and a fresh touch of humor."

Is said that after the production London, Nat Goodwin thought of ging it out, but decided not to do it, ause the heroine is the most promint figure in the last act. Then iel Frohman had the manuscript. purposed to produce the play with Illington as the heroine, but his her Charles obtained her for "The f." Then came the matinee perance already mentioned.

---

here are concerts by old favorites new comers this week. Tomorrow rnoon Miss Isolde Manges, violinist, will make her first appearance in Boston. Her father has taught the violin in Brighton, England, for many years, and her mother has also taught the violin, and the communicative press agent assures us that Miss Isolde gave her first recital when she was three years and seven months old. Talking with a representative of the Musical Courier, Miss Isolde said: "I suppose that I cannot help being a fiddler. Mother says that before I was born she resolved that I would play the violin. As far back as I can remember, I have had a bow and fiddle in my hands. Father used to make me stand beside him at the piano, and while he played with his left hand, he put his other arm around me and held my right hand in his. Then I placed my little fiddle under my chin, and he would help me draw the bow back and forth across the strings. Those were my first lessons." After she had studied with her father and Leo Samstini, Miss Menges went to Petrograd in 1911 to take lessons of Leopold Auer. In February, 1913, she returned to England.

The cities of London, Berlin and New York have been unanimous in praise. The N. Y. Times spoke of her as "highly gifted and accomplished in many ways"; it spoke of her tone as having power and emotional warmth; "her style is one of dashing impetuosity that is stirring and contagious." The Sun said that her performance of Brahms's concerto showed profound sincerity and intelligence. "Her reading showed unusual grasp of the significance of this great work, and in her performance there was a disclosure of vigor and boldness masculine in character."

But how tame and pale are these judgments of experienced critics! Listen to the outburst of the press agent:

"If modesty and gentleness and a natural desire not to push oneself forward are attributes of the real artist, as the distinguished French novelist, Romain Rolland, has said in his 10 volume romance 'Jean-Christoph,' then Isolde Menges is truly an artist. She wears all the Castilian beauty of her talented mother—subtle olive skin, hazel eyes, a wealth of dark brown hair cut short and clustering about her neck in upturned wavings. Her figure is marked with the perfection that comes from plenty of outdoor exercise; she has the long tapering fingers of the artist, a voice that is melodiously sweet and a smile of wholesome good nature and satisfaction."

And now Mr. Mudgett has received a telegram from Miss Maud Allan, the violinist's manager, saying that the recital will not take place tomorrow.

Miss Julia Heinrich's program at Miss Terry's concert tomorrow afternoon will include two of her father's songs. It was her purpose this season to give a recital here devoted wholly to songs by her father. Two young pianists, Miss Leach and Mr. Goding, who have studied in this city, will play music for two pianos. Mr. Goding has been awarded the piano prize at the New England Conservatory.

A sketch of Wright Symons, who will sing tomorrow afternoon for the first time in Boston, will be found elsewhere.

Enesco's Dixtuor will be a feature of the Longy Club concert tomorrow night. Mrs. Atwood Baker will sing unfamiliar songs by modern French composers.

Hugh Allan, tenor, has been suddenly taken ill, so his recital with Miss Lucille Orrell, 'cellist, set for Tuesday afternoon, is indefinitely postponed.

On Tuesday night Miss Persis Cox, pianist, and Miss Julia Pickard, pupils of teachers in Boston, will play three sonatas. It is said that Dohnany's sonata op. 21, will then be heard here for the first time.

Miss Dai Buell's piano recital on Tuesday evening will be her second in Boston. Last season she made a favorable impression.

Miss Winifred Christie won warm praise here last season for her piano playing. With the Boston Symphony orchestra in Hartford, Ct., this season she charmed the orchestra and the audience by her performance of Beethoven's concerto in G major. Next Tuesday she plays here in aid of a deserving charity.

Miss Irma Seydel, the violinist, has been a pleasing figure in the concert world for some years, but Mme. Sturkow-Ryder, pianist and composer, of Chicago, who will play with her next Wednesday afternoon, is a newcomer.

Evan Williams, tenor (Wednesday night) and Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler (Saturday afternoon) are not in need of any introduction, but Oliver Denton, pianist (Saturday afternoon), will play here for the first time. Born in New York, he studied in this country and later with Safonoff in Russia, Philippe in Paris and Paul Goldschmidt in Berlin. This is his first season in the United States. He has already given recitals in New York and other large cities and played with the Cincinnati orchestra.

Mr. Victor Lichtenstein contributed an article on Mr. Max Zach, conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, to Reedy's Mirror of Dec. 29. In the course of the article he remarks:

"Mr. Zach has been laboring under a gross misapprehension as to the supposed inimical attitude of the public toward him personally and toward his work. His demeanor on the stage has been so haughty and aloof from his public that it was quite natural that they should feel he was not in sympathy with them and their needs. Latterly, he has changed considerably and the public is cheerfully responding to this change. There is no use dodging the issue, for any audience instantly senses the mental and spiritual attitude of the conductor or performer, and will have nothing to do with that musician who holds it in disdain and contempt.

"Granted that Mr. Zach's idea is the aristocratic one in music; no one will deny him this attitude. But if music is to touch us at all, it must touch us in the simple and primal emotions of humanity, and the average audience is just as responsive and receptive to the great and noble things in music as a trained audience of expert musicians. It is so easy for the professional man to lose sight of the essential emotional content of a composition, and to be chiefly concerned with the intellectual subtleties of a great composer.

"The Symphony Society has really made amazing progress since the advent of Mr. Zach in St. Louis. A musician of sound knowledge, with a vast orchestral experience behind him both as performer and conductor (he led the Boston Symphony Pop concerts for a number of years), Mr. Zach has uncompromisingly held to the very highest ideals as he felt them. He has given us our daily allowance of Beethoven and Brahms and Tschaikowsky, and it can be said without exaggeration that we are now enabled to hear the vast orchestral literature reproduced with the same fidelity to the composer's intention as the public of Cincinnati or Philadelphia or New York hear it. If the size of an audience is any criterion as to the development of taste for orchestral music in St. Louis, then the first two regular concerts of the season were convincing evidence that Mr. Zach and the society have not struggled in vain."

Mark Hambourg, the pianist, is accused in London of preferring "the attitude of a Jove at a most ecstatic moment of thunderbolt-hurling."

T. P. O'Connor, M. P., has been appointed president of the trade board of film censors.

This rhapsody is in the London Times (Dec. 21) about Mr. Dambois, a Belgian 'cellist: "The instrument is his obedient, humble servant, if, indeed, the man and the instrument are not one thing. That thing speaks with quiet persuasion, with exalted rapture, with bitter indignation, or with a stifled murmur as in a dream, but at all times with utter conviction. Others may play more intricate passages and defeat greater difficulties, but we cannot remember ever before hearing the instrument speak with such a human voice and say things that went so straight home."

At a local tribunal last evening a man described as a private and theatrical hosiery maker, applying for further exemption, told the tribunal that most of his business was with music hall artists. "If a lady has defective legs," he said, "I pad them up." He added that if a lady had a good voice it did not necessarily follow that she had a good pair of legs. The chairman suggested that it was not always the real thing they saw on the stage. A short postponement was granted to enable the applicant to make arrangements to carry on his business.—Pall Mall Gazette Dec. 21.

It was a very different "Belle of New York" at the Strand last night from the old, raucous, "up-guards-and-at-'em" razzler and dazzler which took our breath away at the Shaftesbury 18 years ago. It was quiet, mild, reserved, very English. In a way, perhaps, there was an art value in the change. The late Mr. McClellan's story, which is quite a pretty one when you come to look into it, has a chance of emerging. But frankly, on the whole, we must confess to preferring New York things done in New York's way. What we had to thank the "Belle of New York" for 18 years ago was that it woke us up from sleep and sentiment with a loud-shouting, high-stepping, slap-dash chorus, dry humor, and a mass of sound, mechanical prettiness, and character acting. And this, after all, is rather what we claim from it still. It is all very well to talk of high art—but what was written for the hurdy-gurdy (and was a masterpiece as such) is best played on the hurdy-gurdy.—Pall Mall Gazette Dec. 21.

Truly the veterans are very wonderful in these days. And, in music's realms, where will you find a veteran so "prodigious" as regards vitality and almost incessant activity as Camille Saint-Saens? As most of us know, ever since the outbreak of war that extraordinary Frenchman has never tired of waging a crusade against modern German music, and urging his compatriots to shun it as they would the plague. As a rule, the distinguished composer (who is now in his 82d year) has passed the winter months in some tropical clime. But at present, as we learn from one of his intimate friends, he is enjoying good health in Paris, and "beating even his own record for hard work." Says our informant: "Since his return from South America in August he has been on a concert tour in France with Hollman, and netted a large sum for the war funds. He has recently completed quite an important score of incidental music for Alfred de Musset's play, 'On ne badine pas avec l'Amour,' which is shortly to be revived at the Odeon. He will superintend the rehearsals and conduct the first performance. His music to Racine's 'Andromaque,' which he composed expressly for Sarah Bernhardt, was given at a revival of the tragedy at the same theatre last week; and only a few days before he himself accompanied the well-known tenor, M. Plamondon, in a first public rendering of his cycle of lyric poems, 'La Cendre Rouge,' at the Salle Gaveau in Paris. It had a remarkable success, the audience being most enthusiastic. Finally, he is looking after a Christmas performance of his Gloucester oratorio, 'La Terre Promise,' which is to be given at the Theatre les Champs-Elysees by the Societe des Concerts.—London Daily Telegraph, Dec. 23.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. Ryan Talks About an Old Theatre Bill

Charles Lamb of blessed memory found reminiscent material in an old playbill of Drury Lane Theatre, and perhaps I may be pardoned, since imitation is the sincerest flattery no doubt of that quaint and genial humorist, the frolic and the gentle, as Wordsworth so happily recalled him in elegiac verse.

The bill about which Lamb discoursed with rare critical felicity was only 35 years old. I hold one in my hand more than twice that age. It is of the old National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Travers streets and is headed "For the Benefit of Mr. Barry." Who was he? Why, the veteran who was the manager of the present Boston Theatre, our "lofty Academe," when it was opened in 1854. He remained there for many years thereafter. "Tom," as his friends—and he had many—called him in that familiar way we have of designating our favorites of the mimic scene.

See what a feast he spread for his patrons at this same beneficiary entertainment. There is first of all "The Serious Family," then a reigning success at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and recently translated by Morris Barnett from "Un Mari en Campagne." Now let us look at the cast: Charles Torrens, Mr. Booth, Jr., a rather indefinite way of designating the oldest son and namesake of the great Junius Brutus Booth, who attempted to rival Edmund Kean in London, but whose fame was made really in the United States of North America when this country was a great deal smaller than it is today; Capt. Murphy Maguire, Mr. Barry, the beneficiary and stage manager; Frank Vincent, Keach. This actor, with the initials E. F., was afterwards the stage manager of the Boston Museum, the idol of the ladies, who had the distinction of having two wives present at his bedside during his dying hours: the one he had left without cause, and the other, a beautiful shop girl, who had formed for him a romantic attachment. Aminidab Sleek, Vincent. I am copying the program, which gives no prefix to his surname. He is remembered as the first husband of Mrs. J. R. Vincent, so long at the Boston Museum, renowned for her private benevolence as well as for her hearty interpretation of the old women of the drama. Her first marriage was unfortunate, for Vincent jumped the life to come. So was her second one, for John Wilson, whose name she never took professionally, basely deserted her for a younger though not a better woman. Lady Sowerby Creamly, Mrs. Vincent. Mrs. Charles Torrens, Mrs. Western, the mother of Lucille and of Helen Western, who was later Mrs. William B. English. Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, Miss Mestayer, the sister of Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, Sr., and the mother of that expansive comedian, Willie Mestayer.

After "The Serious Family" we have an Irish Lilt by Miss Malvina who years after bloomed out as Mrs. Gilflory in "Ben" Woolfe's play, "The Mighty Dollar," when she was Mrs. W. J. Florence. Her maiden name was Pray and her sister Mrs. Charles Mestayer, who won fame in "The Female Forty Thieves" at the old Beach street museum in this city and eventually married Barney Williams, the caricaturing and boisterous Irish comedian, and toured with him as the impossible Yankee Girl.

After the lilt at the Barry testimonial came the new melodrama of "The Rebel Chief," a tale of the Irish rebellion of 1798, by H. P. Grattan, which included in the cast many of those already mentioned, besides S. D. Johnson, a favorite low comedian, who adapted the local story of "Rosena Meadows" for the stage, and J. Munroe, a good heavy man sometimes called "Chunky," to differentiate him from another Munroe in the company, who, like the Lady Jane of the ballad, was tall and slim.

Finally Mr. Barry offered the spectacle "The Water Sprite and Fire Fiend," with Miss Malvina in the character of Dudu; Mrs. Ring, the mother of Blanche Ring, as Loto, and Mrs. Stephens as the Lady Bertolda, with others of the company, previously designated, to make up what the play bill maker would probably call a powerful distribution of characters. I think that Mrs. Stephens was at one time a writer of some reputation in the periodical press. Her husband was an actor, but not a prominent one, though a clever, cultivated man, who used to patronize me much to my delight when I was a little boy and my heart was full of joy, as Tom Hood puts it in his reminiscent

P... ard Clarke

The author has described this enter-

very ... Ask the scenery, ah the scenery.' It must have been grand judging by the superlatives used in its description on the playbill, which is about as long as my arm. The piece culminated in "The Abode of Bliss in the Realms of Glory." Think of that, Master Brook!

We had sweetness long drawn out in those far off days. Mr Barry gave us nine acts on this occasion, and Mr J. B Wright the prompter, who announces his benefit at the foot of this bill, offers three dramas, "Grace Darling," "Ernest Maltravers" and "Jack Sheppard." But then the doors opened at half-past six and the performance began at seven o'clock precisely. The spectator then got five hours of dramatic excitement that pleased him to the top of his bent.

Dorchester Jan 2. JOHN W. RYAN.

The N. Y. Evening Post on Actors and Repertory

In the current number of the Century Magazine Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is credited by Mr. Alexander Woollcott with a series of vehement assertions concerning the value of the repertory system. They will seem curiously perverse to most students of stage art and history, and doubly strange as proceeding from an actress of her repute and long experience. Were they ascribed to a performer less prominent in the public eye they might well be allowed to pass unheeded and unchallenged; but since, in a purely restricted sense, they express an only too self-evident truth, they may be worth a few minutes' consideration. It may be granted at once, for instance, that in the case of the vast majority of modern plays, in which there is no distinctive literary or dramatic value, there is no imperative demand for that highly developed histrionic ability which can be secured only by expert instruction and arduous practice. And in common justice, it should be noted, that Mrs. Fiske talks only of the new drama, with which alone she is practically acquainted. That, of course, constitutes but a fraction of the ideal theatre.

The repertory idea, she says, is "outworn, needless, impossible and harmful." To assert this is not proof. In connection with some of her later remarks this array of impetuous adjectives is peculiarly unfortunate. She goes on to argue that this is an age of specialization and that under the present system if the present writer understands her right actors may attain perfection in the special line to which they are adapted. So it was in the old repertory system, with the significant addition that the player learned to be proficient in several lines instead of one. In other words he became versatile, an artist who was a specialist in a dozen different ways. Granville Barker, she is made to declare, showed "the essence and the evil of the repertory theatre when he produced plays for which his company was utterly unfitted." But Mr. Barker's company was a scratch, not a repertory, company, as was abundantly proved by the results. In "Androcles" it did well enough, but in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" it failed egregiously, because it could not embody the spirit or voice the music of the text. Neither Mr. Barker nor his players had been properly schooled.

Does Mrs Fiske really suppose that a repertory theatre can, in these days, be formed on the instant? At the stroke of a millionaire's wand? There was a time when this could have been done, when it would have been possible to collect a body of trained actors, with mastery of cultivated speech and varied illustrative action, from every point of the compass, but that ended a quarter of a century ago. She seems to think that the New Theatre Company was a repertory company just because it proposed to become one. That enterprise, so rich in promise, collapsed mainly for the reason that the true stock-company idea, which means a co-operative body of players trained in all the requirements of miscellaneous drama, was, unhappily, ignored. The company ought to have been selected and set to work on the proposed programme for two or three years before the theatre was opened.

Nothing could be unluckier, for Mrs. Fiske's argument, than the reference to Irving's famous London Lyceum Company, which she says, was composed of specialists. Here the fact is true, but the implication disingenuous. Specialists, in various directions, many of them, including Irving himself, they undoubtedly were, but how did they become such? All of them were the products of the thorough schooling they had received in these same needless, impossible and harmful stock companies. Where are their equals to be found today? And why are they non-existent? "Janushek," she cries, "was the last of a race of giants." Why are there no more of them? Whence did they spring, if not from the competitive stock companies, the only practical schools of acting? A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly, she avers, often approached the ideal. That is true. Palmer triumphed because he never ventured out of the field in which his players were skilled workers. Daly put his "specialists" into poetic drama and demonstrated their utter inadequacy. Out of their narrow boundaries, transferred into realms of imagination from those of mimetic realism, they were impotent in speech and action. "No single company," says Mrs. Fiske, "even though it had years and years in which to prepare, could give two entirely different plays and give them all properly." Has she ever heard of Sadler's Wells, to quote but one of many instances? Even now, she says truly, good modern plays are often ruined by bad acting. How does this happen, one wonders? By what standards does Mrs. Fiske judge?

She suggests that the repertory system seeks "to educate the actor at the expense of the public and dramatic literature." That can only refer to the endowed theatre in which few students of the stage have much faith. Otherwise it would imply an extraordinary misconception of the real functions of the theatre. What profit to the public, or to literature, can there be in uneducated actors, without a glimmering of the higher beauties of the art which they profess? The number of our educated actors, except in a few special lines of purely contemporary and comparatively small artistic interest, is diminishing. In the whole English-speaking world today there are not half a dozen players of the highest order. Because of this condition the great mass of the literary drama of all kinds, upon which the chief artistic claims of the theatre are dependent, is banished from the stage. Even in the modern plays the best performances are still given by actors who had their early training in repertory. The modern system has had a long trial, with consequences too obvious for dispute. It has made "stars," it has made money (for a few), it has multiplied theatres, magnified the paltry and relegated to temporary obscurity what is fine, imaginative or inspiring, matter worthy of intellectual and artistic consideration. Herein no wholesale condemnation of the modern drama, even of the most "advanced" modern drama, when it has brains, valid significance, beauty or brilliancy, is intended for a moment. The theatre ought to be, must inevitably be, progressive, but, if it is to be in the future what it has been in the past, it must be catholic and comprehensive. It must have a body of skilled professional artists, in the fullest meaning of the phrase, such as the competitive repertory system, embracing every class of drama, once provided. If there is any other way, it has not yet been discovered.—N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 6.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Community Choruses and People's Choral Unions

No one can appreciate more than the writer the kindly spirit of the Boston press toward the People's Choral Union. Its assistance has been of great value to the organization from its beginning, nearly 20 years ago. May he be permitted to set forth certain facts which seem to be of importance as giving the interested public data on which to base a correct and more adequate knowledge of the People's Choral Union and its aims?

There seems to be in some quarters an idea that the People's Choral Union is a "Community Chorus." It is much more than that.

What is a "Community Chorus?"

Let us take a definition given in Musical America, where it is stated that the New York city "Community Chorus" was recruited irrespective of previous musical knowledge or training of any kind.

There you have the fundamental idea of the true "Community Chorus."

The People's Choral Union of Boston opens wide its doors to persons who wish to sing, irrespective of creed, social position, race or color. Rich and poor stand shoulder to shoulder in its ranks and enjoy together the benefits of studying and singing the best of choral music.

But the People's Choral Union does a great deal more for its membership than does any community chorus of which I know. It invites its members to sing, not alone with the "spirit," but "with the understanding also." And, to make it possible for them so to do, it has, from the first, established classes, elementary and advanced, in which persons without a knowledge of musical notation are given a two years' course in the study of sight singing, before they are passed into the Choral union.

It will at once be seen that here is an important difference between the "Community Chorus" and our People's Choral Union. We not only give everybody a chance to sing, as does the Community Chorus, but we also give everybody an opportunity to gain some knowledge of the constructive side of music, and also of singing as an art.

We give everybody who comes to us a much greater musical opportunity and a much higher type of musical knowledge and training than does the usual Community Chorus. We have on occasion established extra classes for our members, for the class study of voice production and of the principles of phrasing and interpretation of vocal music. We have striven in our rehearsals to inculcate a knowledge of and respect for music as an art, as well as a "means of self expression." Also a respect for the singing voice as a wonderful medium, when rightly used, for said "self-expression." We have given prizes for the best short essays by members upon the lives and works of the writers whose compositions were being studied. And, so far as possible, under all the circumstances, we have endeavored to give not only "spirited," but intelligently interpretative performances of the works undertaken.

Persons who join us without going through our classes, are asked to pass a sightseeing test. Obviously no one can have learned to "read by note," however modestly, without possessing some singing voice, and also receiving some instruction, direct or indirect, with regard to singing. We make no pretension to being a body of "trained singers" in the strict acceptation of that term, though we have a goodly number of vocal students from various studies within our ranks, who come for the musical benefit and the enjoyment they say they obtain at our rehearsals.

Perhaps it may truthfully and properly be said that the People's Choral Union, like the "community chorus," really "loves to sing." We like that spirit and encourage it in every way. This enthusiasm, as always, is contagious, and therefore it is that our audiences give us the joy of feeling that they "love to hear us sing."

Nothing in this world that is alive can stand still. The writer's ambition for the People's Choral Union has been and is that it shall grow in musical knowledge and power to do more and more artistic work. When that ambition dies, in the organization or in himself, he will sever his connection with the society. Professional musicians have been kind enough, from time to time, to remark that we have climbed at least a little way on the long and rugged path toward artistic attainment in choral singing. The "Community Chorus," as such, has its strongly marked limitations. If those in charge have the good sense to see them, no doubt the community chorus movement will continue to flourish and the writer will rejoice thereat. Is there not room also in every considerable community for the People's Choral Union, such as ours, with its broad musical as well as expressional advantage for its members?

FREDERICK W. WODELL,
Conductor People's Choral Union.
Boston, Jan. 11, 1917.

WRIGHT SYMONS, BARITONE

Wright Symons, the baritone, who will sing in aid of a deserving cause, the social service work at the City Hospital tomorrow afternoon, at the Chilten Club, as announced in the concert calendar of the week, studied in London, Berlin and Paris. During his three years in Paris he prepared his operatic repertory with Jean and Edouard de Reszke, and stage business with Roberto Villani, the uncle of Mme. Villani, known to operagoes in this city. Mr. Symons made his first appearance in opera as Renato in "Un Ballo in Maschera." He has sung in Venice. He has just closed a season at the opera house in Nice. He has given song recitals in London (May and June, 1912). Next month he will give a recital in Jordan Hall.

His program tomorrow afternoon will be as follows: Thome, "Sonnet d'Amour"; Bemberg, "Chant Hindou"; Pesard, "Bon jour Suzon"; l'Adieu du Matin"; Handel, "Ombra Mai Fu"; Massenet, Herod's air in "Herodiade"; Lotti, "Pur Dicesti"; Sarti, "Lungi dal Caro Bene"; Verdi, the dream from "Otello"; Saint-Saens, air from "Henry VIII."; Munro, "My Lovely Celia"; Ross, The Open Road," "Dawn in the Desert"; Nevin, "Like a Rose"; Finden, "Till I Wake"; Galloway, "The Gypsy Trail."

Next Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock Miss Loraine Wyman, soprano, and Howard Brockway, pianist, will give a recital of Lonesome Tunes (folk songs) found by them in the Kentucky mountains in the Paine Concert Hall, Cambridge, under the auspices of the department of music, Harvard University.

Next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock an orchestral concert, Charles Bennett conductor, will be given in Huntington Hall by the orchestra of the South End music school. Bach, Luther's hymn, chorale, Beethoven, symphony No. 1, Humperdinck, selection from "Haensel und Gretel," Gounod, air from "Faust" (Luther Emerson, singer); Bizet, Adagietto from "L'Arlesienne;" Schubert entr'acte from "Rosamunde"; Elgar, march, Pomp and Circumstance.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Mr. Paderewski's second recital. See special notice.

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 3 P. M. First of Miss Terry's concerts. Songs sung by Miss Julia Heinrich: Schubert, Am Strom, Die Post; Franz, Der Schmetterling ist in die Rose Verliebt, Still Sicherheit; Brahms, Wir Wandelten, Von ewiger Liebe, Max Heinrich, Thy Voice, Autumn Eve, Beach, Ah! Love but a day; De Lange, Dutch Serenade; Laue Wilson, A Spring Morning. Miss Marion Leach and Howard Goding will play these pieces for two pianos: Rachmaninoff, Barcarolle (from Fantaisies for two pianos), Schuett, Impromptu rococo; Arensky, Romance and Waltz (from Suite for two pianos), Chabrier, Espana.

The Chilton Club, 3:30 P. M. Recital by Wright Symons, baritone, for the benefit of the Social Service Work at the City Hospital. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Longy Club, assisted by Mrs. Martha Atwood Baker, soprano. Thuille, Sextet, op. 6, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano. Songs: Chausson, Chanson Perpetuelle, Roussel, Le Jardin mouillé; G. Faure, Le Soir; Grovlez, Serenade. Enesco, Dixtour for two flutes, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Havrah Hubbard's first "Operalogue Lecture." "Louise."

TUESDAY—The Chilton Club, 4 P. M. Recital by Miss Winifred Christie for Queen Alexandra's Home of Rest for officers at Glengarriff, Ireland. Chopin, Fantasie, op. 49, Four Etudes; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau, Toccata; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G major; Moszkowski, Concert Study in G flat major.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Miss Persis A. Cox, pianist; Miss Julia Pickard, violinist. Beethoven, Sonata in A minor; Dohnany, Sonata (first time here); Dvorak, Sonatine.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Dai Buell. Rameau, Gavotte Variee; Gluck-Sgambati, Melodie, Schumann, Fantasie, op. 17, Chopin, Scherzo in B minor, Berceuse, Etude in F minor; Stojowski, Theme Cracovien Variee; Tschaikowsky, Humoresque; Paderewski, Intermezzo Polacco; Schulz Evler, By the Beautiful Blue Danube.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, and Mme. Theodora Sturkow-Ryder, pianist. Paderewski, Sonata in A minor (Miss Seydel and Mme. Ryder); Schubert Wilhelmj, Rissland, La Danseuse; Debussy, Beau soir; David, The Fountain (Miss Seydel); d'Albert, Suite in D minor (Mme. Ryder). Sturkow-Ryder, Rhapsodie Russe (Miss Seydel and Mme. Ryder); Sarasate, Gypsy Airs (Miss Seydel); Grünka-Balakireff, The Lark; Riene-Baton, Sur la greve deserte, Fileuses de carantec; Saint-Saens, Etude en forme de valse.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Evan Williams's song recital. Protheroe, Ah, Love but a Day; Campbell Tipton, A Spirit Flower; Loch Lomond, Mentra Gwen; Jacobs-Bond, Just a Wearin' for You; Bishop, My Pretty Jane, Del Riego, O Dry Those Tears, Mrs. J Knapp, Open the Gates of the Temple; Handel, "Behold and See," "Thy Rebuke," "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley," from "The Messiah," and "Sound an Alarm," from "Judas Maccabeus"; Metcalf, Absent; Neldlinger, Sweet Miss Mary, All Thro' the Night; d'Hardelot, Because; Bond, A Perfect Day; Fearis, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 12th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler's piano recital. Beethoven, Andante, F major, Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Mendelssohn Liszt, Wedding March and Elfin Dance from "Midsummer Night's Dream". Chopin, Scherzo, op. 31, Etude, op 10, No. 7, Valse, op. 70, No. 1; Polonaise, op. 53; Liszt, Liebestraum (Notturno), No. 3 Mephisto Waltz (The Dance in the Village Inn).

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Oliver Denton (his first appearance here). Bach-Busoni, Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Brahms, Intermezzi, op. 118, Nos. 1, 2, Rhapsodie, op. 119, No. 4; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Chopin, Sonata, B flat minor, Nocturne, F sharp major, Polonaise, A flat major.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 12th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SECOND RECITAL BY MISS EVELYN STARR

Violinist Confirms Favorable Impression Already Made.

Miss Evelyn Starr, violinist, gave her second recital of the season at Jordan Hall yesterday. Walter Golde was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Corelli, La Folia; Mozart, Concerto, D major; Goldmark, Air; Sgambati, Serenata Napolitana; Marchand-Press, Gavotte; Couperin-Press, Les Petits Moulins; Stojowski, Melodie; Debussy, Le Petit Berger; Sarasate, Habanera.

At the beginning of the recital Miss Starr was not at her best. Her intonation was insecure. The performance of Mozart's Concerto was sturdy rather than brilliant. Later on her playing revealed the commendable qualities shown at her first concert. Miss Starr has evidently studied diligently. She has a certain technic and she is no doubt a musician of serious aims. It remains for her to develop greater authority and individuality of expression.

Jan 15, 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

He says indifferently and alike, "How are you friend?" to the President at his levee,
And he says, "Good day, my brother!" to Cudge that hoes in the sugar-field,
And both understand him, and know that his speech is right.

Jimmy Ormond:

James F. Ormond was known to everyone in Boston, and will long be known, as "Jimmy." Thrice fortunate the man who in his old age is still addressed affectionately! The respect of others is no doubt desirable. There are worthy men and there are famous men that unconsciously repel familiarity. Their associates in business or at the club never think of calling them Tom, Dick, or Harry. And so in the New England of suppressed emotion the mother of many children would address her husband as Mr. Parsons even at the table. But affection is more to be coveted than respect or admiration, and "Jimmy" Ormond was loved and respected.

Since he had lived in Boston for over 75 years, it was natural and to be expected, some might say, that he had hosts of friends; that his calling necessarily brought acquaintanceship. The years contract, as a rule, the circle of friendship, schoolmates, colleagues,

elghbors, pass into the next-room be-
re one, and there is loneliness. The
ildren of Alice and Bertram seldom
herish their parents's friend. They are
f a younger and wiser generation.
Jimmy Ormond had the rare gift of
eling at ease with successive genera-
ons. Father handed him down to son
s a heritage. The son was fond of
m not only for the father's sake.

The men that he knew as boys at Har-
ard were his friends to the end. Many
necdotes are told of the pranks they
layed as students in which he bore a
art. It was his delight in after years
chat with them about past days. He
ad entered into their joyous nights,
he season of the light heart and the
aming flagon, when the chimes are
eard at midnight and the bloom is on
e rye." These men, now grave and
enerable seniors, chairmen of commit-
es, leaders in finance or at the bar,
llars in the community, state, nation,
ever forgot him. If they lived away
om Boston they wrote to him in his
ours of domestic rejoicing or affliction.
isiting the city they were sure to see
m, to awaken the slumbering past; for
time they were young again and care-
ee.

Jimmy Ormond had a talent for
iendship. Tactful, kindly, resourceful,
umorous, he had been associated with
l classes and conditions of men: doc-
rs, horsemen, lawyers, pugilists,
ergymen, actors, rowing men, bank-
s, singers, gamblers, old crusted Bos-
onians, the suddenly rich. He might
ave said with Walt Whitman, in his
nowledge and appreciation of human
eings:

f every hue and caste am I, of every rank
and religion;
farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman,
sailor, quaker;
prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer,
physician, priest.

And so nothing human was indifferent
o him. He was more than a looker-on
t the passing-show; more than a
ualnt moralizer, a philosopher of the
treet and town. He was sympathetic,
enerous in judgment and assistance;
ot merely genial, for the genial man
s often at heart profoundly selfish. The
good fellow" is frequently a pig.

It is a pity that Jimmy Ormond, a Bos-
on institution, and often a charitable
ne, did not write his reminiscences.
Iore than once we spoke to him about
t. He laughingly replied that he did
ot have the courage. There were other
nen of this city whose memoirs should
ave been written for the benefit of
hose interested in the theatre, music
nd the social life—Carl Zerrahn, B. E.
Woolf, B. J. Lang, Napier Lothian were
mong them. Jimmy Ormond could have
ontributed many entertaining chapters
o the story of manners and customs,
streets, houses and families of Boston.
The reminiscences should have been
written as he spoke, without finical or-
namentation or genteel sandpapering.

. For years he stood in his accustomed
place, exchanging greetings with the
passer-by, cheerful in sun, rain, or snow,
ready with a story of old days or a dry
remark on changed conditions, but al-
ways tolerant—even toward automobiles
and taxi-cabs, although throughout his
life he was a lover of horses. In his
last days, suffering bodily, he was
spared pain at the end. At his home,
looking over his life, he had pleasant
and comforting thoughts. Best of all,
he could have said with Bolingbroke:

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends

PADEREWSKI

Ir. Paderewski played at Sym-
phony Hall yesterday afternoon. The
program was as follows: Beethoven,
Sonata in C minor, op. 111; Schu-
mann, Papillons; Paderewski, Sonata,
op. 21; Chopin, Nocturne, two ma-
zurkas, Scherzo in C-sharp minor;
Stojowski, Chant d'Amour, Pres du
Russeau; Mendelssohn-Liszt, Mid-
summer Night's Dream Fantasia.

. very large audience filled the hall.
Many sat on the stage, others stood.
hree numbers stood out from the
others on the program as played by the
famous pianist, his own Sonata, Chop-
in Scherzo, an unfamiliar Hungarian
Rapsody, which was among the pieces
asked at the close of the recital. In
these Mr. Paderewski displayed the
commanding and entrancing virtuosity,
the flaming temperament with which his
name has long been associated.

An artist is not a machine. He has
his moods, his good and bad days. It
is therefore reasonable to expect that
while his perfection of mechanism does
not forsake him the spirit of his per-
formance may be at times perfunctory.
Mr. Paderewski's lofty conception of
Beethoven's concerto has been voiced by
him with greater eloquence. Not until
the opening bars of his own composition
did he appear at his best. However
one may quarrel with his sonata, how-
ever deplore his habit as a composer of
reiterating themes, of elaborating a
melody, this music as played by him
might be as pages from his own life.
Sensitive, nervous, a man of indefatiga-
ble mental and physical action, to whom
patriotism is a religion, Mr. Paderewski
in his interpretation of his sonata yes-
terday might have said with Walt Whit-
man: "I am the man; I suffered; I was
there."

When in the vein Mr. Paderewski is
a supreme emotionalist. Leaving be-
hind technical questions he holds and
controls his audience by awakening
their emotions. He interprets and
glorifies thoughts of everyday life, love,
sorrow, joy, death. His interpretations
are now serene and noble, now ca-
pricious, now dreamy or sensuous or
passionate, according to the mood of
the composer.

The characteristics that have made
him famous were apparent in his play-
ing of Chopin's Scherzo, and again in
the Mazurkas and the not too hack-
neyed Nocturne.

Stojowski's "Chant d'Amour," grace-
ful, romantic, alluring in Mr. Pad-
erewski's hands, is pounded alike by
teachers and students of the piano,
sentimentally inclined. Like the same
composer's "Pres du Ruisseau" it is at
best agreeable salon music. And why
does an artist of Mr. Paderewski's cali-
bre waste his time on Liszt's showy
transcription of Mendelssohn's music?
To be sure there is opportunity for sen-
sational display. But this music has
come perilously near to attaining the
familiarity that breeds contempt. With-
out it, discreetly played by the or-
ganist, no highly respectable young wo-
man considers herself properly mar-
ried.

There were the usual scenes of en-
thusiasm at the close of the concert.
Mr. Paderewski's brilliant performance
of a Hungarian Rhapsody was a feat-
ure among the extra pieces.

Owing to the illness of Miss Laeta
Hartley a change has been made in the
program of the concert to be given
next Sunday afternoon. Miss Winifred
Christie, the young and distinguished
pianist, has been engaged to replace
Miss Hartley. Mme. Poola Frisch and
the Longy Club will appear as an-
nounced.

Jan 16 1917

By PHILIP HALE.

COPLEY THEATRE—First perform-
ance in Boston of "Dr. Wake's Patient,"
a comedy in four acts by W. Gayer
Mackay and Robert Ord.

Janifer .....Ann Remlig
Antony .....Leonard Grey
Mrs. Wake .....Beatrice Miller
Andrew Wake.....Fred W. Permain
Dr. Forrester Wake.....Leonard Craske
A Gypsy .....Jessamine Newcombe
Lady Gerania Wyn- Charteret,
Gwladys Morris
The Earl of St Olbyn....Lionel Glenister
The Countess of St. Olbyn,
Florence LeClercq
Mrs. Murdock.....Jessamine Newcombe
Mr. Murdock.....J. Casler West
The Bishop of Selby...Cameron Matthews
Harriet Bronson.....Dorie Sawyer
Duff Wynterden.....Leon Gordon
The Rev. J. Brown.....Leonard Grey

This play is a dozen years old, but in
many ways it seems still older. The
high-born Lady Gerania is thrown from
her horse. The famous London physi-
cian, visiting his honest farmer folks,
attends her. They fall in love at first
sight, but part ignorant the one of the
other's name. Each one thinks and
dreams of the other. The Earl of St.
Olbyn sends his dear daughter Gerania
to Dr. Wake in London, first informing
him that she is nervous in consequence
of an unfortunate attachment. Joyful
meeting in the consulting room, but
neither one confesses the obsessing pas-
sion, and Wake thinks she loves another.
In the third act at a seaside resort mis-
understandings are brushed away, and
the belted Earl consents to the betrothal,
when old Wake and his wife appear in
joyous mood to surprise their dear son.
The father carries a Negro minstrel
carpet bag; the mother a basket con-
taining a pork pie, eggs, sausages and a
bottle of elderberry wine. The Lady Ger-
ania welcomes the parents, but her moth-
er cannot endure them, and the belted
Earl withdraws his consent. Exit father
Wake with the carpet bag, leaving in
his indignation the pork pie, sausages,
etc., in the hotel. Before he goes, he
delivers the traditional tirade, extolling
himself and his ancestors as yeomen and
putting a withering accent on the end-
ing: "We're not good enough for you."
The son leaves with them, having writ-
ten the traditional letter of farewell
and confided it to Wynterden with the
words: "Give this to her when I am
gone."

Back to the farm. In the fourth act
comes the traditional happy ending.
The honest yeoman will give up his
son and never see him again; if the
Earl and the Countess will relent. They
relent. In the first act a gypsy is introduced
at the farmer's house, who [illegible]
tional dark man: "Beware of the dark
man! The gypsy has spoken." A most
attractive gypsy, by the way.

For the comic element we see Mr.
and Mrs. Murdock in the waiting room
of the Doctor, the Bishop of Selby,
whose clerical hat is put by the sportive
Gerania on the Venus of Milo, and
Duff Wynterden, an amusing idler of
a swell, a good sort at bottom, whose
attachment to Miss Bronson supplies
what is popularly known as "the sec-
ondary love interest."

It will be seen at once that the mo-
tive of the play is old, very old; that
the situations are equally old; that the
characters are types familiar to the
oldest playgoer. In spite of all this,
the comedy is interesting, and by rea-
son of the dialogue—we do not include
old Wake's tirades, which in 1850 would
have brought down the house—positive-
ly fresh. Some would describe the
comedy as "wholesome"; but so-called
wholesome plays are too-often dull.
We prefer to say that the comedy is
pleasant, truly an entertainment.

As for the performance, the pleasure
came chiefly from the vivid and cap-
tivating impersonation of Gerania by
Miss Gwladys Morris, the comedy of
Mr. Gordon as Wynterden, and the
playing by Miss Newcombe of the ec-
centric and laughable part of Mrs. Mur-
dock. Nor should the pontifical voice of
the Bishop in the waiting room be for-
gotten. Mr. Permain's Elderwake was
strongly marked and consistent, but we
can easily imagine the part played in a
different vein.

As was natural on a first night some
of the comedians were not letter per-
fect, and the pace of the play was at
times sluggish. The waits were long,
and the act of the happy ending was
not begun till nearly 11 o'clock.

The success of "Man and Super-
man" was such last week that another
performance will be given next Wed-
nesday afternoon.

Next week Wilde's comedy, "A Wom-
an of No Importance" will be per-
formed.

MISS TERRY'S FIRST CONCERT AT TUILERIES

Miss Julia Heinrich Sings Effectively—Two-Piano Pieces on Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Terry's first concert took place
yesterday afternoon at the Tuileries.
Miss Julie Heinrich sang these songs:
Schubert, Am Strom, Die Post; Franz,
Der Schmetterling, Stille Sicherheit;
Brahms, Wir Wandelten, Von Ewiger
Liebe; Max Heinrich, Thy Voice, Au-
tumn Eve; Beach, Ah, Love but a Day;
De Lange, Dutch Serande; Lane Wil-
son, A Spring Morning. Miss Marion
Leach and Howard Goding played these
pieces for two pianos: Rachmaninoff,
Barcarolle; Schnett, Impromptu Rococo;
Arensky, Romance and Waltz; Chabrier,
Espana. Mrs. Charles White was the
singer's accompanist.

The announcement was made that Miss
Heinrich was suffering from a severe
cold, but had consented to sing. The
cold no doubt affected somewhat the
quality of her voice, but the singer's
musical intelligence, fine taste and emo-
tional nature were not concealed. Her
enunciation was delightfully clear.

Of late, concerts of music for two
pianos have not been uncommon. The
performance of Miss Leach and Mr. God-
ing was interesting in several ways. Not
only was there a true ensemble in pre-
cision of attack and in general technical
accuracy; there was also a true en-
semble in the interpretation, an appar-
ent spontaneity in expression. "Two
souls with but a single thought," to
quote from "Ingomar the Barbarian,"
the once admired play. The touch of
the pianists was always musical, and
there was tonal beauty even in the pure-
ly brilliant and fortissimo passages.

LONGY CLUB GIVES CHAMBER CONCERT

Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker Adds to Pleasure of Evening by Her Singing.

The Longy Club gave its second con-
cert of the season last night in Jordan
Hall. The chamber music consisted of
Thuille's Sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet,
horn, bassoon and piano, and Enersco's
Dixtuor for two flutes, oboe, English
horn, two clarinets, two horns and two
bassoons. Mrs. Martha Atwood-Baker,
soprano, sang these songs: Chausson,
Chanson Perpetuelle; Roussel, Le Jardin
Mouille; G. Faure, Le Soir; Grovlez,
Serenade.

Thuille's Sextet was played here by
the Longy Club as far back as 1903. It
had been played twice before that, in
1890, by the New England Conservatory
Chamber Music Club (Mr. Faelten,
pianist), and at one of Mr. Baermann's
concerts. Thuille was a fellow-student
of Richard Strauss at Munich, and the
two then walked in conventional paths.
The Sextet is amiable music, agreeable
to the ear, without marked originality.
The Gavotte is piquant, and sentiment
in the Larghetto rises at times to emo-
The author has described this enter-
shillings and six foretells the accident,
the trials that await the physician in
his courtship, and mentions the tradi-
tion. The Dixtuor of Enesco was played
by the Longy Club early in 1909, when
it was called a symphony for wind
instruments. This performance was, if
we are not mistaken, the first in this
country. The Barriere Ensemble played
the piece in New York 60 years ago. In
1909 the Dixtuor seemed ultra-impres-
sionistic. Much music has been heard
here since then, and the Roumanian,
who has been thoroughly Parisianized,
is no longer among the radicals that
perplex and astonish. Mrs. Atwood-
Baker added to the pleasure of the
evening by singing songs not often
found on programs.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Some of our correspondents, among
them "Perspicuous," should remember
that the Boston Herald does not print
anonymous letters.

Tufts et. al.

"Observer" in his interesting note
about Henry Tufts, published in the
Boston Herald of Saturday, said that
he thought there was no copy of Tufts's
autobiography in any public or corporate
library in or near Boston. A librarian
writes to us: "There is one copy in the
Worcester Public Library, given by the
late Col. Higginson, and another has
been very lately secured by our own (the
Boston) Public Library. Tufts and Bur-
roughs stand high in our annals of rogue-
ry, but for pure sordidness, low down
Yankee cussedness at its worst, let me
recommend Seth Wyman. This incor-
rigible scamp actually printed the names,
both male and female, of those with
whom he came into unholy contact dur-
ing his scandalous meanderings. As a
result the book has been pretty effectual-
ly suppressed, but I know of one copy. I
do not believe that Mr. Ralph D. Paine
would object to my saying that several
years ago that royal son of old Eli, the
late Edwin M. Bacon, and myself planned
to write a volume on Burroughs, Tufts
and Wyman, but the scheme did not pan
out well. The title of this unborn work
was to have been: "Three New England
Vagabonds: by Three Others."

The Curse of Tea.

As the World Wags:

As a boy in a New York wholesale
house during the early 90's I took great
delight in hearing Pat, the very Irish
porter, roll out in his rich brogue what
was supposed to be part of a mother's
plea to a judge in behalf of her way-
ward son:

"The superfluity of the sugar and the
flavorality of the tea made my boy grow
up obnoxious and diabolical."

This was a big mouthful for old Pat,
and he never lost an opportunity of get-
ting it off. I have often wondered where
he got hold of this bit of nonsense. Could
it have come from a play of that period?

Yarmouth, Me. W. A. R.

Hurrah for the Ossipees!

As the World Wags:

Referring to the item of Daniel Boone
in As the World Wags in your issue of
Jan. 8, in which he writes: "The tribe of
wild men inhabiting the extinct crater
of the Ossipee mountains and harnessing
their women folks to the plough still ex-
ists." This statement is entirely false
and without any foundation, and if Dan-
iel were an American he would know
that such conditions never existed in
America. From his writing I would in-
fer that he may hail from the heathen
Zone, and is still obsessed with the
memory of his "women folks harnessed
to the plough."

The inhabitants of the Ossipee moun-
tains are not wild; they are peaceable,
good-hearted citizens, and always will-
ing to "Lend a Hand."

Ossipee lies at the foothills of the
White mountains, and is blessed with
sturdy sons and daughters, who are
always ready to uplift. We are also
rich in wonderful scenery. The Quaker
poet spent many summers here, and has
left numerous word pictures in his
poems of this place. We value a person
by what he is. The poet gazed at our
hills and saw "God's great pictures"; he
looked across our broad valleys, at the
winding rivers and beautiful lakes, and
wrote:

"For health comes sparkling in the streams,
Our pines are trees of healing."

Rev. W. C. Gannett, the Unitarian
divine and man of letters, came and
wrote in "Summer-Chemistry":

"What does it take
A day to make—
A day at the Bear Camp Ossipee?"

Noted artists take away valuable
paintings of nature's beauty spot. Even
the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale, be-
loved by all, came to this near vicinity
for rest and inspiration.

And lastly came Daniel Boone. Did
he, too, lift his eyes to the hills and
carry away only the memory of "a
dirty drinking cup"?

ADDIE LORD McINDOE.

Ossipee, N. H., Jan. 11.

An Apology.

As the World Wags:

I am firmly rebuked for referring to
"the English name Majoribanks, pro-
nounced Chumley," by R. of Onset, who
asseverates that Marjoribanks is not
pronounced Chumley, but Marshbanks;

[illegible] finally abandon [illegible] from se[illegible] form, as [illegible]

[illegible]

Brookline, Jan. 11. C. T.

"Work Like a Dog."

As the World Wags:

My interested attention has been called to certain letters which have appeared in the Herald, referring to your note stating that I had omitted "Work like a dog" from my "Dictionary of Similes."

As George Monroe says over and over again, in the "Show of Wonders," . . . "Is that so." The fact is, "Work like a dog" is in the dictionary, only this: It is given in its ancient and proper form. In brief, the simile is not "Work like a dog," but "Toils like a dog."

The simile "Toils like a dog" is to be found in all collections of English proverbs. Toil, not work, is the word, or verb, which has always been used. And quite properly so.

John Ray, in 1670, made the first collection of English proverbs. This simile is in Ray's "Handbook," as follows:

"He toils like a dog in a wheel, who roasts meat for other people's eating."

Some of your correspondents have attempted to give the origin of the simile. Ray discloses it. However, that dogs must submit to toilsome toil, even in modern times, is known to all who have visited France and Belgium. In both of these countries dogs do a good part of the work that is given over to horses and automobiles in this country. In the United States, dogs are pets; in France and Belgium, they toil! When in these countries, early in 1914, I saw dogs pulling carts that would stall a Missouri mule! Eugene Field has a poem celebrating these patient, toilsome Belgium dogs, but I do not happen to have his books at hand, to quote from the same.

By all means, let's stick to toil, not work, "like a dog!"

New York. FRANK J. WILSTACH.

We repeat: "Work like a dog" is not in Mr. Wilstach's dictionary. "Work like a dog" is heard every day. We have never heard toil one, not even in Harvard or Cambridge, say "toil like a dog."—Ed.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "A Daughter of the Gods," with Annette Kellermann.

Anitia	Annette Kellermann
Prince Omar	William E. Shay
The Sultan	Hal de Forest
Cleone	Mlle. Marcelle
An Arab Sheik	Edward Boring
Zarrah	Violet Horner
Zarrah's Mother	Milly Liston
The Chief Eunuch	Walter James
A Moorish Merchant	Stuart Holmes
Chief of the Sultan's Guard	Walter McCullough
The Witch of Badness	Rita Allen
The Fairy of Goodness	Henrietta Gilbert
Nydia	Katherine Lee
Little Prince Omar	Jane Lee
A Slave Dealer	Mark Price
His Wife	Louise Rial

The latest achievement in motion photography, William Fox's "Daughter of the Gods," with Annette Kellermann, was given its first public performance in Boston last evening at the Majestic Theatre. The picture is a bewildering succession of incidents lavishly staged and centering about the adventures of the statuesque Miss Kellermann in the world of mortals and fairies.

The elaborate production is in two acts and a prologue. The two leading characters, Anitia and Prince Omar, are first seen as birds. One is killed by a witch's cat. The mate prefers death in the sea to loneliness.

For the purposes of the film drama these birds are given souls. One enters the body of a beautiful girl, Anitia, daughter of the gods; the other that of Prince Omar. Anitia's destiny is alternately controlled by a bad witch and a kind fairy. She is taken prisoner by an old sheik, led to the slave market, sold to the chief eunuch for the villainous old Sultan. The aged ruler, whose thoughts are only of ladies, already has a favorite who guards her position jealously. Both the Sultan and Prince Omar smile on Anitia. Returning the son's love she unwisely repulses the father. She is cast into a dark tower. Here the Sultan plans to realize his evil intentions, but Anitia throws herself into the sea. Recaptured and taunted with being a witch, she escapes death at the stake only to endure unspeakable tortures amid rocks and a stormy sea. Rescued by the mermaids, she proceeds on her adventures to the kingdom of the gnomes and elves. Meanwhile, Prince Omar has been punished by his father for his championship of Anitia. Chained to a rock in the open sea he awaits death. The Sultan's subjects, angered at this treatment of the heir to the throne, rise in revolt. All is confusion in the kingdom. Meanwhile, the kind fairy sends Anitia at the head of her diminutive friends, now changed into men of valor, to free the prince and deliver the kingdom from revolution. Unfortunately, both sides are hasty. Inhabitants of the Sultan's kingdom loyal to the prince at once imagine the approaching army to be hostile. They demand Omar's release, that he may lead them to victory. The Sultan consents. Omar dashes into battle. His men are victorious. In hand-to-hand combat with vizors down he kills Anitia, to his later grief. The Sultan is dead. After the sword comes the fire. The city is destroyed. The former favorite, seeing her career at an end and her ambition to reign unrealized, stabs Omar. He lies by Anitia's side as the funeral bark drifts out to sea. The kind fairy summons the souls of warrior and maiden. They are together and happy at last.

The picture is a masterpiece of stage management. Masses of people are grouped and marshalled with the utmost skill. The elements of real and unreal have been cleverly blended to provide contrast and variety. The beauties of nature on land and sea are artistically dealt with. All the scenes were taken by permission of the British government on the Island of Jamaica. Thus an enchanting and tropical background was provided. Many of the scenes are strikingly beautiful, notably those in the kingdom of the elves, with the towering waterfall. The sea, sun-kissed, moon-lit, calm or angry, is an important element in the production.

The Orient, a gold mine to writers of plays and scenarios, was happily chosen as a setting for Anitia's chief adventures. Familiar sights of eastern life, from the street scenes with their bustle, wandering animals and seething humanity, to the muezzin on his tower calling the faithful to prayer, are vividly portrayed. To many the intimate views of life in the harem with houris, eunuchs, slaves, and dallying potentates will be reason enough for a visit to the picture. Those who enjoy the spectacular will be generously rewarded and not alone by the sight of Anitia's army riding through mountain fastnesses to its doom, by the sight of masses struggling in primitive warfare, by the Sultan's people in revolution, by the floods of molten lava rained on the iniquitous city.

And dominating every incident is the charming personality of Miss Kellermann, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." She has long been famous as an expert swimmer. In this production she also appears as a graceful dancer and an accomplished mistress in the art of pantomime. In filmy and revealing draperies she is a delight to the eye. Her endurance when dashed repeatedly against cruel rocks or, tied hand and foot, battling with stormy seas is truly remarkable.

The picture is otherwise well cast. Little Jane and Katherine Lee charm with the ingenuousness of childhood. Excellent descriptive music has been provided by Robert Hood Bowers.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of Victor Herbert's romantic comic opera in three acts "Hearts of Erin." Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom.

Captain Barry O'Day	Vernon Stiles
Sir "Reggie" Stribling	Algernon Greig
Dinny Doyle	Scott Welsh
Lanty Hackett	Harry Crosby
"Humpy" Grogan	John B. Cooke
Shaun Dhu	Greek Evans
Mickey O'Brien	Joseph Dillon
Colonel Lester	Edward Martindel
Biddy Flynn	Josie Claflin
Rosie Flynn	Louise Allen
Lady Maude Estabrooke	Olga Roller
Eileen Mulvaney	Grace Breen
Marie	Paulette Antoine
Myles	Thomas Mann
Peter, the Piper	Francis X. Hennessy

"Hearts of Erin" was given for the first time on any stage at the Colonial Theatre in Cleveland, Jan. 1, 1917. It richly deserves the success it has won in the cities where it has already been heard. In fact the music is the crowning achievement of Mr. Herbert's long and distinguished career.

This music reflects many of the lovable characteristics of the Irish character, its heartiness, gaiety, humor, sentiment. Whether traditional or modern in character, the music is melodious, expressive, dramatic. Mr. Herbert has a genius for melody given to few. He is equally fortunate in the expression of moods of sentiment or jollity, and whether his theme be romance or patriotism his music has character, distinction. A well-equipped musician, he is skilled in the art of effective orchestration. His harmonic progressions show a delicate touch. His ensembles are masterly.

What matter if Mr. Blossom's libretto is light and loosely constructed. Mr. Herbert's superb score sweeps the story along to a triumphant close. Then, too, the twin themes, love and patriotism, though they may not be brilliantly developed, make an unconscious appeal.

The piece is laid in Ireland in the troubled days of 1798. Barry O'Day, the dashing hero, has fought with the French against the British. Returning in search of recruits, he is pursued by English soldiers, hot on his trail. Col. Lester searches the castle but is outwitted by clever Lady Maude, who permits O'Day to act as her coachman. He escapes, but an unpleasant skulking peasant, Humpy Grogan, who knows the truth, sees him riding away and spreads the news. Of course, O'Day is in love with Lady Maude's niece Eileen, and, of course, his safety is nothing to the tortures of not seeing her. So the young man returns to the castle and danger, falls momentarily into the clutches of the King's men, only to be released when news of a general pardon is hastily conveyed to Col. Lester.

The three acts at the Sign of the Black Bull, the interior of the castle and the castle gardens, are picturesquely staged. The opening chorus "Free trade and misty morn" was auspicious. There was a rousing finale "Stars and Rosebuds," "Eileen, Alanna Asthore;" "Reveries," "Life's a Game at Best" were among the charming songs of the second act.

The opening of the third act was attractively national in character with the piper and his bagpipes and the peasantry enjoying a jig. The last two numbers "The Irish Have a Great Day Tonight" and "When Ireland Stands Among the Nations of the World" were of a stirring and patriotic nature.

The cast is in every respect competent. Mr. Vernon Stiles, who takes the part of Barry O'Day, is an experienced singer with an agreeable tenor voice. He first appeared with the Bostonians and has since sung in opera houses of Europe and America. His personality is pleasing, and he has the manliness required for the role.

Miss Roller as Lady Maude sang effectively and acted with distinction. Miss Breen was a conventional ingenue. Miss Allen as Rosie was sweet voiced and amusing in soubrette manner. Mr. Welsh as Dinny displayed a rich brogue to advantage. Mr. Martindel's Col. Lester was soldierly. Minor roles were excellently taken, and the chorus was well trained, proficient and spontaneous.

Mr. Herbert conducted an augmented orchestra which under his skilled direction did full justice to his score. There was hearty applause throughout the evening. After the second act there were cheers, and calls for the composer, who, in responding, reminded the audience that though born in Dublin he had spent the best years of his life in America and might therefore be called a good American. He said that it had been a dream of his to write an Irish opera and thanked all concerned in the realization of his hopes.

Mr. Herbert's striking and beautiful music is not easily forgotten. It invites a second, even a third hearing.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: "Come Back to Erin," comedy-drama in four acts. Mr. Lawrence has played here at various times in successful musical comedies. This time he is seen in the role of a rollicking young Irishman in a play written especially for him.

He has an advantage over predecessors owing to the fact of his being an Irishman, hailing from Drumshanbo, County Leitrim, in Connaught.

"Come Back to Erin" is a story of tears, smiles and suspense. The production is novel and convincing. The supporting company is capable. Miss Phyllis Grey, the heroine deserves especial mention.

Next week, "Little Women" will be given at the Castle Square for a limited engagement. This will be the first time here at popular prices. The cast will include Miss Henrietta McDannel.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Melville Ellis and Irene Bordoni, the girl with the big eyes, and "Rubeville," a rural musical melange, featuring Felix Rush and Jere Delaney, share honors on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Marie Nordstrom, who was to have appeared, has been forced to cancel her engagement because of ill health, and her place has been filled by Lloyd and Britt, two clever singers and conversational laugh getters. The other big act on the bill is Mrs. Vernon Castle in the patriotic photoplay, "Patria."

Melville Ellis at the piano and Irene Bordoni in her songs, rendered in a charming French accent, return to Boston for another triumph. At yesterday's performances they scored a distinct success. Miss Bordoni's gowns were gorgeous and the stage picture was restful and exquisite.

Felix Rush and Jere Delaney have, in "Rubeville," a perfect setting for their nonsense. Their band is not of the slap-stick variety, but gives forth melody that is surprising. Eddie Carr and company appear in an absurd farce, "The Office Boy." There is a laugh in every line, Eddie Carr having a vehicle that is suited to his abilities as a laugh producer.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, in "Patria," a photo-play full of stirring scenes that thrill.

"Oklahoma Bob" Albright in a character song cycle is another who yesterday came in for a triumph. Others on the bill are Frank and Tobie, in songs and dances; Joseph McShane and Arria Hathaway, singers and dancers; Bonita and Lew Hearn, in bits of vaudeville, and Joe Fanton and company in a "garden of surprises," consisting of hair-raising athletic stunts.

Jan 17 1917

Joe Sidebottom's Tooth.

As the World Wags:

Two things I've no use for. One's a mean man. The other's a tooth with a hole in it. And speaking of either brings to mind Joe Sidebottom and the old whumpus of a toothache he had on the Freedom, brig, from New Orleans to Boston with molasses and cotton, in the winter of '78, and a spanking good passage she made of it. And it also brings to mind that Sidebottom's funeral was the only one I ever laughed at. I liked to have laughed myself sick. So did Sam Agnew. He carried the head end of the tailor's dummy when we burked it.

This here Sidebottom was the original mean man. Not mean in an out-and-out way, but underhand and sly. He was one of them as comes ashore and finds out that he's left his purse locked up in his chest. In barrooms he always stood nighest the door, so's he could pretend to see a friend pass when it came his turn to pay the shot. But for all his mean ways he was a handsome man. I've seen my share of men, white, black, brown and coffee-colored—not to mention a Russian, who was a polka-dot blue on account of a gunpowder explosion—and I've never seen a handsomer than Sidebottom. In these days he'd likely be a movie actor—big eyes he had and a profile like a rix dollar. And vain. In port he was to Portugee John, the barber, every day, having his wool frizzled and his mug steamed. What money he did part with was spent on macassar and other stinking stuff. I've known him to shave with cold salt water on Saturday rather than wait for soft water and Sunday. To see him on the watch below, prinking and making monkey faces at himself in a bit of looking-glass, was fair sickening.

A great hand for the women he was, as might be expected, but finally he got engaged, and we was all sorry for the girl. She was a neat little piece, dead gone on Joe's handsome face, not knowing that handsome is as handsome does, as the feller says. She started to reform him. She made him stop drinking, thereby doing herself a good turn all unbeknownst. If Sidebottom had cadged drinks like he usually did he'd never had a toothache and she'd have married him and been sorry ever after.

By the time we reached up to Orleans on that last voyage, Sidebottom was fair slavering at the jaws for red liquor. But he'd made his brag, and he was just mean enough to stick by it. He stood it one day, we inviting him polite to step along and moisten, and knowing he wouldn't. Then he sneaks out and comes back with a big wooden pail full of candy. He figured that every time he thought of a drink he'd eat some candy and take his mind off of it. And it was cheaper, too, he says, in his mean way. We see to it that he was reminded pretty often, and come the time we shipped the last cask of molasses he was scraping the bottom of the pail.

Sidebottom downed the last piece of the bucket as we swung out in tow of a tug. Shaped like a dog it was—the candy, not the tug—and though he was sick nigh to death of candy by this time, he et it. "No use wasting it," he says, and pops it in and crunches hard. Then he rolls his tongue around, puzzled like. "It's gone," he says. Then he jumps a yard high and comes down with both hands clapped to his jaw. "The dam thing bit me!" he yells and begins to carry on beyond all reason.

Well, sir, four of us got him below.

lling and thrashing all the time, and s him in his bunk. The old man pries en Joe's mouth and takes a sounding. Sacred harracud!" he says. "The man half walrus! Look at that there oth." And we looked and it was the ggest tooth I ever saw and the rest l agreed. It near filled one side of his outh and in the middle of it was a ole as big as the end of my thumb.

"We'll jettison her," says the Old Man, confident, and has a go at it with pair of wire pliers. He sweats and ugs and hauls and Joe hollers bloody murder, but he might as well have tried o pull up the capstan with his bare ands. We all tries it, but no progress. That tooth must have been hitched right o Sidebottom's spinal collim.

Well sir, not to tack and jibe overly, efore we raised Minot's we done everything humanly possible to prize Joe oose from his tooth. Chips broke his est chisle on it. The mate wanted to amp her full of powder and blast, but oe drew the line on that. The cook lapped a mustard plaster on her, powrful strong, without doing nothing but aking half the skin off of Joe's cheek. And he wasn't Handsome Joe by this ime. He looked like a half-and-half icture of Before-and-After, one side of im being swelled enormous. And howl Lord love you, there was no sleeping board at all.

We towed in, Sidebottom moaning in is bunk and wondering how in Tophet e was going to face his girl with a gurehead like that, and nobody but him aring whether he ever faced her or not. Passing Governor's island, Sam Agnew omes tearing below with a Chips's bigest auger. He makes for Joe and says, "I'll fix her," and Joe gives a shriek and aints away, him being sensitive by this ime. But we brings him to and Sam xplains.

"Just a hole through into the chain ocker," he says, "and a line around the usk with tother end tight to the chain. When the mudhook goes over—good-by usk. And it won't cost you a cent," he dds as Sidebottom looks doubtful. That etties it.

So we reeves a bit of sennit around he tusk and passes it through into the chain locker. Sidebottom braces himself. Sam sings out and they cuts loose with the anchor. There was a crash and Sidebottom dives forward and batters in the wall with his head. Then he lies quiet. Sam pulls him back by the heels and by the glory of Greece his head was gone! Gone clean off from his shoulders and what's more we never saw it afterward. I tell you, that tooth was a regular he-tooth.

Well, sir, there was an awful fuss over it. Maybe you remember reading about it at the time. The corner or some such land shark sat on poor Joe and decided it was a visitation. But what puzzled us most was how to fix Joe for the funeral. That was a facer. You can't have a proper corpse without a head to it, and having got Joe into this scrape as you might say, we felt duty bound to see him through. A shipmate's a shipmate, after all.

That night Sam and me was coming Hanover street, still wondering and dropping in here and there for inspiration. We came out of the last place, and Sam wipes his mouth mournful. Then he stares and breaks out into a cold sweat and grabs my arm.

"John," he says, "I'm seeing things. I see Sidebottom waiting for us," he says, "in long togs and with chain about his neck."

He points, and I looks, and for a minute I sees things, too. Then I sees that it's a tailor's dummy, set afore a shop with a $7 suit and a chain to keep it from being stole. But the head on it was Sidebottom to the life, big eyes and all. And the more we looked the more it looked like him.

"John," says Sam, real solemn, "we've got to have it. We owe it to Joe. And I'm cleaned and so are you. And there's that chain."

"Maybe Scissors-and-Thread takes it in at night," I says, and we sits down to wait. And about eight bells the tailor comes out and unlocks the dummy to take him in. Only he doesn't, cause Sam taps him one on the conk and we nips off with it and precious heavy it was.

We sawed the head off of it and got a sign painter over in East Boston to paint the eyes shut. When we stuck it where Joe's head ought to have been it was a wonderful likeness. So we called it a night and turned in.

But where we both laughed was where Sidebottom's girl yipps: "Oh, don't he look natural!" JOHN COFFIN.

Holystone Farm, Holliston.

MISS DAI BUELL

Miss Dai Buell, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Rameau, Gavotte Variee; Gluck-Sgambati, Melodie; Schumann, Fantasie, Op. 17; Chopin, Scherzo, B minor, Berceuse, Etude in F major; Stojowski, Theme Cracovien Variee; Tschaikowsky, Humoresque; Paderewski, Intermezzo Polacco; Schutz-Evler, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube."

Miss Buell plays with the assurance that might better become a seasoned artist. In her case there is, unfortunately, little reason for a display of unlimited self-confidence. In these days technic is expected of every concert-giver. Miss Buell's achievements in this direction are mediocre. Her touch is uneven. Her chords sometimes have a certain sonority. On the other hand, she is inclined to poke rather than sing melodies. At her recital last season she played with greater brilliance in rapid passages. Her runs were then clear, accurate, smooth. Last evening they were slovenly. She showed little ability in the emotional coloring of tone. There were few nuances between piano and forte.

Her performance of Rameau's Gavotte was curiously mannered. In Sgambati's arrangement of Gluck's Melodie there was restlessness where there should have been repose. The pianist was rhythmically unsteady. There was a tendency to distort phrases, to emphasize the wrong notes. The same might be said of Miss Buell's performance of Schumann's Fantasie, and in this her technical weaknesses were apparent.

Last evening Miss Buell displayed little originality as an interpreter nor did her performance in this respect invite serious consideration. There was a small and friendly audience.

At Steinert Hall Miss Persis A. Cox, pianist, and Miss Julia Pickard, violinist, played sonatas by Beethoven and Dohnany and a sonatine by Dvorak. Their performance pleased an audience of fair size.

Jan 18 1917

VIOLINIST AND PIANIST GIVE AFTERNOON CONCERT

Miss Irma Seydel and Mme. Sturkow-Ryder Play In Jordan Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, and Mme. Theodora Sturkow-Ryder, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows Paderewski, sonata, A minor, for violin and piano; violin pieces, Schubert-Wilhemj, Ave Maria; Rissland, La Danseuse; Debussy, Beau Soir; David, The Fountain. Piano suite, d'Albert. Sturkow-Ryder, Rhapsodie Russe; for violin, Sarasate, Gypsy Airs for violin. Piano pieces: Glinka-Balakireff, The Lark; Rhene-Baton, Sur la greve deserte, Fileuses de Carantec; Saint-Saens, Etude En forme de Valse. Miss Ethel Harding was the accompanist.

Was it worth while to revive Paderewski's violin sonata? It was played here by Messrs. Adamowski and Foote in 1891 and five years later by Mr. Kneisel and Mme. Szumowska. The sonata cannot be ranked among Paderewski's more important works, although it may be grateful to a pianist—at the expense of the violinist. The thematic material is not significant, with perhaps, the exception of the chief motive in the first movement. The music for the most part is dry and diffuse. Probably Miss Seydel joined in the performance of Mme. Ryder's Russian Rhapsodie out of courtesie to her colleague. The Rhapsodie itself could not have appealed to her, except to her good nature.

Miss Seydel won attention when she was a little girl by her technical facility. She is still young, but she has reached an age when she demands respectful consideration as an interpreter. Her tone is full, rich and pure; her phrasing is musical; she is emotional, not sentimental, and in fiery passages she does not tear passion to tatters. As in the case with Miss Harrison, the violoncellist, she is content to be womanly. She does not attempt to be more masculine in her playing than the male; but she has plenty of strength and power. Her modest and winning bearing on the stage adds to the pleasure given by her performance. Yesterday her art was displayed even in the salon pieces of the higher order, as in the piquant and graceful little piece by Mr. Rissland and in David's "Fountain," as well as in the sonata and the arrangement of Schubert's air.

Mme. Ryder played in a solid, substantial manner, reminding one of the interpretation of Hamlet by the actor in "Great Expectations," "Massive and Concrete."

By PHILIP HALE.

Letters have been written to the Herald about the Ossipee mountain district and the inhabitants therein. It should be remembered that earlier correspondents did not make a wholesale attack on the people of the Ossipees: They inquired about the dwellers in the crater region and commented about them. We publish today two letters: One of the "you're another" order; the other courteous and reasonable.

The Ossipees.

As the World Wags:

In your issue of Jan. 8 one Daniel Boone of Cambridge, Mass., gives a description of the conditions of the Ossipee mountain district as he saw them while perambulating over the mountain tops. In his advanced stage of delirium he saw "wild men" and "extinct craters"; in fact, he seems "crater" crazy, and must certainly have copiously overcharged his capacity with a compound more confusing than cold water, as the oldest inhabitant never heard of anything like the conditions he describes.

Better get aboard the water wagon if you must come again, Daniel (we can be happy without you), as your next attack will probably bring to your vision snakes and mad dogs. I would advise you to confine your research to the limit of the backyard, as we are about to let loose a specimen of the man-eating variety and must be careful of his diet until he is acclimated.

MOUNTAINEER.

Ossipee Valley, N. H., Jan. 12.

A Clergyman's Plea.

As the World Wags:

It is with mixed feelings of sorrow and apprehension that I have been reading, over and over again, in your issue of Jan. 8, in the column headed As the World Wags, the three communications on "The Ossipees," written respectively by Titus, Daniel Boone and H. T. B. Thinking it all over, I keep repeating the question—cui bono? To what good purpose is this? If the world only wags to keep time with loose tongues and thoughtless pens, we shall never get beneath the surface, or remedy one iota the causes and effects of the world's woes. Have not the vices of the Ossipees been threshed out times galore? Some of the methods of threshing them out have done more harm than good. Your three correspondents are treading the same wrong path. They enrage, but do not reform. They present a mighty contrast to those splendid sojourners in our midst, such as Whittier, Fram Bolles, and Lucy Larcom. They paved the way for blessings.

I am afraid your writers will bring no boon to us. The natives of the Ossipees and Tamworth are not the only ones responsible for the degradation that brought ruin to the morals and anon to the prosperity of this country of majesty and beauty. A lower type of summer visitors brought much moral gangrene to these hills. Then why exaggerate the criminality of the region? God forbid that I should minimize or excuse the sins of the sexes which have brought degradation to the race. But beware of the progress of this type of sin, or crimes, which is not confined to the passes of the mountains, but is country-wide. If we can serve as an object lesson and a warning, then waving our rags in the faces of your readers may do good.

Your correspondent, Daniel Boone, is evidently not accustomed to hiking on the country side, or familiar with the music of the hills, or the sparkling glory of the springs. Otherwise he would never thirst for want of a drink from the goblet of his clean hands, or for litheness to bend down and drink like our cousins the humbler animals. May we not entertain a hope that the vast circle of your intelligent readers will look at us from another and a more charitable angle? There is an increasing number of us, natives and imported breeds, who are studying our local problems, with eyes wide open, and hearts yearning for knowledge and for grace to do our duty here, to stem the tide of evil, to build up the waste places so full of natural beauty and promise, and we have a vision that the time is coming when, even on the human side, this desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. There is actually an increase of social work being done, the public school teachers are taking up their share with love and intelligence. The people are growing accustomed to attend what religious services are brought to them. The finer class of summer residents are taking a living interest in the problems of the region, and the counsels of despair have no reason to prevail. Indeed, if you will look into the matter, you will find that the deeper crimes of murder and arson must be laid at the doors of undesirables who have come to us from the outside.

Let me add that the mountain district of Ossipee is becoming more and more depopulated. In my last tramp through this impressive region I found that most of the able-bodied had departed where they can find work among the lumber camps. Many of the shacks were boarded up and padlocked on the outside. There were some aged folk and feeble minded to be seen there. Is there not something more practical to be done than flinging gibes at them? Cannot the state put forth her strong hand to help these people as her wards? Would it not be an act of far-seeing wisdom to make a park reservation of these healthful and beautiful wastes and by improving the existing roads and adding new, open up the country for the benefit of the new race, reacting from the servitude of city life, to come in with their superior intelligence and ideality, to find a freedom they never knew before? Anyhow do not give us curses, but your sympathy, your love, and your practical co-operation.

FRED C. COWPER,

Minister in charge of the Missionary District of St. John the Baptist.

Sanbornville, N. H., Jan. 12.

EVAN WILLIAMS SINGS BEFORE LARGE AUDIENCE

Tenor Pleases, as Always, Despite a Cold.

Evan Williams, tenor, gave a song recital at Jordan Hall last evening. Harry M. Gilbert was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Prothero, "Ah, Love but a Day"; Campbell-Tipton, "A Spirit Flower"; old Scotch air, Loch Lomond; old Welsh air, Mentra Gwen; Jacobs-Bond, "Just a Wearyin' for You;" Bishop, "My Pretty Jane;" Del Riego, "O Dry Those Tears"; Knapp, "Open the Gates of the Temple"; two recitatives and arias from Handel's "Messiah" and "Judas Maccabeus". Metcalf, "Absent"; Neidlinger, "Sweet Miss Mary"; d'Hardelot, "Because"; Bond, "A Perfect Day"; Fearis, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

Mr. Williams has been a favorite for 20 years. The hall was crowded. Some sat on the stage; others stood. The singer's beautiful voice and art have won him both fame and fortune. He knows how to touch the heart of an audience. He voices the elemental emotions, love, joy, grief, with eloquence and sincerity. He can be humorous, fervent, tender, dramatic. None is more skilled in lyric declamation.

Last evening Mr. Williams was evidently struggling with a cold. There was a prevailing huskiness. Yet he was master of the situation. His finished phrasing and delightful clearness of diction as ever excited admiration. The singer at once worked his accustomed spell upon the audience, and there was hearty applause throughout the evening.

Jan 19 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The story of Joe Sidebottom's tooth told by Mr. John Coffin in the Herald of last Wednesday reminds us of a strange event in the professional life of Dr. Tushmaker, a dentist once famous in Boston, if John Phoenix is a trustworthy narrator. We mentioned Phoenix to a Bostonian not long ago and he confessed he had never heard of him. Think of a man who has never read "Phoenixiana" and "The Squibob Papers"; who does not know that Capt. G. H. Derby, U. S. A., was born in Dedham?

Dr. Tushmaker was not bred as a physician or surgeon, "but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite." He invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the better mastication of food. He was also the first to fill cavities with a peculiar putty, that caused a tooth to ache so that it had to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two fees for the same job.

One day Mr. Byles, a stout old fellow, came into Dr. Tushmaker's office and showed a tooth on the right hand side as big as a small Polyglot Bible. Forceps and turn screw would not stir it. "Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Mr. Byles, "and return in a week, and I'll draw that tooth for you, or know the reason why." In three days Tushmaker invented a pulling instrument, a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. "The castings were made, and the machine put up in the office, over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building." Mr. Byles returned, was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps attached to the tooth, and then Dr. Tushmaker took hold of a lever four feet in length. A slight turn and Byles groaned and lifted his right leg. Tushmaker turned the lever clear round and snapped old Byles's head clean and clear from his shoulders, "leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts." The post-mortem examination showed that the roots of the tooth went down the right side and turned up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot. As the roots were decayed, a jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Dr. Tushmaker was shy of the instrument for some time, but one day he tried it on a feeble and flaccid old lady. At the first turn he drew her skeleton out. He took her home in a pillow case. "She lived seven years after that, and they called her the 'India-Rubber Woman.' She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case. After this, the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston Custom House, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made, on the same principle, and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys."

Mr. John Phoenix wrote this account at Benicia, California, June 10, 1855. He

The author has described this enter-

[illegible] Tuthmaker [illegible] practice

Historic Steps.

As the World [illegible]

At the [illegible] House the flight of [illegible] up to the front [illegible] by the late Edward Newton [illegible] installed in the [illegible] Dennis, leading [illegible] of Jamaica pond. It is [illegible] in the park system and, if [illegible] of the municipal [illegible] of the [illegible] these steps should [illegible] exist, might be [illegible] There is a tradition [illegible] a certain "routt" [illegible] covered these steps with sheet, the whole company [illegible] them, in their frills and furbelows, by a sliding seat, from [illegible] top of the hill off by a famous [illegible] feast of the day.

THE OLD UN.

Boston, Jan. 11.

An Island or Two.

As the World Wags.

It is interesting to note that if, as has been [illegible] the United States acquire [illegible] purposes the island of [illegible] would probably pay with it St. Bartholomew. The English feminize it as St. Barbe and in the West Indies it is [illegible] called "Statia"—from whose [illegible] the first salute ever [illegible] United States flag was fired by [illegible] de Graaff. For [illegible] colonial government at [illegible] included not only the neighboring islands of Buen Aire and Oruba but—far to the north and close by our war-purchases from Denmark—the [illegible] volcanoes St. Eustatius and Saba, and a part of St Martin's the other part being French.

Lancaster, Jan. 11. J. C. L. C.

Jan 20 1917

12TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Homer was the singer. The program was as follows: Schubert, Unfinished Symphony in B minor; Bach, Air, "It is Finished"; Air, "My Heart Ever Faithful"; Ballantine, Symphonic Poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes" (after Keats); Sidney Homer, three songs: "From the Brake the Nightingale," "Sing to Me, Sing," "The Song of the Shirt"; Wagner, Introduction and Bacchanale, "Tannhaeuser."

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave an uncommonly beautiful performance of Schubert's music. For once the second motive sung by the violoncellos in the first movement was not sentimentalized. The delicacy of the treatment throughout was never finical. There was an ever abiding sense of poesy. Even the second movement, a falling off in imagination from the first, for once did not seem too long drawn out, and its sweetness was not cloying.

Mr. Ballantine's symphonic poem was played for the first time. Born at Oberlin, O.; reared in Springfield of this commonwealth, he studied music at Harvard University, later in Berlin, and for a short time in Paris. Living in Boston he is an instructor of music at Harvard.

It is a good man who thinks of illustrating by purely orchestral music Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," or poems by Swinburne, Shelley, Poe and Keats. The music of the verse inspires the composer. It may be said that there are contrasting episodes and action in "The Eve of St. Agnes." There are the hyena foemen, "the sworn foes of Porphyro's family"; there is the theme of magic spells woven by "mad orgies and spirit of a lover"; there is the revelry of the "beaded bubbles winking at the brim"; there is the flight of Madeline and Porphyro. But these are only episodes. The lines that speak of the [illegible] are [illegible] with [illegible] "Their eyes are [illegible]. The [illegible] trumpets are [illegible]." The [illegible] is desired most [illegible]. The scenes do nothing except [illegible] Romeo. The lovers "glide like phantoms" into the storm without. The music ends with an [illegible] that Porphyro [illegible] Madeline described in a [illegible] syrups, [illegible] one of the lush lines.

Tennyson's "St. Agnes" is a nocturne in the purest, most [illegible] white. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is like unto a tapestry [illegible] with all the colors of luxury.

Mr. Ballantine, in order to gain revivid episodes and dramatic contrasts, lays stress on that which is incidental. There is really no conflict between Porphyro and his [illegible] no fierce struggle to win his lady-love, yet there is much music that suggests this; there is more than a hint at Porphyro with his sword drawn. Too much of the symphonic poem is out of keeping with the prolonged mood of the poem itself, and the music describing the unessential is the least satisfactory. The most poetic section of the music is the final love song, but as an illustration of the poem it would be short and fragmentary. If the whole symphonic poem were a love song there would be no contrasts. The choice of a subject, therefore, seems to us unfortunate.

There are undeniably musical thoughts and there are pages of felicitous orchestral expression. The thematic material is too often cerebral when there should be, if not passion, at least the sensuousness of Keats, the poet that put red pepper on his tongue so that claret might seem the cooler to him, for the misguided man insisted that claret should be cold. We should like a more rapturous, a more ecstatic note in the love song, or even a touch of amorous languor. The music is that of a composer, musical by nature and of a fine taste, who has studied intelligently and learned much, but does not yet speak with full authority; whose thoughts are as yet episodic, whose expression is not flowing and continuous. His melodic sense is not sufficiently developed, he is reticent when he should speak freely, as Hazlitt would have said, with gusto. The Symphonic poem is written for a large orchestra, which includes three kinds of drum, cymbals, triangle, and tam-tam. Keats, it is true, speaks of the boisterous clarion, "the kettle drum, and far-heard clarinet"—we regret to say that he spelled clarinet with an "o"—but he adds, "though but in dying tones." We do not associate Porphyro and Madeline or St. Agnes's Eve with pulsatile instruments. The music was received by the audience with marked favor.

Mme. Homer sang two airs by Bach and three by her husband. "It is finished" from Bach's "Passion music according to John" is not well suited to concert performance and, though it be rank heresy to say it, is a perfunctory setting of music to the words, without religious emotion, quite dull. Mrs. Homer sang "My Heart Ever Faithful," with the fitting jubilant note. Bach gave the indication "Presto." It would be interesting to know the precise significance of this indication in his time.

The piano accompaniment of Sidney Homer's song was orchastrated by Mr. Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and none too well. That of the first song is particularly ineffective. Of the three songs the second has the most character. The music to "The Song of the Shirt" is singularly incongruous. The woman of Hood's poem sang "with a voice of dolorous pitch." Her heart was sick, her brain benumbed, her hand weary. The composer turns her into a dramatic singer; the song into a cantata. The only music for the poem should be an intense, subdued, monotonous wail. That would not do for concert purposes, and there would be no room for Mr. Stock's orchestration, some of it mere clap-trap. Mme. Homer sang her husband's song dramatically and was loudly applauded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of Feb. 2-3 will include Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro", Reger's variations on a theme by Hiller, and Strauss's "Don Juan." John McCormack will sing an air from Mozart's "Il Curioso Indiscreto" and an air from Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

This made Ulisses to be cryed up so much amongst the Greeks for their greatest wise man, because he had Travelled through many strange Countreys, and observed the manners of divers Nations, having seene, as it was said and sung of him, more Cities than there were Houses in Athens, which was much in that green age of the World.

A Guide Book.

Three guide books have been justly esteemed delightful reading for the sedentary traveler. Evelyn's account of his journeyings, which should be read in the edition enriched by the Frazer of "The Golden Bough", the little book, "Instructions for Forreine Travell," by James Howell, published in 1642; Richard Ford's "Handbook for Travellers in Spain." The first edition of the last named book originally appeared in two volumes. Murray cut out many discussions and digressions, little essays on Spanish doctors and profanity, funeral etiquette, smugglers and robbers, wines and cookery, servants, theatres and dances, and published them in a separate volume entitled "Gatherings from Spain"; but the second edition of the Hand-Book (1847) is more interesting than the great majority of novels now lustrously advertised and reviewed. Some years ago we picked up a copy on a book stall for a few cents, with the thought of visiting our castles in Spain, also Seville, the Alhambra, Burgos, Toledo and certain dreary and sinister places described by George Borrow; but we went to Cape Cod instead and were recompensed by walks and talks with Mr. Herkimer Johnson. Maurice Barrès' "Secret of Toledo" rekindled the smouldering desire. Ford's "Handbook to Spain" has been described as something more than the father of the best modern guide book; it has been likened to "Eothen" and the records of travel by Gautier and Lamartine. Thackeray wondered who the unfortunate man was that stopped at European third-class inns to warn the readers of Murray's guide books, which were written in pompous style, stuffed with quotations from My Lord Byron and other English poets. There are the invaluable Baedekers with starred inns and mention of cheaper ones "recommended"; excellent books of their kind; but instead of traveling with them it is better to stay in Boston and read Ford's.

We have spoken of Richard Ford's book because we are reminded of it by reading Mr. Porter E. Sargent's "Handbook of New England." We may never linger in Quincy, Vt.—we have passed through the village, or rather by it, in a railway car many times—but Mr. Sargent tells us of the view of lake-like defiles, broad and fertile meadows, and it is a pleasure to know that a fort was built there in 1711; that in 1765 settlers built houses in a square and attempted vainly to hold them for England. We hope to see Putney before we die. The story of Brattleboro, on the same page and the preceding one, is good reading. Hunt the artist and Hunt the architect were born there. Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor, there began his career. His brother was of the firm McKim, Mead & White. We regret to say there is no mention of Larkin G. Mead's sketches of the freshman, sophomore, junior and senior, or of the Brattleboro Eagle, or of the Brattleboro postage stamp that brings a high price; but we are introduced to Chief Justice Tyler, the author of "The Contrast," played in New York in 1786, and there is much about Kipling and Balestier, also how "the horses in a Vermont pasture drag in the manner of their masters of their ability to go from Brattleboro to Keene, 42 miles, in an afternoon." Nor are Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft and his water cure of 1845 forgotten.

In like manner there is curious information about cities, towns, villages throughout New England. How many know that Sandwich is the home town of the Chicago Swifts; that Bierstadt and Swain Gifford used to frequent Fairhaven; that there is a legend of Capt. Kidd burying treasure on Clarke's Island in the river near Northfield? Who can tell the precise location of Horace Greeley's "Swamp," or where is the pewter basin out of which Andre, the day of his capture, ate bread and milk; or the man that gave his name to Damariscotta; or what shipbuilder and in what town wrote.

> Most manfully He stood the test
> And like a Hero dore the best
> But human nature cannot stand
> What is beyond the power of man.

There is hardly a page in Mr. Sargent's "Handbook" that does not call for quotation. We have not mentioned the introductory chapters; about the climate, flora and geological formation of New England; chapters on the "Aborigines and Slavery", "The New Englander: his Character, His Conscience and His God"; the language of New England; the architecture, the roads and highways; the village as a social community, the individuality and origin of the several states. These chapters are refreshingly frank, abounding in shrewd observation, unforced humor; informing and concise. One quotation must do for today:

"The New Englander is an individualist; in his vigorous virility, a radical. The first New Englanders became New Englanders because they were insurgents and couldn't get along comfortably in old England. In his pride of descent, after some generations of prosperity, the New Englander stiffens into a conservative, developing a hard, calcareous, and spiny shell, as does the crab after molting."

especially to those who are thoroughly familiar with the organ piece and also know a transcription by another hand. Nevertheless this Toccata with Fugue, which shows the influence of Buxtehude on Bach, is more majestic on the instrument for which it was written, nor if the transcriber's conception of the manner in which the fugue should be read, or registered, to borrow a word from the terminology of the organist, to be wholly commended. Here, as in the pieces by Brahms, Mr. Denton showed at times a curious hesitancy in the attack of a new subject, or a certain liberty in the pace that could hardly be called tempo rubato.

Mr. Denton has a sound, well grounded mechanism, strength, taste, and sufficient brilliance. In delicate passages there is the suggestion of reserve force. His touch is not sensuous; but there was little, if anything, on the program that called for a display of this quality. At present it seems as if there were few colors on his palette. It is said that he will give a second recital. Let us hope that he will bring with him a more engrossing program, one that is more modern and less familiar.

PIANO RECITAL BY MME. BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

Large Audience Enjoys Performance at Steinert Hall.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler gave a piano recital at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Andante, F major; Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3. Mendelssohn-Liszt, Wedding March and Elfin Dance from "Midsummer Night's Dream." Chopin, Scherzo, Op. 31; Etude, Op. 10, No. 7; Valse, Op. 70, No. 1; Polonaise, Op. 53. Liszt, Liebestraum (Notturno), No. 3, Mephisto Waltz ("The Dance in the Village Inn").

A large audience enjoyed Mme. Zeisler's playing and was enthusiastic. The pianist has many admirable qualities. Her tone has depth and sonority. She is technically well equipped. As an interpreter she has both originality and emotional eloquence. Yesterday she displayed delightful authority and brilliance.

The London Daily Telegraph, summing up the theatrical year 1916 in London, mentions as especially worthy of note Brighouse's "Hobson's Choice," "The Old Country," by Calthrop; Maltby's "The Rotters," and Layton's "Parish Pump." "Disraeli" did not secure anything like the measure of popularity it enjoyed in America. In Mr. Parker's defence it may be urged that he never claimed for his work absolute historical accuracy, and we stand perhaps too close to the great Victorian statesman to be satisfied with anything short of that. 'Disraeli,' so far as plot was concerned, might have been written by Sardou in a moment of abstraction. Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's entry into the dramatic field also brought little but disappointment. 'The Mayor of Troy' chiefly tending to show how slight was the author's knowledge of stage requirements. 'A Kiss for Cinderella,' though scarcely to be classed with the best of Sir James Barrie's achievements, contained much of the whimsical humor, the originality and tender pathos associated with his name. The second act was, in truth, a little masterpiece, and had the others been of equal merit the piece as a whole would have ranked with 'Peter Pan' and 'The Admirable Crichton.' 'Caroline,' a light comedy of slender texture but written in the author's wittiest vein, was Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's sole contribution to the year. From the point of construction it left something to be desired, while the characters had rather the semblance of cleverly contrived puppets than of human beings. But, after its light-hearted manner, 'Caroline' proved distinctly amusing. 'The Wheels of Might,' by Messrs. [illegible] Hankinson and Christopher Sandeman, [illegible] fairly be classed in the same category, though much inferior in craftsmanship and sureness of touch. From Mr. Horace Annesley Vachel came 'Fishpingles,' a somewhat curious adventure in the [illegible] of comedy, interesting, but [illegible] be questioned whether [illegible] is ever deeply concerned with the fortunes of a couple of elderly men. The world, after all, is for the young. [illegible] by [illegible] this truth Mr. Vachell [illegible] alienating the sympathies of his listeners. Nevertheless [illegible] which to like and admire in [illegible]. In collaboration with Mr. [illegible] Hickey, Mr. Vachell was also [illegible] Mr. Jackie Drax, in which the American trick of presenting [illegible] even [illegible] was carried beyond [illegible]. Subsequent [illegible] merely served to transform [illegible] rather obvious melodrama."

The least satisfactory production of the [illegible] reviewed during the past twelve-month [illegible] been deprived of much of its [illegible] and joviality, and for the [illegible] we have every reason to be [illegible]. There have been it may be admitted, occasions when a tighter [illegible] of good taste and [illegible] might have been advisable, but the [illegible] has been more [illegible] than [illegible] proved [illegible] manager to a

OLIVER DENTON IS

By PHILIP HALE.

Oliver Denton, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Brahms, Intermezzi, op. 118, Nos. 1 and 2, Rhapsodie op. 119, No. 4; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Chopin, Sonata in B flat minor, Nocturne, F sharp major, Polonaise A flat major.

Mr. Denton played here for the first time. Born in New York, as we are informed, he studied in this country, and later with Safonoff in Russia, Philipp of Paris, and Paul Goldschmidt of Berlin. This season is his first in the United States. We understand that at present he is barely recovering from sickness, but there was no evidence of physical weakness yesterday in his playing.

Indeed, the first impression made was that of the pianist's virility. Not that he often abused his strength; on the contrary, the massive chords in the transcription of Bach's organ piece were resonant and impressive, but there was sound, not noise. The pianist also at once made the impression that he takes a serious view of his art. The performance was a confirmation of the impression made by the program, which was soberly conventional.

The interpretation of Bach's music as inkered by Busoni was, interesting,

some of their responsibilities. And if 'Diana,' as we have said, has been, and still is, somewhat under a cloud, the reasons are too apparent and easy of explanation to arouse any feeling of anxiety respecting its eventual reappearance. It is not, indeed, too much to hope that the return of the serious play will be accompanied by developments of an unexpected and highly important kind, the outcome of the drastic process of transformation through which we are all passing today."

"Half-an-Hour," a play in one act and three scenes, will be performed by Miss Grace George and her company tomorrow at the Plymouth Theatre for the first time in Boston. It is the first play written by Sir James Barrie for the music hall stage. It was produced at the London Hippodrome Sept. 29, 1913. The cast was as follows: Mr. Garson, Edmund Gwenn; Dr. Brodie, Sydney Valentine; Hugh Paton, Frank Esmond; Mr. Redding, J. Woodall-Birde; Butler, James English; Susie, Gertrude Lang; Mrs. Redding, Netta Westcott; Lady Lilian Garson, Irene Vanbrugh.

The telling of the story would spoil the enjoyment of any one purposing to see the performance. It is enough to say that there is none of the whimsicality and quaintness associated with Barrie the playwright. The play is melodrama pure and simple. The Times said of the performance in London: "What agonies of martyrdom heroically borne have been crammed into that half-hour! It is essence of tragedy doubly distilled. We have probably no other actress who could come within a mile of Miss Vanbrugh's performance; hers is an unforgettable picture of fragile and dainty womanhood tortured on the rack and in the end not succumbing. . . . There are no 'Barrieisms' in the play—there is no time for them. The whole thing is like a stroke of lightning, and you feel yourself all over when you come out, rather dazed and unnerved by the shock."

There was talk of Miss Blanche Bates or the part of Lady Garson in this country, but when "Half-an-Hour" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Sept. 25, 1913, for the first time on any stage, Miss George was the tortured heroine with H. T. Herbert as the husband, Nigel Barry as the lover, and Mr. Drewitt as Dr. Brodie. The play was then preceded by "The Younger Generation."

"Divorcons" is an old acquaintance. The more recent performances in this city were one in French at the Copley Theatre March 6, 1916, when Lillian Freuze took the part of Cyprienne; and one in English at the Plymouth with Leanor Gordon as the heroine, June 2, 1913.

There have been many performances in Boston since the comedy was seen at the Park Theatre Aug. 18, 1882, with Alice Dunning Lingard as Cyprienne; Charles Walcott, Des Prunelles; Charles Wells, Adhemar; Joseph, Max Freeman.

Miss George took the part of Cyprienne in Mr. Margaret Mayo's piece at Wallack's, New York, in April, 1907. In June of that year she played in "Divorcons" at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, with Frank Worthing, Richard Bennet and Max Freeman. She revived the play in New York at the Playhouse, March 31, 1913.

As the play is, a few notes about it may not be impertinent. Written by Sardou and Emile de Najac, it was produced at the Palais-Royal, Paris, Dec. 6, 1880. At the time there was question of reforming the marriage laws in France. Sardou, vexed by the coolness shown toward his "Daniel Rochat," exclaimed: "I know my Parisians. I know what they like." "Divorcons" was the result. The play was an enormous success, but it is said that he himself looked askew at it, although it brought 1,500,000 to the box office of the theatre. Celine Chaumont created the part of Cyprienne. A pupil of Mme. Dejazet, she made her debut in 1861 at the Theatre Dejazet, Paris, in "Duel apres le Bal," and was then described as an intelligent child, at times too much at ease on the stage. The younger Dumas discovered her at the Folies-Marigny in 1868. When he took her to the Gymnase "she spoke through her nose rather than her mouth, and she laughed with little guttural hiccups, which she prolonged or cut short in a comical fashion." She married Lefort, who died in 1872. In 1878 she was described as having "imperturbable aplomb, irresistible boldness. A Parisian actress hardly understood away from the Boulevards." At the Variétés she appeared in Offenbach's "Brigands," and little pieces by Meilhac and Halevy. She married again, an actor, Mussay. It was said of her Cyprienne: "What a pity she italicizes so much, and emphasizes in the part all that is too raw and common." Simple, home body, she was fond of the country and her husband.

There have been several versions of the play: Herman Merivale's "The Queen's Proctor"; "A Divorce Cure"; also a version for Mrs. Fiske. The part has tempted many actresses, who have been seen in this country; among them Stella Marie, Marie Aimee, Mme. Judic, Mme. Jieska, Niemann-Raabe, Rejane, Mme. Mrs. Fiske, Emily Banker.

The first performance in the United States was at Abbey's Park Theatre, New York, with Alice Dunning Lingard as Cyprienne, March 14, 1882.

.....Clarence Derwent
.....Richard Clarke

"A Woman of No Importance," by Oscar Wilde, which will be played this week at the Copley Theatre, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on April 19, 1893, when Sir Herbert Tree, then Mr. Tree, took the part of Lord Illingworth. The other chief parts were thus distributed: Mrs. Arbuthnot, Mrs. Bernard-Beere; Hester Worsley, Julia Neilson; Lady Ollonby, Mrs. Tree; Gerald, Mr. Terry. The play ran until Aug. 16, 1893, with a break of three nights (July 20-22) when "An Enemy of the People" was performed. The play was first published in 1894. Punch noticed it as "A Work of Some Importance" with a cartoon, May 6, 1893. The World published a highly laudatory review of the play: "It is not his wit, then, and still less his knack of paradox-twisting, that makes me claim for him a place apart among living dramatists. It is the keenness of his intellect, the individuality of his point of view, the excellence of his verbal style, and above all the genuinely dramatic quality of his inspirations. I do not hesitate to call the scene between Lord Illingworth and Mrs. Arbuthnot at the end of the second act of this play the most virile and intelligent—yes, I mean it—the most intelligent—piece of English dramatic writing of our day."

The comedy was produced at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre Dec. 11, 1893, with Rose Coghlan, Effie Shannon, Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault, Maurice Barrymore and Robert Taber as the chief actors. On Jan. 2, 1894, Charles Coghlan replaced Barrymore as Illingworth, and Aubrey Boucicault Mr. Taber as Gerald. The play has not been performed here in public for many years. Miss Anglin revived it in New York in April, 1916.

The Russian Cathedral Choir of New York, Ivan T. Gorokhoff conductor, will sing in Symphony Hall next Wednesday evening. The first part of the program will consist of music by Tschaikowsky: (1) The Lord's Prayer, (2) O come let us fall down and worship before Christ . . . and Holy God, (3) The Cherubinic Hymn, (4) The Creed, (5) A Mercy of Peace and We Praise Thee, (6) Meet Is It. Music by Rachmaninoff will be sung in the second part: (1) O, Only Begotten Son and Word of God, (2) Beatitudes, (3) Lord Have Mercy, (4) The Cherubinic Hymn, (5) The Creed, (6) A Mercy of Peace and We Praise Thee.

Mr. N. Lindsay Norden, director of the Aeolian choir of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the author of a pamphlet, "The Music of the Russian Liturgy," which is reprinted from the proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association, 1916. This pamphlet was reprinted in the Music Student (London) December, 1916. The subject is first treated historically from the time when Russia accepted Christianity from the Greeks. "The first religious music of Russia was simply a kind of recitation, void of accent, rhythm or time, and generally within the limited compass of a few tones. Music of the same type may be heard today in the Greek monasteries. It was during the reign of Peter the Great that polyphony was introduced at his direction. . . . Nearly all the Russian church composers have done something toward preserving the ancient chants, either by harmonizing them or by incorporating them in modern compositions as thematic material. In this respect Rimsky-Korsakoff stands alone, for he made the music of the church thoroughly religious in character through this use of ancient melodies. A. D. Kastalsky, the present director of tht Synod choir in Moscow, has brought church music into its own, and has firmly established it as an art."

The arrangement of the church is carefully explained by Mr. Norden. Then follows an explanation of the Liturgy in detail. We regret to find Mr. Norden saying that Rachmaninoff's arrangement of the responses, "Lord, have mercy," is "most unique."

There are three liturgies used in the Russian church: The Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, the Liturgy of St. Basil and the Liturgy of the Presanctified Gifts. The Liturgy of Chrysostom is the normal liturgy of the Eastern church. It is the union of two sets of material. "The first is the ordinary Greek text of the Liturgy as given in the Euchologion. This embraces the text and rubrics of the invariable portions of the office, without the variable portions, which constitute about one-third of every Liturgy celebrated; it also omits many hymns and responses by the choir, which are always sung except on great feasts, and which are therefore universally known. The second is the Egkolpion (Manual) of Raphtare, which gives the text and rubrics of the parts performed by the choir and the people. The original service was intended for monasteries, where the inmates gave their whole time to worshipping and praying. As it came to be used in churches, much was condensed."

Mr. Norden then describes the arrangement of the church.

"The inside may be roughly divided into four parts; the Sanctuary, the low platform outside the image-screen, the body of the church and the porch. The Sanctuary faces the east, when at all possible. Parts of the service are performed inside the sanctuary, with the holy doors closed. The holy doors are the main entrance to the sanctuary from the platform in front of the image-screen. There is also a curtain inside these doors, and this is drawn aside at the beginning of the liturgy. Part of the service is performed in the centre of the church, the bishop standing or sitting on the kathedra or dais. The priests vary in number, from one or two to as many as ten or twelve, on the great feasts; they perform part of their functions within the sanctuary and part in the body of the church. It is forbidden to celebrate more than one liturgy at any one altar in a single day, and also no priest is allowed to celebrate more than one Liturgy in any one day.

"The worshippers stand in the body of the church, the men on the right and the women on the left. Many, as they enter, purchase candles, which they place in various parts of the church in receptacles provided for them. The illumination from these is very beautiful. Wax and pure oil are used for lighting, since they symbolize the purest of substances; but, of course, other artificial lights are also used for illumination. Lights are always used, even on the brightest days, since they symbolize the truth that the Lord gives to the world the light of the spirit. Lights also vary with the importance of the service and at various stages in the service. All the lights are not lighted at the beginning of matins, but, as the service progresses, more and more are turned on, until the greatest illumination takes place at the singing of the Gloria in Excelsis. The illumination at the liturgy proper is greater than at any other of the services.

"The congregation is not supposed to make any response. The service is performed by the priest, the deacon, the reader and the choir, divided, in large churches, into two groups. The priest, except at the communion, has little more than exclamations and benedictions. The people join in only by crossing themselves and bowing at certain points, as after words like 'Lord, have mercy,' or 'Let us attend.'

"Services begin on the evening of the day before, as with the Jews. Vespers and matins are given as one service, on the evening preceding a feast day or Sunday, and the liturgy is said on the morning of the day itself."

The anthem, "O Only Begotten Son," called the hymn of Justinian, celebrates the perfect completion of grace in the Son of God Incarnate, with all His work for our salvation, and including adoration of the Virgin Mother.

The third antiphon begins with the prayer of the penitent thief on the cross, followed by the Beatitudes. "This commemorates the saints, who died a holy death, and last of all, Christ."

"O come, let us fall down" is sung by the choir as the Gospels are laid on the altar.

"Lord, have mercy," is the choir response three times after each prayer, when the litany of fervent supplication is said.

The Cherubim song comes after prayers are said secretly within the sanctuary. The text is very old. "It is found in the chief eastern liturgies before the great entrance. It is generally ascribed to the time of Justinian, who ordered it to be sung in churches. It has been used in the Greek church since 600 A. D. Between the two halves the great entrance is made, and the holy gifts are taken from the table of oblation to the altar. Priests, deacons and readers go in procession, preceded by lighted tapers. This symbolizes the last advent of Christ upon earth, when He shall come with glory. Then all the faithful fall down before the priests, partly desiring their prayers and partly venerating the divine gifts. The choir sings the 'Many Years,' followed by a short litany. The doors are closed immediately after the great entrance, for it is not fitting that the mystery should be observed by any outside the priesthood. The symbol of faith, or creed, follows, and some very splendid settings are found here. That of Gretchaninoff, for alto solo, with a choral background of eight parts, is perhaps one of the greatest, if not the greatest, that has ever been composed in any country at any time. Sometimes the creed is rendered in simple plain song, and this setting is also inspiring.

"'The Kiss of Peace' now follows, and the 'Mercy of Peace.' Many prayers are said secretly within the sanctuary by the priests, while the choir sings, 'We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give our thanks to Thee, and pray to Thee, O Lord, our God.' Following this the 'Hymn to the Birthgiver of God' is sung. Some of these settings are worthy of study, for they are usable as anthems in Episcopal and other churches. Tschaikowsky's is the only one published in English at the present time."

In order that the complete service may not become monotonous, composers have produced unequalled choral devices and "cadential" effects. "Sometimes the writing is strictly in four parts, but this is perhaps the rarest plan. At other times it is given to as many as 12 parts, and the solidity of such writing is splendid. The first tenor part is frequently in octaves, with the first soprano part throughout an entire composition, and they are often written together on a separate staff over the other parts. Modern notation is not entirely employed, for the old C-clefs are still used to some extent. In four-part writing the octavo-bass doubles the bass throughout, or at least wherever the harmony permits. Often the soprano and also parts are discontinued for a time, and the basses and tenors sing in four parts. Then, again, in order to complete the harmony for some parts that are singing, other parts merely vocalize on certain long sustained tones, producing an effect very like the horns in an orchestra. Many of the effects, in fact, resemble orchestral writing."

Mr. Norden concludes: "Although the music includes selections for all seasons of the church year, and for all occasions, joyous or prayerful, it never becomes secular in style, nor do the composers attempt to interest their auditors by rhythmical effects. For this reason, those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the spirit and meaning of this music often criticise it as being too mournful or sad in character, and there are church musicians who would not include a piece of this music on their programs save during Lent or some such period. Yet here is a wealth of genuine religious music, untainted by any secular appeal, and entirely suitable for all occasions of the church calendar. With what great appropriateness might it replace some of the trash, florid, operatic and sensuous in style, now found in nearly all churches in our country! Of course, it takes diligent rehearsing to produce a cappella music, but consider how much lower our standards must be from those of Russia, if it is impossible for us to adopt some of this music. The principal trouble is in ear training. As soon as a choir has learned to take the various intervals correctly, nearly all has been accomplished. * * * There is some question as to whether we have enough church musicians who are so educated as to comprehend the message it (this music) brings, and to work till they secure a perfect production. To accomplish this requires vision, as well as a sincere and frank acknowledgment, that, after all, the organ is a very small factor in true church music. It may be painful to admit this, yet in the estimation of many responsible musicians, it is unquestionably true. We have learned to appreciate Russian opera, the Russian ballet, Russian folksongs, Russian pictorial art and Russian orchestral music. Let us not be backward about accepting the great music of the Holy Orthodox-Apostolic Greco-Russian Church of the East."

J. Fischer & Brother of New York have published a collection of Russian compositions for the church with English text edited by Mr. Norden. The music of the 34 pieces is for mixed voices, with the exception of four or five which are for female voices. The composers represented are Arkhangelsky, Bortnyansky, Dvoretsky, Gretchaninoff, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, P. Ivanoff, Katalsky, Louvsky, Musitcheskoo, Pavloff, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Schvedoff, Smirnoff, Smolensky, Tschaikowsky, Tschesnokoff.

And now let us read of the difficulties encountered by Tschalkowsky in his effort to better the condition of Russian church music.

Tschaikowsky, as early as April, 1878, expressed his wish to do something in the way of church music. He wrote to Mrs. von Meck: "A vast and almost untrodden field of activity lies open to composers here. I appreciate certain merits in Bortniansky, Berezovsky and others; but how little their music is in keeping with the Byzantine architecture, the ikons and the whole spirit of the Orthodox liturgy! Perhaps you are aware that the Imperial Chapels have the monopoly of church music, and that it is forbidden to print or to sing in church any sacred compositions which are not included in the published collections of these chapels. Moreover, they guard this monopoly very jealously and will not permit new settings of any portions of the liturgy under any circumstances whatever. My publisher, Jurgenson, has discovered a way of evading this curious prohibition, and if I write anything of this kind he will publish it abroad. It is not improbable that I shall decide to set the entire liturgy of St. John Chrysostom."

In August of that year he wrote to Jurgenson that he should like to receive a sum equivalent to about $50 for the liturgy.

It appears that this liturgy was confiscated by order of Bachmetiev. "Only those works which have been recognized by the chapel," wrote Tschaikowsky, "can be publicly sold or performed. This is the reason why, until now, no Russian musicians have written church music. After the confiscation of my composition Jurgenson brought an action for damages against Bachmetiev, and has won his case. This does not matter so much for my liturgy as for the principle involved." That year (1879), his liturgy was performed in the University Church at Kiev.

In 1880 the Moscow Musical Society interested itself in the Liturgy. There was a performance in the concert room of the Moscow Conservatory. "The choir sang wonderfully well," wrote Tschaikowsky, "and it was altogether one of the happiest moments in my musical career. It was decided to give the Liturgy at an extra concert of the Musical Society." This concert took place on Dec. 30, 1880. There had been so much talk about the confiscation of the work that the concert was unusually crowded. "At the close," says Tschaikowsky's brother Modeste, "the composer was frequently recalled. Nevertheless there was considerable difference of opinion as to the success of the work. Tschaikowsky was not much affected by the views of the professional critics,

The author has described this enter-

but he was ... by a letter emanating from ... Ambrose ... in the Rouss... that the liturgy ... e.sion of the ... heard only ... that ... a libretto was a ... of the holy word. It ... congratulating the orthodox ... had at least been treated by a ... n, but what would happen if ... a 'Rosenthal' or a 'Ros...' should lay hands upon it ... 'our most sacred words would be mocked at and hissed.'"

From ... Tschaikowsky wrote to Mrs. von Meck in November, 1881: "Because I am deeply interested in church music just now I go to the churches here very frequently especially to the Lavra.' The Lavra are monasteries of the first rank. "On Sunday the bishop celebrated services in the monasteries of Michael and the Brotherhood. The singing in these churches is celebrated, but I thought it very poor and pretentious, with a repertory of common-place concert pieces. It is quite different in the Lavra, where they sing in their own old style, following the traditions of a thousand years, without notes and without any attempt at concert music. Nevertheless, it is an original and grand style of sacred singing. The public thinks the music of the Lavra is bad, and are delighted with the sickly-sweet singing of other churches. This vexes and enrages me. It is difficult to be indifferent in the matter. My efforts to help church music have been misunderstood. My Liturgy is forbidden. Two months ago the ecclesiastical authorities in Moscow refused to let it be sung at the memorial service for Nicholas Rubinstein. The Archbishop Amhrose pronounced it to be a Catholic service. The authorities are pigheaded enough to keep every ray of light out of this sphere of darkness and ignorance."

Tschaikowsky in January, 1891, wrote to Jurgenson asking him to send the Liturgy and other church works with the exception of the Vespers, so that he could make a selection for the concerts in New York at the dedication of Carnegie Hall. On May 8, 1891, in Carnegie Hall, Tschaikowsky conducted his Pater Noster and the Legend, which has been sung here several times.

"An attempt to harmonize Divine Service," setting for mixed chorus, 17 numbers (1881-1882), and three church anthems, were preceded by the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom" for four part mixed chorus (1878). Tschaikowsky edited the works of Bortniansky.

Mme. Yolande Mero, who will give a recital here on Tuesday afternoon, needs no introduction.

The Apollo Club's concert in Symphony Hall next Tuesday evening will give those who do not subscribe to the concerts in Jordan Hall an opportunity of hearing this long established society. Mr. Kreisler will be another inducement.

Mr. Warlich, who will sing on Wednesday afternoon, is not wholly a stranger. He gave a recital in Chickering Hall on Dec. 15, 1910, and was then announced as Reinhold von Warlich, a German bass. His father was an orchestral conductor in a Russian city, we are told. Mr. Kreisler, interested in the baritone, will play his accompaniments.

Edward Deru, violinist, who will give a chamber concert with Messrs. Smalley and Ebell on Friday night, was born at Verviers, and attracted attention in the music school of that city. At the Brussels Conservatory he studied with Ysaye and took the first prize. For some years he was the concert master of the Monnaie Theatre orchestra in Brussels. He resigned this position to give concerts in France, Belgium, Holland, England and Germany. In 1912 his recitals in London and Berlin were highly praised. Six years before that he was solo violinist at the Saint-Saens festival at Ostend. He was the teacher of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, and will resume his instruction after the war. He has been appointed violinist to the King and Queen of Belgium. Last March he and Ysayo performed Bach's double concerto in London. The war forced him to leave Brussels. During 14 months in England he played in 119 concerts, nearly all for charity. "He also played for the wounded in the hospitals and went to the front, where he gave a recital for the soldiers, only four miles from the German trenches. There were 4000 men gathered to hear him, and he played in the crowded hall in utter darkness. The only light in the entire building was provided by a single candle stuck upon the bayonet of a soldier." Mr. Deru gave an interesting account of his life at the front to a reporter of the New York Times. He was able to leave Belgium because he was a musician. "Up to the very last minute preceding the occupation we had been tranquil. The papers had been reassuring and we did not believe they would get to us. Nobody did. Then one day I went out to buy a late paper and there, in the Rue de la Loi, were masses of vehicles of every description laden with refugees. The women were crying hopelessly, for they had fled from Louvain, and Louvain was in flames. Our hearts sank, and we went back to bed wondering what the next day would bring to us. Suddenly we heard voices singing. We listened breathless, and the sounds came nearer. At last we could distinguish a tune. It was 'The Watch on the Rhine.' Then the sound of heavy gun carriages rolling over the stones was heard and we knew the worst had come for us. Never, if I live to be a hundred years old, will I forget the sound of those voices singing in the night. We stayed in Brussels until December simply because they would not give us a passport. Brussels was like a city of the dead. I felt that if I could get away I could at least do something. Then one day in a tram I heard a voice say, 'Bon jour, M. Deru,' in excellent French. It was a German officer and he told me he and his wife had heard me play at Ostend and he remembered me. He asked me what I was doing, and I answered that I wished to leave, but could not get a passport. He told me to go to a certain place on the next day and he would arrange matters for me, and he did. He was very polite and at parting wished me a pleasant journey. His last words were: 'I shall hope to have the pleasure of hearing you in Paris next winter.'"

Miss May Peterson, who will sing in Tremont Temple on Thursday night, was heard here for the first time at a Copley Plaza morning musicale Dec. 27, 1915. Born in Oshkosh, she studied first in Chicago, where she sang in choirs and in concert, then in Berlin and later in Paris with Jean de Reszke. She made her debut in opera at Vichy in July, 1912, as Manon. Having sung that year and the next in French provincial theatres, she made her debut in Paris at the Theatre Lyrique at the Gaite in October, 1913, as Lakine with such success that she was offered a long engagement. In January, 1914, she sang with the Philharmonie Society in Paris. In July of that year she made a contract with the Opera Comique to sing leading rôles. The war put an end to this engagement.

Mme. Sturkow-Ryder, pianist, who will play at Ye Wilbur Theatre tomorrow afternoon, has been a soloist, it is said, with the Chicago, New York, Minneapolis, Russian Symphony and Kaltenborn orchestras. She played here for the first time with Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, last Wednesday afternoon.

To the Editor of the Herald.

By a slip of memory in my last article I credited S. D. Johnson with being the dramatizer of William B. English's story of "Rosena Meadows." He didn't put "the sweet village maiden" upon the stage to meet with ruin in the big city. C. H. Saunders, another low comedian, once well known at the National Theatre, was the real adapter. I write this because I do not want his ghost or any mere material spirit to give me a slap. Also, I should have said my bill was nearly twice as old as Lamb's instead of more than double its age. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester, Jan. 14.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Povla Frisch, soprano; Miss Winifred Christie, pianist; and The Longy Club. See special notice.

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 270 Commonwealth avenue, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's second concert. Miss Loraine Wyman will sing these songs: Ma douce Annette, Ah! que je me plains, En revenant de Varennes, Quand je menais mes Chevaux boire, La Fille de d'Ermite, Les Cloches de Nantes, Good Morning Pretty Maid, The Sally Gardens, The Nightingale, The Old Maid's Song, Barbara Allen, The Barnyard.

Wilbur Theatre, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Sturkow-Ryder.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Havrah Hubbard's second "Operalogue." Subject, Borodin's "Prince Igor."

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Yolande Mero's piano recital. Mozart, Fantasia and Fugue in C major; Bach, Praeludium, B minor; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 109; Schumann, Davidsbuendlertaenze; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody in C major; Liszt, Harmonies du Soir; Schubert-Liszt, Impromptu, G major; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Part songs: Coleridge-Taylor, Viking Song; Sibelius, Broken Melody; Gibson, Immortal Spirit of Song (with duet, George H. Boynton, tenor; William F. Smith, baritone); Bullard, Sword of Ferrara; Cadman, Four American Indian Songs (with baritone solo, Alfred F. Denghausen); Protheroe, De Sandman; Duparc, Dreamworld; Dehols, Mysterious Night (violin obbligato by Mr. Kreisler); Sullivan, The Lost Chord; America (Club and audience). Violin solos: Bach, Sonata in E major for violin alone; Dvorak-Kreisler, Two Slavonic Dances; Schubert-Kreisler, Ballet Music from "Rosamunde"; Kreisler, Rondino on a theme of Beethoven; Kreisler, Tambourin Chinois.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Reinold Warlich, baritone; Fritz Kreisler, pianist. Schumann, Talisman, Fruehlingsnacht; Franz, Leise zieht durch mein Gemueth, Der Schmetterling; Brahms, Minnelied, Vergebliches Staendchen; Strauss, Ich trage meine Minne, Herr Lenz. Old French songs, Belle qui tiens ma vie, Charmante Gabrielle, Invocation a l'amour, Vive Henri IV.; Laparra, un Reve, Dans un Villa Romaine; Debussy, Le Faune, Mandoline; Hume, Fain Would I Change; Jones, Go to Bed, Sweet Muse; Atter, On a Time; Anon, King Henry, Bonny Earl o' Murray, The Piper of Dundee, Leeze Lindsay. Russian Folk Song: Cossack Lament; Gretchaninoff, Siberian Convict; Moussorgsky, Pirouchka, Village Fool in Love, Trepak; Arensky, The Wolves.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Russian Cathedral choir of New York. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second subscription concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Moor, Prelude and Fugue for string quartet (ms.); Bach, Suite in E flat major for violoncello alone; Beethoven, Quartet in F minor, op. 95; Glazounoff, Quartet in D major, op. 1.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. "Request Night" in the Tremont Temple concert course. Miss May Peterson, soprano, will sing these songs: Charpentier, "Depuis le Jour"; Franz, Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen; Mahler, Hans und Grethe; Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me; Pierne, Connaissez vous mon Hirondelle; Rhene Baton, Ch... ... Burleigh, Deep River; Mallinson, Snowflakes; Spross, Yesterday and Today; The Marseillaise and with M. Hackett, a duet from "Carmen." Arthur Hackett, tenor, will sing an aria from "Lohengrin" and ... songs: Fox, The Foggy Dew; Rohl..., The ... Breasted Pearl, Lover, The Low Back Car; Coleridge-Taylor, Eleanore; S..., M... Branscombe, Dear Lad o' Mine. ... Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, will play these pieces: Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C minor; Liszt, Love Dream No. 3; Albeniz, Seguidilla; Gebhard, En Vaisant; Wagner-Brassin, Fire Music from "The Valkyrie"; MacDowell, Czardas; Grainger, Irish Tune from Derry; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Harold Bauer, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist. Mozart, Sonata in B flat; Schubert, Fantasia in C major, op. 159; Franck, Sonata in A major.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of chamber music by Edouard Deru, violinist, Ralph Smalley, violoncellist; Hans Ebell, pianist. Beethoven, Trio, C minor; Grieg, Sonata, op. 36, for piano and violoncello; Franck, Sonata for piano and violin. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Elena Gerhardt's song recital. Schubert, An die Musik, Liebesbotschaft, Rastlose Liebe, Im Abendroth, Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Der Musensohn. Brahms, Auf die Nacht, Schwalbe sag' mir an, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Der Jager, Der Tod das ist die kuehle Nacht, Von ewiger Liebe. Wolf, Gesang Weyla, In ... ... Ruhe ... Staendchen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 22,

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The New York Evening Post remarked that Messrs. Paderewski and Kreisler "looked pale and tired" when they played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last Tuesday night. The Evening Post added sympathetically: "The season has been a hard one on great artists." But no one forces them to give so many recitals. They could live comfortably on the income derived from a moderate amount of fiddling and piano playing.

"Bould" Men of the Road.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Irish highwaymen, I rise to inquire what's the matter with "Bould Michael Poor"? "Bould Michael" flourished in the vicinity of my native town, Carrick-on-Suir (pronounce this "shure," on your life), as is evident from the words of the ballad celebrating his exploits.

> I wint into Carrick
> An' slep' there that night,
> 'Twas airly next mornin'
> I got a great fright.
> Three peelers well arrumed
> They broke in the door
> But I left thim all bleedin'
> Kilt dead on the floor.
> Radly, fol the deedle aral ti aral-i-day!

Going forth from Carrick after leaving the three peelers "kilt dead on the floor," Bould Michael

> Met the post boy
> With the bag in his hand,
> I prisinted me pistol
> An' soon made him stand
> Radly fol the deedle aral t aral i-day!

Those being days of peace, the postboy was naturally astonished at the censorship assumed by Bould Michael but the pistol and the fear that he might get a couple "balls in his nob," as happened to the coachman of whom Sammy Weller sings, made the unfortunate custodian of the mails tractable. The old ballad gives us an idea how he felt:

> "For mercy, for mercy,
> For mercy," he cried,
> "Sure, this is the way
> I must airn me bread.
> To support me ould mother,
> A child an' a wife,
> Faith, I'll give you the bag
> If you lave me me life.
> Radly, fol the deedle aral-ti-aral i day!

The remainder of the deeds of "Bould Michael Poor," are they not written in the ballads? And are they not held in memories more retentive than mine?

The refrain, "Radly, fol the deedle aral-ti-aral-i-day," is in I know not what language. Such refrains are common in ballads of the old days.

And there is still another Irish outlaw (perhaps he was originally in the highway line too) celebrated in a ballad which tells of the doings of "Bould Jack Donahoe." The scene of "Bould Jack's" exploits was Australia where, escaping from the convict settlements of those days he took to the bush. I can remember only two snatches of the ballad of Jack. It makes him speak in the first person, and begins.

> In Dublin town I was brought up,
> That city of great fame;
> Me parients reared me tindhirly,
> As many a one knows the same.

But me Bould Jack, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his tender rearing goes wrong, and finds himself a convict. He escapes, commits depredations, is hunted by the officers, is surrounded and called upon to surrender or resign. It is many a year since I heard the ballad, but I never shall forget how my boyish heart thrilled to the noble reply of "Bould Jack."

> Resign, ye cowardly rascals,
> Is a thing I will never do,
> I'll fight this night with all me might
> Says Bould Jack Donahoe.
> I'll rove these woods and valleys
> Like a wolf or a kangaroo,
> Before I'll work for government
> Says Bould Jack Donahoe!

Jack was agin the government all right. DENIS A. McCARTHY

Winthrop, Mass.

Mr. Boone Rises.

As the World Wags:

While the knitting women are nodding to the fall of the heads of "Titus" and "H. T. B.," my colleagues in the spreading of the gospel about the Ossipees, let me say a few words before the muscular twitching of my own visage ceases in the gore at the foot of the guillotine. The fact that Whittier, W. C. Gannett, Edward Everett Hale and Lucy Larcom and Frank Bolles, for that matter, admired the Ossipee region does not alter the truth that there exists in "Ossipee Pocket" a band of men, women and children whose education is nihil and mentality low through the agency of constant intermarriage. The tribe was started many years ago by men and women who for reasons best known to themselves wished to do away with all contact with the world outside. This is a well known fact in Ossipee, Sandwich and Tamworth, and I am surprised that natives of the region overlook the matter entirely in their contributions to this column. Although the tribe does send out drunken representatives occasionally for salt, and such things, who beat their horses and carouse around town over night, the Ossipee region and its inhabitants are no less appealing to rank outsiders, and I myself visit it frequently

> "To drink the wine of mountain air
> Beside the Bearcamp Water."

DANIEL BOONE.

Cambridge, Jan. 16.

"R." to "C. T."

As the World Wags:

"A foeman worthy of his steel." And having read the poetical effusion he discreetly stifled a yawn. Said Majoribanks to Cholmondely, Good night! R.

Onset, Jan. 17.

LONGY CLUB GIVES AFTERNOON CONCERT

Mme. Frisch, Soprano, and Miss Christie, Piano, Assist.

Mme. Povla Frisch, soprano; Miss Winifred Christie, pianist, and the Longy Club of Boston gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Jean Verd was the accompanist for Mme. Frisch. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Gloire a la nature; Handel, Air de Poppee; Schubert, Wohin; Schumann, In's Freie, Fruehlingsnacht, Vill Glueck Zur Reise Schwalben; Gretschuninoff, La Steppe; Chausson, Les Papillons; Stravinsky, Pastorale; Greig, With a Primrose; Georges, Hymne au Soleil, Mme. Frisch. Chopin, Barcarole; Ravel, Jeux d'Eau; Debussy, La Fille au Cheveux de lien; Liszt, Waldesrauschen; Moszowsko, Concert Etude in G flat, Miss Christie. Gounod, Adagio and Allegretto, Andante cantamile, Scherzo; Saint-Saens, Feuillet d'Alum; Novacek, Presto; Gouny, Aubade, Ronde de Nuit, Rondo.

Before the concert Mr. Mudgett announced that Mme Frisch, suffering from a severe cold, would have preferred not to sing. However, as no other artist could be found to take her place she had consented to appear and asked the indulgence of the audience.

The singer was evidently handicapped, but with the resourcefulness of the born artist she acquitted herself gracefully. A supreme interpreter of songs her vocal intentions although not always fully carried out were nevertheless apparent. These excited admiration and there was deserved applause.

Miss Christie, a remarkably gifted pianist, gave much pleasure. Her playing is delightfully feminine, yet she has true strength. She can be both poetic and brilliant, and her brilliance is never superficial. She has marked originality and a wide range of nuances. Her performance of Ravel's Juex d'Eau suggestd limped and sunlit waters at play. Her spirited playing lent distinction to Moszkowski's old fashioned Etude.

The Longy Club, with its equally accomplished members, played admirably and gave variety to the program.

Next Sunday afternoon the concert will be given by Mischa Elman.

CONCERT DRAWS CROWD

An interesting program of Armenian, French, Russian and English music, given in concert form by A. Chah-Mouradian, tenor, with the participation of Mme. Zabelle Panosian, soprano; Mme. Ondricek, violin, and G. Hutchins, flute, drew a large number of hearers at the Hollis Street Theatre, yesterday afternoon.

Under the direction of Miss Lotta . Clark, head of the history department at the Boston Normal school, who presided, one of the series of meetings which the Woman's Education Association is supporting was held at the Old South Meeting House yesterday afternoon. The ancient church was filled with Boston Greeks and in one of the balconies was a company of Boston Italians.

They saw the Greek play, "Demeter and Persephone," enacted in English by seniors from the Boston normal school, and again in Greek by 12 Greek girl students at Simmons College and four young men from the Helicon Club, an organization of college graduates of Grecian blood.

Under Patronage of Queen.

The play is an old pagan story of Mother Earth hunting for her lost child, ...ring, and finding it after imploring the assistance of Zeus. The Greek girls are studying at Simmons under the patronage of Queen Sophia of Greece, and on their graduation will open a domestic science school in Athens.

Jan 23

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Half an Hour," by Sir James M. Barrie. Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, Sept. 2?, 1913.

Lillian Garson	Grace George
Mr. Garson	H. E. Herbert
Hugh	Rex McDougall
Susie	Janet Slater
Dr. Brodie	Clarence Derwent
Mr. Redding	Hubert Druce
Mrs. Redding	Norah Lamison
Withers	Gerald Rogers

Although this piece was produced by Miss George, as stated above, for the first time on any stage, Barrie evidently wrote it for a music hall, the Hippodrome in London, where it was played four days after the first performance in New York. The author might have had the Grand Guignol in mind, so cruelly ironical is the condensed melodrama. The play is short and savage, wholly without the whimsical fancy that has endeared Barrie to thousands. The coincidences that shape the plot are many. It is natural enough that Lady Lillian, purposing to run away with Hugh from her brute of a husband, should go to his lodgings and that he should be run over and killed by a motor-bus; yet one might ask if he would not have sent Susie out for the cab.

That the doctor who found her there should go straight to dinner at Garson's house that night, tell the story of the accident and then suddenly find the woman in the lodgings his hostess is a theatrical stroke worthy of Mr. ...on Vane. Surely the "long arm of coincidence" is here violently stretched by Sir James. The character of the physician is not wholly natural. We doubt any doctor in his place would have been so callous, so brutal in his speeches to the woman. And how stilted are some of these speeches, written in true copy-book manner! But the physician redeemed himself just before dinner by acting like a gentleman.

On the other hand Barrie made his play in bold strokes. There is little that is superfluous. We are intimately acquainted with Garson and his wife after they have talked for five minutes. The final scene holds the interest until the end; the suspense is maintained; melodrama does not go into the incongruously tragical; the suspicious husband is put at ease, and Lillian, laughing hysterically, goes into the dining room on the arm of the doctor.

The performance was admirable. Miss George played in the key sounded by her husband at the beginning when he taunted her with being an aristocrat. Benumbed by the fate of her lover she did not rant and tear about the stage. Her answers to the physician were as dignified as they were pathetic. Her composure, when she was inwardly tortured before dinner, was worthy of Lady Dedlock racked by the family lawyer or listening to young Mr. Guppy's story. Garson himself, if he had known all, would have been the first to call her a thoroughbred. He would have hated her as much for her aristocratic coolness as for mental or physical infidelity.

Her performance was noteworthy in every way. Excellent, too, was the impersonation of Garson by Mr. Herbert, who was the first to play the part. The coarseness and the brutality of the man were portrayed without extravagance, as were his growing suspicion and his search for evidence. Mr. McDougall as Hugh, the lover, had little to do but to go out to his doom.

This play was preceded by "Divorçons."

...ph...	Norah Lamison
...tl...	Gerald Rogers
Henri Des Prunelles	Ernest Lawford
Clavignac	Hubert Druce
Cyprienne	Grace George
...fourdin	Robert Fedrow
... de Brionne	Janet Slater
Ad... de Gratignac	Rex McDougall
...	Florence Edney
...e. de Valfontaine	Charlotte Granville
...	Clarence Derwent
...	Richard Clarke

The comedy is still amusing, even in Miss Mayo's version, in which some of the French lines have suffered an extraordinary sea-change; in spite of the fact that the divorce question which agitated France when the comedy was first performed is not today in this country a question of so vital importance in the eyes of theatregoers. The lines still provoke laughter, as do the situations, though they have been used by later dramatists.

The performance was of the first order. It was warmly appreciated by a large audience. Miss George is a delightful Cyprienne, a rare artist in true comedy. She avoided pitfalls into which others have fallen. Her Cyprienne was not at heart or in outward demeanor a Cyprian. Speeches that from the lips of others have seemed animally crude spoken by her were inevitably associated with the boredom and the curiosity of the young wife yoked with a retired viveur.

A naturally joyous woman, fond of luxury, with a keen sense of humor, she was quick to see through the shallow Adhemar. How delicious her scene with Des Prunelles at the end of the second act, where jealousy turned her heart toward her husband. That in the restaurant she envied other women that had there supped with him might be called a Gallic touch, but there is some truth in the line of Pope at which all women cry out indignantly.

Seldom do we in Boston pass so pleasant an evening at the theatre. Seldom are we permitted to see so accomplished and captivating an actress supported by a company so capable. Mr. Lawford's Des Prunelles was masterly by the comedian's verve, variety and dry humor. Mr. McDougall and Mr. Derwent were only two of the capital company.

By PHILIP HALE.

Moon-Blinded.

As the World Wags:

Having been surprised that your allusion to the effects of the moon did not arouse more learned discussions I call to mind that in the early eighties I witnessed quarterly signatures to pension papers calling for payments from Uncle Sam for disability arising from "Moon-blindness" incurred while on duty in the civil war. Was my experience unique?

FORMER NOTARY'S CLERK.

Biddeford, Me.

P. S.—Did you overlook J. Wilkes Booth in the list of "Redivivi" in the Herald of Jan. 11?

It is true that there is a Wilkes Booth legend, but we did not have space to speak of all the men and women that might be classed under the head. You will find in the Contemporary Review of August, 1916, an interesting article "On the Supernatural Element in History," by Mr. Harold Temperley. In this article there is mention of Slav peasants believing that Joseph II. is still a prisoner at Rome, while Russians await the coming of Skobeleff on his white horse, if he actually did not appear to sentries in November, 1914. The writer examines minutely the story of Prince Marko leading the Serbians against the Turks and of Joan of Arc appearing at Mons.—Ed.

Taylor, Dogs and Others.

As the World Wags:

The inapposite comparisons in which dogs are made to do service in similes did not escape the notice of John Taylor, the so-called Water Poet, who, in "A Dogge of Warre," thus comments upon the subject: "Many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a Man say I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweat like a Dogge (when, indeed a Dogge never sweates), as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge: and one told a Man once that his Wife was not to be beleev'd, for shee would lye like a Dogge." The last-named simile, which, in the slightly different form "lie like dogs," is to be found in Shakespeare's "Tempest," is not given in Frank J. Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes."

The above-mentioned Dictionary of Similes compiled by Frank J. Wilstach gives only one simile from Abraham Lincoln, viz: "'Squatter Sovereignty' squatted out of existence, tumbled down like a temporary scaffolding." There are, however, many similes in Lincoln's works, and not a few of them are much more picturesque and striking than the above-mentioned one given by Mr. Wilstach. Take, for example, this one, which is to be found on page 142 of volume 6 of Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln; A History": "Sending men to that army is like shoveling fleas across a barnyard"; or take this one, which is to be found in a telegram which Lincoln sent to Gen. Joseph Hooker on June 5, 1863: "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other"; or take this one, which is to be found in Lincoln's rejoinder to Douglas in the joint debate which took place between them at Quincy, Ill., on Oct. 13, 1858: "As thin as the homeopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death."

Brookline. OBSERVER.

A Face at the Window.

As the World Wags:

The friend of man, the dog, having received some attention in your column of late, I inclose the following, taken from "Aids to English Composition," by Richard Green Parker, A. M. (Harper's, 1854). It is an example presented for the purpose of enabling the young student to write simple dialogues or conversations. It is entitled "Dialogue Between Charles and Henry About Dogs," and the following extract is a sample of the many brands of nature-faking that were served up to our ancestors during their schooldays:

"Charles—Is he (the dog) good for anything? Has he been trained?"

"Henry—Oh, yes; he is a very valuable animal. Uncle would not sell him at any price. He is an excellent water-dog and knows more than many boys of his own age. The other morning he was sitting in a chair at the window, from which he had been accustomed to look at the boys as they were playing on the street, and finding that he could not see through the window, on account of the frost on the glass, he applied his warm tongue to one of the panes, and, licking the frost from the glass, attempted to look out; but, the spot which he had cleared being only large enough to admit one eye, he immediately made another, in the same manner, for the other eye, by which he was enabled to enjoy the sight as usual."

Can this be true? W. L. L.

Melrose.

The Crater Region.

"Robinson Crusoe" of Belmont writes: "Two summers ago while hiking in the vicinity of the crater in Ossipee mountain, I happened to stray into the district of patchwork huts. My impression of the people who came out and stared out at me corresponds almost exactly with that of the writers of the original three notes. Titus, Daniel Boone and H. T. D.

"The general impression which I carried away with me was that they were almost on the lowest point approaching barbarism. This impression was later confirmed by what appeared to be the most veracious of the inhabitants of the Ossipee region. I learned the history of the crater settlement, and judging by the motive which prompted its first settlers some years ago to remove themselves from the world and its pale of civilization, the present state represents little more than the natural result of physical and moral laws of evolution. In the light of history such a community cannot be far from the Aroncaniens in southern Chili, and they will gradually disappear from sheer lack of vitality and the constant application of fire water. From the story of these African tribes I should judge there would be no hope of bettering these people, but that they would simply have to die out. Few of the inhabitants of Ossipee are very much interested in the crater tribe, and it is given more or less of a wide berth in the entire countryside. But those who have had any experience with these people can in all veracity confirm what these three writers to the column have said."

Timothy Remarks.

As the World Wags:

In reply to Miss Addie Lord McIndoe permit me to point out that milord appears to be talking of the town of Ossipee, a nice enough place in its way, as the worthies of Tamworth will readily admit. But her statement that "such conditions never existed in America," speaking of "the tribe of wild men inhabiting the extinct crater of the Ossipee mountains, and harnessing their women folks to the plough," merely shows that she is totally ignorant of past conditions, at least within that crater. I can vouch for the fact that such conditions used to exist. "Daniel Boone" says that they still exist. Cannot some one who has recently been within the crater corroborate?

Speaking of Brougham being pronounced Tulliver in England, can any one explain why the Enroughty family of Richmond, Va., pronounce their name Darby? TIMOTHY.

Ex-Tamworth.

COLONIAL THEATRE: "The Cohan Revue 1916," by George M. Cohan. First performance in Boston.

The Jester	John Hendricks
Captain Jones	Walter Brazil
Colonel Smith	John Boyle
Andrew Overdraft	Harry Bulger
H. H. Hobson	James C. Marlowe
Mrs. Andrew Overdraft	Elizabeth M. Murray
R. J. Carroll	Jere Grady
Major Barbara	Lila Rhodes Costigan
Stephen Overdraft	Frederick Santley
Billy Holliday	Harry Delf
Dr. Boomerang	Richard Carle
Ed. Dundreary	John Hendricks
Jane Clay	Valli Valli
Emily Stevenson	Miss Juliet
Jean Paurel	Charles Winninger
Young America	Little Billy
Jasper	Alfred Latell
Emma McChesney	Miss Juliet
Sadie Love	Grace Nolan
Victory	Florence Curtis
Defeat	Anita Elson
The god of war	Charles Heasong

The author has described this entertainment as "a musical crazy-quilt, patched together, threaded with words and music." In the play Dr. Boomerang remarks: "This is the most complicated show I ever was to." Both definitions fit.

The ingenious and undaunted Mr Cohan has touched lightly and inconsequentially upon a dozen or more plays with which theatre goers have become acquainted within the immediate past or present. "Major Barbara," "Fair and Warmer," "Hobson's Choice," "The Boomerang," "The House of Glass," "Young America," "Our Mrs. McChesney," "Hit the Trail Holliday," "The Great Lover," "Common Clay," and other pieces are reviewed in jocund vein and serve as a pretext for action, song and dance. All the characters are borrowed and transformed according to Mr. Cohan's vision. Jean Parnell, Major Barbara, Hobson, the bootmaker, Billy Holliday, Emma McChesney and other old friends wander through two acts and 14 scenes, during which they are vaguely and mysteriously related. The revue is handsomely staged. There are striking costumes. The chorus is lively and efficient. The music is suited to the action and as easily forgotten.

The cast contains many familiar names. The clever impersonation of Jean Powell by Charles Winninger, whose wife is the delightful Miss Blanche Ring, is easily the most striking among many imitations. The figure, carriage, walk, voice, inflections, gestures, all are those of Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Mr. Winninger has absorbed the details of the original impersonation with extraordinary intelligence and subtlety. His work is a triumph in mimicry.

Mr. Carle is bland and good natured as Dr. Boomerang and is the moving spirit in the trial scene in "Common Clay," which, played in ragtime is the most original incident in the entertainment.

Miss Juliet gave an excellent imitation of Miss Emily Stevens, but follows it with a less successful attempt to suggest Miss Barrymore and Gaby Deslys. Miss Valli wept continuously as the unfortunate Jane Clay, yet she had her brighter moments when flirting with Paurel or imitating Miss Julia Sanderson, with Mr. Carle and Mr. Winninger Mr. Brian and Mr. Cawthorn.

Miss Murray's rich brogue and high spirits gave pleasure. Little Billy was amusing as Young America, and a diminutive Sabattini Boyle and Brazil displayed agility in syncopaton. Mss Costigan was demure as Major Barbara.

The scenes included the Salvation Army barracks, Hobson's boot store, Abe and Mawruss's costume establishment, Overdraft's cannon plant, Jean Paurel's dressing room. Local flavor was infused by a scene in front of the Harvard Club while Emma McChesney Barrymore went in search of new manuscripts to Professor Baker's Boston beanery next door. Mr. Cohan did not forget to display his customary patriotism, and the finale of the first act was national in character.

There was a very large audience in holiday mood.

B. F. KEITH'S

To attempt to do justice to the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, as a matter of comparison with the usual run of vaudeville programs, is to exhaust the supply of superlatives. The four Marx brothers in "Home Again" have one of the most ambitious acts seen thus far in vaudeville. The act is farcical by nature, is played with lightness and speed and has many dainty bits of burlesque. A large company takes its turn at the song and dance, and best of all, there is the delightful play and burlesque of Arthur Marx as the Nondescript. The comedian's burlesque playing of the harp provided an amusing feature and revealed the actor's familiarity with the instrument.

A big hit of the bill was the act of Pettie Deforest and Allen Kearns. They have the advantage of youth and appear to be interested and pleased with their work. The act is snappy, their burlesques of life are interesting, not alone because entertaining, but more especially because of the underlying reflection of truth that crops up and around all their comedy work. Miss Deforest's wardrobe is an exhibition of excellence and taste.

Victor Morley and company in "A Regular Army Man" appear here for the first time. The sketch is a travesty on army life; there are a number of catchy songs and the comedy work of Mr. Morley was good in its breezy and off-hand style.

Other acts were Milo, who was announced with an interrogation mark, and whose act is to be seen rather than explained that future audiences may not be robbed of the pleasure in store for them; Kathryn Dahl and Charles Gillen, in a singing and piano act; Edwin George, in a juggling act; Boudini brothers, accordion players; Mosher, Hayes and Mosher, in a bicycle act, and the second episode of "Patria," the sensational photo play, featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

... was in ... Our hearts sank.

Tremont Temple, S P M. "Request Night" in the Tremont Temple concert course ...

Resign ... cowardly rascals.

... SUBWAY THEATRE—"Little Women," comedy in four acts, ... Marian de Forest from Louisa M. Alcott ...

Mr. M...	Lynn Hammond
Mrs. M...	... Wesley
...	... Yorke
...	... Huntington
...	... McDermott
...	... Robinson
Aunt M...	... Eberle
M...	... A. Eberle
...	Paul Kelly
...	... von Rittberg
...	Charles White
H...	... Seybol

The ... of home... that ... M. Alcott has de... a play that attracted an unusually large audience to the Castle Square ... to laugh and cry ... As the book will always ... so will the drama ... of New England life as it was lived a half-century ago. "Little Women" has lost none of its ... being produced at popular prices. The current production is the ... presented for a holiday revival of the play by William A. Brady in New York. From the minute the curtain goes up ... Jo kicking her heels in the air to the last gay scene in the orchard at Plumfield one is glad that such folks lived.

HENRY JEWETT PLAYERS IN ONE OF WILDE'S COMEDY

Beatrice Miller and Dorie Sawyer Please Audience.

Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," was given last night at the Copley Theatre by the Henry Jewett Players, but to say that the company needs many more rehearsals before the piece will run smoothly, is putting it mildly. The principals, as well as the lesser members of the company, stumbled every few minutes. Wilde never stumbled in his writing and to hear his witty lines recited as they were last night is far from pleasant.

In the big scene at the end of the second act where Mrs. Arbuthnot gives up her illegitimate son, Gerald, to Lord Illingsworth, the boy's father, who has taken a fancy to him without knowing the young man's history, both Lionel Glenister, who played the role of the lord, and Jessamine Newcombe, who played opposite, forgot their lines so frequently that it was tiresome. They required constant prompting, which was done in such a loud voice that it could be distinctly heard halfway back in the orchestra seats. When the principals forget their lines in a big scene what can be expected of the lesser lights?

Gladys Morris and Adah Barton, who played the roles of Mrs. Allonby and Lady Hunstanton respectively, also suffered from loss of memory.

The only bright spot in last night's performance was the work of Beatrice Miller and Dorie Sawyer. They not only remembered their lines, but gave the proper inflection which the others lacked.

It may be that the company was not given sufficient time to master their work and may appear to better advantage the latter part of the week.

MME. STURKOW-RYDER

Mme. Sturkow-Ryder, pianist, gave "an hour of music" at the Wilbur Theatre yesterday afternoon. The program included pieces by Foote, Beethoven, Scarlatti, Scott, Poldini, Arensky, Paderewski and Tchaikowsky. There was a small audience.

The pianist is at present a conventional player. Her technic is fair. She observes the marks of expression indicated by the composers. Yesterday she was at her best in the lighter pieces.

Jan 24 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Old Jonothan Coffin.

As the World Wags:

I don't suppose there's no relation between 'em, and anyways it couldn't be him, 'cause he'd be over a hundred years old today, but that name John Coffin put me in mind of old Capn. Jonothan Coffin I called with in the old Sparrowhawk ... Old Jonothan was a tough old cuss, a darn sight tougher'n any skipper I'd ever sailed with up to then. The way he lowered four boats in a gale down off Staten Island, from a leaking ... was the old ... d money and ... his whale and ... him in with half the crew cutting and the other ... manning the pumps. Anyways, old Jonothan was a old cuss, a old ... too. He triced up four men to the main sw... and flogged 'em afore ... lowered a boat. Time we was down off ... one feller loard ... off the cathead to get rid of life. He'd ... to keep out of the ... and he said he'd made up his mind he'd made a mistake, and he'd rather ... in the army the rest of his life than under old Jonothan another day. So he jumped off the cathead. Old Ha... the mate, put it down in the log that he died of scurvey. Well, sir, we made a darn good cruise and was coming up by Flores with 1493 barrls of ile under hatches, and one night we see a ship afire off our lee bow. The old man he run out stunsls and set all the kites we had and run down to looard till we got pretty close to her. Well, sir, to make a short story shorter, as the feller says, we run right into old Semmes in the Alabamy. He'd caught the old Weatl ergauge from Provincetown, sot fire to her, and lay off and on with his bloody old British pirate ship, and that night he nabbed five of us. I don't remember the other four, except there was the Mabel Nelson, that my uncle was skipper of. We was all put on the Alabamy, and Semmes come forard the next morning, all dressed up like a French admiral, and a-twisting that little moustache of his. Fust thing he did was speak a little piece, and ask us how we'd like to join the Confederate navy. "Never heerd of it," snorts out old Jonothan, madder'n Leezer, and Semmes whirled round on him, and sorter pulled his sword half out of his sheath—we all knew he was doing it for show at the time—then he says to a bosn, "Put that man in double irons." Well, sir, it took the bosn and another bosn and three sailors to put old Jonothan in them double-darbles, but they got 'em on finally, and clapped old Jonothan down where the bright light wouldn't dazzle him. One of our crew jined the Alabamy and took his clothes and some of the rest of our'n forard in the forecasl. Semmes had us all put in the waist, with legirons on, and we staid there two days, till we met up with the old Charles Wilson, from Sag Harbor, and then we was all paroled and sot aboard her, as the prisoners had been collecting too fast to suit Mr. Admiral Semmes. For some reason or other he kept Jonothan aboard, and I didn't see him till after the war was over.

One day when I was third mate in the Josephine, we was putting up a new foreyard in the harbor of Nukahiva, and in come a Frisco whaler name of the Porpus. She came up alongside us and dropped her hook, and when the old man came aboard, darned if it wasn't old Jonothan Coffin. Seems after he was put down in the hold, when he talked back to Semmes, they was a feller put there to guard the prisoners. Besides Jonothan, they was six other captains, five from New Bedford, and one from Bristol, that had give Semmes some of their lip. They got talking and scheming and finally old Jonothan got friendly with the guard. He was a young feller, and was a free talker, except when he thought the captain of the guard, or whatever the skipper's title was, might be close around and hear him. He and Jonothan uster gam, and compare the north and south, and finally Jonothan says the southerners was all right as fur as he cared, except they didnt have no sporting blood. "What you mean old feller" the young feller says, perking right up. "Just what I says I mean," says old Jonothan. With that the young feller takes a squint around, and sees they aint no officers coming, and he pulls out a set of dice, and finding Jonothan has some money in his clothes, they sot at it, throwing them dice like a bunch of nigger foremst hands. I dont know how Jonothan managed to tame them dice, and make em mind him, but he did, all right, and afore the young feller was due to be relieved, Jonothan had every thing he owned except his musket. "I guess that'll do for the fust day," says Jonothan after the guard was changed, and they wasnt nothing doing till the young feller comes on watch again next day. Jonothan had a little over seven hundred dollars. He says to the young feller, "Ill make you a proposition so's you'll have a chance to get back your money, and if youre the sort o sport you was abragging all southern gentlemen was, youll take me up." The young feller bristles up, and says he's willing to take a chance at bout anything once, and then Jonothan makes this proposition. They was to make seven passes with the dice. Each pass would be for a hundred dollars, or the liberty of one of the fellers in the forecasl there in double darbles. All that the young feller was to do, if he lost, was to unlock the leg and wrist irons, and turn his back, giving them chance to get on deck. Jonothan was to be told when the chances was best, and choose his time for making the try. The young feller thought it all over, Jonothan twitting him every little while, and finally he agreed. They made seven passes, and I'll be darned if Jonothan didnt win them 1234567, just like that. They staid below about a week after that, till the Alabamy met up with the Ocean Queen, from Mattapoisett, and that night, when her five whale boats were alongside, the young feller unlocked the capns, and they all got over the side without anyone seeing them, and made the island of Fogo all shipshape, and the young feller had come along with them, and Jonothan shipped him as fourth mate when he got back to New Bedford and sot out again in the Sippican. When Capn Winslow sunk the Alabamy, old Jonothan sent him a big ivory model of the Kearsarge, that he'd scrimshawed out of a sporm whales tooth, and wanted to vote for him for president. This young feller come back to New Bedford, as I says, and married a daughter of old Capn Zeba Cahoon from Harwichport, and furs I know, they all live over there now.

(Capn) MARTIN GALE.

Falmouth, Jan. 21.

High-Flown English.

As the World Wags:

The following expression, which is similar to the one quoted by "W. A. R.," was in familiar jocose use among the youngsters of our household in Conway, N. H., half a century ago: "The superfluity of the milk added to the flavorority of the heat renders it very conducive to the conbornration of my diabolical appetite." I don't know where the expression came from, but I guess that it was intended as a quotation from and skit at some imaginary Malaprop who was given to the use of high-flown English.

SCRUTATOR.

Brookline, Jan. 1?

FRITZ KREISLER ASSISTS AT APOLLO CLUB CONCERT

Large Audience at One of Most Interesting Performances in History of Organization.

The Apollo Club gave the second concert of its 46th season at Symphony Hall last evening. The club was assisted by Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Emil Mollenhauer conducted. The accompanists were Carl Lamson and Frank H. Luker. Dr. Archibald T. Davison was at the organ. The program was as follows: Viking Song, Coleridge-Taylor; Broken Melody, Sibelius; Immortal Spirit of Song, Gibson, with tenor and baritone duet by George H. Boynton and William F. Smith; Sword of Ferrara, Bullard; Four American Indian Songs, Cadman, with incidental baritone solo by Alfred F. Denghausen; De Sandman, Protheroe; Dreamworld, Duparc; Mysterious Night, Debois, with violin obbligato by Mr. Kreisler; the Lost Chord, Sullivan; America, by the club and audience. Mr. Kreisler's program was as follows: Sonata in E major, Bach; Prelude, Gavotte, Minuet 1 and 2, Gigue; Two Slavonic Dances, Dvorak-Kreisler; ballet music from "Rosemunde," Schubert-Kreisler; Rondino, on a theme by Beethoven, Kreisler; Tambourin Chinois, Kreisler.

There was a large audience. The performance was one of the most interesting in the history of the club.

Mr. Kreisler was warmly welcomed.

Jan 25 1917

RUSSIAN CHOIR

By PHILIP HALE.

Through the courtesy of the Most Reverend Evdokim, archbishop of Aleutia and North America, and of Mr. Charles R. Crane, the people of Boston enjoyed the privilege of hearing last night in Symphony Hall the Russian choir of the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, New York. Ivan T. Gorokhoff of Moscow conducted. The music was selected from settings of the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom by Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninoff. Mr. Gorokhoff was quoted on the program as saying: "It is our aim in this concert to show how two of Russia's great composers interpret the Divine Liturgy, and to give to our music lovers the opportunity of comparing these interpretations."

The Herald related last Sunday the story of Tschaikowsky's determination to compose music for the Liturgy that should be worthy of the solemn service, how those high in the church frowned on his attempt; how the music when it was published was confiscated; how, after it was sung in a church at Kieff, there was a performance at a concert in Moscow (1880), when the Vicar of Moscow protested against this desecration of the Liturgy, saying that the use of the service as a libretto was a profanation of the holy words, graciously admitting that Tschaikowsky was a worthy musician.

Tschaikowsky, or any other composer of the Liturgy, might have answered that his music suffered in no small degree by a performance outside the church. This is true of any sacred music written for a ritual. The church itself, the solemn rites and ceremonies, the vestments of those officiating, the candles and the incense, all these enhance the effect of music even when it is only moderately impressive. Then there is the receptivity of hearers that are true believers. In a concert hall the music is inevitably heard as concert music. It is hard for one in a brilliantly lighted hall associated with orchestras, singers of arias or Lieder, pianists and fiddlers, to put himself in the fitting mood.

Yet much of the music heard last night aroused a deep fit of devotion, to quote Sir Thomas Browne, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. The archbishop and Mr. Crane are to be heartily thanked for acquainting Bostonians with music that is truly ecclesiastical and at the same time interesting as music in itself.

It is not necessary, nor would it be gracious, to discuss minutely the character of the performance, which, on the whole, was technically of a high order, often beautiful, often impressive, always sincere and engrossing. The pure voices of the boys, the richness of the deep bass, the solemnity of the intoning singer, with the exquisite rendering of the responses, will be long remembered, with the vocal elasticity, the command of nuances, the reverent behavior and spirit.

As music, without consideration of the Liturgy, the selections from Rachmaninoff's setting made the deeper impression. It was more emotional without loss of religious feeling. There was bolder expression, a greater variety of color, a freer walk in the vocal parts. Particularly striking were "The Beatitudes" and "Lord Have Mercy." It might be said that the music of Rachmaninoff is more in keeping with the time we live in. Tschaikowsky, out of humor with music that he heard in the churches, music that was to his ears and mind incongruous, endeavored, to use his own words, to unite in the spirit of the Byzantine architecture, the ikons and the whole spirit of the Orthodox Liturgy. Perhaps to the Russian, his setting is more spiritual than that of Rachmaninoff's. There are fine pages in the former's setting, as the ending of the Creed, the whole of "Meet Is It." but on the whole, outside the church, the music of Rachmaninoff to western ears seemed the more fervent and religiously emotional.

The great audience listened intently and appreciatively.

REINHOLD WARLICH IN SONG RECITAL AT JORDAN HALL

Former German Bass Is Now a Russian Baritone.

By PHILIP HALE.

Reinhold Warlich gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Schumann, Talismane, Fruehlingsnacht; Franz, Leise zieht, Der Schmetterling; Brahms, Minnelied, Vergebliches Staendchen; Strauss, Ich trage meine Minne, Herr Lenz; old French songs—Belle qui tiens ma vie, Charmante Gabrille, Invocation a l'amour, Vive Henry IV.; Laparra, Un Reve, Dans une Ville Romaine; Debussy, Le Faune, Mandoline. Early English and Scotch: Fain would I change, Go to bed, On a Time, King Henry, Bonny Earl O'Murray, Piper of Dundee, Leeze Lindsay. Russian: Cossack Lament, Gretchaninoff; Siberian Convicts; Moussorgsky, Pirouchka, Village Fool in Love, Trepak; Arensky, The Wolves.

When Mr. Warlich gave a recital here on Dec. 15, 1910, he was announced as "Reinold von Warlich, German bass." Now he is "Reinold Warlich, Russian baritone."

There was a piece in an old Reader and Speaker beginning: "It matters little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of so great a man as Washington." It matters little of what nationality a singer may be, as long as he can sing. In 1910 Mr. Warlich was heard by a few. His accompanist was Uda Waldrop. Yesterday there was a large audience. The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. Kreisler.

Mr. Warlich's program was long and varied. It contained some unfamiliar songs. We could easily go to the silent tomb without knowing Schumann's "Talismane." "Le Faune" of the second book of "Fetes Galantes" is not of the best Debussy, and, by the way, "Mandoline" should have been sung at a faster pace and in a more subdued tone throughout. The charming "Pavana" was originally a dance air in Jean Tabouret's "Orchesographie." Four voices sang the words, and instruments, as flute, oboe, trombone, doubled the voice parts. It was not a song for solo voice. Modern composers have used the old air in different ways. Delibes introduced it in his incidental music to Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse." The songs of Laparra, exquisite in their dreamy fancy and languorous atmosphere, are in strong contrast with his "La Habanera," which was brought out at the Boston Opera House the night before Mr. Warlich's first recital. Of English composers represented Tobias Hume was a colonel in the army and a player of the viol da gamba; Attey wrote for the lute; Robert Jones was a lutenist and an Oxford man.

The German songs were sung in what is commonly known as the German manner, with overemphasis on consonants and an Olympian indifference toward legato in phrasing. As a rule there was little attempt at colored expression, though in the hackneyed "Vergebliches Staendchen" there were rhetorical contrasts. The songs of Laparra were sung in sustained piano

verging on pianissimo. We remember that at his last recital the singer "just doted" on pianissimo. It is hardly worth while to speak at length about Mr. Warlich's vocal art as regards technic. It is enough to say that he evidently pleased his audience.

Mr. Kreisler accompanied in a modest and pleasing manner.

By PHILIP HALE.

A Man of Questions.

As the World Wags:

(1) Last summer we put in to Cape Porpoise Harbor, the sea being too rough for comfort. We inquired of the renter of boats and fishhooks the times of departure of the trolley for Portland. "O sure, I will be glad to tell you," said he. "Now, let me see. It's either quarter of, or quarter past the hour. I'm not sure which." On further conversation he uncorked a piscatorial profundity that left us as much in the dark (etymologically) as did his attempt as a train announcer. "Tile fish" was in part the subject of talk. "They are getting more popular," said he, "in spite of their color. And they're popular with the fishermen. When they are seined they get poke-blowed (sp.?), come to the surface, and are easily skimmed aboard." The meaning of poke-blowed is obvious. What is its origin? Why the poke?

(2) When in shallow water on the Maine coast it is necessary for motor boats to avoid lobster pots, or rather, their buoys, for fear of tangling the buoy rope in the propeller. Our lookout acquired the habit of singing out "German submarine dead ahead." Do you consider this being "neutral in word and thought"? If so, do you then consider the phrase apt and in good taste?

(3) Why is it that in American cities we hold our municipal band concerts in the afternoon, when the sun is not low enough to temper the heat of the day, and is so low as to shine directly into the eyes of part of the audience? Why do we hold them in garish, dusty courses? Why do we not hold them, in Boston for example, on the Charles river esplanade in the evening, the musicians sometimes in a shore band stand, sometimes on an anchored float?

(4) In considering the qualifications of a new director of the Public Library, may we not hope for a man with the imagination to make of that beautiful, simple, cool court something more than a passageway from the periodical room to the engine room, the toilet and the statistical department? Why can't we have some inexpensive greenery that will grow in the meagre light, instead of an unsightly grass blotch and a couple of stinking ailanthus trees (if they are left)? Why can't we have some comfortable side-arm chairs, for use in the corner, in place of the few gloomy, disjunctory, uninviting, sarcophageal benches, whose sole function now is to hold part of the wall and hold down one of the paving?

Is there any explanation for the pleasing, discordant back ground that has been used in many of the rooms of the new wing of the Art Museum?

(5) Did you consider the climax of the chorus "For unto us a Child is born," as rendered by the Handel and Haydn Society this winter, up to their standard? As I remember previous concerts, the sustained but restrained notes "And he shall be called," would lead up to a "Wonderful, Counsellor ——" that would lift physically and spiritually, not by mere noise, but by power-plus and feeling combined. Is it not feasible to get this climax without taking too much out of the chorus' voices for efforts in later numbers? This year Mr. Mollenhauer seemed to dance his stick with the tips of his fingers, through this number, as nonchalantly and as blase as if he were conducting a two-step at 2 A. M. E. C. H.

Wellesley.

(1) "Poke-blown" is used in the English provinces, meaning "having a distended stomach so that any exertion leads to breathlessness"; also "out of breath." A "poke" in this country may mean a bag or bladder filled with air, used by fishermen as a buoy. See "United States Fisheries," section V., II. 270; "Poke" here means the stomach of a fish, also its sounr or air-bladder.

(4) "Toilet" is a prudish American-ism. As Bryon uses the word in "Don Juan" it means dressing room.

(6) We did not hear the performance to which you refer. Mr. Mollenhauer is an admirable conductor. In order to gain effects it is not necessary for him to fling his arms like a windmill, or turn himself into a semaphore.—Ed.

A Yorktown Song.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of the formalities connected with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Fiske mentions that the British army, 7247 in number, with 840 seamen, marched out with colors furled and muffled, while the band played a quaint old English melody, of which the significant tune was "The World Turned Upside Down!"

Can you or your contributors give the words for this? Provided they are worthy of their title, they are sure to be not only interesting to us, but possibly some day useful to our friend the Hun, who may serve them up in a German translation as a substitute for "Deutschland! Deutschland Ueber Alles!"

Cambridge, Jan. 22. P. S. R.

Jan 26 1917

FLONZALEY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley quartet gave the second subscription concert of its 10th season here last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Moor, Prelude and Fugue for quartet (Ms.); Bach, Suite in E flat major for the violoncello alone; Beethoven, Quartet in F minor, op. 95; Glazounoff, Quartet in D major, op. 1.

Emanuel Moor with his music is almost as much of an enigma as Frederick Delius. Each one has his idiom, an idiom that is peculiar and has not been influenced by predecessors or contemporaries. Of the two Moor is the more emotional, yet in his music there is often a certain sobriety that is not far removed from austerity. Moor is the more fertile and his music has the appearance, at least, of greater spontaneity. If he be judged by the music played here, his inspiration droops at times, but he often rises to a height of eloquence that the Delius of "Paris" and "Brigg Fair" did not reach. In Moor's piano concerto played by Mr. Bauer at a Symphony concert there were beautiful and noble ideas dropped in a desert of notes. Chamber music of his played in past seasons by the Flonzaleys was conspicuous for sustained eloquence.

The Prelude performed last night has fine qualities. There is freedom of thought, sure and poignant expression, true romanticism. The fugue that followed is not merely a skilfully constructed exercise. There is marked character beginning with the bold exposition, and the relieving episodes have a decided charm.

It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. d'Archambeau, the best violoncellist in quartet work we know, as a soloist. His interpretation of Bach's Suite was admirable throughout, but would anyone play the Prelude today if it were signed by a contemporary, or would anyone listen to it patiently? The time has gone by for belief in the plenary inspiration of any composer, or for the desire to become acquainted with the "complete works" of any man. But the Bourree and the stately, melancholy Sarabande are grateful pieces, and fortunately the Gigue is short.

The Flonzaleys, who were wholly in the vein—and no warmer praise could be awarded them were one to juggle with words—gave a romantic reading of Beethoven's quartet. As in the Suite by Bach, the first movement is the least interesting. The movements that follow are of the greater Beethoven.

It may seem ungracious to say it, in view of the splendor of the quartet's performances, but the Flonzaleys' concerts of late have been too long. Few orchestral concerts, if any, should last over an hour and a half. A little over an hour for chamber music should be the rule. An attentive ear is not receptive if the time be longer.

The quartet of Glazounoff is his opus 1, composed at a time when he was Russian in his musical expression, long before he became completely academized, a prolific and facile routine writer in the orthodox manner of a German conservatory. His early works gave promise. Would that we could hear again his wild barbaric symphonic poem, "Stenka Rasin," but performed in the spirit in which it was composed!

The third and last concert of the Flonzaleys will be on Thursday evening, March 15.

Some deep thinker said that every one should begin the day by reading a poem, to put the mind in a calm state for enduring the toil and passion of the hours.

Also "January."

As the World Wags:

The following poem, which so judiciously mingles sentiment and emotion with clear-headed common sense, was published 20 years ago in a newspaper in western New York. Its author was a young lady residing in the town, who was at the time approaching a marriageable age herself.

OCTOBER.

The chilly nights have come again,
And at this time of year
The single man who sleeps alone
Hops round upon his ear.

He pulls the bed-clothes quickly down,
And then he tumbles in,
And curls up in a little ball,
His knees up to his chin;

And then unto himself he says,
Just loud enough to hear,
By George! "This thing has got to stop
Before another year."

HECTOR MONTROSE.

Boston, Jan. 24.

Too Few Holes.

As the World Wags:

Everybody notices the difficulty of tearing off a stamp without leaving a part of it on the stamp next to it or taking with it a portion. The trouble is attributed to the quality of the paper, when as it is due to the perforations which formerly numbered 14 or 15 on a side, as one will find by hunting up an old stamp. The stamps of England, France, Japan and other countries are closely perforated. Our postoffice department, apparently without the slightest reason, has seen fit to reduce the number of holes to 12, and thus the spaces between the holes are as large as the holes themselves. Now one can imagine that with the usual government economy in small things while expending thousands on marble postoffices in western villages, the chief in passing the postoffice building in Washington opens the door and shouts, "Stop the leak!" A hole is a leak. Evidently he refers to the perforations in the stamps, and so new machines are constructed to make less number of holes to the infinite annoyance of everybody who writes a letter. Who is guilty of this stupidity? E. S. M.

Salem, Jan. 23.

A Foolish Fad.

As the World Wags:

Although you are too modest even to suspect it, many of us hold you in highest reverence as arbiter in matters of fashion, piracy, rollocking old songs and slang, and other important fields of thought and conduct. So I ask your powerful aid in correcting a social fad or abuse. I refer to the current practice of writing out addresses and dates. Thus I get an invitation to dine with "Mr. and Mrs. Highfrill at Number One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-seven Cutadark Avenue, on Thursday Evening February the thirtieth, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen at half after seven o'clock.

Why all this waste of space? Does not the printer know, if the Highfrills don't, that numerals and letters are alike symbols? In "1997" you have four symbols, which mean just as much, no more, no less, as "One thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven," which count up to 36 symbols. Why use 36 when 4 do the work, and do it better? Instead of "saving daylight" by putting back the clock, let us save time by using numerals for words.

I have observed, by the way, that the Harvard President's Report, and similar documents, have fallen into the fad; and I expect that Tables of Logarithms in words instead of in numerals will soon be issued.

If you haven't time to lead this crusade can't you persuade Mr. Herkimer Johnson to tackle it? I subscribed long ago to his prospective work, elephant folio, bound in crushed levant, and I am eagerly awaiting the first volume, for which I paid in advance. Owing to my age, and to the fact that I come of a short-lived family, I cannot hope to live to see more than three volumes published. Tell him to hurry up. I am impatient to know what he will say about "escalators." They are rapidly modifying our social customs. I had almost said our moral and intellectual standards too. Does Mr. Herkimer Johnson regard Billy Sunday as a religious escalator?

DIOGENES DODO.

Cambridge, Jan. 23.

Artemus Ward had your idea when he wrote "This is 2 mutch." We agree with you: dates should not be spread out, nor do we see the sense in writing out the middle name of a man or woman on every occasion. "John Turpentine Bungs, bass; Cornelia Gummerson Huldewinker, soprano." In the Sixties of the last century this spreading of names was thought by Americans to be an English affectation. The English on the other hand laughed at an initial letter for a middle name. There is the American in that delightful novel "The Golden Butterfly"—Mr. Gilead P. Beck. Does any one know what his middle name is? Did Besant and Rice trouble themselves to invent one? Yet he is not the less excellent. As for Mr. Johnson, we have only this to say: We should not advise anyone to lend him money, not even a trifling sum. He has a soul above payments. We have not heard from him for some time. Perhaps the indefatigable sociologist is now in the crater of Ossipee mountain taking notes. When we saw him last, he was sure that the first volume of his colossal work would be published on April 1. —Ed.

Jan 27 1917

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Wilcox of Narragansett Pier, R. I., for the following version of the "Cotter's Saturday Night":

The Demon Bread.

"Twas Saturday night. Not a drop was there
Of rum in the house; the cupboard was bare
Except for meat, potatoes, and—bread!
The children were crying, the mother bowed her head
And prayed that her erring spouse
Wouldn't waste his wages on food and clothes
When the family were suffering so for rum;
She prayed that tonight he'd bring them some.
A footstep was heard on the porch outside:
"Open the door," a firm voice cried.
The good wife shuddered and moaned in pain;
Her husband was coming home sober again!
The youngest child, an infant of four,
Jumped to his feet and opened the door.
"O, papa," he cried, "did you bring my wrum?
You promised, you did, to bwing me thum."
"No, my boy, not a drop," the father said,
"I've brought you something to eat instead."
The mother gave vent to a wail of despair,
And the children huddled around her chair.
As the father, his arms full of bundles stepped in
Arms full of bundles where rum should have been
But he brought to his family that night instead,
Meat and groceries, fruit and —bread!

Devil Ben Brown.

As the World Wags:

Near a century and a half ago, at an indeterminate point in the southeastern part of the territory once known as the Province of Laconia, there lived a man popularly styled "Devil Ben Brown." He took this appellation from the fact that in exchange for the power of working miracles he was generally believed to have sold his soul to the devil, his Satanic Majesty, that sooty being with whom Billy Sunday has such emphatic differences of opinion, and whom he slams so vigorously. Whether the popular belief were true or not, Devil Ben was certainly a very skilful juggler and trickster. The writer has been disposed to regard hypnotism as for the most part a silly fad or fake. Nevertheless, if the current stories and anecdotes are true—and they seem as well authenticated as oral traditions can be—Devil Ben wielded a marvellous hypnotic power. Old people used to account for his startling performances by saying that he cast a mist before the eyes of his victims. But somehow, to my youthful apprehension, that explanation failed to explain the matter; it was never satisfactory. It only removed the difficulty one step further back. I always wanted to ask, How could he cast the mist? And how could the mist make people believe that they saw that which did not exist? Needless to say, my doubts and queries were never solved nor removed.

But let us come to the stories.

We are told that some men were bathing by the roadside one day. Near by a big oak was lying on the ground. Devil Ben came along and told the men that he could crawl through that log from end to end. They, of course, ridiculed the idea. So down went Ben upon his hands and knees, and actually seemed to crawl in at the butt end of the log and to be progressing through it. Just then another man, whose eyes had not been "bedoozled," happened to come, and he at a glance detected Ben crawling along at the backside of the long and, of course, not in it at all.

Another story which used to be related later was the following:

It happened that some workmen were engaged in moving a building by using ox-teams, as was the custom then. They had much trouble occasioned by the breaking of iron chains used in the process. At this juncture Devil Ben appeared upon the scene. He told the men that if they would take away their ox-teams he would move the building for them. They readily complied, and Devil Ben, catching a goose from a flock close by, harnessed the bird, and, attaching it to the building, actually seemed to move it to the desired location. But my informant added that after Ben had departed the building was discovered to be in exactly the position in which he found it. It had not been moved by him at all. So much for ocular illusion. It is not improbable that some of the readers of the Herald have heard these and other similar anecdotes concerning Devil Ben Brown, that noted legerdermain performer of days long gone by. J. W. H.

Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

In a Restaurant.

As the World Wags:

A demure little girl accompanied by a gentleman of Thespian aspect was departing from the cafeteria last night when the server announced: "One ham and one chicken, both going out!" The actor stopped and glared icily at the announcer, but the girl saved the situation: "Oh, come on, silly, he is only giving an order." J. D. K.

Boston, Jan. 25.

Ballad of Heart and Home.

As the World Wags:

Your department being devoted to a mixture of subjects I wonder if it would be out of order for me to inquire in regard to a song which was sung a number of years ago. Would like much to get the words complete. If I remember correctly it started like this:

I should like to die, said Willie,
If my papa could die too.
But he says he isn't ready
For he has so much to do.

New Market, N. H. H. S.

vain ... tunes. Our hearts sank.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. "Request Night" in the Tremont Temple concert course ...

Resina ... rascals

EDOUARD DERU

By PHILIP HALE

A chamber concert in Steinert Hall last evening gave pleasure to a large audience. The players were Edouard Deru, violinist; Ralph Smalley, violoncellist, and Hans Ebell, pianist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Trio in C minor; Grieg, Sonata for piano and violoncello; Cesar Franck, Sonata for violin and piano.

Mr. Deru was heard here for the first time in public. He had already played groups of solo pieces in private. The story of his honorable career in Belgium, his forced withdrawal from Brussels at the beginning of the war, his concerts in England—among them many for wounded soldiers—his association in London with Mr. Ysaye in a concert where they played together Bach's concerto for two violins—all this was told in the Herald of last Sunday.

It is a pity that he was not heard as a soloist last night; but as an ensemble player he showed fine qualities. His tone was pure and captivating; his phrasing was that of an artist; his taste was musical. In a word, he is a worthy member of the famous Belgian school.

The music itself gave pleasure. There was the Trio of Beethoven, with its curious mixture of music of the preceding years in the florid or gallant style, and of measures that might have been written by the Beethoven of the later years. Here as elsewhere Mr. Ebell played with marked facility and in musical spirit. Mr. Smalley was loudly applauded with Mr. Ebell for his brilliant performance of Grieg's sonata, which, when this composer was looked on in Boston as a dangerous radical, a tosser-about of dissonances, so appealed to tho naturally conservative Wulf Fries that he wrote to Grieg asking him to write other sonatas for the violoncello.

The sonata of Franck is always welcome. Frequently as it is played, it still charms, excites admiration and touches the heart. For this sonata is Keats's thing of beauty.

"Pierrot the Prodigal," which will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre for two weeks beginning tomorrow night, is our old friend, "L'Enfant Prodigue," which was produced here at the Boston Museum on Nov. 6, 1893. The Pierrot then was Miss Pilar-Morin. The other parts were taken as follows: Mme. Pierrot, Mme. Eugenie Ba[illegible]e, Phrynette, Miss Reine Roy; Pierrot, Senior, Courtes; The Baron, Dalleu; Servant, Buckland. The pianist was Aime Lachaume. The orchestra conductor, Barter Johns. Miss Pilar Morin afterwards married Lachaume who treated her badly, and then deserted her. Courtes, the original father in Paris, died in 1903. Blanca Duhamel the first Phrynette, in 1910.

"L'Enfant Prodigue," pantomime by Michel Carre, music by Andre Wormser, was produced at the Bouffes Parisiens June 14, 1890: Pierrot, the son, Felicia Mallet; Mme. Pierrot, Mme. Crosnier; Phrynette, Miss Duhamel; Pierrot, the father, Courtes; The Baron, Gouget; The Servant, Honeau. Wormser played the piano and conducted the little orchestra. The pantomime was performed 145 times that year. We had the pleasure of seeing this company at the Bouffes Parisiens.

Before the French company came to New York at Daly's Theatre, Aug. 2, 1893, Mr. Daly gave the pantomime at his theatre May 3, 1891—Pierrot, the son, Ada Rehan; Mme. Pierrot, Mrs. Gilbert; Phrynette, Adelaide Prince; Pierrot the father, Charles Leclercq; The Baron, Sydney Herbert; The Servant, Wilfred Buckland. A character, Virginie, apparently introduced, was played by Isabel Irving. Miss Rehan was wholly incompetent, and the performance was generally so poor that the piece was withdrawn after a few representations.

Winthrop Ames revived "L'Enfant Prodigue," changing the title to "Pierrot the Prodigal," at the Booth Theatre, Sept. 6, 1916. The cast was as follows: Pierrot, the son, Marjorie Patterson; Mme. Pierrot, Gabrielle Ferrier; Phrynette, Margot Kelly; Pierrot, the father, Paul Clerget; The Baron, Emile J. de Varney; The Servant, Charles Dubuis. The pianist was Aloys Friedheim-Kremer. Elliot Schenck conducted the orchestra. The success was immediate and long continued.

So much for the history of the pantomime in this country.

When the pantomime was produced at the Boston Museum the public was not prepared for it, and there was a lamentable indifference. Pantomime was then associated here with the clown of the hot poker, the string of sausages, and the greased sidewalk; with doddering Pantaloon, with lithe Harlequin flourishing his lath; Columbine pirouetting in short skirts; with the grand transformation scene representing the abode of bliss. When that excellent pantomimist, Severin, made his appearance here at the Orpheum (Jan. 25, 1909) in "Conscience" the general public was still unappreciative. Severin was here again in January, 1910.

Performances of the Russian Ballet and moving picture shows have educated the public, which now sees that there can bo dramatic action and eloquence without the spoken word.

The spectator at the Hollis Street Theatre will need no text, no synopsis. The Pierrots, man and wife, are honest, cheerful people in comfortable circumstances. Their son distresses them; he does not relish his food; he is restless; the quiet of home irks him. At the age of love he is enamored of Phrynette, a pretty and ambitious washerwoman. She lures him on and asks for money.

The Pierrots doze after dinner. The youth would rush to the rendezvous, but he has not a sou; so he steals the key to a desk and robs his father. After he has left the room the parents wake up to know their shame.

Young Pierrot and Phrynette live in luxury. Creditors gather; Phrynette chatters about bankers and barons. The despairing Pierrot gambles, he loses. At the club he prepares to cheat. While he is away a baron knocks at Phrynette's door. He pays the bills, he talks of marriage. She runs off with him, but leaves a note for Pierrot, who returns from the club, rich and disgraced. He reads the letter and falls in a faint; for he loves the wench.

What is there left for him? He thinks of the good old people at home. At the table there is an empty chair. The elder Pierrot had cursed the boy; the mother is—a mother, and when the father is away she welcomes the returning prodigal, hides him in her room, gives him food and drink, dreams of a reconciliation. But the father is obdurate, though the son begs forgiveness on his knees. There is military music in the street; soldiers are passing to fight for their country; the boy joins them. Only in this way can he win forgiveness.

Who is Pierrot?

Not merely a clown, as some think. He may be a dreamer, a philosopher, a parricide, a blasphemer, a poet. The ancient Greeks and Romans, who delighted in pantomime, knew certain modern characters; the lover, the banker, the heavy father, the silly fellow. Pierrot is of more recent birth.

In the latter part of the 16th century an Italian troupe crossed the Alps and went to Paris. In 1572 these strollers played a comedy in their Italian fashion at the court of Charles IX. Catherine de Medicis called herself Columbine that evening.

As far back as 1547 the Italians had named a character Pedrolino Piero (little Peter, or Peterkin). He was a valet, jovial in a certain way, a practical joker, a blowhard, and a good deal of a coward. This Piero with Arlequin formed the couple known as the Zanni, rascally and silly serving men. Time changed the character and the name of Piero. Moliere's company and Italian companies played alternately on the same stage. Italian types were afterward found in the French comedy. Pierrot was at first an Italian imitation of the Neapolitan Pulcinella; the costume is the same, and this type was not originally in France, but, imagined in France by strolling Italians, Pierrot grew to be an absolutely French type.

Pierrot is anything; he is everything. Theodore de Banville said of pantomime: "It is the history of humanity; you must begin at 20 years and you are not sure of finishing at 60." Champfleury made distinctions in the art: there is melodramatic pantomime, in which Pierrot, the sole person, walks through scenes of frightful crime; realistic pantomime, created by Debarau, the elder, fairy pantomime, romantic pantomime.

There is the Pierrot imagined by Tombre in Jean Richepin's romance, "Braves Gens." "The new Pierrot, the psychological Pierrot, dressed in a coat, not a trace of linen, face and hands white, but not a funny white; oh, no! a pale whiteness, an alcoholic whiteness, a lugubrious whiteness. Pierrot is a phantom. Pierrot makes you shudder, meditate." Tombre admits the other Pierrot, the buffoon. "I do not despise the pantomime when it is buffoonery. I do not forbid it to be profound. Hamlet and Falstaff are alike worthy of Shakespeare."

Or Pierrot is the fantastical creature drawn by Willette and described by Paul Arene: "Pale as a lily or a baker's boy. He is the positive incarnation of aimless desires, mad ambitions, foolish freaks, followed by comic despairs of a generation that has voluntarily turned its back on the ideal, not satisfied with the good healthful joys of realism. Pierrot is a pessimist. * * When he looks at the moon, this moon in the shadow of a passing cloud is to him an enormous skull rolling in the emptiness of the sky."

There is the Pierrot imagined by Henri Riviere—the incarnation of Satan in modern life; not the stage Pierrot in traditional costume, but a pale man with coal-black eyes, well built, with heart of bronze and nerves of steel, who, living in society where he exerts enormous power, works evil; impassible, smiling.

To many Pierrot in conventional evening dress has more character than in the expected costume. They find with Baudelaire a mysterious, symbolic charm in a dress coat, "the expression of the universal equality of the public mind's expression: for the world is a singular procession of undertaker's men—some are politicians, some are amorous, some are smug and respectable citizens: each one in the procession celebrates a burial.

Thus we are far from the pantomime played at least two centuries before Christ. The women of Rome were greatly affected by it, and to the jealousy of their husbands. Demetrius, the cynic, cried aloud: "O wonderful men that speak with hands! I have not seen a show. I have seen the thing itself." We are far from Debarau, father or son; far from Deradder; we are nearer Rouffe, who represented the men we jostle in the street.

There was a craze for pantomine in the Paris of the eighties and nineties. Judic and Theo appeared together in "Les Farces de Pierrot" in 1880. In 1883 Sarah Bernhardt took the part of Pierrot in "Pierrot Assassin." Composers vied with each other in writing expressive music.

And what wild subjects! In one pantomime the statue of the commander accepts Don Juan's invitation, sups greedily, and hot with wine wooes the girls at the feast. In another Pierrot returns from the burial of Columbine, whom he murdered by tickling the soles of her feet. He is drunk; he mimics her death agony. Remorse seizes him and he goes to bed. His feet begin to shake and shiver as did the pretty feet of Columbine. The bed shakes. The portrait of the dead woman begins to shake. The red bed curtains grow a deeper red. The portrait is now alive and Pierrot does not dare to touch it. The music screams in agony; the light grows dim; Pierrot falls to the floor.

Wormser was given 30 days to write the music for "L'Enfant Prodigue." Fifteen days before the first rehearsal he had in his head only a fourth of the first act. At the rehearsal he was obliged to cut or pad. Here is an instance. The declaration of Pierrot to Phrynette is now a charming madrigal. The libretto simply said: 'You are beautiful and I love you!" The first music of accompaniment was said to be too long. Wormser cut and played only four measures. The next day he played eight, and the mimes invented business. So from day to day he contrived to add until now the music is heard in its original length.

Wormser believed in the use of the Leit-motiv in pantomime. Such, for example, is the motiv at the beginning of the first act, the motiv which illustrates the domestic happiness of the old Pierrots; it is the theme of conjugal tenderness. It is gay and exuberant when the son makes the old people dance; it appears again, but plaintive, as if veiled in crape, at the beginning of the third act, to illustrate the deserted hearth and the empty chair. The life of the parents is at an end; if they still love life, it is with wet eyes.

The orchestra, Wormser says, is the voice of the mime; it italicizes, it develops, it comments. It is the equal, not the slave of the libretto. "Champfleury, they tell me, wished discreet music. But let us have appropriate music. If a Lohengrin, an Alexander the Great steps upon the stage, or any one of heroic figure and bearing, do you think I should hesitate to employ all the resources of the modern orchestra? The piano is useful in correcting any forgetfulness or fault of the mime. If the composer is the player, the theme may be shortened, lengthened, varied, but the orchestra would fatally pursue its way."

Wormser quoted a saying of Champfleury. This man, Jules Fleury, known to the world as Champfleury, wrote delightfully concerning many things, though Flaubert and others detested his writings. He told amusing, grotesque and sentimental stories; he was interested in the history of caricature; he was one of the first in the naturalistic school. He wrote about music. He played the violoncello a little. One of the first Wagnerites in Paris he expressed his devotion as long ago as 1860 in a little pamphlet. It was Champfleury who likened the music of Boccherini to a flame colored ribbon preserved tenderly in an old rosewood bureau.

And about music for pantomime Champfleury wrote: "Formerly actors played in pantomime according to the note; the show was then only the dance treated seriously, didactically. The actor was no longer inspired; his movements were counted and regulated, as a minuet. The orchestra, however badly organized, has often at such a show thrown me into an ecstasy unknown at a concert of the Conservatory. Three fiddles, a viola, a clarinet, a horn and a double bass, often without knowing the fact, may play pieces by Mozart and Gluck taken from old volumes. The cornet should be suppressed and replaced by an oboe, a flute and a violoncello. When you accompany mimes you need soft music, now lively, now melancholy, which will not disturb this stage world so full of calm."

Paul Vidal believed in the piano as the sole instrument. When he wrote the music for "Pierrot Assassin" he finally chose the tarentella as the appropriate rhythm for the tickling of Columbine's feet.

Thome found the task of writing music for a pantomime extremely difficult. "To meditate the music and the gesture, to find the exact moment when the note and arm should fall together, to realize the union of mime and musician, exacts a world of labor." He did not see why familiar stories, gay or tempered with irony, fairy stories in modern dress, as Miss Thackeray treated Bluebeard years ago, and Barrie has recently treated Cinderella, should not make good subjects.

Pfeiffer remarked: "Put a young fellow of talent before a piano, put on the stage a mime really in love with his art; then let them go ahead, and let the music follow the movements of the mime in their fantastic grace and accentuate wittily the slightest detail." It is not given to every young fellow of talent to improvise.

Raoul Pugno believed in the piano and even brass in the orchestra.

Andre Wormser was a prix de Rome man; but he is best known by the music of "L'Enfant Prodigue."

When Courtes was in this country, playing the part of Pierrot, Senior, he declared that he was first of all a comedian, not a pantomimist, and he described "L'Enfant Prodigue" as "a comedy in outlines, a comedy without words, a pantomime without symbolism." Traditional pantomime has its symbols. "Even in Paris I should not have been understood if I had been only a Pierrot instead of a comedian." He crossed his arms on his breast and said: "Do you understand this? It means 'the father.'" Then he made a circle around his face with his forefinger and said: "This means a woman." He described with his hands two straight lines from his shoulders to his knees: "This is 'a man.'" He held his hands as a shade over his eyes and had a searching expression: "Night."

Now Courtes was an actor of the old school. He had played in the blood and thunder dramas of the Ambigu and Chatelet, and in straight drama at the Vaudeville.

It has been said that the best pantomimists in the course of a performance mentally recite the text which they mime; for the pantomime has its text, which is committed to memory by the actors.

Raoul de Najac wrote a queer pamphlet, "Petit Traite de Pantomime a l'usage des Gens du Monde." He wished to extend the horizon of pantomime. He would introduce Olympian gods and goddesses, send Pierrot in pursuit of Fortune, permit Eros to torment Arlequin, send Polichinelle to the Shades that Proserpine might be brought back to earth.

This idea set Jules Lemaitre a-dreaming. He approved the idea as reasonable and fertile, for the types of pantomime are universal and "malleable." "To put into pantomime these familiar, simple, clear and broadly human dramas would be only to transpose them, not to profane them, not to change the meaning. They could remain melancholy and true; only a bit of irony would be added, and as a result the spectacle would be only the more philosophic." He sketched a scenario for "Orpheus Pierrot."

Lemaitre recognized the fact that Pierrot is the man child, that is man. He is greedy, egoistic, a liar, a coward, amorously desirous; but he is a good fellow, gay, honest, sensitive, resigned to his lot. He is all this in innocence.

a vices are ingenuous; his virtues are voluntary. You know that he is irresistible. You cannot hate him. Pardon him, we pardon humanity, that is to sy, ourselves.

M. de Najac went still farther. He proved the idea of introducing in pntomime an animal that without too eat a shock to reasonableness could maintain an upright position and resuble the human figure. "The bear d the anthropoid ape are the two comparable zoological utilities. I ould employe in preference the ape, cause his interpreter could leave the e uneovered and give expression to physiognomy. This idea pleased maitre, who thought the opportunity c. (This was in 1887). "We are thorghly tired of the writen and spoken y. Out of 10 new pieces that are oduced, at least nine of them are own in advance. Grimaces, signs, thetic and clear gestures, which say hing useless, would agreeably re-ce all these written things. These nt shows would delight us by awaking a host of souvenirs, impressions, ams. For example, a scene of jealy followed by one of reconcillation ween Columbine and Pierrot, even ugh it were a matter only of signs attitudes, would evoke and sum for us all the analogous scenes writby Moliere or Shakespeare. The htest gesture of Pierrot would sudly be commented on in our memory a half dozen of the great poets." should then rceognize the deep ning of Theodore de Banville's cien Pierrot":

iter than avalanche and the wings of swans,
as most witty, and I spoke in signs.

---

natole France, like Lemaitre, sighed a theatre where all plays—those by eks, Shakespeare, Moliere, Racine, neille, the modern dramatists—would played by marionettes, for he had heen disconcerted by superior ac- and play actresses. He saw the a disappearing, or becoming exively lyrical. "An exact acquaint-e with the reality of things and life t violence have made us almost ferent to drama and tragedy. The ication of classes and the equality the sexes have taken away nearly the material for old-fashioned comy."

Anyone that wishes to study the hisy of pantomime, this entertaining and norable branch of dramatic art, will d plenty of pleasant reading: Charles gnin: "Origines du Theatre Moderne" l "Histoire des Marionettes en Eure." Jules Janin: "Deburau." Champry: "Souvenirs des Funambules." ul Hugounet: "Mimes et Pierrots" l "La Musique et la Pantomime." ile Goby, "Pantomimes de Gaspard Charles Deburau" with a prefaec by ampfleury. The volume, "Recherches toriques. . . sur les Mimes et sur Pantomimes" (Paris 1751), discusses ourse only ancient pantomime.

oncerning Pierrot, his origin and racter, consult Ludovic Celler's "Les Populaires au Theatre."

nglish there is R. J. Broadbent's ory of Pantomime," which is of l value in tracing the history of t as it is known to the English, very diffcrent from that of the

---

Townsend Walsh has written an resting comparison between the tomime as exemplified by George L. s "Humpty Dumpty," and the panime represented by "L'Enfant Prodie."

friend of Mr. Winthrop Ames has d his attention to the fact that his s department makes an erroneous ement in declaring that when "Pierthe Prodigal" recently attained its performance in New Yok it had ved the longest run of any pantoie ever produced in that city. He attention to the fact that George ox's celebrated pantomime 'Humpumpty' ran in New York for over performances, not consecutively but arious periods during half a dozen s. Without disparaging the memory e inimitable Fox or the remarkable ess achieved by 'Humpty Dumpty,' ust be stated however in all fair- to 'Pierrot the Prodigal' that there solutely no analogy between the ch pantomime and the hybrid enterment in which Fox achieved endurame. 'Humpty Dumpty,' as everyknows who saw the piece during its on days, was not in any sense a late pantomimic representation, but st entertaining hodge-podge of burve, variety 'stunts' and harlequin-It opened with a prologue in which ctors spoke rhymed dialogues. This followed by a comic scene called Farm of Plenty' in which Humpty pty made his entrance on the im-l wall from which he tumbled n among Old-one-two, Tommy er, Little Goody-Two-Shoes, and ollicking villagers. After a lively ssion of bolsterous episodes in poor Humpty sometimes had the of it, but usually the worst of it. Good Fairy Queen appeared and formed Humpty into Clown; Old-Two into Pantaloon; Tommy Tuckhe lover, into spangled Harlequin; Goody-Two-Shoes into Columbine. came the harlequinade representthe courtship of Harlequin and bine, whose course of true love prevented from running smooth by onstant interference of her father, Pantaloon and the blundering Clown. Harlequin, of course, carried the traditional bat, or wooden sword, which was supposed to have the power of changing copper into gold, cutting people in half, decapitating the policeman, and enabling Harlequin to jump through stone walls and over the tops of houses. The four colors of his dress had a special meaning. The yellow indicated jealousy; the blue, truth; the scarlet, love; and the black, invisibility; and they stood at the same as the emblem of fire, air, earth, and water.

"The second act of 'Humpty Dumpty' was made up entirely of variety specialties—musical acts, acrobatic turns singing of the popular 'cat duet' and dancing by the Kiralfy family. The third and last act saw a return to rough-and-tumble, slap-stick pantomime, which was only redeemed from buffoonery by the exquisite fooling of Fox. This really fine artist produced all his effects by the humor of his acting, by the comic mugs which he drew, by the grotesqueness of his pantomimic action, by the naivete of his blunders and by the genuine humor of all his practical jokes. He did not, like the clowns of the present day, call in the aid of acrobatism, and dance upon stilts, walk upon barrels, or play the fiddle behind his back; nor did he seek to gain the applause of his audience by astonishing leaps and feats of strength. He trusted all to the force of his natural humor, and such was his power that he held his audience spellbound. Fox's great superiority over all other American pantomimic artists before or since his time is a matter of stage record. But without disparaging his genius in any way, it is a mistake to class the piece in which he won lasting fame as a genuine pantomime of the type exemplified by 'Pierrot the Prodigal.'"

It should also be remembered that Fox was an excellent actor in comedy, and remarkable in burlesque: witness his Hamlet, Macbeth and Richelieu.

A Circus in a Morocco Court

When Mulai Abdul Aziz first issued from the seclusion of his palace, where, on account of his extreme youth, he had passed the first four or five years of his reign, it was everybody's purpose to keep him amused. The powerful grand vizier, Bu Ahmed, held absolute sway and had no intention of surrendering his position even in favor of the gentle, quiet youth who had inherited the throne. So the only statecraft they allowed their young lord and master to learn was the letting off of fireworks, the pressing of the buttons of Kodak cameras, and trick bicycle riding, at all three of which, under apt tutelage, his majesty soon became an adept.

It was at this moment that a strong and good adviser might have prolonged the life of an independent Morocco, for although possessed of no great attainments or will-power, Mulai Abdul Aziz was thoughtful, intelligent, and desirous of doing well. It was no easy matter, however, at Marakesh, the southern capital, where the court at this time was in residence, to keep the young Sultan amused. Situated 100 miles from the nearest port, which itself was 300 miles down the Atlantic coast, communication with Europe was necessarily very slow, and the Sultan's ever-increasing orders of European goods took long to carry out. Often, too, the heavy Atlantic swell rendered impossible communication between the ships and the shore for weeks together.

The Sultan's amusers were at their last resources. Fireworks were played out; bicycle tricks had led to bruises and sprains; and even photography had lost its pristine interest. At the critical moment came word of a belated circus at one of the coast towns. It must naturally have been a very poor circus ever to have found itself at that dreary little port, but its advent was welcomed as enthusiastically as if it had been Barnum's entire show. Imperial letters were directed to the local kaids and governors, agents rushed wildly to and fro, and eventually the circus, bag and baggage, consisting of a dozen people and three or four horses, started out across the weary plains of Morocco to obey the royal command. It all took time, and meanwhile in court circles it was the absorbing topic of conversation. One or two serious rebellions among the tribes, and an acute quarrel with the government of a European power, passed into temporary oblivion.

Now the proprietress of this circus was an extremely stout Spanish lady of uncertain age, on whose corpulent body the rough jogging on a mule for more than a hundred miles had left almost as painful an impression as the discomfort, heat and worry of the journey had upon her temper. She herself took no active part in the performance, and it was on this account, to her intense indignation and wrath, that she was refused admittance to the court of the palace in which the Sultan was to witness the show. His majesty's orders were that none but the actual performers should be allowed to enter.

So the fat lady and one or two of the employes of the circus remained in an outer courtyard, adjoining the enclosure in which the Sultan, seated under a gorgeous tent, was witnessing the performance. A wall some 20 feet in height separated these two courts, and in the outer one, where the fat lady found herself, the Sultan had been building some additions to the palace, and a pile of stone, mortar and other material reached almost to the top of the wall. The lady was both angry and bored, nor were a flock of gazelle and a few fine specimens of mouflon—Barbary wild sheep—that roamed about the enclosure sufficient to keep her amused.

To have received a royal command to come all that way to the Moorish capital, and then to be deprived of the glory of seeing her own circus performing before a real Sultan was more than she could bear, and she straightway began to climb the great heap of building material that lay piled against the wall. It was hard work, nor was her figure suited for such mountain climbing, but she was to receive assistance from a source undreamed of. Affected, no doubt, by her slow progress in a sport of which he himself was so proficient, the old ram mouflon lightly bounded after her. Balancing himself for a moment on his hind legs, he lunged forward and butted the fat lady so successfully from below that her ascent was materially assisted. In a series of repeated bounds, owing to no voluntary action on her own part, she found herself pantingly grasping the top of the thick wall.

Meanwhile the performance of the circus was progressing to the Sultan's satisfaction. Suddenly, however, an expression of wrathful consternation became visible in his face, and, speechless, he pointed at the wall. There, far above, was the agonized and purple visage of the fat lady, peering down at the Sultan and his court. In a moment the officers of the suite were shouting and gesticulating to her to retire. But the only reply they received was the sudden vision of a considerable portion of her immense body, as the playful mouflon, himself invisible, gave her another hoist up. At last all her body was on the wall, to which she clung for dear life with arms and legs, as she lay extended on its summit. It was at this moment that the mouflon appeared. With a majestic bound he leaped on to the summit, stood for a moment poised on his hind legs, then suddenly dropped and with a terrific prod from his wide horns butted the fat lady at least a yard along the wall. He was evidently intent upon taking her round the entire circuit of the court yard.

For a few moments there was turmoil. The Sultan sat silent and amazed, while the cabinet ministers all shouted to the lady to disappear—which she was certainly most anxious to do. The slaves, more wisely, pelted the mouflon with stones and drove him from his point of vantage. Then slowly the lady disappeared—the fat legs first, then the heaving mass of body, and finally even the purple face was seen no more.—London Times, Jan. 2.

Notes About Music, Musicians and the Stage

Walter M. Rummel played last month for the first time in public at a concert in Paris for the benefit of L'Aide Affectueuse aux Musiciens: "Four Etudes in Memory of Frederic Chopin": "Pour les Sixties," "Pour les Arpages Composces," "Pour les Sonorities Opposees," "Pour les Octaves." Mr. Copcland played two of them at his recital of Dec. 9. Was the performance in Paris earlier? There are more than four of these etudes.

The Daily Telegraph of London says that a few years ago Haddon Chambers set to work on a libretto based on "Trilby" and secured Hubert Bath as a composer. "A very curious history attaches to that unfinished 'Trilby' opera. It was planned as a serious work, on more or less 'grand opera' lines, and we believe it to be a fact that it not only came to be submitted to the late Mr. George Edwardes—who certainly was no specialist in the grand opera line—but was practically accepted by that manager with the view to a production at a West end theatre. Still more curious and interesting, details of the cast were seriously gone into, and who, do you imagine, was to be the Trilby—provided, of course, that she could be prevailed upon to accept the offer—but Mme. Clara Butt? For Svengali it was hoped to obtain the services of that fine artist, Mr. Scotti (whose appearance in an English-singing role would have been very interesting), while the part of Little Billy was to be assigned to Mr. Kennerley Rumford." It is our impression that an opera founded on "Trilby" (Du Maurier's, not Nodier's) was performed in Italy some years ago.

Watkin Mills, the English baritone, is still remembered here. Living at Winnipeg, he lately conducted "The Creation" and sang "Rolling in Foaming Billows" and "Now Heaven." Did he conduct while he was singing? A local journal said: "It's kind of summerylike, anyway, to hear Sir (sic) Watkyn declaim about 'rolling in foaming billows.'"

A Sussex (England) newspaper spoke of a three-part song, "'The Mountain Stream,' by the early Russian master Rimsky, and translated by Korasakoff."

A young Russian composer, Prokovieff, has written an opera, "Igrok" ("The Gambler"), founded on a story by Dostoievsky, which will be brought out at Petrograd.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of "Young England," the Drake comic opera at Daly's, London (Dec. 26), "Everything is deliciously good and fresh about it except Mr. Basil Hood's book, which is inconceivably poor and stale. The music (by G. H. Clutsam and Hubert Bath) is just lovely, full of graceful melody as well as of scholarly writing on the part of both composers. . . . Mr. Hood's book is not only dull and, frankly silly in itself—it actually seems as if he had, after a certain point, not even taken the trouble to invent a new plot, but simply repeated his old 'Merrie England' story of Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh and Bess Throckmorton, changing the names to Drake and Betty Sydenham.

"Hindle Wakes" has been revived at the Court Theatre, London (Dec. 27).

Dr. E. H. Thorne, whose anthems and hymn tunes are among the best of the English school, died about three weeks ago, at the age of 82. For the last 25 years he was organist of St. Anne's Church, Soho. "Dr. Thorne," says the Morning Post, "was a link with S. S. Wesley, Best, Hopkins, Turle and Goss, all of whom he knew personally. As a composer he was well known for his anthems and church music; during the present year his works have been rendered in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and Chichester and Gloucester Cathedrals. He will probably be more widely remembered as the composer of the three popular hymn tunes, 'Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult,' 'Around the Throne of God' and 'He Who Once in Righteous Vengeance.'"

George R. Sims's book of reminiscences, "My Life," has been published by Eveleigh Nash (London, 6s. net). The Daily Telegraph said in the course of a review: "To extract from this mine of personal memories would be to rob readers of a 'show' which they can only enjoy thoroughly in the atmosphere which Mr. Sims creates for their benefit. A reviewer who has not lived in the 'hungry forties,' to say nothing of the 'thirst-quenching sixties,' is not entitled to pass judgment on impressions which treat of those times. All he can say is, that though the parade of old theatrical castes may appear somewhat superfluous, he is fascinated by the sequence of romance, domestic drama and social sidelight which the author so pleasantly compasses. Even 'Dagonet's' murderers—the murderers he has met, that is to say—lose much of their repulsiveness when, as students of humanity, we are invited to peep beneath the public records. Mr. Sims shows himself to be a great criminologist. We can imagine every retired police officer in the land spending the whole day on the dossiers disclosed, just as we can imagine every venerator of old London, London of Cruickshank, of Fleet St., taverns, of lamplighters and linkmen, of equestrian city merchants, and of public executions—lingering luxuriously over the descriptions and area of its landmarks. Mr. Sims may remember a dimly-lighted London in those distant days, but it was nothing like so dark a London as that of 1916. Gazing back, too, he may see a much gayer London. 'Long after midnight certain streets of the West, and notably the Haymarket, are packed with a roystering mob seeing life.' He recalls the London of Sayers and Heenan, and the faded glories of the old prize ring; of 'open betting and leviathan pencilling, when £100,000 book would be made on the Chester Cup'; the Derbys of green veils and dolled white hats; theatres which charged half price at 9 o'clock, and never dreamt of ringing down their curtains before 12:30 A.M. a Strand which contained more oyster shops than the whole of London today; a City which went mad over Letty Lind, never diluted its spirits with soda water, and regarded a tophatted policeman springing a rattle as a familiar figure of the night. But if Mr. Sims readily admits that this London was drabber, more disorderly and less healthy, he says frankly that this was the London he loved. Loyally, he defends its claim to immortality."

An interesting experiment is being tried by the Parents' National Union (London) in starting a folk-song class for children's nurses, which they can attend once a week from 8:30 to 9:30 in the evening. The nurses, says the Times, learn simple folk-songs and old rounds and rhymes, which they sing to their charges as they put them to bed. The idea is to form the children's taste early, so that they may not grow up to school age accustomed to the sickly sentiment that nurses usually sing. The nurses in training, who much enjoy their classes, have learned "Summer Is Icumen in," an old wassail song; the "Boer's Head Carol," a sailors' chanty, songs of Levi, "Elsie Marney" (a delightful old Northumbrian song in very quick music), and similar music.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY [illegible]

MONDAY [illegible]

TUESDAY [illegible]

WEDNESDAY [illegible] Edith [illegible] Boston [illegible] Wright [illegible]

Jordan Hall [illegible] Piano recital by Richard Platt [illegible] Ballad from op. 118, Nos. [illegible] and 6, and Romance, op. 76, No. [illegible] Sonatine; Liszt, Sposalizio [illegible] and Tarantelle.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. [illegible] concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Olga Samaroff. Brahms' Sonata in F minor, [illegible] Preludes in G [illegible] minor, B flat [illegible], Nocturne in C sharp minor, Etude in G flat major; Franck, Chorale and Fugue; Debussy, Claire de Lune, Toccata, Gabrilowitsch, Elegie, Caprice Burlesque.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra repeated

MISS ELENA GERHARDT GIVES SONG RECITAL

Large Audience Hears Soprano In Jordan Hall.

Miss Elena Gerhardt sang at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Walter Golde was the accompanist. The program was as follows. Schubert, An die Musik, Liebesbotschaft, Rastlose Liebe, Im Abendroth, Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Der Musensohn; Brahms, Auf die Nacht, Schwalbe sag' mir an, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Der Jager, Der Tod, das ist die ruehle Nacht, Von Ewiger Liebe; Wolf, Gesang Weyla's, Ihr Jungen Leute, Indem Schalten meinir Lochen; Strauss, Ruhe Meine Seele, Staendchen.

A large audience welcomed the distinguished soprano and there was enthusiasm throughout the recital. At first the singer did not appear to be vocally well disposed and she occasionally strayed from the true pitch. She soon recovered herself, however, and sang with her customary suavity and vocal opulence. Many of the songs were familiar. Yet there were exceptions, for example, Brahms' "Schwalbe sag' mir an" and the same composer's "Der Jager." In these as in other songs on the program Miss Gerhardt shone as an interpreter. In certain songs of deeper meaning as Schubert's "Im Abendroth"; Brahms' "Immer leiser" and "Der Tod, das ist die ruehle Nacht" Miss Gerhardt has never been more eloquent. She voiced with touching sincerity the sorrow and bitterness of the unloved maiden whose spinning was aimless while she sat among her sisters each at work on a wedding garment.

The singer's performance of Wolf's "Weyla's Gesang" was superb, impressional, inspired, and she repeated this admirably dramatic bit of musical declamation. Miss Gerhardt's purity of diction in German is a constant pleasure. The same pleasure was excited in this respect by her singing in English of George Monroe's "My Lovely Celia," which was among the songs added to the program.

Jan 29 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

He Gathers Them In.

As the Wo[illegible]

Alfar[illegible] her. Hadn't you better [illegible] a little? Is Alfarata what [illegible]

> Wild [illegible] an Indian maid, bright Alfarata.
> Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.

The [illegible] written last summer to answer [illegible] yours about an Indian maiden named Alfaretta connected lyrically with a western river. There were, in addition, some personal details of a [illegible] and confidential character in regard to "raven tresses flowing," which I [illegible] remember distinctly enough [illegible] which is perhaps just as well.

I now hasten to leave this portion of my subject for [illegible] reasons, and to say that she was in a children's song book published [illegible] Mr. Bird in the early fifties. It was full of gems. Among others, there was a roaring piratical [illegible] that would have tired the [illegible] heart of Liverpool Jarge—

> Tr[illegible]
> In moonlight and starlight
> We [illegible] round o'er the billow.

Bird was still alive in '72, and he had much to say in the papers about fire prevention after the great Boston fire of that year.

Speaking of old songbooks, there is a book of hymns in the Congressional Library dated 1776, which bears on its title page the following:

> Now praise the Lord with one consent,
> And in [illegible] design
> Let Britain [illegible] colours
> Unanimously join.

Notice the rhyme. In those days and for many years afterward, chair was pronounced cheer, and balcony with a long "o"

> To scale the light
> Balcony's height.

Which is Moore, I think. Then came Thackeray:

> The rose upon my balcony
> The morning air perfuming.

Another landmark. In Boston here, when I was young, nobody pronounced venison like benison, as they do now. It was "venzon." In the same way, diamond was "dimond," and many of the best educated people dropped their final g's as a matter of course. Perhaps you can tell me why, as time goes on, accents tend to shift backward. People always used to pronounce Tremont with the same accent as Nahant. Now they say "Tremmunt," like lemon. The same thing happens with foreign words. Take the Japanese word kimono, which was introduced here only a few years ago. The Japanese, I am told, pornounce all three vowels long and put the accent on the first o; but here it is pronounced, and sometimes even spelled, "kimmoner," like commoner. The British tendency is just the other way. They lengthen final syllables in adopted words; for instance, in jinrikisha, which the Englishman pronounces as Rudyard Kipling spells it—rickshaw.

Well, well—Nature is as full of mysteries as a pie is of huckleberries. Is language nature or art?

THE OLD SEXTON.

Boston, Jan. 23.

Only a little while ago there was a discussion in the London Daily Chronicle about the pronunciation of the word "venison." Deep thinkers insisted on only two syllables, "venzn." This pronunciation is approved by Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary (1791) and by the "Concise Oxford Dictionary" (1911). In Walker's time the accent was thrown on the second syllable of "balcony," and this was the established pronunciation until about 1825. Samuel Rogers, the banker poet and bitter wit, said that the accent on the first syllable made him sick. Ah Alfarata! We are still true to her, though we first knew her in the sixties in the grammar school of our little village—we are now dwelling in a large village. Here is the first verse of the song, words and music by Mrs. M. D. Sullivan. We quote from "The Golden Wreath," which contains many other songs of our boyhood.

> Wild roved an Indian girl,
> Bright Alfarata,
> Where sweeps the waters of
> The blue Juniata;
> Swift as an Antelope,
> Thro' the forest going,
> Loose were her jetty locks
> In wavy tresses flowing.

Ah, how we sang her praise, with boyish fervor and shockingly false intonation, although our heart was true to her.—Ed.

Peas for Horses.

As the World Wags:

In the Herald of Jan. 3, "Observer" spoke of the peas and oats at the stable of the inn at Rochester as having been termed "as dank . . . as a dog" by one of the characters in Shakespeare's "I. Henry IV." who added that to feed such peas and oats "is the next way to give poor jades the bots." That passage in Shakespeare shows that peas were formerly used in England as forage for horses. What were those peas? Were they shelled peas, such as are now in household use as food for human beings? I see, by Webster's New International Distionary, that what are known as field peas are used as forage, especially in Europe and the cooler parts of America. Are those field peas which are fed as forage the shelled peas (that is, the seeds, or kernels), or are they all of the plant that grows above ground? INQUIRER.

There are books about animals, folklore, plants, law and medicine in the time of Shakespeare. Is there no fascinating volume on Elizabethan vegetables? We consulted the excellent Richard Grant White. All he has to say, commenting on the above quoted text, is this: "It is hardly necessary to remark that the carrier compares the dank beans to a dog, only as his betters then compared, and now compare, many other things to dogs, devils, and what not."—Ed.

MISCHA ELMAN PLAYS TO ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE

Symphony Hall Crowded Yesterday Afternoon.

At the concert given by Mischa Elman yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, the program was a follows: Sonate, D major, Nardini-David; Concerto, No. 5, Vieuxtemps; Poeme, op. 25, Chausson; Pastoral, Capriee, Scarlatti; Air de Ballet, Gretry-Franko, Turkish March from the Ruins of Athens, Beethoven-Auer; Caprice, op. 24, Paganini-Auer.

This was Mr. Elman's first appearance here this season, and he played to an audience which filled every seat, and most of the standing room of the hall. It was an audience made up largely of people who understood and appreciated good music, as was demonstrated by the unusual silence, the applause at the right times, and the enthusiasm shown at the close of certain movements which the artist had played with marked delicacy and feeling, notably the larghetto, the third movement of the Sonate; the adagio of the Concerto, and the numbers by Scarlatti.

After the concerto the continued applause was responded to with a most exquisite rendering of Schubert's Ave Maria. The entire program, including recalls, was of a quiet, deeply emotional character, rather than one of brilliancy and technique. At the close of the program Mr. Elman gave several extra numbers. Even after many of the lights in the hall had been turned off the great audience still refused to leave, and not until the ever-popular Humoresque had been played did the people slowly, and regretfully start for home.

Mr. Elman showed none of the mannerisms that have been severely criticized in other places this season.

Jan 30 1917

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Pierrot, the Prodigal" ("L'Enfant Prodigue"), story by Michel Carre, music by Andre Wormser. Produced by Winthrop Ames and Walter Knight. Pianist, Miss Hanna Van Vollenhaven. Elliott Schenck conductor of the orchestra.

Pierrot's Father	Paul Clerget
Pierrot's Mother	Gabrielle Perrier
Pierrot	Marjorie Patterson
Phrynette	Margot Kelly
Pompey	Charles Dubuis
Monsieur Le Baron	Louis Gouget

When "L'Enfant Prodigue" was produced at the Boston Museum with Mme. Pilar-Morin as young Pierrot, the memorable Courtes as the Father, and Lachaume, the brilliant pianist, the pantomime was caviare to the general. Pantomime in the minds of Bostonians was then associated only with the clown and his hot poker, Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin. The performances of the Russian Ballet and the moving pictures have educated the public, since Severin was at the Orpheum. It is now admitted that a comic, a serio-comic, or a tragic story can be told without the spoken word.

It is not necessary to make comparisons between Miss Patterson and Mme. Pilar-Morin, or Felicia Mallet, the ideal Pierrot, whom we saw in Paris 26 years ago; or between Mr. Clerget and Courtes. Of that company at the Bouffes Parisiens, Mr. Gouget is the chief survivor, and his Baron last evening was more delightful than ever. Comparisons, even in "Plutarch's Lives," are easily skipped and memory is treacherous. It is enough to say that the performance last night was on the whole excellent, an entertainment not to be missed.

What a lesson to many of our stars, especially those twinkling in the firmament by the fiat of a manager, is the command of significant gesture and facial expression shown by Messrs. Clerget and Gouget, and the ladies of the company! Imagine some of the actresses who are said to have "personality" but have had no real training, suddenly called upon to go through even a little scene in pantomime!

The story is as simple, amusing and pathetic as ever, the old story of the discontented youth, the flight from home, the riotous living, the disgrace and the return. Why did Mr. Ames find it necessary to change the title? Was he afraid that the tired business man and his bediamonded spouse would translate it "The Prodigious Infant"? But let us not dwell on this. We have to thank Mr. Ames heartily for the manner in which he has put the pantomime on the stage. He has shown rare taste in the stage settings. The room in the Pierrots's home, with the view through the window, and Phrynette's luxurious boudoir are perfect, each in its way. Seldom is seen on our stage such exquisite taste in color; seldom is there so effective lighting. The details in both scenes were shrewdly thought out.

Miss Patterson was more effective in the second and third acts than in the first, where her action was not always free and elastic, nor was she wholly successful in conveying to the spectator the idea that was clear to her. In the second act she played with true spirit, and in the third with genuine emotion. Lithe and graceful, she was pleasing to the eye. Miss Perrier was admirable as the mother. And what is to be said of the extraordinary Miss Kelly, with the gorgeous hair, with the marvellous costume in the second act, piquant, fascinating, the incarnation of heartlessness, the ex-washerwoman that tempted not only the amorous youth but the old and experienced viveur!

Mr. Clerget is a worthy successor to Courtes and there is no higher praise. Whether he were at table, reading the newspaper, comforting his heart-broken wife, raging against his thieving son, or torn between forgiveness and a sense of parental duty, he was the well-graced comedian, not too anxious about the comparatively unessential, always convincing, and in emotional scenes master of the audience—and of himself. The Baron of Mr. Gouget has lost nothing by the envious years. There is now as then the suggestion of an animated puppet, almost senile but still sly, amorous as the senator in "Venice Preserved," or that singularly unpleasant gentleman in "Nana," yet by the actor's art the character is so fantastical that there is no thought of depravity, or of an object lesson to the middle-aged. Excellent, too, was the Servant as played by Mr. Dubuis.

Miss Van Vollenhoven accomplished successfully a very difficult task. She and Mr. Schenck made much of Wormser's charming and expressive music. Mr. Clerget at the end returned thanks in pantomime, presenting cleverly with a few gestures and changes of countenance, each character in the story. The large audience was evidently well entertained.

Here is a play without words—one speech would have spoiled it—amusing, emotional, that can be seen with pleasure again and again.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

One Thomas Gleason.

As the World Wags:

Among the fifty fellow-rascals—French, English, Dutch, Spanish, Irish and American—whom Henry Tufts, lately celebrated in your column, found imprisoned at Castle Island, was presumably one Thomas Gleason, a man much of Tufts's kidney, though probably, of less intelligence and education. Unfortunately he was the author of no autobiography, and the following meagre details have been gathered from many sources. If any of your readers can add to the facts here set down I shall highly appreciate their courtesy.

Gleason, who was a native of Worcester, is agreeably described by one Elisha Smith, with whom he had lived—the husband of one of his aunts—as "a person who was much addicted to vice and immorality . . . and . . . not to be depended upon, because he had rather lie than speak the truth." In 1776, when 20 years old, he had served a year in the continental army and, in a forgotten skirmish on an island in the Harlem river, received a wound in the leg which troubled him through life. His next emergence from the obscurity of the past is far less honorable, for, in 1779, he pleaded guilty before the superior court at Worcester, to three charges of passing counterfeit bills, and was committed to jail for two months. On the expiration of this sentence, in July, he again enlisted in the army and marched with other recruits to Springfield. But in September of the following year he was back in his accustomed haunts—in Worcester, in Paxton, where his activity for ill soon became apparent, and in Holden, where this knight of the road probably had a married sister—an alleged deserter from both the American and the British forces, and once more in trouble over counterfeit bills. According to his own later statement, he had hid a certain amount of bad money under a plank in a Paxton physician, Dr. Samuel Stearns's pasture, and "afterward went to Holden, where he was taken up on suspicion of having been concerned in counterfeit money," and was "in great danger." To save his skin he apparently volunteered false evidence against Dr. Stearns, his father-in-law, Capt. Olive Witt, and the latter's son, Oliver, all Paxton tories, whose patriotic enemies were glad to avail themselves of even a trumped up charge against them.

Sept. 23, 1780, these three gentlemen were marched to Worcester and brought before James Sullivan, then one of the judges of the superior court of judicature, under accusation of assisting the enemy and passing counterfeit money, of which the villainous Gleason had some in evidence. The subsequent misfortunes of Stearns and the Witts do not concern us here, but it may be said that soon after their arrest Gleason confessed to Dr. Nahum Willard of Worcester, whose advice he sought about his sore leg, that he was obliged to swear against them to save his own life, and "that the said Witt and his family, including said Stearns, were as innocent as the angels in heaven."

Having, in February, 1781, been restored to the army, by June Gleason had again deserted. The truth probably is that during the later years of the revolution he followed the career of a professional deserter, like the bounty jumper of the civil war, for mercenary reasons. The story reached Dr. Stearns that he had been hanged by the British (at Penobscot, I believe), as a horse thief and deserter—a report which proved "grossly exaggerated," as Mark Twain said of the news of his own death, for in 1790 he appeared before the supreme court at Cambridge to stand trial for fraudulently obtaining a note of hand, but had "the leave of court to depart."

It is related that "Old Tufts" was once arrested for a namesake, and our present hero had also a namesake,

whose military record is of quite an opposite character. This other Thomas Gleason, who was of Woburn, lost a thumb at Concord fight by the bursting of his gun, in spite of which he enlisted in the service 10 days later, and served with apparent credit through most of the war.

The year after his release at Cambridge Gleason was arrested at Worcester for burglary committed at the house of William Hyslop in Brookline—his pack, containing the stolen goods, being found in Holden and in September, 1791, was sentenced to the castle for five years. Of his career from that moment for 27 years I have no shred of information. The last scene in this sorry life-drama begins in 1818, when Gleason, then a resident of Dummerston, Vt., applied for, and received, a pension of eight dollars a month for his service in '76—probably the only term of enlistment he had served out. In his declaration he says, "I am now advanced in years, in a feeble state of health, and by reason of reduced Circumstances in Life, am in present need of the Assistance of my Country for Support." In 1820, having removed to Cavendish, he made a second declaration, in which it is recited that he has "no Property of any Kind, either Real or Personal, excepting his Wearing Apparel . . . . that he is by occupation a Labourer," and by reason of the wound in his leg "is unable to labour for a considerable proportion of the time." He died at Cavendish, Vt., in 1831—the same year as Henry Tufts, with whom it is altogether probable he was personally acquainted—in his seventy-sixth year. Braggart and liar to the last, he appears to have boasted in his old age that he had served for seven years of the war and was entitled to bounty lands.

But what I should much like to know is whether, during those last forty years of his life, he avoided breaking the laws of that country to which he refers so touchingly. J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster, Jan. 15.

About Tamworth.

As the World Wags:

Like H. W., I am not a native of Tamworth, but I have lived in the north part of the town since 1890, with the exception of seven years, and I personally know every native in it. I agree with Mr. Ned L. Perkins of Farmington, N. H., that the very few depredations that have ever occurred have been committed by OUTSIDERS. I have never been in a more law-abiding place, or in a place where property is as safe as it is here.

ARTHUR T. WALDEN.

Wonalaocet, N. H.

The talk has been about the dwellers in the crater of Ossipee mountain.—Ed.

KEITH FEATURE

"The Girlies Gambol," with Margaret Irving and Felix Adler, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Others in the cast were Paul Frawley, Hazel Moran, Richard DeMar and Lulu Swan, and there was the ensemble of pretty girls. With an entirely different cast this act was one of the big acts of Ziegfield's "Midnight Frolic." The book is by Tommy Gray, lyrics by Gene Buck, music by Dave Stamper and Louis Hirsch, and the piece was staged by Ned Wayburn.

The piece is first of all interesting as a spectacle and as an opportunity for the display of a bewildering and ever changing assortment of bizarre costumes, some at times bordering on the near grotesque and yet at the same time having a pertinent relationship to this or that scene. Then there are the numerous dancing features of the ensemble; thus with the features already spoken of it is easy to lay the success of the act where it rightly belongs—to that master hand of stage management, Ned Wayburn.

Besides this there is an opportunity for Felix Adler to introduce his well known ventriloquial specialty with George Williams, the versatile and accommodating utility man, sharing in the honors of the act. Mr. Adler added several new features in his agreeable style, none more interesting than his plaintive love melody with the odd introduction of the technical parts of the flivver. While Paul Frawley sang with a pleasing voice, this could not be said of the ensemble, who were more entertaining by reason of their good looks, their dancing numbers and the elegance and extravagance of their wardrobe—now overdressed, now interestingly unadorned.

One of the best laugh-getters on the bill was the act of Joe Towle. The comedian appears in the habit of a stage hand, convincingly simulates an awkward attache, and finally entertains his audience at the piano, now in burlesque, now as one skilled in the art as a pianist, till his hearers are loath to have him retire.

Other acts on the bill were "Creation," representing the birth of the universe, a spectacle chiefly interesting by reason of its oddity and interesting lighting effects; Nick Hufford and Dell Chain in songs and chatter; Harry and Eva Puck in a nicely staged singing and piano act; Billie Burke's "Motor Boating," a quartet in a novel manner of presenting a singing act; Renee Florigny, French pianist; the Dunedin Duo, in a comedy sketch, and the third episode of "Patria," the sensational picture drama, featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Candida," an idyl in three acts, by George cBrnard Shaw.

Miss Prosperine Garnett. . . . . Jessamine Newcombe
Rev. James Mavor Morell. . . . . Cameron Matthews
Rev. Alexander Mills . . . . . Leon Gordon
Mr. Burgess . . . . . Fred W. Permain
Candida . . . . . Gwladys Morris
Eugene Marchbanks . . . . . Leonard Craske

In resurrecting this idyl, which has not been seen in Boston for three years, the Henry Jewett Players last night brought to light one of the most delightful pictures dealing in the idyllic love as seen from different angles.

Difficult of translation in bringing out the finer points as pictured by the playwright, difficult because of tense situations, each player reached an artistry of acting that is seldom seen in stock companies.

The extremely difficult role of Eugene, the poet, of the eternal triangle was played with rare force by Leonard Craske. Candida, the rector's wife, from whom the play takes its name, and with whom the poet believed himself so deeply in love, was played in a manner that belongs peculiarly to Miss Gwladys Morris.

The role of the Rev. Morell was splendidly portrayed by Cameron Matthews. The other parts were well cast, especially that of Mr. Burgess, Morell's father-in-law, the hard-headed, grasping business man with the strong Cockney accent, played by Fred W. Permain. His comedy work was exceptionally good.

Jan 31 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Diogenes Dodo of Cambridge spoke of escalators as rapidly modifying our social customs, if not our moral and intellectual standards. When did the word "escalator" come into use?. Is it of kin to "escalade," the action of scaling the walls of a fortified place by the use of ladders? Dr. Kane spoke of washings of melted snow accumulating in little escalades or terraces. The archaic word "escalado" is mouth-filling.

The Meads in Brattleboro.

As the World Wags:

In the very interesting article written by you in the Herald of Jan. 20, entitled "A Guide Book," in speaking of Brattleboro and mentioning my brother, you say:

"We regret to say there is no mention of Larkin G. Mead's sketches of the freshman, sophomore, junior and senior."

As a matter of fact, the real author of these sketches was my oldest brother, John Noyes Mead, who was a member of the class of 1851 in Harvard, but he died just as he was entering his senior year, and therefore his sketches did not include the senior.

He was the really talented member of my family, and, in addition to his attainments as a scholar, promised to be a great musician and artist. He was very popular with his class, among whom I remember Prof. William R. Ware, and they placed the monument over his grave in Brattleboro.

While the older members of my family, including Mrs. William Dean Howells, had the most lively recollection of him, I, as a younger member, barely remember him. John Mead Howells, the architect, is named after him, and has his carefully written college journals, which are very interesting.

WILLIAM R. MEAD.

New York, Jan. 27.

We are much obliged to Mr. Mead for the correction. In our boyhood these sketches of the collegian were in our house, owned by a former dweller in Brattleboro, a friend of the older Meads. We were quite sure that there were four sketches, one for each classman; that of the senior is still in the mind's eye; but our correspondent should of course know.—Ed.

Enroughty and Darby.

As the World Wags:

A recent inquiry in your column for an explanation of the fact that in Virginia the name Enroughty is pronounced Darby, reminds me that many years ago The Nation had a long series of communications regarding names and their eccentric mispronunciations and transformations. Among them, Enroughty appeared, with the explanation that the first member of that family in America, incensed at the many mispronunciations of the name, one day in a fit of rage ejaculated "Call it Darby." This explanation is so obviously the puerile product of an untutored imagination, that it may be dismissed off-hand.

But a later correspondent said that in the course of his travels he once made the acquaintance of the bishop of Clare, Ireland; and that the bishop told him that in that part of Ireland there were many families bearing the name of Enraght or Enright, that many members of these families belonged to a religious sect called Darbyites, that this sect was held in derision, and its members were subjected to open ridicule and insult, and were often jeered at in the street with sneering cries of Darby or Old Darby or Darbyite. That explanation really illumines the problem, and really explains a mystery that seems on the surface to be inexplicable.

This later correspondent also said that in Gen. Grant's memoirs it was asserted that something happened at Darbytown Cross-Roads, but that, if the local maps should be consulted, it would appear that the locality was designated as Enroughtytown Cross-Roads.

For the benefit of those who might be disposed to refuse to believe that such a grotesque mispronunciation could ever occur anywhere, I will add that Mr. Vaughan, for many years the librarian of the Social Law Library in Boston, and a most reliable and accurate witness on any subject that he would undertake to testify about, told me that, while he did not know anything about the explanation, yet he did know personally that in Virginia Enroughty was pronounced Darby.

EUGENE B. HAGAR.

Boston, Jan. 25.

These Darbyites were also called Plymouth Brethren. They were named after John Nelson Darby (1800-1882). A gold medallist at Trinity College, Dublin, he studied law, became a curate, but rebelling against formalism, wrote and preached about 1830. The sect known as The Plymouth Brethren was named after the town. Darby afterwards founded congregations in Switzerland. Returning to England he started a separate assembly. There were then the Darbyites or Exclusive Brethren, and the Open or Loose Brethren. Darby visited the United States in 1870, '72, '73, and '74. He was a voluminous writer. As for pronunciation of names, a correspondent, "Montpelier," writes: "There is a family in South Carolina (or was) bearing the name of Colcolough, pronounced by its members Coakley."—Ed.

Grace in War Times.

War economy has evidently made its need felt in the vicarage as well as in the private house. A clergyman's little son went to stay at a friend's house. The next morning he was asked to say grace. As he hesitated, his host, endeavoring to help, said: "Say what father says before breakfast." Thus encouraged, the boy began: "Go easy with the bacon; it's eighteen pence a pound!"—London Daily Chronicle.

MISS ELSA F. SHERWOOD AND PUPIL GIVE CONCERT

Friendly Audience in Steinert Hall Hears Them with Pleasure.

Miss Elsa F. Sherwood, assisted by her pupil, Miss Florence Moore, pianist, and Miss Carmela Ippolito, violinist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Intermezzo from "Faschingsschwank"; Chopin, Etudes, G flat, F major; Bacher-Grondahl, Etude, A major; Moszkowski, Etude G flat; Liszt, Etude D flat; Paderewski, Cracovienne, Chanson du Voyageur, No. 1 (Miss Sherwood); Bach, Prelude No. 3; Schumann, Aufschwung; Moret, Etude (Miss Moore); Saint-Saens, Rondo Capriccioso (Miss Ippolito); MacDowell, Prelude; Schuett, Preambule du Bal, Un peu Coquette; Rachmaninoff, Prelude (Miss Moore); Liszt, Symphonic Poem "Dante" (Miss Sherwood and Miss Moore).

This concert gave pleasure to a friendly audience. Miss Sherwood's abilities are well known in the community. Especially interesting was her interpretation of the pieces by Paderewski, for which she was indebted to the composer himself. Miss Moore, a young pupil, showed proficiency. The program was varied and entertaining.

Feb 1 1917

RICHARD PLATT

By PHILIP HALE.

Richard Platt gave a piano recital last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, Sonata in F sharp minor; Brahms, Intermezzi, op. 118, Nos. 1, 2 and 6, Ballade, op. 118, No. 3, Rhapsodie, op. 79, No. 1; Ravel, Sonatina; Liszt, Sposalizio, Au Bord d'une Source, Tarantelle.

Perhaps Liszt's "Sposalizio" was the least familiar of the pieces chosen. It was inspired by the picture of Raphael, as "Il Penseroso," was suggested to him by Michael Angelo's Medicean statue of Giuliano, Duke of Nemours. Other pictures that led Liszt to compose music are Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns," a picture in the Cologne Cathedral that led to the "March of the Three Kings" in "Christus"; Overbeck's cycle of paintings, "The Seven Sacraments" and Oreagna's "Triumph of Death," a fresco in the Campo Santo of Pisa that inspired the "Dance of Death" for piano and orchestra. This "Sposalizio" moved Lina Ramann to rhapsodic prose. It appears that the composer expresses "the holy general feeling of the picture by the theme, the melodious measures of which move exclusively on the same diatonic foundation, lending the stamp of holiness and loftiness to the old Romish songs." The "Etherial Hues" of Raphael became "Illuminated Sounds." The landscape is converted into a pastoral movement. The "coloring of the church is spread over the foreground, also unbroken faith and an unchangeable frame of mind." And so on for a page. All these things in a little piano piece which the gusher assures us "does not describe the group of Joseph and Mary's espousals," but "draws in the other art where it is purely spiritual." Did Liszt keep a straight face when he read this hifalutin stuff, or did he kisa the gifted author on the brow? He liked flattery, thick and slab, laid on with a trowel.

Mr. Platt is a thoughful, serious, refined pianist who often gives one the idea that he might play in public with greater self-confidence than he usually does. No doubt he likes to play Brahms's music, even the Ballade and the first and sixth Intermezzi, in his chamber, and playing, finds a rapt almost holy enjoyment. He has fine qualities, and they are not constantly hid; he has an agreeable touch, he is musical in phrasing, he does not pound lest some one may think he is not virile, but there are times when he disappoints the hearer, and perhaps himself. Thus the dreamy poetry of the Aria in Schumann's Sonata fell into amiable prose, and in the Scherzo and Finale there was not the necessary vitality of thought and rhythm.

There was a small, but friendly audience.

EDITH RUBEL TRIO IN FRENCH CHARITY CONCERT

The Edith Rubel Trio (Edith Rubel, violin; Marie Roemaet, 'cello; Brenda Putnam, piano) gave a concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. A third of the gross proceeds was given to the American fund for the French wounded. The program was headed: "Recital of Folk Songs (with narrative). These countries were represented: France, England, Russia (Taylor), Hungary (Brahms), Holland (Kremser), Great Britain, Germany (Brahms), Serbia, Japan, China (Krehbiel), Greece and the Orient, Canada, American Negro (Burleigh). There were also songs of the Kentucky Mountains from the collection made by Miss Josephine McGill of Louisville, Ky., and arranged for the Trio by William L. Wright of New York University. The program also included Arthur Foote's Piano Trio op. 65, No. 2. The Edith Rubel Trio, a new organization, made its first appearance in New York last November.

The entertainment pleased a small audience. The folk songs were effectively arranged for instrumental use. Before each group Miss Rubel made explanatory remarks in a simply way. She and the 'cellist have a fine tone and played musically, while the pianist was proficient in the ensemble. A closer analysis of these musicians may be reserved until their concert of Feb. 7, when a very different program will be presented.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The Interesting Coffins.

As the World Wags:

My grand-uncle, Mr. John Coffin, perused Captain Martin Gale's recent communication to your column with mingled feelings, among which the apoplectic predominated. Having recently entangled the digits of his pen band in the working parts of my small car—he is of great vigor and insatiable inquisitiveness despite his advanced years—he requests me to act as his amanuensis. A sense of delicacy constrains me to omit the more sturdy Anglo-Saxon portions of his speech.

"You tell this here albatross fiend Gale," he commanded, "that I've killed men for less than he's done. I've lived honest all my life and now in my old age some whale oil John gets me mixed up in the public prints with an old billy goat that played seven-up with Jeff Davis or some such guff. I won't stand it. I mind me once I knocked a bluenose down the hatch of the Three Sisters, just for his saying that all the good Coffins were underground. Broke his neck; killed him deader'n Judas Chariot. Short temper's my failing and always has been. Spit in my eye and give me room according to my size and stand by for foul weather, as the feller says. Whaling, eh? I'll 'whale him!'

At this point he turned a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] portion of his [illegible] [illegible] a weapon [illegible] forms [illegible] he has [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] In fact [illegible] he was [illegible] the legal [illegible] the person of one of the [illegible] peasantry. The rustic, [illegible] just upon the [illegible] farm [illegible] Holystone to [illegible] possessing some [illegible] With the utmost difficulty I pacified the old gentleman.

"You [illegible] he continued, "that this Jonathan Coffin [illegible] no kith nor kin of mine. Tell him that I never set foot in a whaler's deck and never will without [illegible] to it. Nighest I ever come was in the old Lucy Borden. We passed three [illegible] to looard of a whaler whilst she was [illegible] out and the Lucy B. like to have [illegible] to on account of the helmsman being took deathly sick with the [illegible]. Tell him that I [illegible] John [illegible] a benefactor of humanity [illegible] account of his forcing whalers to turn to honest living. You tell him about the time we picked up a whaleboat [illegible] the last voyage of the Corinth. Off Madagascar it was and the seven men in her was pretty far gone. They'd hitched onto a bull sperm and he'd run them most a hundred miles, losing their ship. We nussed them around like they was Christians stead of only whalers and in a week they was as [illegible] as ever, which means that they slouched round decks with their hands into their pockets like a parcel of tame sheep. Man named Ellspret was one of them. This here Cap'n Gale may have knowed him. Tall, slab-sided man with a jail-bird eye and a gallows neck. Typical whaler. But the point I want to make is this. They'd been out from New Bedford nigh a year; they'd sailed their old stinkpot a matter of some 5000 miles, and not a man jack of them knew one rope from another. Ask them to slack the spanker vang and nine times out of ten they'd round up on the maintopsail clewline. They wasn't sailors; they was whalers. One's as different from tother as black is from white. We was glad enough to see them over side at St. Helena. And lastly, you tell old Albert Ross Gale that if I'd ever been captain of a whaler wild hosses wouldn't drag it out of me. I'd keep my shame secret, stead of parading it in print."

With this peroration my grand-uncle stumped out and relieved his outraged feelings by supervising the unloading and elevation to the barn loft of a wagonload of baled hay—"a deckload of donkey's breakfast," in his own phraseology, a task which he performed with much deep sea profanity and shouts of "Yeave newt," "Way nuff," and "Vast heaving."

In one respect I agree with the old gentleman. The pursuit and reduction to oil of whales is unfortunately attended by conditions offensive to the olfactory sense. Also I have no doubt that prolonged seclusion from the finer elements of life induces in those unfortunates engaged in whaling the demeanor described by my uncle as sheepish. I confess that I share my grand-uncle's abhorrence of whaling, and I am indeed loth to believe that any person of our name has at any time been engaged in so distasteful an occupation.

But on another point I must take issue with my revered kinsman. In all honesty I cannot but feel that the old Cap'n Jonathan Coffin is indeed a distant relative.

The realm of genealogy is a fascinating one; I myself after a dilettante fashion, have ventured some explorations of its fascinations. Not to go back to the first recorded Coffin who enjoyed the confidence and favor of King Henry VII as purveyor of malt liquors to the upper servitors of His Majesty's seat at St. Albans—in my researches I find that three brothers Coffin came to these shores in 17[illegible]. A cherished theory of mine is that the rigors of the Cromwellian regime affected the malt liquor trade and made emigration advisable. But let that pass. The eldest brother, Aquila, contracted an alliance with one Sally Pettigrew, founding the line of which my granduncle and I are representatives. The second brother, John, had the misfortune to be [illegible] by the Indians. Of the third and youngest brother, Matthew, there is a record that in the year 1655 one of that name was sentenced to the stocks and a fine of 17 shillings 4 pence for swine stealing. Diligent research reveals no indication that the sentence was executed. Family tradition has always had it that Matthew departed in a southerly direction between two days, laden with the choicer portions of the pilfered swine. This tradition coupled with Capt. Gale's vivid portrayal of the character of Capt. Jonathan Coffin leads me to suspect that Matthew did not, as has been supposed, die without issue. Might not one assume that, penetrating the remote fastnesses of southern Massachusetts, he ultimately married among the aborigines of that section? And, as a further assumption, might not his descendants, sinking to unplumbed social depths, have been forced at last to follow whaling as a mode of sustenance? Perchance a description of Jonathan Coffin's person would resolve my doubts. The Coffin nose and chin are unmistakable. I confess myself vastly intrigued.

J. AQUILA COFFIN VI.

Holystone Farm, Holliston.

Feb 2 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

"The old sexton" wrote to us not long ago about the pronunciation of "venison." In Boston here, when I was young, nobody pronounced venison like benison, as they do now. It was 'venzon.'" We then quoted English dictionaries approving the pronunciatnon "venzon" or "venzn." The Daily Chronicle (London) thinks any evidence derived from poets as to the pronunciation is inconclusive. "If they want to use it as a rhyme necessity forces them to the trisyllable." Then the writer quotes Landor:

I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have too a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
And as sure as I'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come, among the sons of men is one
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?

The Daily Chronicle omits the fifth and sixth lines:

Tho' 'tis only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within.

This is the 16th epigram in "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree." In this volume is an imaginary conversation between Landor and Archdeacon Hare in which words and their uses are delightfully discussed. Landor preferred "wonderous" to "wondrous," and complained that we write "entrance" the substantive like "entrance" the verb. He would have had "enterance" as Shakespeare has it in "Macbeth." He objected to affectations of scholarship as "phenomena," "vortices." He called down curses and mortality on the poet that wrote "stand confest" and "unbidden tears." It is in this conversation that Landor made the noble boast: "I shall dine late, but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select," rivalling the famous quatrain which begins "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife" and faces the preface to the book.

Venison. Take warning from old Robert Burton: "All venison is melancholy and begets bad blood; a pleasant meat; in great esteem with us (for we have more parks in England than there are in all Europe besides) in our solemn feasts. 'Tis somewhat better hunted than otherwise, and well prepared by cookery; but generally bad, and seldom to be used."

Some deep thinker, a German, has written to prove that if the English should breed hares extensively they would soon be free from danger of starvation. But what does Burton say? "Hare, a black meat, melancholy, and hard of digestion, it breeds incubus, often eaten, and causeth fearful dreams, so doth all venison, and is condemned by a jury of physicians. Mizaldus and some others say, that hare is a merry meat, and that it will make one fair, as Martial's Epigram testifies to Gellia; but this is per accidens, because of the good sport it makes, merry company and good discourse that is commonly at the eating of it, and not otherwise to be understood". Scaliger of the Scaligerana, however, says that the error of those who believed that the flesh of the hare embellishes the face of the eater, is wholly without foundation. There is in this only the resemblance of the words "lepus" hare, with the short "o" in the genitive "leporis" and "lepos," meaning grace, pleasantness, amiability, with the "o" long in the genitive "leporis"; all of which is valuable information.

In Church.

Is there any modern book on etiquette to be compared with "Rules of Deportment for a Lady," published in England about a hundred years ago? Here is a direction to those entering church: "Bow to your acquaintances, pass on, and compose yourself to prayer." Quoting this, a London journalist recalls a polite bishop of the same period who invariably opened the second part of his confirmation addresses with the words: "This interesting and, as I hold, entirely unobjectionable ceremony."

Enroughty—Darby.

As the World Wags:

My relative, the late Mr. John T. Perry, who was on the staff of the Cincinnati Gazette in the sixties and seventies, and was full of curious and minutely accurate information on many subjects, told me more than once that the first Enroughty in this country was in some sort a fugitive from justice who had hidden himself in western Virginia under the name of Darby. Years afterward when the need for concealment was over he tried to resume his own name and always signed himself Enroughty. From habit, however, his neighbors persisted in calling him Darby, and he only succeeded in getting his name written properly. Darby, then, is in no sense a pronunciation of Enroughty, but simply another name for the same person.

Boston, Jan. 31. ROBERT COIT.

Feb 3 1917

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Perhaps one reason why the play, "Disraeli," was not a drawing card in England last year was that its "historical accuracy was impugned. Disrael himself spoke of the Suez canal as "a most futile idea," 'totally impossible." He was not alone in the opinion. Lord Palmerston called the canal as a commercial enterprise "a mere bubble" and denounced it, saying that its obvious purpose was "the barring of the passage along the coast of the Mediterranean to any Turkish army which might be employed to restore the empire of the Sultan, by opening a great military canal, 300 feet broad and 30 feet deep, laid with batteries." The Times spoke of "the suspicious project of the impracticable Suez canal."

That Indian Maid.

As the World Wags:

"The Old Sexton's" letter left me wondering. Is "Alfarata" an improper song? Was Mrs. M. D. Sullivan a licentious poet? If not, why need Alfarata's charms be alluded to with the air of a small boy smoking a cigarette who expects his mother to come round the corner every minute? Has the "Old Sexton's" occupation tinged his being with so ghostly a hue, and rendered him so dusty, musty and fusty that he dare not say a fine, lithe, upstanding, black-haired girl is a delightful object to contemplate or sing songs about—Caucasian, or Indian, or Burmal, it is all the same.

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen.

That's the stuff. I am not a sexton; and with all the manhood and romance left to me by my 57 lonely winters—right here I fancy, is the point: the sexton is married, whereas I am a bachelor, though I have always endeavored to be a godly, righteous and sober one—I solemnly affirm that "of bright or beautiful or fair" a black-haired girl, especially with "wavy tresses flowing," is the most lovely thing of the material universe, exceeding, of course, that nonpareil of creation, a red-haired girl.

To go back to the song, is it conceivable that you, sir, with your young companions of the village grammar school, would have sung "with boyish fervor," a song describing too intimately the bright one's physical perfections? It is, if you will permit the observation, far more inconceivable that Louisa May Alcott should have done so, in her early teens, under the eye of her mother. But in Wide Awake for March, 1882, appeared a sketch describing the entertainment incident to a birthday party at the Alcott's, when they were living at Still River, in 1841, in which "Louisa appeared, her face, neck and arms stained red to impersonate an Indian girl, her short dress looking as though made entirely of feathers, while a crown of very bright plumes encircled her head. Such a hush as fell over the little company while she sang her song!" And there lies before me in one of the Alcott monographs which have of late become somewhat numerous a facsimile of a letter to the author of the Wide Awake article from Miss Alcott, in which she suggests that what she sang on that occasion was "'Bright Alfarata' as an appropriate melody."

Miss Alcott must have been mistaken; perhaps that birthday party in 1841 antedated the song. But, anyway, Miss Alcott could not have thought that she sang anything not quite nice.

J. BUCHANAN TUTTLE, M. D.

Squab Crossing, Vt., Jan. 29.

No, no. There was no "licentious" song in "The Golden Wreath." Other heroines of that book were Annie Laurie, Darling Nellie Gray, Gentle Annie, Gentle Nettie Moore, Nelly in the Hazel Dale, Lilly Dale, Lulu Who Was Our Darling Pride, and Mother Dear—all highly respectable, and some died young. Nor was there praise of wine.

Come, O come with me,
To the sparkling fountain,
Drink, O drink with me,
Our [illegible] [illegible]
Far and near around,
In vale, on mountain,
Water's praise we now will sound.
Tra la la la la la.

We sang this to "Italian Melody." We repeat; we shouted "The Blue Juniata" with "boyish fervor." Young as we were, we were not unmoved by beauty. Has Dr. Tuttle ever read the extraordinary memoirs of Restif de la Bretonne?—Ed.

"Howlers."

The University Correspondent (England) publishes some delightful "howlers."

"James I. claimed the throne of England through his grandmother, because he had no father."

"Henry the First's son William was drowned in the White Ship and never smiled again."

"The Pope called Henry VIII. Fido the Offensive."

"Child Harold was defeated by William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings."

"Things which are impossible are equal to one another."

"Poetry is a thing you make prose out of."

"The speaker did not expect ironclad cheers."

"By eating slowly food is digested before it is swallowed and thus enriches the blood, which goes down one leg and up the other."

"Walter Scott was imprisoned in the Tower because he could not pay his debts; while there he wrote the Waverley Novels; but he was afterwards burned alive; he also brought tobacco from Virginia, so called after his beloved mistress, Queen Elizabeth."

"The laws are made by Lloyd George or else by the policeman."

"The attempts at colonization in Elizabeth's reign were that Raleigh brought smoking into England and had a bucket of cold water thrown on him, and Drake discovered potatoes round the world and planted them in Lancashire."

John McCormack, Tenor Soloist,

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. John McCormack, tenor, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Mozart, Rondo "Per pieta, non Ricercate"; Reger, variations and Fugue on a Theme by Hiller; Handel, Recitative, "Stay, Shepherd," and Air, "Shepherd, What Are Thou Pursuing?" from "Acis and Galatea"; Strauss, Tone poem, "Don Juan."

The sparkling overture, which was played crisply, delicately and with great verve, recalled for some of the hearers delightful performances of this charming opera: the unforgettable singing of the Letter Duet by Mmes. Eames and Sembrich; more than one roguish Cherubino with her Armorous ditties, and the sight of Edouard de Reszke, elephantine as the gallant Count, not at all at ease with his music. The last performance, in which Mme. Eames unfortunately did not appear, was made conspicuous by the conducting of Felix Mottl.

The most hardened concert-goer turns pale and shudders when he sees on the program a set of orchestral variations. More than once we have suffered from works of this kind, relieved slightly by trying to find the theme in the complex and long winded variation. "Theme, theme, who's got the theme?" may be asked of the groups of instruments. There were those variations by Koessler in which the composer fondly thought he pictured the excellent Johannes Brahms communing with nature, in the restaurant, with his friends, also the mind and purposes of Johannes. Then there is Georg Schumann, another industrious weaver of portentous variations.

Yesterday it was Reger's turn. His thunder-and-lightning variations on a merry little theme of Hiller remind us of an improving and historical anecdote. The sailor King, William IV. of England, heard a Fantasia played by Miss Blaketka at a concert in St. James's Palace in 1836. He said to Sir George Smart, afterwards characterized by Thackeray in "The Ravenswing". "The queen requests me to say something civil to the young lady, but I cannot make out what she is playing. It sounds like 'God Save the King' but then it goes off into something else. What do you call it?" Sir George explained to him that it was the national melody with variations. "Damn variations!" said the monarch, and he immediately left the concert room.

There was a brilliant performance of "Don Juan." Would that Strauss had always written in this manner! Would that in his later works he had invented melodies like the love song for the oboe played beautifully by Mr. Longy.

Mr. McCormack sang for the first time at these concerts. He should have been associated with the orchestra long before this. We know of no one, man or woman, in this country, with the possible exception of Mme. Hempel, who is so accomplished a singer of Mozart's music as Mr. McCormack.

To sing Mozart's music is the supreme test. Many of us remember with pleasure Mr. McCormack's Don Otavio at the Boston Opera House four years ago. His performance then enraptured Mr. Weingartner, who wished to take him to German opera houses. The war prevented Mr. McCormack from taking part in the Mozart Festival organized by Lilli Lehmann at Salzburg.

Yesterday he sang an unfamiliar Rondo by Mozart written to be interpolated in an opera by Anfossi. The air of Handel was also unfamiliar to many. Mr. McCormack phrased the Rondo as a rare musician among singers, singing it as Mozart would have liked to hear it. In Handel's air the roulades were remarkably clear and even and the command of breath was noteworthy. Here is a singer who has not merely a beautiful voice; his art is as conspicuous as the natural tonal charm. Nor did a slip of the orchestra at the beginning of the reprise; quickly remedied by Dr. Muck, disconcert him. Nor should the distinctness of the singer's enunciation in Italian and English pass unnoted.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: The whole of Busoni's "Turandot" Suite in which a female chorus will take part; Franck's Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra, and Strauss's Burleske for piano and orchestra (Mr. Gebhard, pianist), and the overture to "The Sold Bride," by Smetana.

Feb 4 1917

Has Sir Arthur Pinero lost his cunning? Has he now technic but no ideas?

The War Savings Committee of England invited certain playwrights to do their bit. Pinero's "Mr. Livermore's Dream" was produced at the Coliseum Jan. 15. (The first of these "Thrift Plays" was by Mr. Sutro.)

The Times pities these dramatists. "They have had to sacrifice their aesthetic to their patriotic conscience. Not, of course, that propagandism is incompatible with playwriting: indeed, there is a sense in which they are one and the same thing. 'Mrs. Tanqueray,' for instance, affords a powerful lesson on the folly of 'redemptorist' marriages; but that lesson is only a by-product. When the play is subordinated to the lesson, exists only for the lesson, preoccupation with the lesson spoils the play, and the spoiled play spoils the lesson itself." And then Mr. Walkley of course has to bring in a French phrase, "le diable n'y perd rien."

What is the story? Mr. Livermore is a well-to-do draper. As a war "profiteer" he has a grouch on a holiday because his wife, practising war economy, gives him liver and bacon and roll for lunch. A doctor enters and reproaches him for his laziness and greed. Having quarrelled with the doctor, Mr. Livermore goes to sleep and dreams. In his dream he reforms his diet, gives up servants, motor cars and lazy days. Two months after, in his dream, he finds himself better for doing gardening and walking daily to the station. Then he wakes up. The doctor comes back for tea and Mr. Livermore resolves to be more amiable at home and to do his bit to help win the war. "I am lending every farthing I save and can scrape together to the nation—and, jolly good interest I get for it, too."

The Times regrets that Pinero found no fantasy and delicacy for his picture of the transformation. "Sir Arthur's dream-story is almost repulsively prosaic. The dream is a sequel to a luncheon of liver and bacon, currant roll, Peter Walker and kuemmel." (Another critic said it was raisin roll. "Peter Walker"? We have heard of Johnny Walker.) "Its crowning glory is its vision of an obese city man reducing his weight, through doing his own gardening by a stone and a half. Its moral is that the practice of war economy will improve not only your health but your temper and your manners. No one doubts it. It needs no Coliseum sketch to tell us that. What one doubts is the conversion to the practice of the heavy, stupid Mr. Livermore by the dream cure. * * * It is to be hoped that the war savings committee will leave him (Pinero) and his brother playwrights in peace. We think the committee's idea of utilizing the art of drama unfortunate. Certainly patriotic counsel to playgoers is not well served by overtaxing playgoers' credulity."

The Pall Mall Gazette forced itself to describe the play as "a mild, cheery little trifle, with no startlingly new or ingenious idea in it, but harmless, respectable, desirable." And then it goes on to say: "Frankly, if one looks upon it as the only product of our leading dramatist in 15 months, during which our stage has been crying out for great and inspiring work, it does not thrill one with a sense of the nation's debt to Sir Arthur in war time. It looks like the sort of thing that could be sketched out after dinner and written next day, without anything in the nature of a sleepless night between. * * * The trouble with 'Mr. Livermore's dream' is that it does not really wrestle with the subject of thrift at all. If there had never been a war, or any need for economy, the doctor's prescription for Mr. Livermore would have been just as necessary. What we have to face—and what it is up to Sir Arthur to inspire—is genuine sacrifice, genuine privation. The people who are winning the war are not 'silly old babies' (Mrs. L's description of Mr. L) who do not know what is good for their own livers, but intelligent men and women, who are giving their best for their country, at the cost, if need be, of life itself. This is the spirit we want. One does not find it in 'Mr. Livermore's Dream,' where, so far as one can see—even as regards his investments in the war loan—Mr. Livermore never gets beyond the horizon of his own benefit."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been asked to write her memoirs and she may agree to do so. "But if I do," she says, "I shall really write them myself, as I prefer my own little literary twists to any one else's."

Another woman, who is writing her memoirs is a famous American woman who has for many years made London her home, the Countess de Guerbel, otherwise Mme. Ginevra Guerrabella, opera singer, otherwise Miss Genevieve Ward, actress, known in this country chiefly by her remarkable impersonation of the heroine in "Forget-me-not."

"To have been herself the heroine of one of the most romantic marriages that have happened this side of the middle ages, while her two brothers stood, 'by order of the Tsar,' with loaded pistols at the altar steps; to have been a famous operatic prima donna at 18; to achieve supremacy in the severest domain of tragedy, and to be at the same time one of the brightest and wittiest personalities conceivable; to be creating a new part in a new play ('The Aristocrat,' at the St. James), almost on the eve of her 81st birthday—such are only a few of the things by which this grand old actress has indeed deserved a biography."

There were not "two brothers with loaded pistols at the altar steps." According to Mrs. Zadel B. Gustafson's "Genevieve Ward," published in Boston in 1882 when Miss Ward was married to the scoundrel of a count—to clear her name, for she never lived with him—there was apprehension that some one might have frustrated the Tsar's purpose by hiring someone to interrupt the ceremony.

Col. Ward, the father, remarked: "Well, we are, of course, nobody in Russia, but if Mr. G. tries that, I'll shoot him dead at the altar."

"And if father's aim fails, mine shall not," added young Robert Ward. "It would be the only way left to avenge my sister."

On Jan. 13 "Peg o' My Heart" celebrated its 950th performance at the Globe Theatre, London. Mary O'Farrell is the third Peg. The original Jerry, A. E. Matthews, is still in the cast.

Mr. Edward Compton has well earned the congratulations that attend his 35th anniversary as a theatrical manager. His is one of the small band of men who have kept before the public the fact that there is something better than the wares of the commercialized drama. To him we owe it that so many thousands of Englishmen have been able to know Sheridan and Goldsmith upon the stage, and to keep the flavor of old English comedy in their minds as a standard by which to judge "modern instances." Others may have stooped to conquer wealth, but Mr. Compton's love's labor has not been lost.—Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 15.

"Under Cover" was produced at the Strand, London, Jan. 17. "To use the language of its own dialogue," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "the acting was 'bully,' and so far as reception was concerned this latest American arrival most certainly 'elicked.' Frankly, one has known 'crook' plays—'Kick In,' for instance, more racily written; but for lively, in-and-out, knockabout drama one hardly remembers anything to 'put the lid' on 'Under Cover.'" Matheson Lang took the part of the detective supposed to be the crook. Our old friend Wilfred Draycott was again the host, "who was intent at psychological moments upon 'a solitary cocktail.'"

Jumbo, the bulldog regarded as Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's mascot on the Iron Duke, and who, during 20 months afloat, experienced, among other things, the thrills of the Jutland battle, now accompanies Miss Gwendoline Brogden in the tube scene of "Vanity Fair" at the Palace Theatre, London.

Louis N. Parker's new play, "The Aristocrat," is based on the life of Louis d'Olonzac, de Gaillac, Duke of Chastetranc, or rather, the play begins after Louis is at Carcassonne with his daughter, in 1791, and in danger of his life.

A new episode has been introduced into "Pell Mell" at the Ambassadors, London. A French actress tries to smuggle lace through the New York custom house. The matron is easy, but the inspector will not let his palm be greased. She says to him, "Search me." "When with apparent diffidence she partially disrobes and invites him to do his duty, discretion deserts the unhappy man entirely, and he takes his shrinking victim to his arms. Alas! this is the moment chosen by the matron to make her reappearance, and so, having both officials under her thumb, away sails my lady trailing the unconfiscated booty behind her."

"Where Is He?" a little Welsh play translated into English by its author D. T. Davies, "does exactly what such a play can do in connection with a universal life and death problem." A Welsh miner, a good husband, father, comrade, but an agnostic, has died in trying to rescue others. While his body is unburied, his wife asks, "Where is he?" No one gives her a definite answer. Her neighbors, young and old, evade the difficulty in homely fashion. The local deacon makes no doubt that he believes that her husband is already doomed to, if not actually suffering, eternal torment. The brave and kindly pastor brings the curtain down on a sincere enunciation of Jim Bludsoe's creed. While there is no flaw in the spirit of the little play, which undoubtedly touches the weak spot of Protestantism, the statement might, perhaps, have been stronger. The author seems to suggest that it is a matter of faith, and that the doubt is greater through the husband having been an agnostic. This is surely not so. The simple truth is that, even for the most virtuous and orthodox believer, neither the Church of England nor the Free Churches offer any fixed explanation as to the immediate adventures of the soul after death to replace the doctrine of purgatory. The relation of the first and second judgment may be variously interpreted at will, and the promise to the dying thief may be taken as either general or particular. One felt strangely inclined to invite a synod of bishops to see it and formulate their decision." Thus did the Pall Mall Gazette take seriously this play produced at the Court Theatre, London, by Miss Horniman's company, Jan. 8. The Daily Telegraph said the story was told with a perfect simplicity and clever touches of the ways and life of the people. "It is a play of rare quality." Pinero's "Amazons" went before it. The Pall Mall Gazette said it was a tame affair. "It never was a very good play."

When Harry Lauder returned to the Shaftesbury Theatre to take part in "Three Cheers" after a time of mourning for his son slain in action, he almost broke down in his song, "The Laddies Who Fought and Won," but was encouraged by the cheers of the audience. At the end of the revue he said that he had played because his 200 colleagues were depending on him. "I had to make a fight for it, but I know it would have been the wish of my soldier boy that I should do my duty to my fellow men. I see many soldiers here. I say, men, that these great sacrifices we are making today must not be made without victory."

Arthur Symons in his new volume, "Figures of Several Centuries," has an essay on Ibsen, whose work is "the finest scientific work which has been done in literature, the product of "a playwright who is the greatest master of technic since Sophocles, but who is not only the playwright in Sophocles, not the poet." Isben "extracts the romantic quality from drama as if it were a poison." A London reviewer adds: "What precisely is left when that process is completed is a problem of definition to which Mr. Symons's subtle and incisive mind applies itself in a piece of exquisite analysis."

The Pall Mall Gazette published a review of plays by Gwen John (London: Duckworth) and headed it "The Mud Cure."

"If we cannot always, Censore volente, present the coarser vices in actual and perpetual performance upon the western stage, let us at least talk about them! This seems to be roughly the gist of Miss Gwen John's preface to her little collection of earnest dramaturgic efforts, prompted (according to the authoress) by 'disappointment at the 'anaemic situations' and 'colorless characters' of our current plays, and encouraged by recently adapted versions of Russian drama.

"By way of example, Miss John gives us, in 'Outlaws,' a play in which two poachers have shared the favors of a village woman. One of them shoots a policeman by accident, and holts. His friend and the woman decide not to 'peach' on him, because, if imprisoned, he will come out one day and cause trouble, whereas otherwise he will probably stay away altogether. A touch of human love! In another, called 'Edge O'Dark,' we are introduced to a village wife who drowns herself in a well after having refused to yield herself to her husband's friends at his request. She had then offered herself in vain to a former lover, who had killed one of the others. Another, called 'In the Rector's Study,' is the familiar story of the well-brought-up woman offering herself to the footman—a theme better treated by Strindberg in 'Miss Julia.'

"For ourselves we must admit that Miss John's view of the stage, its present needs and the method of reform, does not appeal to us. The reasons for some undoubtedly 'anaemic situations' and 'colorless characters' in certain West End failures are largely technical and economic. But to our mind the blood and color so rightly desired by Miss John will not be much helped in their introduction by mere earnest dirt, which is as cheap as any other. What is certainly wanted on our stage is not so much a timidly pessimistic side-suggest of more gloom and more disease and more vice—many of our plays are quite nasty enough as it is—but more vitality all round and a fuller, broader, healthier relation to life as a whole in plays that show a mastery of the technique of dramatic action.

"We do not, either, accept for a moment Miss John's definition of drama as an 'illusion of truth with a surface feasibility.' It is not necessarily an illusion at all, and there need be no other 'surface feasibility' than the presence of actors upon a stage. Nor do we accept her further statement that its 'truth lies behind the form.' As a matter of fact, its truth lies, characteristically, in its form—in the peculiar appeal to the sympathies of instant, vivid, and physical presentment—in contradistinction to printed literature, music, and other arts. There is, by the way, one good thing in these plays—namely, an evidently conscientious dialect-study, which might well have been devoted to a wiser purpose."

The Drama League of Boston has arranged, in co-operation with the Boston Public Library, a special series of talks on "American Drama," to be given in the Public Library Lecture Hall at 4:30 P. M. on certain Tuesdays in February, March and April. The lectures in February will be: Feb. 13, "American Drama Before the Civil War," by Albert Hatton Gilmer of Tufts College; Feb. 27, "The Real Beginnings of American Drama," by Joseph R. Taylor of Boston University. The March and April lectures—the exact dates of which will be announced later—will include: "American Drama of the Last Five Years," by George P. Baker of Harvard College; "Old Boston Theatres" (illustrated), by John Bouve Clapp; "New Methods of Stage Production" (illustrated), by Frank W. C. Hersey of Harvard; "American Literary Drama," by Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody Marks. No tickets are required for these lectures, and members of the Drama League and the public are invited.

Mr. H. B. Irving has considered the question of theatres in war time and why the people must be amused. "Even in war time people must be amused, just as they must be clothed and fed. The Puritan, who not only cannot enjoy himself at the theatre, but would try to prevent anybody else from so doing, is in a minority; his fanaticism must give way to the voice of public opinion.

"The rulers of this country have decided that horse racing on a restricted scale is advisable; the army authorities do everything in their power to encourage football matches and boxing contests. These provide harmless pleasure, both to the participants and the spectators; but the great mass of the community look to the theatre as the main source of relaxation in these troublous times. The result is that the slump in theatreland in the first few weeks of the war quickly vanished, and the boom that followed is increasing, rather than diminishing, week by week.

"Hitherto I have heard no practical argument in favor of shutting up theatres for the duration of the war. You may hear a man or woman who is a slave to convention say that it doesn't seem quite the thing, but beyond that they either cannot or will not go. Of course, I am not referring now to the ultra-extremists, who have seized upon the war as an opportunity for making an attack on the stage. Cranks of this description will always exist, and if peace reigned in Europe for 50 years their crusade would still continue.

"In any discussion on the amusements of the people at the present time it is impossible to ignore the recent criticisms and denunciations of the alleged low tone and suggestiveness of the modern theatre. Such a distinguished soldier as Gen. Smith-Dorrien has launched this attack professedly to save our young soldiers from the contamination and temptation involved in witnessing theatrical performances that are improper. Of the honesty of his intentions there can be no possible doubt; what is more to the point is whether his charges are justified by facts.

"What is the sum and substance of this criticism of the decency of our theatres and other entertainments? I speak with all reserve, because I am in the business myself. I am not going to criticise, if there be ground for criticism, other managers, lest my motives might be misconstrued. If a questionable book is published it is the duty of the public to condemn it, and it must be left to the public to do so. So it is with the theatre.

"All I would say is this: In point of actual decency the English stage always has been and is the most decent in the world. This is to a large extent because the public has made it so; the stage must always reflect rather than lead public taste. If there has crept into our theatres some undesirable suggestion, then it is well that the public should point it out clearly and unmistakably. But do not make loose or general charges not founded on actual experience, as the bishop of London did when he talked of the London stage exhibiting slimy and lecherous plays. That is the language of exaggeration.

In [illegible] the greatest [illegible] from [illegible] is [illegible] a moral [illegible] one. The question [illegible] all [illegible] tragic, all that deals with [illegible] issues of life, all that [illegible] and [illegible] all that [illegible] unless [illegible] be banished from the theatre for no other reason than that the public of today [illegible] indulge[illegible] able and [illegible] amusement?"

The [illegible] not merely a war product, even before Aug. 4, 1914, Shakespeare [illegible] well in some quarters. Among our young people today one cannot help noticing a distaste [illegible] entertainment for anything that savors too much of the intellectual. It is quite easy to understand that the khaki element on leave from the front or from [illegible] course of training prefers the lighter type of play—it is an anti-intellectual attitude of mind, consistent with the doing of one's duty in a practical [illegible] way.

It is no good ignoring a fact of this sort. We must face it, try to see how far it goes, and how it may be overcome. Is the amusement of the people to become merely [illegible]? Because a story is tragic and terrible is it to be barred as a theme for dramatic entertainment? If this is the case, then while the theatre will still go on, great acting and great drama will cease to be."

We have received a biographical sketch of Jean Huré, some of whose compositions will be played and sung at the concert given by George Longy and Miss Renee Longy next Wednesday evening in Jordan Hall.

Huré was born at Gien (Loiret), France, Sept. 17, 1877. He went to Paris in 1895 after completing his musical and literary studies under the guidance of religious teachers. From his earliest years he had been accustomed to taking part in organ and piano music, and the public performance of the Fugues of Bach and the later sonatas of Beethoven held no terror for him. He was heard as pianist and organist in Paris and other French cities, in Holland, Belgium, Austria, Turkey and Roumania.

Huré wrote numerous works, his first at the age of 6. His sonata in F sharp minor for 'cello and piano was published in 1901 and met with immediate success. His principal works are: Trios on Breton themes, three sonatas for 'cello and piano; sonata for violin and piano (awarded the Gounod prize), sonatine for piano and violin (awarded the "Prix des Quarante-cinq"); quintet for piano and strings, numerous orchestral works (played at the Colonne concerts and elsewhere); an opera, a ballet, a mass, a string quartet (unpublished) a pastorale for piano and wind instruments, numerous small compositions, album leaves, etc. Portions of his opera "La Cathédrale" have been played in Paris, under the author's direction, with marked success. He founded in Paris the "Mozart-Haydn Society," whose orchestral concerts he conducts.

M. Huré is especially devoted to the science of musicography and to teaching. He has produced pianists and composers, among them Virg. Loggia, F. Gaida, Andree Gellee, Fred Barlow, Yves Nat and Paul Martineau, who died at the age of 25 and whose compositions had already been commented upon, discussed and played on all sides.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Elena Gerhardt, soprano, and Leopold Godowsky, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 11 A. M. Wagner's "Rheingold," interpreted by Frances Nevin, assisted by Miss Marion Tufts, pianist.

The Tuileries, 270 Commonwealth avenue, [illegible] P. M. Folk song concert for the benefit of the South End Music School. Loraine Wyman will sing Folk Songs. France: Chanson de la Mariée, [illegible], Le Clerc de Tremelo, La Femme [illegible], Le Roi Renaud. En [illegible] de Versailles. English, John Barleycorn, A Pepper Pie, The Bitter Withy, The Nightingale, The Mary Golden Tree, The Sweetheart in the Army, The Soldier.

Jordan Hall, 8:10 P. M. Concert of the Boston [illegible], George Sawyer Dunham, conductor. [illegible]'s Stabat Mater; Coleridge-Taylor's Hiawatha's Wedding Feast. Soloists [illegible] Mrs. Laura Littlefield, Mme. Cara Sapin, Arthur Hackett, Willard [illegible]. Orchestra of Symphony players.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital of Rudolph Lavers. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 109; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; G. Faure, Impromptu; Debussy, La Soirée dans Grenade; Chopin, Etude, op. 25, No. 10, Nocturne, op. 27, Scherzo, C sharp minor; Liszt, Au lac de Wallenstadt; Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella.

N. Ouilkanoff studio, 295 Huntington avenue. Third concert of Russian music. Piano pieces: Arensky, Bagatelle; Akimenko, Songe d'une Mère; Rachmaninoff, Humoresque, Polichinelle; Stravinsky, Berceuse (Miss Claire Forbes). Songs: Moussorgsky, Ballad; Gretchaninoff, The Dead; Vlangelli, Thou Art Like the Dawn. Mr. Ouilkanoff: Rachmaninoff, Sonata for 'cello and piano. Mr. Malkin and Miss Forbes.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Heyman Bulteken, assisted by Henry Eichheim, violinist. Bach, First Movement of Italian Concerto; Mozart, Fantasia, B minor; Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor; d'Indy, Sonata for violin and piano; Debussy, Prelude, Toccata; Palmgren, May-night; Tschaikowsky, Doumka (Scene rustique Russe).

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Ross H. Maynard, tenor, and Mrs. Ross H. Maynard, soprano. Handel, O Come Let Us Worship, The Lord Preserveth, For Look as High as the Heaven, from 5th Chandos Anthem; Schubert, Night and Dreams; Beethoven, Glory to God in Nature (Mr. Maynard); Spear, Rose Softly Blooming; Mozart, The Conjurer; Liszt, Wanderer's Night Song; Schumann, The Water Queen, Spring Night (Mrs. Maynard); Foote, Duet, The Two Roses; Scott, The Willow Bird; Chadwick, Sweet Wind That Blows; Brahms, Sunday; Haydn, The Traveler Stands Perplexed, from "The Seasons" (Mr. Maynard); Daniels, Song of the Persian Captive; Carpenter, On a Screen, To a Young Gentleman, When the Night Comes; Phillips, Heigh ho! The Sunshine (Mrs. Maynard).

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Edith Rubel Trio (violin, 'cello, piano). Couperin-Wright, Pavane; Mozart, Andante and Variations; Handel, Bourree, Aria, Allegro from the Water Music; Rameau, Deux Tambourins; Tschaikowsky, Theme and Variations from the Trio in A minor; Debussy, Les Cloches; Joseph Lak, Boogie; Grainger, Handel in the Strand. One third of the gross proceeds will go to the American fund for the French wounded.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Naardyn Lyska, dramatic singer. Hahn, Dernier Voeu, Chausson, Nanny; d'Erlanger, Morte; Debussy, La Chevelure, La Plage; Zentlrmay, Dein Augen; Sinding, Vier Traeume; Strauss, Ruhe, meine Seele; Schubert, Doppelgaenger; A. Mendelssohn, Aus dem Hohen Lied; Old Irish, The Lover's Curse, Belfast Street Song; Lieurance, Indian Carpet Song; Sibelius, Black Roses; Ravel, Chanson Grecque; Rimsky Korsakoff, Chanson Oriental; Rachmaninoff, Vien ma tout petit; Gretchaninoff, Berceuse; Moussorgsky, Berceuse; Tschaikowsky, Tzigane.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Georges Longy, conductor, and Renee Longy, pianist, assisted by Mrs. R. J. Hall, saxophone; Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano; Miss Gertrude Marshall, violin; the American String Quartet, and Mrs. Humphrey (organ). Cella (harp) and Gardner (kettle drums). The program will be devoted to works by Jean Huré. Andante for saxophone, strings, harp, kettle drums and organ; Sonatine for violin and piano. Songs, Ah! si j'etais petite alouette grise, Belle, j'entends bien tourner la meule, Le petit cordonnier, A Paris y a t-une petite lingere; Quintet for piano and strings.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston String Quartet (Messrs. Noack, Roth, Ferir, Schroeder), assisted by Ernest Schelling, pianist. Schumann, Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3; Debussy, Andante from Quartet; Brahms, Piano Quintet in F minor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Chopin, Fantasie, F minor; Sonata, B flat minor; Preludes, G major, C minor, E flat major, D flat major, F major, B flat minor; Ballade, A flat major; Nocturne, B major, op. 9; Mazurka, B flat major; Scherzo, B minor.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra repeated, Dr. Muck conductor.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Request Night

Feb. 5 1917

As the World Wags
By PHILIP HALE.

For the following poem to begin the day pleasantly, the Boston Herald is indebted to Mr. Charles Wilcox of Narragansett Pier. It will find a place in the Highwayman's and Pirate's Anthology, to be edited by Mr. Herkimer Johnson as soon as the last volume of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast," goes to press.

A Dance.

The chief justice said: "Benjamin Blydon, sometime ensign in his majesty's navy, latterly a pirate of the high-seas, you have been tried by a jury of your peers and found guilty of the crime of piracy. The sentence of this court is: That, at sunrise on April 29th, next, you be taken from the gaol to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until you are dead! dead!! dead!!! And may God have mercy on your soul."

I've danced the stately minuet
To a soft and silvery strain,
With feet as light as feather's [illegible]
Or gentle April rain;
I've danced the riotous rigadoon
With the maidens of the main,
With joyous sway to the lilting lay
Of the gay guitar of Spain;
I've danced with the golden dafodylls
In a moonlit English lane.

* * * * *

Now I'll go forth with a blythsome grace,
When the night meets the morn at the trysting place,
Where the noose shall still my breath:
For they're leading me to the gallows-tree
To dance at the dawn with death.

Old Scaliger.

We quoted a remark about hares not long ago from old man Scaliger—not Julius Caesar Scaliger, but Joseph Justus Scaliger, whose conversations are recorded in "Scaligeriana." Our edition is the one printed at Cologne in 1695. There is a frontispiece showing the old gentleman seated in a chair in his garden. He has a venerable beard, a huge hat, and his left arm is in a sling. Five men standing, and one sitting, all bewigged, are listening to him as he lays down the law. In these recorded conversations Scaliger has something to say about food and diet.

There is an old saying that it is unwise for a man to eat fish and drink milk at the same meal, but many do it with impunity. We knew a man in Albany, N. Y., where good eating and brave drinking used to be the rule, whose Sunday night supper consisted chiefly of lobster, milk and beer. He was a sturdy person and a volunteer fireman. But Scaliger has something still more extraordinary to say about pernicious milk. We translate from the queer French with queer punctuation:

"Milk mixed with wine makes lepers. People in this region use milk in kneading bread. This is very bad, but Madame la Duchesse [illegible] is vexed when I tell her that it is unhealthful. To eat milk or butter with flesh is a very unhealthful thing: it makes lepers; and to use butter in boiling meat or in infused meat is very bad, and makes bad blood. That is why the Jews were forbidden to eat lamb when it sucked its mother, because it was flesh with milk. Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk;' that it is to say, when it is sucking. Deut. 14, 21. Exodus 23, 19. There is also in Genesis, 18th chapter, a passage where Abraham gave flesh to eat and butter to the angels, the law had not yet been given, the Jews have misunderstood this. It was forbidden to eat the little one sucking, seeing that it was not healthful; but there is a tradition among the Rabbi that it is forbidden to eat milky foods with meat; because they eat the one first, then they wash the mouth and eat the other, and do not cut meat and cheese with the same knife; and still today when they have cut cheese with a knife, they no longer cut meat with it."

On the same page we find a note about lepers: "Salted fish makes a man a leper, not fresh fish, because it refreshes, and lepers burn inside; there are many lepers in Holland. The C. Maurice told me there were none there. I did not contradict him. There are also many of them at La Rochelle.". In old English days salmon was so plentiful that it was fed to the poor and especially to lepers.

What should we do without the wisdom of the ancients?

Question and Answer.

The Daily Chronicle of London says there is one trade that women fight shy of—bootmaking and repairing. "There are plenty of women working in boot factories, sewing uppers and other not feminine kind of work, but has a woman ever been known to make a boot from beginning to end, to sew or rivet on a new pair of soles or patch up an old pair of boots? And yet women do much harder work than bootmaking."

The answer is "Yes." We find in the journal of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Calvert, on May 4, 1808: "I begin a new science today—shoemaking. It is all the fashion. I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes. It amuses and occupies me, which at present is useful to me." The next day is this entry: "I have just finished a shoe by myself."

Moon-Blindness.

As the World Wags:

If any of your readers are especially interested in the curious subject of Moon-blindness, and have never read the late Morgan Robertson's story "The Trade Wind," let them do so without delay. "I'm blind too," groaned Captain Swarth. "Angel, it's the moon. We're moonstruck, moonblind. And we're adrift in a squall." The tale is to be found in the volume entitled "Where Angels Fear to Tread," etc. When ordering, it is just as well to get Robertson's complete writings, in eight volumes, with a ninth volume, "Morgan Robertson, the Man." The books are inexpensive (as well as meritorious), and their sale, I understand, is distinctly beneficial to Mrs. Robertson, whose husband was like some other men of genius, not especially "fore-handed."

J. BUCHANAN TUTTLE, M. D.
Squab Crossing, Vt.

MISS GERHARDT AND GODOWSKY ARE HEARD

Noted Soprano and Pianist Please Audience in Concert Held in Syphmony Hall.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano, and Leopold Godowsky, pianist, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Walter Golde was the accompanist. The program was a follows: Schumann, Schoene Fremde, "Du bist wie eine Blume," Des Knaben Berglied, "Ich Grolle Nicht"; Handel, "O Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me"; Carey, Pastorale; Fisher, Deep River; Ganz, What Is Love; Weingartner, Lied der Geevazel; Wolff, All Dinge haben sprache, Maerchen; Rubinstein, Neue liebe; Brahms, Rhapsody, G minor; Beethoven, Rondo, G major; Chopin, Impromptu, F sharp, Scherzo, C sharp minor, Ravel, Jeux d'Eau; Henselt, Berceuse, Moszkowski; En les Tomne; Godowsky, Symphonic metamorphoses of themes from the "Fledermaus."

Miss Gerhardt sang four songs in English. It was to be expected that she would sing Handel's "O Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me" with fine intelligence, admirable control of breath, finished phrasing. Her diction in English as in German charmed by its purity. The gayety of Carey's Pastorale is forced. This song, which demands a certain perfunctory brilliance in performance, seemed ill suited to the opulent quality of Miss Gerhardt's voice and oddly incongruous with her superb endowment as an interpreter. It would be a pleasure to hear her sing Burleigh's beautiful arrangement of "Deep River" far less elaborate and more skilful than that used by the singer yesterday. In Ganz's "What Is Love" there was merely an opportunity for the display of conventional sentiment.

As upon other occasions Miss Gerhardt was most effective in songs of a dramatic or deeply emotional nature when the natural warmth and beauty of her voice, the intensity of her imagination, and her artistic sincerity delighted.

Mr. Godowsky's highly developed technic excited admiration. He displayed rare cunning in keyboard pyrotechnics. His sense of proportion is unerring. His clarity and speed pleased the audience, but he is an unemotional pianist and, yesterday, he was often coldly brilliant.

Both singer and pianist were recalled by an audience of fair size, both added to the program.

Next Sunday afternoon Harold Bauer, pianist, and Miss Helen Stanley, soprano, will give the concert.

Feb 6. 1917

By PHILIP HALE.

Park Square Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Fair and Warmer," a farce in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced by Selwyn & Co. at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, Nov. 7, 1915.

Billy Bartlett	John Arthur
Laura Bartlett	Ethel Wilson
Jack Wheeler	Robert Ober
Blanche Wheeler	Madge Kennedy
Philip Evans	Arthur Stanford
Tessie	Jane Seymour
Harrigan	John Morris
Pete Mealy	Harry Lorraine

Of this company only Miss Kennedy and Mr. Lorraine were members of the original cast.

This farce might be recommended as a guide book for young husbands. Perhaps some might regard it as a convincing prohibition tract. Even the most strait-laced, if such a one were in the audience last night, must confess that the play after the first 20 minutes is extremely diverting.

Billy Bartlett is too good to his wife. He does not smoke, drink, play cards. He never wanders from his own fireside. Working all day at the bank, he loves his home and his newspaper. His idea of happiness is to go to sleep at an early hour. Thus, he bores his wife, Laura, with whom a former suitor, Evans, is still in love. If Billy would only do something lively, or even vicious, his wife would have a higher regard for him. Now Billy has a married friend, Wheeler. When Billy confides to him sorrowfully that his adored Laura talks of leaving him, Wheeler tells him it is his own fault: he is always Johnny-on-the-Spot; he should go out nights, leave his wife alone, and wondering where he is. The exposition is long drawn out and the dialogue as a rule is cheaply cynical.

But the fun begins when Laura goes to the opera with Evans. Wheeler leaves for an alleged meeting of the Mystic Shrine and Billy and Mrs. Wheeler are left alone in Bartlett's apartment. Billy, a blundering fellow, has repeated to Mrs. Wheeler a rigmarole that Wheeler had told him—how Billy should follow his example and give himself over to wine, woman and song. The two determine to make a night of it. They mix preposterous cocktails, drink champagne and eat a little supper. Then follows a drunken scene, in which the two comedians are amusing. Miss Kennedy manages her part in a manner that reminds us of Alice Oates or Aimee in the old days of opera bouffe. Mr. Arthur is indiscribably funny. A scene that might be tiresome and revolting is treated skilfully.

The outsiders return. Billy is on the couch asleep. Mrs. Wheeler is on the floor with a bearskin robe over her, which leads to an obvious joke. The result is easily imagined. Evans begs Laura to seek a divorce; Laura is determined to leave her husband. Wheeler can live no longer with his wife.

The third act is made up of old material, which is deftly used. Billy has a head; Laura is unsympathetic and enraged; the pretty serving maid gives Billy a pick-me-up, a prairie oyster. Mrs. Wheeler, who lives in the same apartment house, comes down to confer with Billy as to what she should do. There are Palais Royal complications. Mrs. Wheeler is now hiding in the bathroom, now under the bed. Billy is caught calling Tessie his morning glory. There are recriminations, explanations, and a happy ending.

The dialogue is much fresher than the situations. It is generally clever and after the long winded first scene steadily amusing. The play is so deliberately farcical that it cannot offend even the prurient prude, who no doubt was disappointed at not finding lines that were sniggeringly salacious.

Mr. Arthur showed uncommon talent in farce. He was funny as the meek and loving husband, shocked by the thought of pursuing any vicious course. His facial expression, his tonal variety in dialogue, his general bearing were even more amusing than his crescendo of intoxication and diminuendo of remorse. He played throughout with singular and artistic self-restraint, never becoming merely a mugger, never giving undue emphasis to his lines, abstaining from buffoonery as he did from any attempt to turn farce into comedy.

Miss Kennedy, as we have said, played the second act delightfully, and in this

act was more than simply pretty and dainty. In the first act, expressing her grief and horror at her husband's supposed riotous conduct, in management limitations in management of face, gesture and dialogue. While her mannered weeping was irritating. In the second act her desire to show that she too could be a sport and her babyish way of setting about it led to the scene of intoxication, in which a woman of coarser fibre would have come to grief.

The supporting company is adequate, though we should have been pleased to see Miss Janet Beecher, the original Laura. Miss Seymour acted delightfully the part of the sophisticated and insolent serving maid.

A large audience roared in laughter.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

I learned in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat;
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
And yet I have a braver way than these.

Artistic Poisoning.

The schemes of poisoning Mr. Lloyd George—drivink a nail dipped with poison into his boot, sticking a poisoned pin into his hat, shooting poisoned arrows at him—were so wild and fantastical that they remind one of Elizabethan tragedies and tales of Italy. What one of us would not laugh at reading of a poisoned boot in a thrilling detective story or seeing the victim writhe in a film play! There is nothing more ingenious in John Webster's "White Devil," in which Julio and Christophero, with spectacles of glass covering their eyes and noses, burn perfumes afore the picture of Brachiano and wash the lips, so that Isabella, his wife, kissing the mouth, may faint and die; the tragedy in which Brachiano himself dies horribly because Lodovico sprinkled his helmet with a poison.

More than one Christian in old times was poisoned in a cup of Christ, to quote Sir Thomas Browne, and received his bane in a draught of his salvation. There was a story that Pope Clement XIV. was thus dispatched, as was the sister of Clovis the First, Audeflede, who married Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths. Henry VII. of Luxembourg was poisoned by taking the host at the hand of a monk corrupted by the Florentines. Is it true that a Prince of Orange tried to kill Louis XI. by rubbing with a poisonous mixture the corners of the altar and the places where on his knees he was wont to kiss the ground during the mass? There was an attempt to slay Leo XI. by a pair of poisoned gloves; Agathocles by poisoning his tooth-pick. Livia offered deadly figs to Augustus as Agrippina did to Claudius. In the time of Domitian and that of Commodus a poisoned needle was the thing. Did not the Duke d'Alencon tempt a valet of Henry III. to scratch the nape of the monarch's neck with a needle thus prepared? There is a story that Calphurnius Bestia slew his wives by touching them after he had infected his fingers with aconite. Henry, King of Castile, died from his boots poisoned by a Moor. Joseph of Granada was poisoned by a sumptuous garment sent to him from Fez. Joseph's son was killed by a poisoned shirt, as was King Ladislaus through the revenge of a learned physician, whose daughter had been abused by the King. Louis XI. gave a poisoned peach to the dame de Montsorreau to rid himself of the Duke de Guyenne. Courtiers of Alfonso, King of Naples, warned him against a fine copy of Livy sent to him by Cosmo de Medicis—we all knew as children the poisoned book in the "Arabian Nights." It was a common report at the time that the mother of Henry of Navarre was poisoned by a pair of gloves fashioned and perfumed by one Rene of Milan; that Francis II. died from a poisoned ear-spoon; that Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine was poisoned by the fumes of a torch borne before him at night as a mark of respect, but some say by a purse, while Aubigne speaks of poisoned ducats. Camden records the case of an Englishman executed for having put poison on the pommel of the saddle used by Queen Elizabeth.

The poison of Parysatis is familiar to all readers of Plutarch—anointing a knife on the one side, and therewith dividing a bird, so that her appetite was satisfied while Statira was poisoned; but this story is regarded as fabulous by Paris and Fonblanque.

And there were poisoned fans, poisoned bouquets. There is the play, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," against which Louis Veuillot wrote bitterly, describing it as a ponderous and hideous melodrama. "This noble girl (Adrienne) is poisoned by a jealous, high and mighty lady, a duchess, adorned with all the vices, including that of being a lawful wife. Our best society still goes from time to time to applaud this piece at the Theatre Francais."

Was not a beautiful Indian woman, who has been fed on wolf's bane and other poisons, sent to tempt Alexander the Great? There was Macamut, who ate poison from his cradle. If a fly lighted on his hand it instantly died. When this Sultan would put any nobleman to death he had him stripped and he spat upon him. The widow in "Hudibras" knew about him:

The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death.

We regret to say that this story is doubted by certain deep thinkers. "To the stork that eateth snakes, and the stare that feedeth upon hemlock, these, though no commendable ailments, are not destructive poisons."

Nor is it wholly certain, as some would have us believe, that the saliva of men and women, especially, if they have been fasting, kills snakes, toads and centipedes.

As for the gas employed in warfare by "the efficient," let us quote from a letter of Francois de La Mothe Le Vayer in the 17th century, which did not enjoy all the advantages of our present civilization: "Is it not a marvellous thing, that outside of the open force that man daily employs for the destruction of his kind, homo homini lupus, he has still invented so many detestable means for so abominable a purpose?"

The Destruction of Shrines.

As the World Wags:

May it not be held to be a crime two or three generations later that such a memorial as the old Agassiz house at the corner of Quincy street and Broadway, Cambridge, should have been destroyed? Of course, if restoration is impossible the cruel work of the fire must be accepted. There in the early days, when Prof. Agassiz exhausted his funds, and his friends' funds for his great expeditions of collection and the floods of alcohol required for them, his noble consort took up the burden and opened a girls' school where Prof. Agassiz lectured and Alexander Agassiz taught. That was before the discovery made by the young Agassiz with his brother-in-law, Quincy Shaw, whose creditors had refused to take the stock of the Calumet & Hecla Company at a nominal price, fearing the "assessments," which were the ordinary incidents of a copper stock. There must be many old ladies still living to whom that corner is a sacred shrine.

THE OLD UN.

Boston.

War Note.

A man, who appealed at the Egham tribunal said that, although passed for service, he had a short leg.

"That will not matter," said the military representative, "as the ground is so uneven."—Pall Mall Gazette.

FAY TEMPLETON IS HEADLINER AT KEITH'S

Syncopated Act of Blossom Seeley Stands Out in Relief on Excellent Bill.

Fay Templeton is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening she was given a hearty greeting as an old friend. This is the first appearance of the comedienne after a retirement of a number of years. Many will recall her as the bright particular satellite in a constellation of comedians of no mean ability that made up the Weber and Fields organization of 10 years ago. Many were surprised at the physical change of the once sprightly comedienne, and no doubt many voiced the expression of the gentleman across the aisle: "Can this be the Fay Templeton of a few years ago?" But the comedienne has lost none of the charm of her voice, just as sympathetic and expressive as of yore, just as capable of coloring this or that phrase and, beyond all, so convincing in the conveyance of the intent of the text. The actress sang a number of songs, none more enjoyable than "So Long, Mary," which she rendered with all her old-time fervor.

The act that stands out in relief on this week's bill by its uniform excellence is the sketch of Blossom Seeley, "Seeley's Syncopated Studio." Miss Seeley is assisted by Bill Bailey and Lynn Cowan. Miss Seeley does not find it necessary to shout her lines; in fact, her act is conspicuous for its charm, its delicacy; having two irrepressible assistants, she leaves the noise to them: thus the effectiveness of her act is heightened. There was a sameness to all her songs, but they were none the less delightful. On the contemporaneous Honolulu-ukulele theme, they were of the soft, crooning, plaintive love melodies. It is in songs of this type that the singer's peculiarly expressive voice excels. Miss Seeley was none the less interesting in her dancing numbers.

Other acts on the bill were Grace De Mar in "The Eternal Feminine," a clever monologue; Ed Gallagher and Andy Lewis in a comedy sketch, "My Friend, the Judge"; Johnny Dyer and Frank Fay, in songs and chatter; Frank Hale and Signa Patterson, assisted by a sextet of musicians, in dances of the day; Donald E. Roberts in a singing act, Roy and Arthur in "Fun in a Dining Car," and the fourth episode of "Patria," the sensational photo-play, featuring Mrs. Vernon Castle.

MISS BOYER MAKES FIRST APPEARANCE HERE AS STAR

Pleases Castle Square Audience in Title Role in "Jerry."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE. "Jerry." Comedy in four acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. The cast:

Montague Wade.....Richard I. Scott
Peter Flagg.....Jimmie Brown
Briggs.....Henry Testa
Doctor Kirk.....John Cobee
Lewis.....Bert Hall
Joan Doubleday.....Cecilia Griffiths
Harriett Townsend.....Julia Earle
"Jerry".....Nancy Boyer

This is Miss Boyer's first appearance in Boston as a star. Jerry goes to Philadelphia to visit to her her aunt, and one of the first of her many caprices is to fall in love with her aunt's own former sweetheart. To disclose details of the plot is unnecessary. The story comes best as a surprise to the audience.

Miss Nancy Boyer as Jerry is as charming as the play. Audiences fall in love with her when she appears in her riding suit, and by the time she gets to the dainty pink pajamas the only thing that mystifies every one is how Montague Wade can resist her throughout three acts. But, after all, it is just as well that he does, because if he didn't there would be no Jerry and theatregoers would be deprived of seeing the delightful performance given by Miss Boyer and her clever company.

Next week "Mutt and Jeff's Wedding" will come back for a return engagement.

BOSTON MUSICAL UNION HOLDS FIRST CONCERT

The Boston Musical Union, "which intends to do its part in vitalizing and popularizing the joys of choral singing in Greater Boston," presented its initial concert last night at Jordan Hall, giving Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." George Sawyer Dunham conducted.

Symphony Orchestra players, Jaques Hoffman, principal; Elmer Wilson, accompanist, and Mrs. Stephen P. Alden, assistant; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano; Mrs. Cara Sapin, contralto, and Willard Flint, bass, assisted the chorus of the society.

The society was incorporated in December, 1915, with 14 charter members and has been steadily at work since that time organizing a chorus and rehearsing for the present concert season. The scope of the society is liberal and aims to include all grades of talent, from the individual who has not found musical instruction easily available to the student and more advanced choir singer.

MISS NEVIN'S RECITAL

Miss Frances Nevin with Miss Marion Lina Tufts, pianist, began a series of interpretative recitals at the Tuileries yesterday morning. This year Miss Nevin has seen fit to enlighten the uninitiated concerning Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring," and yesterday her subject was: "The Rheingold." "The Walkuere." "Siegfried" and "The Goetterdaemmerung" will be discussed on successive Monday mornings. Miss Nevin's methods of procedure are now thrice familiar. She is fortunate in having the assistance of an accomplished pianist.

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Blue Paradise," a musical play in a prologue and two acts by Edgar Smith, based on a Viennese operetta. Music by Edmund Eysler.

Mizzi.....Vivienne Segal
Franz.....Otto Schrader
Josef Stransky.....Walter Armin
Hans Walther.....Harold Crane
Justus Hampel.....Teddy Webb
Rudolph Stoeger.....Cecil Lean
Hazel Jones.....Cleo Mayfield
Gaby.....Vivienne Segal
Rudolph Oberdorher.....Ted Lorraine
Mrs. Gladys Wynne.....Hazel Cox
Vera.....Frances Pritchard

This play is the product of many authors. The Austrian book was by Leo Stein and Bela Jenbasch. Besides Mr. Eysler's music there are additional numbers by Sigmund Romberg. The lyrics are by Herbert Reynolds. Cecil Lean himself has contributed a breezy American melody, sung by him in the second act. The piece was unusually successful in New York and this success is not wholly comprehensible.

Rudolph Stoeger, a student, given to joyous nights, is sent to America by a stern father, who, however, remains invisible during the play. His forced and nasty departure shatters his budding romance with Mizzi, the pretty flower girl of the Blue Paradise Inn. He returns to Vienna 24 years later to find his former sweetheart married and her daughter beloved by his nephew. He himself has consolation thrust upon him by the handsome widow of his American partner. On this slender theme many incidents are strung. Rudolph's friend, Justus Hampel, rich and disillusioned, airs his matrimonial difficulties. A brazen telephone operator from a Chicago apartment house is mysteriously introduced as an inmate of the Ring Hotel in Vienna. Her frankness of speech enlivens matters. Again there is much sparring for time during which Rudolph and his former comrades, Josef, Hans and Justus, exchange personal remarks and indulge in reminiscences. The action is quickened by a party given at the Blue Paradise in honor of Rudolph's return. Mr. Romberg's music is often pretty. Diluted Straussian moods and rhythms are suggested. The song, "Auf Wiedersehen," in the prologue is attractive.

As a whole the cast is not remarkable. Mr. Lean is a good natured comedian with a pleasing personality and an agreeable will. Last evening he was suffering from a severe cold, and although he bravely played his part he was at times barely audible. Miss Segal, a charming and girlish apparition with starry eyes, played Mizzi and Gaby with true ingenuousness. She sang effectively and was graceful as a dancer. Miss Mayfield played the telephone operator with amazing aplomb and a brass voice. She made her points with evident relish and was constantly amusing. Miss Cox as Mrs. Wynne was chiefly required to display a masterful disposition. Mr. Webb made the most of a conventional part as Justus Hampel, the down-trodden husband. Miss Pritchard, whose dancing is pleasantly remembered, was warmly welcomed by an audience of fair size.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Brat," a comedy in three acts by Maude Fulton, who plays the part that gives the piece its name. Cast:

Mrs. Pell Forrester.....Isabel O'Madigan
Angela Smythe.....Charlotte Ives
Jane DePew.....Gertrude Maitland
Bishop Ware.....Frank Kingdon
Macmillan Forrester.....Lewis S. Stone
Steven Forrester.....Edmond Lowe
The Brat.....Maude Fulton
Margot.....Gertrude Workman
Timson.....John Findlay

A large audience was intensely interested and amused by this latest Morosco production to be seen in Boston. Its amusement was shown by frequent laughter and its approval was given in copious applause. This was continued long enough after the second act to bring out Miss Fulton, who, still in the quaint character of the Brat, sparkled:

"I'm glad you like it," and danced "off stage."

And they did like it, for the piece is chock full of qualities, many good, many bad, from which many tastes can find what pleases them.

It tells a marvellous story of a "best seller" novelist, Macmillan Forrester, who, having run out of "types," goes to a New York police court, finds the Brat about to be sentenced for vagrancy, takes her to his palatial home and instals her as a "model." She is most astonishingly ignorant, though she had been in the Hippodrome chorus and made a hit as a dancer, and yet she is also a keen philosopher and observer of human life, whose sharp comments on the society she meets in the Forrester home are expressed in Delancey street slang.

Naturally, after helping the author write his very "best seller" and having plenty to eat, she thinks he loves her and she thinks she loves him. She finds she doesn't when Steve, the author's ne'er-do-well brother, kisses her, and there is the dickens to pay.

Angela and Jane also love the author, and there is a terrible mix-up over that. The inconsistencies and impossibilities of the piece are hidden to a large degree by the skill of the actors. A more efficient and likable band of interpreters rarely ever aided a playwright in the exposition of his work.

Miss Fulton is bright, piquant, charming, as the Brat, and makes one almost forget that such a character could not possibly exist, even in Manhattan.

Edmond Lowe is true and strong as Steve and has the most nearly human character in the play to help him.

Gertrude Maitland is elegantly cattish as Jane, and she and Charlotte Ives smoke cigarettes as if to the "manner born." There is also much drinking in the piece. Steve does not have to inherit his taste for liquor from his father, and the Brat is perfectly justified in asking when the unctuously hypocritical Bishop advises her to copy Angela and Jane:

"By drinking and smoking cigarettes?"

Lewis S. Stone tries manfully to pose as the great novelist, but it can't be

Tremont [illegible] Request Night

[illegible] as [illegible] when [illegible] to be [illegible]

John [illegible] is a [illegible]

JEWETT PLAYERS BRING AUDIENCE TO ITS FEET

Are Applauded Fully 10 Minutes at Close of Presentation of "Milestones."

[illegible] "Milestones" [illegible] Edward [illegible]

ACT I, 1860.

[illegible] Sawyer
[illegible] Adah Barton
[illegible] Beatrice Miller
[illegible] Cameron Matthews
[illegible] Fred W. Permain
[illegible] Leonard Craske

ACT II, [illegible]

[illegible] Adah Barton
[illegible] Leonard Craske
[illegible] Cameron Matthews
[illegible] Gwladys Morris
[illegible] Beatrice Miller
[illegible] Lionel Glenister
[illegible] Fred W. Permain
[illegible] Jessamine Newcombe

ACT III, [illegible]

[illegible] Leon Gordon
[illegible] Gwladys Morris
[illegible] Jessamine Newcombe
[illegible] Dorie Sawyer
[illegible] Fred W. Permain
[illegible] Adah Barton
[illegible] Leonard Craske
[illegible] Beatrice Miller
[illegible] Lionel Glenister

It is [illegible] a Boston audience [illegible] so pleased with a production that [illegible] applaud the players for [illegible] minutes, but [illegible] last night when Mr. Jewett's company concluded "Milestones." The [illegible] responded to nearly a dozen curtain calls.

Last night's performance was first class in every respect. As Mr. Bennett's excellent drama is well known to Bostonians, little need be said about it. It is one of the really good dramas of recent years.

All the action takes place in the same room at intervals of 25 years. Each new generation [illegible] to criticise in the last. The progress of the world during the [illegible] is clearly shown in the dialogue as well as in the fittings of the room and the costumes.

In the first act there was an oil lamp on the table, in the second a gas [illegible] which gave way, in the third, to electricity. In the first, [illegible] quarreled because one was "foolish" enough to think iron ships would float; in the next the genius of the former generation pooh-poohed the idea of [illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible] for its start [illegible] in the third. The only [illegible] was the [illegible] in the [illegible] was excellent, the same as [illegible]. Surely there should be [illegible] figure and [illegible] 25 years [illegible] has [illegible] of youth.

The [illegible] of the entire company was [illegible] good.

Feb 7 1917

Huyman Buitekan, Pianist, Assisted by Henry Eichheim, Violinist, Plays D'Indy's Sonata—Miss Ruth Lavers Gives Her First Public Piano Recital Here.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Ruth Lavers, pianist, gave her first public recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op 109; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Debussy, La Soiree dans Grenade; Chopin, Etude op. 25, no. 10, Nocturne, op. 27, Scherzo, op. 39, C sharp minor; Liszt, Au lac de Wallenstadt, Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella.

Miss Lavers attracted attention here in December, 1915, when she played at a concert in aid of an Italian war relief fund.

She is a young pianist who has already reached an advanced stage of technical proficiency. Her years have been given to the acquisition of this proficiency. It is now her task to interpret. She has a clear and agreeable touch, plenty of strength; her phrasing is thoughtful, too deliberate at times, as at the beginning of the sonata and in the theme of the final variations. It would be unreasonable to expect one of her age to be intensely emotional or deeply contemplative, but Miss Lavers has undoubtedly a musical nature and is by no means at present cold and indifferent in expression. She excelled yesterday in passages that demanded crisp, clean execution. She showed a certain elegance when she was brilliant. Her performance of Chopin's Nocturne was too uniformly subdued; say rather the music had too little substance, and in Debussy's impressionistic tone picture there was photographic literalness. Thus in music of this character her youthfulness prevented the full expression of what the music contains. It is doubtful whether a pianist of her years should put one of Beethoven's later sonatas on a program.

Admirably taught, Miss Lavers has every reason to apply herself to the art of interpretation. Experience before the public and the experiences of life will in the course of time bring out and develop what is latent. She is already worth hearing. She may yet be reckoned among leading pianists.

Huyman Buitekan, pianist, assisted by Henry Eichheim, violinist, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. The program included d'Indy's sonata for violin and piano, and these piano pieces: Bach, First movement of the Italian Concerto; Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Brahms, Rhapsody, B minor; Debussy, Prelude, Toccata; Palmgren, May-Night; Tschaikowsgy, Doumka (Scene rustique Russe).

D'Indy's sonata was first heard here about 10 years ago when it was played by Mr. Wendling and Miss Laura Hawkins. It has been performed here since that time, but it is not yet so familiar as it should be. It is a noble and beautiful composition. The first movement shows the influence of Cesar Franck. Indeed, at the beginning it seems as if d'Indy were attempting to recollect the opening of Franck's violin sonata, but in the other movements d'Indy has a great deal to say for himself. He has been accused of an austerity not far removed from aridity. His music is not sensuous, not even at the end of the "Istar" variations when the maiden is supposed at the proclamation of the theme in unison to reveal herself in the under world in all the splendor of her dazzling nudity. It is also true that at times d'Indy shuns the obvious to such an extent that he sometimes loses sense of the beautiful, but not in this sonata. In the second movement the piquancy is aristocratic, while in the middle section there is a hint at the mountain folk songs so dear to him. The third movement has many measures of sustained and lofty song. The finale instead of being perfunctory, as is the case with many last movements, contains a wealth of contrasting ideas expressed with dramatic fervor.

The Sonata was played with musical intelligence and in a sympathetic manner. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Eichheim again. He with others has of late been giving chamber concerts of fine quality in Springfield and other cities to appreciative audiences. Without fuss, without parade, he has done much to acquaint lovers of music with works of the modern French school.

Mr. Buitekan played solo pieces in a broad and commanding manner, but not without delicacy, when delicacy was required. Fortunate in his treatment of Bach and Mozart, he gave an uncommonly interesting interpretation of Brahms' Rhapsody.

Mr. E. V. Lucas in his entertaining volume of essays, "Cloud and Silver," says that the trouble with English slang is that "it is seldom descriptive, seldom paints pictures, seldom contains an idea." As an example, he tells of sitting at luncheon next a young woman narrating her experiences in Venice. "I asked her what she thought of that city of wonder. 'Topping,' she replied, and then added, thoughtfully, 'Topping.' Now, I did not expect her to deliver a lecture on the charms of Venice and to give me an analysis of her many emotions on first seeing them but I confess that I was looking for something a little more descriptive than the word she selected. There is no doubt that Venice is topping, but then so is the cooking at the Focus, and so is the new revue at the Futility, and so is the dress your cousin wore at her coming-out dance, and so is Miss Hieratica Bond's new novel.

American slang, Mr. Lucas says, applies and illustrates. "One recognizes its meaning in a flash of light." It is often poetry or an admirable substitute for it. "It illuminates synthesises." And he gives many illustrations.

We have the pleasure this morning of publishing an original poem from the Elmira, N. Y., Reformatory, for which we are indebted to Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan of this city.

The One and Only Pecan.

(Inspired by the Chin-music the Poo Bah 26-121, Most Puissant Posser of the Institutional Innocent and Vice-Deputy Grand Flipper of the Time Honored Bund of Aggrieved Felons, had achieved over-night fame by the Premature Publication of his Weighty Tome—"Tattle," a risque and snappy volume of Back Stairs Gossip in Ringdom.)

I.

I am the Boob with the Bean of Bone,
I'm the Original Nut!
I am the Gink with the Conk of Stone,
I'm the Original Nut!
They all look at me and grunt, "Nobody Home."
Wish I had his alibi, then, too, I'd groan:
'There's no place for Brains in a Solid Dome,
Yep, he's the Original Pecan."

II.

They hail me "His Nibs of the Ivory Dome,"
Me, the Original Nut.
"Poo Bah," "Innocent," "Big Chief Moan,"
"Hundred and One Per Cent. Mutt!"
With trusty Pencil, around I roam
And jot down things in my "Tittle Tattle Tome,"
I'm out of place Here—A Cage in my Home,
Bloole, the Pecan Primeval!

This is a real human document. It is sincere; it is devoid of the vulgar sham, and fictitious piety which is the stock in trade of the "average reformed prisoner." There is a quaint and playful humor running through every line, and coming from one to whom the future is one of dim uncertainty and almost hopeless anticipation, it is to my mind a grand piece of picturesque writing.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

Enroughty—Darby.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Robert Coit's explanation in the Herald of Feb. 2 of the Enroughty—Darby anomaly seems reasonable; yet I should hesitate to agree with his view that they are simply different names for the same person. If a given collection of letters is universally recognized by those informed in the matter as representing a certain word, then it must be considered the correct spelling of that word, without regard to phonetics.

The form of the story with which I am familiar, though only through reading it years ago in a newspaper, is that a Virginian named Darby quarreled with his son, but not having the heart to make his disinheritance complete, bequeathed him his estate on condition that he change his surname. The heir conformed with his father's will by adopting the singularly ugly cognomen Enroughty, which, however, he chose to pronounce "Darby." (Query: Was this enterprising gentleman acquainted with the French tongue? Enroughty, en route, arrive, he certainly "got there," in the vernacular, both with respect to the estate and the practical retention of his family name.)

At all events (so far I am at one with Mr. Coit) the case of Enroughty is wholly distinct from the many instances, more common in England than in the United States, in which a name as spoken has been corrupted into something different from, yet still bearing some resemblance to, the spelling and original pronunciation. Of these the stock examples are Chomondelay, Beauvoir, and Majoribanks (cleverly parodied by Kate Douglas Wiggin in the imaginary name Majorimallow); but in this country we have Taliaferro, variously called "Tolliver" and "Telfer." I have long wondered about the connection between this familiar southern name and Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss." That name is hardly likely to have been of the novelist's invention. To hazard a theory, was it not originally the same as our Taliaferro, but, coming down to rustic family lines, furnishes for that reason a case of simultaneous orthographic and phonetic degeneration—which, by the way, sounds like the "conjecturally chronological" order of Shakespeare's plays, which used to figure in the Harvard Catalogue?

Lancaster. C.

"To Kalon."

As the World Wags:

I wonder if you could tell me a good, idiomatic translation of the Greek words, To Kalon? Literally translated, the phrase means, "The Beautiful," but I am sure that there must be a more suitable rendition. If you can give me any information I shall be very grateful.

ALLAN L. LANGLEY.

Boston, Feb. 1. 1917.

How would the morally beautiful, the ideal good, the "summum bonum" do? In "Tom Jones" Fielding speaks of [illegible] "good fame as a species of the Kalon." In Greek writers after Homer does not "To Kalon" often correspond with Cicero's "honestum"?—Ed.

MR. AND MRS. MAYNARD HEARD IN A RECITAL

Both Are Slenderly Equipped for Concert Work.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross H. Maynard, tenor and soprano, gave a song recital at Jordan Hall last evening. Mrs. Mary Shaw Swain was the accompanist. The program included songs by Handel, Schubert, Spohr, Foote, Haydn, Daniels, Carpenter and other composers.

Both singers are slenderly equipped for concert work. Mr. Maynard has a still, small voice, which he uses with prevailing rigidity. His singing was in turn devout or sentimental. Mrs. Maynard's voice, a very light soprano, has more quality and the singer has evidently given thought to the coloring of tone. Unfortunately, her intonation was insecure and her control of breath imperfect, while her limitations as an interpreter equalled those of her husband. Mrs. Swain played efficient accompaniments. There was a small but friendly audience.

Feb 8 1917

FIRST LONGY

By PHILIP HALE.

The first of the two special concerts organized by Georges Longy and Miss Renee Longy took place last night in Jordan Hall. Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano, Mrs. Richard J. Hall, saxophone, Mrs. Dudley Fitts, accompanist, the American String Quartet, Homer Humphrey, organist, and players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted: Messrs. Spohr, Goldstein, Gietzen, Sauvlet, Pinfield, Bellinski, Gruenberg, Gunderson and Huber, stringed instruments, Cella, harp, and Gardner, kettle drums. The program, devoted to compositions by Jean Hure was as follows: Andante for alto saxophone, strings, harp, kettle drums and organ; Sonatina for violin and piano (Miss Gertrude Marshall, violin; Miss Longy, piano); four songs of Brittany; quintet for piano and strings.

This was an agreeable concert in spite of the fact that the names of only 32 patrons and patronesses were printed on the program, whereas the program of Mme. Lyska, who sang in the afternoon, carried the names of 62.

It is a risky experiment, this devoting a program to the compositions of one man. Few, if any, of the greatest can stand the test. The program last night was varied, and it was not too long.

Hure would probably not be willing to be judged by his Andante for saxophone and other instruments which Mr. Longy conducted. It was written to order, and few compositions thus invented are of a high rank. The combination of instruments is not a happy one; at least it was not for Hure. The music as played was purposeless and ineffective. But the Sonatina is charming. It is really what its name denotes, a little sonata. There are modern composers who give the names sonatina and sinponietta, as if from irony, to prodigious works. Hure has written a little sonata delightfully fresh and simple, a work of genuine, natural, not sophisticated simplicity. The melodic thoughts are flowing, not tortured; the treatment of them is never perfunctory. Each movement is complete without any superfluity of notes. The performance by Miss Marshall and Miss Longy was exactly in the right spirit.

Mrs. Littlefield's diction in the French songs was surprisingly good for an American, and her volubility in "A Parisya-t-une petite lingere" was noteworthy, but these folk-songs, to make their full effect, are for a "diseuse" rather than a singer; otherwise the strophes become monotonous. And if folk-songs are to be sung, we prefer them with the barest acompaniment.

Hure's piano quintet is in one movement. The thematic material does not wholly warrant the length of the composition, the necessary repetitions lead to anti-climaxes, but there are beautiful pages of original thought exquisitely expressed. Hure seems to be of a gently poetic nature, a dreamer in tones. There are moments in the quintet when this dreamer falls into a dreamless sleep, but they are few, for even in his diffuseness, his vagueness, there is always something pleasant for the ear. The quintet was finely played.

The second of the special Longy concerts will be devoted to compositions of Charles Martin Loeffler.

Mme. Naardyn Lyska, dramatic soprano, sang here for the first time in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. George Copeland was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Fabre, Orand, Tamaht, Chausson, Nanny'

d'Erlanger, Morte; Debussy, La Chevelure, La Plage; Szentirmay, Deine Augen, Sinding, Viele Traeume; Strauss, Ruhe Meine Seele; Schubert, Doppelgaenger, Arnold Mendelssohn, Aus dem Hohenlied; Old Irish, the Lover's Curse, Belfast street song; Lieurance, Indian carpet song; Sibelius, Black Roses; Ravel, Chanson Grecque; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chanson Orientale; Rachmaninoff, Dieu m' a tout pris; Gretchaninoff, Berceuse; Moussorgsky, Berceuse, Tschaikowsky, Zigaune.

The program was an unusual one, not merely because it bore the names of 62 patronesses. Let us hope that they all bought tickets, say at least two apiece, otherwise the lending of their names served only as an idle decoration. Patron! Patroness! Is music in Boston really in need of this boosting? Must certificates of this nature be given to the work of singers and songs in order to draw an audience or stand as guide-posts to indiscriminate applause? We remember Dr. Johnson's remarks about patrons, also a line in Thackeray's proposed inscription for the statue of George the First. As the program was an unusual one, a few notes about composers would have been more to the purpose. How many know anything about Szentirmay? Arnold Mendelssohn is the son of a nephew of Felix. "Morte" by "Erlanger." Is not this song by the Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, not Camille Erlanger? The lamented Gillbert sang it here at a Symphony concert in December, 1904.

Mme. Lyska stated before she sang that she was suffering from a severe cold. Her ailment, however, did not affect the volume or force of her voice. She has an ardent temperament which served her in music of a declamatory nature, not in songs that were purely lyrical. More than once she tore passion to tatters by her violent outbursts. She showed dramatic intelligence and intensity in her interpretation of many of the songs. "La Chevelure" was marred by incongruous explosions. The "Chanson Orientale" is not for her. It demands vocal art. It is a pity that she has not a surer foundation, a more intimate acquaintance with the primary essentials of a singer's equipment. She might be described as a dramatic interpreter without technic; a decla[illegible] rather than a singer. M[illegible] played most musical accompaniments.

The Virginians.

We have received from Mr. B. F. Brown of Augusta, Ga., the following letter dated Feb. 3:

"In your issue of Jan. 31 in the column headed As the World Wags, is an article about 'Enroughty and Darby.'

"On Oct. 4, 1915, I wrote to the editor of the Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va., asking him to 'kindly inform me as to the correct spelling and pronunciation of the Virginia family name Enroughty. I have been told that it is pronounced, or stands for "Darby."'

"The editor's reply, which follows, may interest some of your readers.

"'Dear Sir: At the time of the emigration of the Enroughtys to Virginia, one of the brothers was an unlicensed preacher. What was known as a field preacher or a hedge preacher, for which in the England of the day, the slang word was a "Darby." This man seems to have been called "John Darby Enroughty" or "John Enroughty, the Darby," or, finally, "John Enroughty Darby." The descendants of this person called themselves "Darby," and wrote the name Enroughty. They were never prominent, and about the sole effect of their residence in the neighborhood of Richmond may now be found in the name of a settlement where they lived, "Darbytoen" (sic) and the road leading from the city in that direction "The Darbytown Road." Respectfully,

"'Oct. 6, 1915. Times-Dispatch.'"

Then this brother, the unlicensed preacher, must have left England about 1830 or after, not before, for the Plymouth brethren were not known as "Darbyites" before that date.—Ed.

In Connecticut.

As the World Wags:

Regarding the discussion of the peculiar spelling (or more correctly, perhaps, the pronunciation) of certain English surnames, the same peculiarity is to be noticed in the names of towns or localities.

Three examples which occur in this vicinity are the towns of Windham, Pomfret and Killingworth. The names of the English prototypes of these towns are spelled Wymondham, Pontefract and Kenilworth respectively, but are given the same pronunciation as here. The early settlers evidently were believers in "simplified spelling," and adopted the names but not the orthography of the English towns.

Regarding the name of my own town, visitors, especially from Massachusetts, usually sound the "H" very distinctly in the pronunciation, but hereabouts it is never sounded at all.

A. B. ROBERTS.

Windham, Ct., Feb. 2.

On Cape Cod, Chatham is "Chat-ham." Other names of towns ending in "ham" are pronounced in like manner. "Ham" is a survival of the Old English "ham," for "home."—Ed.

Moon Blinded.

As the World Wags:

"If any of your readers are especially interested in the curious subject of moon-blindness." This is a quotation from J. Buchanan Tuttle, M. D. Let me assure you that I see the joke, but possibly some of your readers do not.

During the West Indian campaign, '98, our crews had to sleep out on the open decks. Reason: Ships cleared for action, no awnings, etc., gun crews had to be near their guns, too hot to sleep below. As one of the surgeons of the fleet, I was approached by our overcareful commanders re moon-blink. I assured them it was all moonshine. In all opthalmological textbooks there is either nothing on the subject, or a chapter like the celebrated one on snakes in Ireland.

Any one who has been in the West Indies has often seen Negroes sleeping with the sun in their faces, yet they never have sun-blink. Moonshine is very weak sunshine. But what is a little thing like truth compared with the curious? Especially when we have had a great medical authority as Morgan to chatter to the contrary? X.

Newton Centre.

The sun is beneficent; the moon is maleficent and sinister, even when it is full. See Byron's "Don Juan." Consult the wisdom of the ancients. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." Burton says in a note to the tale of Nur al-Din Ali and the Damsel Anis al-Jalis: "Easterners still believe in the blighting effects of the moon's rays, which the Northerners of Europe, who view it under different conditions, are pleased to deny. I have seen a hale and hearty Arab, after sitting an hour in the moonlight, look like a man fresh from a sick bed, and I knew an Englishman in India whose face was temporarily paralyzed by sleeping with it exposed to the moon." See also the letter of "Former Notary's Clerk," published in the Boston Herald of Jan. 23, 1917.—Ed.

Wilde and Wilcox.

As the World Wags:

The dance, enjoyed by Benjamin Blydon (the Boston Herald, Feb. 5), bears a certain resemblance to that described by Oscar Wilde in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." I quote the stanza, I trust correctly, that I recalled when I began the day by reading of this uncomfortable tango.

For oak and elm have pleasant leaves
  That in the spring-time shoot;
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,
  With its adder-bitten root,
And, green or dry, a man must die
  Before it bears its fruit!

It is sweet to dance to violins
  When Love and Life are fair;
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes,
  Is delicate and rare;
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
  To dance upon the air!

They glided past, they glided fast,
  Like travellers through a mist;
They mocked the moon in a rigadoon
  Of delicate turn and twist,
And with formal pace and loathsome grace
  The phantoms kept their tryst.

With mop and mow, we saw them go,
  Slim shadows hand in hand;
About, about, in ghostly rout
  They trod a saraband;
And the damned grotesques made arabesques,
  Like the wind upon the sand!

As I remember it, the hero went to his fate with his cricket cap on his head, and "his step seemed light and gay." What, I wonder, was Blydon's costume? Does the rest of Mr. Wilcox's poem tell? THERESA TEMPEST.

Brookline, Feb. 5.

EDITH RUBEL TRIO GIVE RECITAL AT JORDAN HALL

The Edith Rubel Trio gave a second recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. One-third of the proceeds of the concert will be devoted to the American Fund for French Wounded.

This organization is an interesting addition to the field of chamber music. Each of the young women is a well graced musician. The ensemble playing is smooth and spirited. The tone has the charm of freshness and vitality. The attractive program was divided into music of the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th centuries with pieces by Couperin-Wright, Mozart, Handel, Rameau, Tschaikowsky, Debussy, Suk and Grainger.

Fe - 9 1917

Old Cafard-Coffin.

As the World Wags:

I been thinking some time, ever sence I got that letter from John Holystone Coffin's neice, or whatever it was that wrote the darn thing, just what I'd orter do. Im going to spin you a yarn, and let you take it for what its worth. Now this here Coffin feller we know two things about. First off, he hates whalers, and second, he's a man that has had a little experience with boats and boating. So, find a feller that takes in these two, and you've got a chance to hit the feller that's writing them insulting letters about the greatest industry America ever saw.

Back sometime in the twenties, they was a French brig hit on Maddaget. My old man, Eldad Gale, was there and see it all. The only feller to get ashore was a young boy about fifteen or sixteen that had been cabin boy. His name was Cafard. Course, he'd lost everything he owned, and old Joshua Hussey took him in, and he grew up with young Josh and the rest of the young fellers. He uster call himself Coffin, cause they was lots of Coffins on the island(and it was pretty near his own name, but had a better meaning, if what fellers say is true that can talk French.

He went to work for old Sheubal Coffin, the oil dealer. Lazy, dirty feller he was, allus up to something deceitful, my father uster say. He never'd go a voyage, 'cause he knew they was lots of hard work aboard a spouter, and he and work was not on good terms. And yet he want afraid of work. Lord, no; he'd lay right down side of it and go to sleep. Finally Sheubal had to fire him in self-defence. He had quite a few dollars tucked away; some said a darn sight more than Sheubal had ever paid him. At last he married a Gay Head girl, and left the island. Went over to New Bedford, they did, and opened a tavern. Called it "Oil Inn," and my old man said that jest described it, 'cause it was the dirtiest, greasiest place in the world outside a whale ship's hold arter a four years' cruise.

They had a boy they named John, half French and half Gay Header, and only the Lord knows what else. The old man wa'nt really downright wicked. He didn't have nerve enough. All he would do would be to lie and steal when he got a chance, and overcharge and underfurnish what poor fellers stopped at his tavern. But the young lad was a downright crook, as the feller says. He was allus hanging around the docks, and if anything wa'nt made fast he'd gaffle it, no matter whether it was a shilling or a marline spike. Got to be a darn nuisance round the wharves, and one night the second mate of the old Awashonks found him prowling around in her waist when she was laying at the dock, with half a dozen new irons in his arms that he had stole. The mate grabbed him, histed him on top of the rail and give him a swift kick that carried him about three fathom up on the wharf. That night, about midnight, down he comes again with a knife, and cuts the ship adrift. She swung around and fouled another ship, and there was quite a time for a spell, young Coffin standing behind a spile and laffing fit to bust. Along comes the Awashonk's mate, that happened to be ashore, and sized up the sitewation, as the feller says. He grabbed Coffin by the scruff of his neck, and says as long's he's so bright he guessed he'd better come aboard and ship with them. Along he goes, too, and the next day the Awashonks sailed out, and it was 45 months before John Coffin saw New Bedford again.

The Awashonks come from Marion. Capn Gus Baker had her that trip. I never knew him, but I was shipmates with Nat. Baker his son, who was third mate on that cruise, and he allowed that his father did haze young Coffin some. All that time he was afloat, he never left her but once, and that was about a week out when they met a cattle boat, and the smell of her and the sound of the cows bellering made Coffin so homesick that he jumped overboard and tried to swim to her, but old Gus lowered a boat and histed him inboard by the seat of his britches, and sot him to work pounding cable. No wonder you dont like whalers John Coffin, thinks I when I read his letter. You got enough of em on the old Awashonks.

I guess old Gus must a been a rare old scoundrell. He would only let him have one meal a day, and that came in the dog watches some time, when all hands was there to enjoy it, and Gus wouldn't let him eat outer the kid like the rest. No sir, Coffin et his right off the deck like a dog. Never'd hand him nothing, the old man wouldnt, just put it on deck he would, and kick it to him. Course, with the officers riding him down like that, he didnt have a friend aboard, cause the men all hazed him just because the officers did, and because he was a lazy worthless cuss, bout as much use out on the weather yard arm as a pig would a been. They used to bend a bucket onto the end of a line, and tie the other to Coffins leg, and heave the bucket overboard. Now you take it when a ship's going along logging eight or ten knots, and that there bucket'll bite into the water enough to fetch a feller up all standing pretty quick. When Coffin'd complain, the old man had the carpenter box him up with the chickens, but he had to let him out of that, cause the chickens all began to die. He hazed him good, though, and when the Awashonks came up the harbor at the end of the voyage, Coffin was in debt to the slop chest for $75. odd. He jumped overboard when the ship was lying down by Butler's Flats, meaning to swim ashore, and get out of his debt, but it was night, and he swum around till he liked to have drowned, and then he was picked up by the boat that was taking the capn. of the Massassoit out to her, she laying down the harbor, ready to sail.

Old Nickerson, the skipper of the Massasoit, was short handed, so he jest took Coffin along, and he was up in Bering sea for 51 months. He got used a little better aboard the Massasoit than he did on the Awashonks, cause the old man didnt have it in for him when they sot out, but he was a lazy rascall, and they soon got down on him, and you know what that means aboard ship. On the way home he ran away from the ship at Albany, and got back some how on a steamer.

It was jest eight years sence he'd left New Bedford, and he found his old man had died in the DT's, and his mother had gone back to Gay Head to join the tribe. He had jest two ideas in life now; one was to get drunk, and the other was to keep off a whaleship. He managed to be pretty successful in both. He hated everything and every body aboard a whaler. He uster gam a lot in the bar rooms, and run down whales and whalers and everything connected with em, till one night a little feller from Marion by the name of Eldridge that was third mate on the Mahltabul Nickerson, he knocked Coffin down and jumped on him much's a dozen times cause Coffin said Any man that was so low down as to go whaling would smoke a cigarette. By the poker of Moses, how that little red headed mate did wade into Coffin. He almost worn out a pair of shoes putting the boots to him. I see the scrap myself and I know.

Arter this he went down and shipped on a Novy Scoshy schooner that was going back home, and we didnt see no more of him for a long spell. Then I see him once or twice between vyages, when I was down to the wharf. He did some smuggling on the side, and I guess ran chinymen. He had a little two masted packet that leaked so he had to always carry a couple extra men aboard to pump. All the grub he carried was salt herring and potatoes. I've heard I suppose he's made enough money now outer smuggling and selling rum and running chinymen so's he bought that farm clear way back in Holiston, where he wont be bothered nor kept awake nights by no surf. I hope its more of a farm than the last old boat I see him in was a boat. Now mind you, I'm not saying this is the same feller. I'm only telling you about the feller I think it is. Cant see the connection between a holystone and this old land crab. Old John Coffin never used soap himself, and I know there was more dirt aboard that old Herring-boat he uster run than I ever see on the deck of a ship that had a holystone aboard. Perhaps he wants to recall the happy days he spent going over the deck of the old Awashonks.

Furthermore, I never in my life ever see a Coffin afore, that didn't claim to be descended direct from old Trustum Coffin that settled Nantucket. Most of em can tell you just how far they've descended. Now here's this bird says he's descended from some feller by the name of Aquila, if I read it right. You tell him from me that he's descended from a Frenchman by the name of Cafard, and that Cafard means cockroach, and if I hear from him again I'll tell you how he lost his leg.

(Capt) MARTIN GALE.

Falmouth, Feb 4th.

BOSTON QUARTET GIVES CONCERT IN STEINERT HALL

Disconcerting Evening for Both the Audience and Players.

The Boston Quartet gave a concert at Steinert Hall last evening. Ernest Schelling, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows:

Debussy, Andantino from string quartet; Brahms, Quintet for piano and strings, op. 54; Beethoven, Quartet in G major.

Mr. Mudgett asked the indulgence of the audience owing to the fact that certain parts of Schumann's Quartet which was to have been the first number, had been mislaid. The search for the missing music necessarily delayed the concert. A second announcement was to the effect that the order of the program had been changed and that Debussy's Andantino would first be played. Yet a third announcement was to come for, after Brahms' Quintet had been played, Mr. Ferir told the audience that Schumann's music had been lost and that Beethoven's Quartet in G major would be substituted.

It was a somewhat disconcerting evening for both audience and players. The honors of the occasion easily went to Mr. Schelling. His presence evidently had a stimulating influence upon the Quartet. The admirable pianist played brilliantly, with irresistible spirit, and a delightful quality of tone.

Feb 10 1917

The Boston Herald welcomes letters from Messrs. John Savage Shaghellion, John Coffin, J. Aquila Coffin, VI., and from Capt. Martin Gale of Falmouth, but will these correspondents in future kindly be a little shorter in delightful narration. A good story can be told in three-quarters of a column, a half column and even in a few lines.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. [illegible] Nig[illegible]

Words Are Counters.

As the [illegible]

[illegible] printed [illegible] jargon wh[illegible] be cause [illegible] come to [illegible]. The writer [illegible] merely verbose [illegible] is ungrammatical [illegible] "This [illegible] of [illegible] statement show[illegible] melodramatic, is wh[illegible] he s[illegible] ahead is [illegible] His tire old crusted [illegible] are the chief adornment of [illegible] technical style. [illegible] "This cautious and conservative attitude [illegible] universal," "war[illegible] the [illegible] lead to the in[illegible] critical attitude toward future [illegible] is manifested in important [illegible] "Shoe distributors are going to move slowly in the matter of purchases." A style of composition based upon the maxim, "Never say in one short word what you can say in three long ones" seems precisely the style that no business man should tolerate. VERBAL ECONOMIST

Chestnut Hill.

An Old Church.

As the World Wags.

In a volume that I chanced on the other day about the dames and daughters of our early republican life I found a memory of Emily Marshall, who was the belle of Boston in the later 20's, and who, by her surpassing beauty, won a national reputation. She was celebrated in an acrostic by Nathaniel P. Willis and by Percival in a sonnet. When she went abroad she had often an escort of 10 gentlemen, and people even went to church to admire her personal pulchritude. William Lloyd Garrison, the famous anti-slavery advocate, among the number

Now the chronicle to which I refer says that this place of worship was on Franklin street. Not so; it was on Federal street, and its pastor, the Rev. Howard Malcolm, entered its doors on the westerly side of Federal street between Franklin and Milk streets. It is true Emily's home was on Franklin place which was really a section of Franklin street. My mother had often seen her there, and observed the young beaux who passed her house to get a view of her radiant charms. Also, that was before I came out of the nowhere into the here, though I remember well the meeting-house that she devoutly attended. Only Episcopalians and Roman Catholics went to church in the still Puritan city of Boston when I was a [illegible]. William D Ticknor, the publisher and friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne was a follower of Dr. Malcolm, and he named one of his sons after the divine. Only a comparatively few years ago this son was a well-known dramatic and musical critic and teacher of histronic art in Boston

The church was torn down in the middle Forties of the last century, and a warehouse was erected on its site by Gerrish a well known builder. But this structure met with disaster. It caved in and Charles Pearce, afterwards a prominent merchant and a one-time president of the old Mercantile Library Association in its flourishing prime, was imprisoned and rescued from its ruins. I never was inside the church, but a boy friend of mine attended its Sunday school and there hangs a tale.

Going through Theatre Alley one fine Sabbath afternoon I met this chum of mine. "Where are you going?" he said. "To take a walk" I replied, not wishing to admit that I was on my way to a nearby church to say my catechism lesson which I had imperfectly learned. Then "you had better come with me up to the Common and sail chips on the frog pond" remarked the tempter. Nothing loth I accepted his proposition, and we were soon racing around the little sheet of water where I never saw a frog, even though this was long before the Cochituate water was admitted to its boundaries and before the fountain began to spout that inspired B. P. Shillaber, J. T. Trowbridge and Charles H. Halpine to celebrate the liquid tower in sonnets in the short lived, but amusing Carpet Bag. But I met with a catastrophe. I lost my balance and went head first over the brink that hedged in muddy depths to a little lad of 6 or thereabouts. The water was very wet, as Mark Twain might say, and I had on my best Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. I was fished out by a man with a long arm, who said "Go home and dry yourself" I was afraid to do that, and my partner in crime sugested that I should go to his house and evaporate. I went with him. His mother, who kept boarders near the corner of Milk and Congress street, was cutting up cheese in transparent slices in the pantry "Frederic," she said in severe accents, "I did not see you in the gallery at meetin' this afternoon, and you," she snapped at me, "how dare you lead him astray." I sneaked to my own hearthstone and was sent to bed without my supper, which my grandmother subsequently brought up to me on a tray with the remark, "Will you be good after this?" "Yes," I answered, and I kept the promise for a week.

This is all that I know of Dr. Malcolm's. There were other churches in the vicinity: the Unitarian Church at the corner of Channing and Federal streets, the Quaker place of meeting on Milton place, and the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Franklin street.

Dorchester BAIZE

"The Golden Wreath."

As the World Wags:

Was it not from "The Golden Wreath" that we sang to the air of a drinking song?

> We point [illegible] as we [illegible] to sing
> Repent and pledge [illegible]
> All things we [illegible]
> In peace and [illegible]

Boston. [illegible]

We think [illegible] but we [illegible] ing.

> Come and see me, Mary Ann,
> This afternoon at three,
> Come as early as you can,
> And stay till after tea.

SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Heinrich Gebhard was the pianist. The program was as follows: Busoni, Suite from the music for Gozzi's play "Turandot"; Cesar Franck, Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra; Strauss, Burleske for piano and orchestra; Smetana, overture to "The Sold Bride." A female chorus from the Musical Art Club and Choral Musical Society sang the little song in Busoni's Suite.

Four movements of this Suite were performed here six years ago. Yesterday the whole Suite was played. However effective the music may be in the theatre, as concert music the Suite suffers from the constant straining after the exotic. Busoni has been quoted as saying that all his thematic material was borrowed from Oriental melodies. Strange to say, one of the themes is wholly occidental in character; it bears a striking resemblance to an old English carol. The music as a whole excites at first curiosity, then surprise. The curiosity is soon satisfied, the surprise is not repeated. There are ingenious effects, but the chief end of music is not merely to display ingenuity. The compositions of Busoni that we have heard resemble his piano playing; the music is without heart and without imagination. Perhaps this Suite fits the play, which is fantastical. The song that accompanies the dancers, may be "the oldest known Arabian song"; it is certainly uninteresting, nor was this the fault of the singers who kept to it bravely in spite of the discordant and distracting music of the dances.

Smetana's overture was first played here 30 years ago. When it was performed the next season a music critic of the town declared that the overture would not stand intimate acquaintance. This shows the folly of prophecy and the vanity of criticism. The overture has been often heard at these concerts, always with pleasure and not merely because the performance by this orchestra is a tour de force of surpassing brilliance.

Franck's variations were played for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Gebhard was the first to play them in Boston, at a Jordan Hall orchestral concert 10 years ago. He was also the first to play Strauss's Burleske in this city. Why he thought it worth while to revive the latter is a question not easily answered.

Strauss himself—he was then a sworn follower of Johannes Brahms—thought little of it, was unwilling to have it published, although a publisher stood consenting and Strauss needed the money. How changed from the Strauss of the later years! Buelow, for whom the piano part was intended, thought the piece ugly. Probably Mr. Gebhard found the Burleske a suitable companion as regards length for Franck's Variations.

These Variations are beautiful, and for once Franck did not write at undue length. Last Saturday, apropos of Reger's Variations on a theme of Hiller, we quoted a profane remark of England's Sailor King. The remark applies in general; but there are variations by Beethoven that might have pleased even the disgusted monarch. There are a few other sets—among them this of Franck's—that are beautiful in spite of their form; or it might be said that in these variations Franck had woven charming thoughts and varied them so skilfully that while the theme stands out in recognizable beauty the comment or the changes of costume enhance the natural loveliness. Mr. Gebhard played delightfully as musician and virtuoso. He even gave some importance to the Burleske. His performance might serve Strauss as a defence for having written the piece.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of Feb. 23, 24 will be as follows: Cherubini, overture to "The Abencerrages"; Brahms, Concerto for violin and violoncello (Messrs. Witek and Warnke); Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony.

Feb 11 1917

GABRILOWITSCH

By PHILIP HALE.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, played yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall these pieces by Chopin: Fantasie, F minor; Sonata, B flat minor; Six Preludes, G major, C minor, E flat major, D flat major, F major, B flat minor; Ballade, A flat major; Nocturne, B major; Mazurka, B flat major; Scherzo, B minor. There was a large and delighted audience.

Chopin stands best the test of a program made up of music by one composer. Perhaps Schumann is the second. There are mistaken pianists, hard-hearted, stern-faced men, who will play solemnly five or six Senatas by Beethoven, one after the other. In the catalogue they go for men, as did the murderers ready to do the will of Macbeth. There may be even some pianists who would have the effrontery to invide an audience to pass with them an afternoon or evening with Johannes Brahms.

If this is true of Chopin's music, it does not follow that every pianist, otherwise accomplished, is an interpreter of Chopin. It is not first of all a question of race. We have heard Americans, men and women, who played this music most poetically. But there are pianists, foreign and American, who do not catch the spirit of Chopin. His secret escapes them. No one disputes the technical ability of Messrs. Rosenthal, Busoni, Godowsky, but the music of Chopin is to them as a sealed book. Mr. Bauer is not easily equalled as an interpreter of Schumann, Brahms, Bach, Cesar Franck; but he too, is not Chopin's man. One might go through the list, and the pianists that are peculiarly fitted to play this music are to be counted on one hand. Probably now that the incomparable Vladimir de Pachmann no longer visits us, though he is still attracting crowds in London, Mr. Gabrilowitsch gives the greatest pleasure when the program is devoted to Chopin.

For Mr. Gabrilowitsch has not fallen into the grievous error of thinking that Chopin is primarily a "heroic" composer, whose pieces are distinctively virile. There has been much talk of late about the "greater" Chopin and the "lesser" Chopin. There are pianists who, rejoicing in their strength, insist on Chopin's martial or patriotic nature. They say that his passion should foam and scream. On the other hand there are pianists who turn the composer into a Miss Nancy and play the music in an effeminate, lackadaisical manner. Chopin's lamentation is with them a whine. His emotion is sentimentalism. His music is then spineless, and the much talked about "rubato" is only an absence of rhythm, a distortion of time.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch belongs to neither part. While he does not claim to be a "specialist" while his series of recitals has shown him to be a pianist of singular versatility but always poetic, he plays the music of Chopin in a peculiarly charming and emotional manner. When strength is needed, he does not abuse it. He does not mistake Chopin's twilight for the blazing sun. He does not forget that Chopin is first of all lyrical and elegiac; often aristocratic with French elegance, always the poet even when he is terribly in earnest

William Lindsey's play in four acts, "Seremonda," which will be produced at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, was originally entitled "Red Wine of Roussillon." It was published in this city in May, 1915.

Mr. Lindsey is known in this country and in Europe as a successful man of business, but business has not been everything to him. A volume of his poems, "Apples of Istakhar," was published by Copeland & Day in 1895. His "Cinder-Path Tales" (1896) were widely read, as they deserved to be, for these stories about runners and other athletes were told in a delightfully simple manner, showed knowledge of the subject, and interested professionals, amateurs and the general public. A few years ago Mr. Lindsey's novel, "The Severed Mantle," was published. For writing this romance Mr. Lindsey spent much time in Provence and made a careful study of the country and its literature. It was therefore natural for him in the invention of a play to take a Provencal legend, one that may have had at the beginning a basis of fact.

This legend as told by Nostradamus, Boccaccio, Sainte-Palaie, is as follows. Guillaume de Cabestaing was a gentleman of Roussillon. According to an old manuscript chronicle there was a very ancient house, Castel-Roussillon, a tower was shown in Roussillon, called Caste Rossello. Noble, but without property, he followed the custom of the time and entered, as varlet or page, in the service of Raimond de Castel-Roussillon. Equality of birth did not forbid this form of service. Handsome, intelligent, amiable, Guillaume became a favorite with Raimond, who made him the squire to his wife, Marguerite. She quickly fell in love with the young man, who, from respect or timidity, was not responsive. One day being alone with him, she said, "Guillaume, tell me, if a lady should give you some mark of love, would you dare to love her well?" "Yes, indeed, madame, if the mark were not a deceiving one." "By Saint Jean, you have spoken like a brave fellow. Now, I should like to know if you will distinguish marks of love that are trustworthy from those that are suspicious." The young man's eyes were at once opened, and his heart burned with love, which he expressed in tender songs. A few of them have come down to us.

Soon there was whispering, and tongues were busy. Raimond, who loved his wife and trusted Guillaume, tested him by asking whether the woman whose praises he sang really existed. Guillaume, hard put to it, finally declared that he loved Agnes, the sister of Madame Marguerite. Now Agnes was the wife of Robert of Tarascon, but Raimond promised to help the page in his suit. He questioned Agnes, who knowing of her sister's passion and purity, admitted that she herself was amorous. Raimond was once more at ease. He even told Marguerite of the page's love for her sister, whereupon Marguerite, sure that her lover was unfaithful and her sister had been debauched, reproached Guillaume. When she was reassured, she compelled the young troubadour, through her vanity, to declare in a song that he loved her and only her. This song was addressed to Raimond, for it was then the custom with many troubadours to address to a husband the verses in honor of his wife. But the song revived the jealousy of Raimond. He lured Guillaume outside the castle, slew him, cut off his head and plucked out his heart. Then he ordered his cook to serve this heart as venison at table. The heart was served; Marguerite ate.

"Do you know what you have eaten?" said Raimond to her.

"No; but I found it excellent."

"I believe it, for it was what you have most loved. It is right that you should like dead that which you have so loved when alive."

And showing to her the head of Guillaume, he said: "See the one whose heart you have eaten."

Hearing these frightful words, she fainted. When she came to she cried out: "Yes, barbarous man, I have found this meat so delicious that I shall never eat other meat, that I may not lose the taste of this."

Wild with rage, Raimond drew his sword. She jumped from a balcony and died from the fall; but Nostradamus says that she slew herself with a knife. The relatives of Marguerite and Guillaume, with all the knights and lovers of the country, leagued themselves against the cruel Raimond. Alfonso, King of Aragon, informed of the tragedy, arrested Raimond, and demolished his castle, gave the murdered couple a pompous funeral. The two were buried in one tomb before a church of Perpignan, and their story was carved in the stone. And the knights of Roussillon, Cerdagne and Narbonne celebrated yearly a solemn service in memory of the two, while the lovers, men and women of the region, prayed for the repose of their souls.

This is the old legend.

The story is told by Boccaccio (Fourth Day, Novel Nine) in practically the same manner, but the husband is Gulielmo Rossiglione, the lover Guilelmo Guardastagno, and the two were noble knights, each with his castle and vassals. There is no mention of Cabestaing being a troubadour, nor was this Cabestaing a man of injudicious song In Boccaccio's version the "very gallant beautiful lady grew not so forgetful of her honor and estimation, as the other did of faith to his friend." She had no sister.

Let us quote a passage from the English translation of 1620, the anonymous

edition "translated inaccurately, but very splendidly," apparently from the French version of Antoine Le Macon.

"Rossiglione leaving his Lady, went into the Kitchen, where calling for the Cooke, he delivered him the heart, saying. Take this heart of a wilde Boare, which it was my good happe to kill this day, and dresse it in the dainticst manner thou canst devise to do; which being so done, when I am set at the Table, send it to me in a silver dish, with sauce beseeming so dainty a morsell. The Cooke tooke the heart, beleeving it to be no otherwise. Then as his Lord had saide: and using his utmost skill in dressing it, did divide it into artificiall small slices, and made it most pleasing to be tasted. When supper time was come, Rossiglione sate downe at the table with his Lady: but he had little or no appetite at all to eate the wicked deed which he had done so perplexed his soule, and made him to sit very strangely musing. At length, the Cooke brought in the dainty dish, which he himselfe setting before his wife, began to finde fault with his owne lack of stomacke, yet provoked her with many faire speeches to tast the Cooke's cunning in so rare a dish."

The husband in Boccaccio's tale grew fearful of the friends and followers of the lover, and also the whole country of Provence. "He made such provision as best he could, and as so sodaine a warning would give leave, he fled away secretly in the night season."

In Mr. Lindsey's play, Raimon is the Count of Roussillon; the lover is Guillem, Lord of Cabestaing, the wife is Seremonda and her sister is Guida. Other characters are a Spanish troubadour, Bergnedan; a Provencal troubadour, Vidal, a priest; Ermengarda, Raimon's grand aunt, Clara, the maid of the inn, and less important men and women. Guilhem and Seremonda are the names in one of the old versions of the legend.

Raimon has been reported as dead, slain in Palestine, fighting for the cross. He returns, and at last tests Guilhem as in the legend. The heart of the dead lover is brought in, but Sermonda does not eat, for Raimon tells her the nature of the dish. Seremonda throws herself out of the window. Raimon stabs himself.

Each act has two scenes. Act 1, village of Roussillon; great hall of castle. Act 2, the forest; the garden. Act 3, a tiring room, great hall of castle. Act 4, village of Roussillon; great hall of castle.

In the first act Clara, the maid of the inn, tells two troubadours drinking wine that Raimon is dead. He loved Seremonda, whose father had given her to another. On her wedding day Raimon rushed into the church, slew the bridegroom, bore the bride back to Roussillon and wedded her by force. There was blood on the altar steps; the priest was hurt. The curse of Rome was put on Raimon. He went to the Holy Land for penance, and it was reported that he was slain in the battle of Tiberias. There is talk of Seremonda, who favors Guilhem—"His voice is honey and his face a dream." Lo, Raimon returns. Visiting the priest, he tells him that he has washed away his sin in the Jordan. A rough, brutal customer, very unlike the knight in Boccaccio's tale, he boasts of the thickness of his skull that had saved him in battle. It is he that explains the redness of Roussillon's wine.

Long years ago a Count of Roussillon
Buried his enemy within a field,
And o'er his body planted a young vine.
This flourished like the gourd of Araby,
And bore great clusters of a ruddy grape,
Which, crushed with the vat, became a wine
So rich, its like was not in languedoc.
The simple peasants say there lingers still
A drop of angry blood in every cup.
I know not whether it be true or false,
But we of Roussillon are violent,
And many lusty sinners lie at rest
Upon their hard beds in the little church
With covers of stone upon their breasts.
There is a drop of blood in every cup.

In the scenes that follow the main incidents in the legend are preserved.

This legend moved Jean Aicard to write a play in four acts and in verse, "La Legende du Coeur," which was produced at the old theatre at Orange in the summer of 1903. On Sept. 28 of that year it was produced at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris. Krauss took the part of Raymond; Blanche Dufrene that of Alice de Castilnau, for the heroine has different names in the versions; and the part of Cabestaing, the lover-troubadour, was played by Miss Moreno. Raymond, brutal and jealous, sets his old nurse Leonarde watching over Alice. This Leonarde hated the whole race of lords, for, when young and charming, she had been seduced by one and abandoned; but she concealed her maternity and strangled the baby. At a tourney of troubadours, Cabestaing has triumphed by a song, which may thus be loosely translated:

"Hearken to my song, ladies and maidens. If you eat my heart, it will bring its way to you; I have put in my songs my purest heart, and to nourish it, I nourish my songs with you. If the knights going against the infidel will eat my heart, they will return victorious. My heart if eaten stiffens servile hearts with pride. The eater of my heart will be a taker of cities, conquer heaven, and conquer hearts. In these songs of mine, my heart beats strong and strangely. The greatest coward will be a hero if he eats it. All ye that hear me, eat of my heart!"

Reciting this, Miss Moreno—did she not marry the late Marcel Schwob?—was so eloquent that there were nightly interruptions in the course of the play. It was she that brought success to the author for 28 performances that year.

But this song of the heart put a diabolical idea into the heart of old Leonarde. Husband and lover fight. The lover, victorious, spares Raymond, and consents to undergo any punishment that his lord may inflict, provided Alice is left in peace. He kisses the hand of his lady love, then goes to the chase where he will be torn in pieces by dogs. Then comes the business of the heart. The master of hounds, mad with remorse, describes to Alice the death of her lover. The old hag assures her that she has eaten his heart. Alice stabs herself.

Miss Moreno was described as the realization of a troubadour's ideal, a true figure of a missal, charming, simple, elegant, distinguisneó; an actress with deep, warm, penetrating tones, cunning in rhythm, faultless in diction.

In "La Legende du Coeur," the heart was eaten off stage.

The story of Provence may have been a variant of the story of the Chatelain de Coucy and the Lady of Fayel, a story of the 12th century, probably of Breton origin, but without any historical basis. It is told in the 13th century romance of Jakernon Sakesep. The story of a lover's heart eaten by the loved one is told of the minnesinger Reimar von Brennenberg of the 13th century. Mme. d'Aulney in her "Memoires de la Cour d'Espagne" tells of a Marquise d'Astorga in the 17th century, who killed the mistress of her husband and served her heart as a ragout for him at table. The wife then entered a convent and died mad. The husband recovered his spirits and was as gay as lord high steward to the Queen as Spanish formality would allow.

In the story of de Coucy, the lover, dying in a Crusade, sends on his heart as a tender souvenir to the Lady of Fayel. The messenger, questioned, acquaints the husband, long jealous, and the heart is put on the table and eaten. But there are variants of this story. Any one that wishes to study the origin and the development of these legends should read the learned article by Gaston Paris, published in the "Historie Litteraire de la France," vol. 28, pp. 352-390.

In the 18th century a Madame de Marron wrote a "tragedie de societe," in verse, entitled "La Comtesse du Fayel." The heroine did not eat the heart; she drank it, "liquified by some process of culinary chemistry unknown to our master cooks." To quote from the play: "May this heart which heaven has struck with its bolt be at this instant destroyed and turned into powder, that the infernal brew, composed with care, may strike the sense and cheat the abused eye."

A tragedy in five acts "Gabrielle de Vergy" by Belloy, was produced in Paris on July 12, 1777. Why the woman loved by Coucy was named by some Gabrielle de Vergy has excited discussion and dispute. Belloy's husband could not endure the cold submissiveness of Gabrielle, who had loved Coucy before her marriage. Hearing that Coucy had been slain in Palestine he joyfully tells her the news. This news is false. Coucy returns, not to tempt Gabrielle, but to bid an eternal adieu. Fayel tries to assassinate him. He throws his wife into a dungeon and kills Coucy in a duel, though he himself is gravely wounded. He tells his wife Coucy was the conqueror; then he tells her the truth and that she, too, must die. He goes out leaving a letter and a vase on the table. She opens the vase and seeing her lover's heart grows dilirious and dies. Fayel, learning the innocence of his wife and Coucy, is mad with remorse. He tears the bandage from his wound, runs his sword through him, and dies holding the hand of Gabrielle and commanding that the three bodies be buried in one tomb. It appears from contemporaries of the dramatist that the play was stuffed with patriotic sentiments foreign to the subject. "The frightful idea of the heart," said Babault, "is constantly repeated in the course of the tragedy, and this disgusting image is presented in the fifth act without any discretion. The vase may be firmly closed, but to the spectators it will always be diaphanous; especially when persons on the stage keep covering and uncovering it, and looking into it for half an hour."

This play was published in 1770. Grimm wrote a savage review of it, beginning: "M. de Belloi, a citizen of Calais, a master maker of tragedies following the court, is guilty before God of the tragedy 'Siege de Calais,' and towards the nation for the humiliating and fleeting frenzy that this drama excited. It is true that M. de Belloi, having written his tragedy in the poverty of his mind and the simplicity of his heart, is indisputably innocent, but following the logic of the Old Testament, in force among the people of God, every man who, either through his fault or with fault lets a nation fall into a great error, should be anathema before the Lord." Grimm tells us that when Belloy's "Gabrielle de Vergy" was played, and the vase was shown, the theatre resounded with applause and hooting, cries of admiration and of horror. "Many women fainted, some fell into convulsions; however, at the second and third performances there were larger audiences and even more women than at the first.

"All the newspapers seemed to conspire against the success of the play, and never did a spectacle draw a greater crowd, although this season the most interesting noveltics were less attended than in former years." Then Grimm went into a long argument as to whether the subject on the stage was really revolting. He concluded by finding in the play: "the imprint of a truly tragic genius, a simple and sublime conception, great difficulties surmounted with much address, very interesting studies of character, most effective situations, and a very few lines that Racine would not have disavowed." Mme. Vestris, who played Gabrielle, with a voice that unfortunately was not flexible, shone in the last act. "Her looks when she uncovered the vase, the sobs that escaped her, the image of death stamped on her face—all this pantomime is of a heartrending truthfulness, alone sufficient to give the highest idea of the sensitiveness of her soul and the superiority of her talent."

Now Baculard d'Arnaud wrote a tragedy in five acts, "Fayel," produced at the Francaise in 1771. He represented Gabrielle, sure that her meat would be poisoned, welcoming the heart served to her at table, thinking the poison would end her woes. The tragedy was published in 1770 with a preface and notes. The Grimm who some years later found Belloy a man of talent wrote in 1770: "The same subject is treated by two great men equally poor in talent, equally impotent. This poor devil of a d'Arnaud believes that the frenzy of passion is the same as that resulting from a derangement of the organs. . . . The subject of Gabrielle de Vergy is not one for tragedy. The Duke de la Valliere has made a novel out of it, and that is the true frame for it. Mlle. de Lussan has told the story in her 'Anecdotes de la Cour de Philippe Auguste' which is a romance. . . . You may say that the story of Oedipus, Pelops, Atreus, Thyestes and other heroes of Greek tragedy is also only a horrible tale, which however makes a great effect on the stage. Yes, but these tales were consecrated by religion; they were the catechism of the time; with these stories one inspired children with religious terror, accustomed them from infancy to the redontable dogma of fatality."

This Mme. Vestris was Rozette Gourgaud of Marseilles, who married Angiolo Vestris. At Wurtemberg she had been protected, unmarried, by the Duke Charles Eugene; in Paris by the Duke de Duras. She studied with Mlle. Clairon and Le Kain. Many curious stories are told about her, her grand airs and her gallant life. She lagged superfluous on the stage, but was well to do and did not mind ridicule. She died in 1804.

There have been operas based on the story: "Gabriella di Vergi," by Carafa (Naples, 1816), an opera that Stendhal said was written in servile imitation of Rossini; "Gabriella di Vergi," by Ducasi (Madrid, 1839); "Gabriella di Vergi," by Mercadante (Milan about 1840). I do not know whether "Fayel," music by Coccia (Florence, 1819), and "Fayel," by Caronna (Rome, 1882), are connected with the legend.

As far back as Aug. 30, 1777, a burlesque, "Gabrielle de Passy," in one act and in prose with songs, was produced in Paris. It contained a criticism on Belloy's tragedy. The refrain of the last song ran:

Ah! il n'est pas de fete,
Si LE COEUR n'en est pas.

The piece, by Ussieux and Imbert, was originally in two acts. "The first had a great success; the second was found too long, and the denouement more gloomy and disgusting than that which was parodied. Some of these faults were remedied by reducing the piece to one act.

"Gabrielle de Vergy," an operette-bouffe, music by Demarquette, was produced at the Folies-Marigny, Paris, Nov. 11, 1871. This, too, was a parody of the legend.

"Sire de Vergy," opera bouffe in three acts, by Caillavet and Robert de Flers, music by Claude Terrasse, brought out at the Varietes, Paris, April 16, 1903, had 58 performances that year. The libretto is amusing, the music is delightful in its gaiety. Husband and wife and Coucy live happily together. The husband is the happiest of the three. He has the utmost confidence in his wife; Coucy is his best friend; and the husband is adored by his vassals, who cheer him when ever he gives them the signal with a trumpet. Coucy finally becomes disgusted with his wife, for Vergy is too much in evidence, so he persuades the husband that as a man of war and a good Christian Vergy should go a-crusading. Vergy is persuaded. He tearfully farewells his wife and hands over the key of the "Corset de fidelite" to his dear friend Coucy. Vergy is far away and the lovers should be happy, but Coucy is ill at ease. There is no chance for a public scandal. No danger attends his serenades. The lovers are on the point of quarreling when Vergy returns, bringing with him his captives, the Princess Mitzy, Macach and Coco. Did he capture these infidels in Palestine? O, no. He never went farther than Paris, and there he has been living gaily. This princess with her danse du ventre had played the part of the serpent in the mystery "Adam et Eve." Her captor, Vergy, soon became her bondsman. And the Baron de Milpertuis returns. He had set out with Vergy for the crusades; he actually saw war in Palestine. He returns to read letters in which the conjugal affairs of Vergy are piquantly related. Coucy and Vergy box his ears. The crusader remarks: "You two have struck me; you two must fight one other." In heavy armour they sweat in anticipation of combat. During the watch they talk, they shake hands. But what will the public, the great gallery say to so tame an ending? Coucy agrees to absent himself. Vergy announces that he has slain him. Vergy offers his wife the heart of her lover in the form of a slice of calf's liver. The lover returns; he is pardoned. The Princess Mitzy leans lovingly toward Coucy. Gabrille gives the key of her corselet to Fridolin, the handsome page; and Vergy continues to be the most popular person in the castle and in the region round about.

The lyrics are extremely funny, as the song of the Sire de Coucy and that of the tragic dish. The chief comedians were Anna Tariol, Miss Levalliere, Messrs. Brasseur, Gay, Prince, Dearly and Claudius.

"Seremonda" was produced by Miss Julia Arthur and company at Long Branch, Nov. 11, 1916.

Notes About Concerts, Musicians and New Works

A piano trio in F minor by Catoire was played in London, Jan. 14. The Times found it worth hearing once "for the large number of fragments of musicianly writing it contained, but the lack of any sustained purpose to unite these prevents our putting it in any high class of concerted music. The themes of the first movement are rhythmically monotonous, so that there is really very little to develop."

On Dec. 31 last the 30 years elapsed which kept the copyright of Liszt's compositions for his heirs. Now their copyright is expired. Yet I have seen no reference to this rather important fact. There is a certain fashion to decry Liszt's music in these days, but all the same I doubt if any other composer since his day has influenced the art of pianists to anything like the extent Liszt influenced it. Moreover, it is futile to say that there is nothing of good in any single one of the 400 original compositions or in the 900 or so transcriptions which Liszt produced. Many of the pianoforte works and songs are of extraordinary beauty, and if only for his unbounded generosity to his fellow-men and musicians the name of Liszt deserves a place of honor in our memory. —London Daily Telegraph.

Eugene Goossens' Rhapsody (op. 12) for violoncello and piano was produced in London Jan. 6. The Daily Telegraph: "A very beautiful thing indeed is this. It will be regarded as 'French' by many English, and 'English' by many French, but we prefer to regard it as just Eugene Goossens, Jun., and it is very good music indeed at that. . . . The music proceeds from loveliness to loveliness. While the middle section, whereby we mean, in reality, about the last two-thirds of the work, is of quite extraordinary beauty." How little we know in Boston about the music of the younger English school!

The Pall Mall Gazette, reviewing a new edition of Merimee's "Carmen" with pictures by Rene Bull (London: Hutchinson) said: "Those who only know the 'Carmen' of the opera stage will have difficulty in believing that the incomparably finer prose work by Merimee, upon which it is based, is really the same story. Bizet had to work within the four corners of a difficult art in adapting Merimee's story. 'Situations' are the essentials of the stage, and there is no means of reproducing the psychological truths that enable this work to take such high rank as literature. 'The Carmen of the stage,' writes the translator, 'beautiful, fascinating, audacious, is "au fond," but the merest trollop. Of different stamp is the wild creature who cries, out of her indomitable soul, "Carmen sera toujours libre. Calli elle est nee; Calli elle mourra!"' Moreover, the translator brings a charge of misrepresentation against the opera:

"'In the story Carmen's love is dead—not merely transferred, and the quarrel with Don Jose is merely the fulfilment of her own premonitions. A fatalist, she knows her hour has come, and knowledge banishes fear. But in the opera she arrives upon a new lover's arm, she is on keenest pleasure bent, and the encounter with Don Jose is both unexpected and unwelcome.'

"However, the fact that the librettists throughout the opera 'fail to endow the character of Carmen with that strange nobility which Merimee's art so subtly ascribes to her' makes this ending upon a false note the less to be regretted."

Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, an English pianist, who once played here, put on her program last month in London Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, as the

[illegible] [illegible] sounded no [illegible]

A [illegible] T [illegible] played [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Jan. 17, is described [illegible] work [illegible] extraordinary [illegible] to have [illegible] mental [illegible] A [illegible] The Daily [illegible] found [illegible] orchestra [illegible] The Times [illegible] Its [illegible] of Clubs [illegible] deal [illegible] and this [illegible] some [illegible] clowning. [illegible] part is also

[illegible] by triangle and [illegible]

[illegible] "Catalonia" [illegible] orchestra [illegible] on Jan. 1[illegible], is described [illegible] good of [illegible]. The main theme is worked pretty hard, but it holds together in [illegible] of motley genre painting. "The whole thing," says the Times, "is full of bustling life and a devil-may-care spirit which would carry off more flimsiness of construction than it actually contains." Apropos of the performance the Times found the orchestral [illegible] poor. "One would like to point out that the hand does much more when it travels through three inches at the end of a wrist than when it travels through three feet at the end of an arm." Will Sir Henry Wood, the conductor, ponder the critic's remark?

Jongen's new quartet in A major, op. [illegible], was played in London on Jan. 14. The second and last movements make a more immediate appeal than the first. "The second has a perfectly wonderful moment when, after an excursive solo on the instruments in turn, they collect us for a climax, but keep pushing it off [illegible] evasion. This is typical of M. Jongen's style, the texture is even throughout, because he always has something bigger in view than his climax of the moment. The part writing is full and contrapuntal in no scholastic sense."

[illegible] hath charms even in a cinema, but there are occasions when the selections chosen seem to lack the saving grace of appropriateness. It was a [illegible] of the most lurid and melodramatic type. Foot after foot of flickering film, with blood and thunder in every inch of it, was reeled off before a spellbound audience. At length the inevitable climax arrived, and the spectators, with shuddering but pleasurable interest, settled down to watch the villain dispatch his wife with all the pomp [illegible] of a film murder. And as he warmed to his task the lady [illegible] her fingers on the keyboard but her thoughts elsewhere, gently drifted into the languorous strains of "The End of a Perfect Day."—London Daily Chronicle.

Mention was made lately of an uproar [illegible] Rome caused by the inclusion of some Wagner excerpts in a concert program. Since [illegible] appears, a decree has gone forth in Italy prohibiting the performance during the continuance of the war of any music made in Germany or Austria. Old and new, it is all to be banned, [illegible] many works (one thinks of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony and Strauss's "Aus Italien") inspired under the genial influence of southern skies. It [illegible] that our brave allies are no [illegible] half measures.—London [illegible] Telegraph.

[illegible] Harford Lloyd, whose name is [illegible] to American organists and [illegible] has been appointed by [illegible] to be organist, choirmaster [illegible] at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, in the room of Walter [illegible] who has resigned.

The London Times was glad to find [illegible] beating time in a [illegible] "The Messiah" [illegible] with the [illegible] easy to leave [illegible] was also [illegible] himself on several [illegible] awestruck pause in [illegible] of 'O Thou That Tellest' [illegible] trumpets reserved [illegible] place where he first wrote [illegible] and so on.

The Pall Mall Gazette, hearing [illegible] "Romeo and Juliet," had [illegible] feelings. "The [illegible] is not only [illegible] in itself, it is essentially good in the theatrical [illegible] in its effect the opera [illegible] Shakespeare's tragedy into the narrative of a anecdote. It is a well-told tale, but the by-play suggests a precedent for the conversion of 'Arms and the Man' into 'The Chocolate Soldier.'"

That [illegible] who are earning [illegible] wages [illegible] a grand piano or even two [illegible] evidence that a love of music is one of the first pleasures indulged in when a man begins to have more money than he wants for necessities. I could tell you of a workingman in a Midland town who, being of a musical and mechanical bent, has built himself a small organ in his living room. The instrument possesses a reed stop and several pedal notes, and is a marvelous piece of ingenuity. As the family [illegible] a large one and the room about [illegible] it can be imagined what inconvenience the family is willing to undergo in order to indulge its love of music. The organ fills about one-third of their only living room.—London Daily Chronicle.

I hear from a friend in Milan that the spacious Teatro Lirico of that city was packed on the opening night to see the films of the Battle of the Somme. The general commanding the district was present and the audience consisted largely of officers eager to see the great British attack, and to compare the work of our troops in France with their own on [illegible] extended and difficult front. How the British residents who were present envied the French their "Marseillaise"! During the intervals at the Lirico the French national anthem was repeatedly played by the military band, and roused the greatest enthusiasm. There were repeated cries for "Rule, Britannia," or "The British Grenadiers," or some of our stirring marches and songs, but the conductor could only give us the national anthem. As a result Commander Zaverthal was approached, and he promised that when the new set of English war films comes along, he will give us some stirring selections.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Tree's Book Reviewed in London

The example of such names as Garrick, Macready, Bancroft and Irving (to select but a few from many) reminds us that good actors have over and over again proved themselves to be thoroughly good writers as well. And now Sir Herbert Tree rejoins the company with all the easy nonchalance of the skilled amateur. Conscious of a less accustomed medium, he carries off the [illegible] with [illegible] "For [illegible]," he says, "[illegible] [illegible] human [illegible] to that which he hath not)": and then he proceeds to show how admirably well a good amateur may acquit himself in a congenial art. Nor does the unprofessional aspect of his work stop short at its stimulating freshness. He adds generosity to skill, and promises to devote all the proceeds of this witty and spirited volume to the actors' emergency war fund, which was established to augment the incomes of the wives and families of actors now at the front and to help those wounded heroes of the stage who have been disabled in the great war. Sir Herbert's effort, therefore, would command sympathy on its own account even if it were far less entertaining and companionable than it immediately proves itself to be.

But Sir Herbert Tree as an author needs no prologue of apology, for he holds his audience amused and captivated from the very outset. He calls his book "a variety show of life," and indeed variety is the spice of its entertainment. He rings the changes upon the resources of authorship. Opening with a realistic tragi-comedy, it digresses to burlesque, melodrama, to fantasy, to allegory and to critical essay. Here are varieties, and to spare; and, even if it has to be admitted that humor rather than pathos is the strong suit in Sir Herbert's hand, there is still enough character left in his serious fiction to engage the sentiment of a large and warm-hearted public. The first novelette in the volume, "Nothing Matters," is frankly constructed upon melodramatic lines. It tells the story of two devoted friends, of whom one, the younger, stole the love of his mistress in advance, without knowing they were engaged, and was confronted at the wedding of his devoted comrade by the bride whose favors he had already secretly enjoyed. The situation ends in multiple tragedy, involving the happiness of an entire generation. "Nothing Matters" reflects the author half cynically. "The pity of everything matters." And forthwith, he turns upon his heel to display his versatility in a laughing burlesque, with a touch of the Wilde manner, and a rollicking suggestion of complete absurdity. For Howard Romaine, the unsuccessful actor, is pictured as having wearied of life, and chosen suicide rather than the continuance of a tedious career. So he wrote his own obituary and posted it to the Paddington Pioneer, and then took poison, and laid him down to die. Unfortunately the poison was not strong enough for its purpose, and the deceased Romaine woke up in his still open coffin, and made his escape with results that explode into the cheerfullest laughter. "He had thought notoriety was everything. He was wrong. It is only 25 per cent."

From burlesque we pass to fantasy with "The Stout Gentleman," which reconstructs with the liveliest imagination the apocryphal legend of one of Velasquez's best known portraits, while allegory is vividly illustrated in the grim playlet called "The Ultimatum," which reflects upon the possibility to the fate of Europe had a certain notorious emperor been removed from the world in the first week of August, 1914. Finally, the volume closes with the witty but not less searching address, "Humor in Tragedy," delivered by Sir Herbert as president of the Birmingham Midland Institute a little more than a year ago. No one knows better the value of engaging an audience at the outset by putting them in a good temper; and this brilliant address, which closes in an atmosphere of keen literary criticism, opens with the liveliest display of verbal pyrotechnics. "We are living," he says, "in an age when on the vacant throne of Right sits Folly smiling at Chaos. But for Humor we should go mad. Sanity is Humor." And, thereupon, he proceeds to turn his subject inside out with the rarest ingenuity. His pages sparkle with clever phrases. "Wit has its birth in the head of intelligence, humor in the heart of intelligence." "Humor assuages pain, though I am bound to say I have found it inefficacious in toothache or in seasickness. Our humor is apt to stop short at ourselves; that is the tragedy of life." "In literature the quality of humor is of transcendent value; by its light should one always correct one's proof sheets." The book is full of such ingenious verbal felicities.

Indeed, it is no disparagement to Sir Herbert's skill as a narrator to say that the neatness of his epigrams is the outstanding feature of his style. Open his book at random and you will fall upon one such witticism at least on every page. "It is difficult to be wholly popular until one is quite dead." "Love by torture is to woman almost a sensual indulgence." "In the strife of London life we lose a friend, say 'Poor fellow!' and call for the waiter to complain that our chop is underdone. The life of a great metropolis has all the heartlessness of a battlefield. Friendship requires for its growth the solitude of the wilderness. Freemasonry, no doubt, had its origin in the desert." "Whatever we want in this world we get, whether it be title, wealth or quiet and content; but we have to sacrifice everything else for it." "Humor, like love, cannot be bought. I believe that it is unofficially and secretly possessed by both political parties."

A little cynical, always quiet and insidious, never void of pungency, yet never bitter or unkind, the native wit of Sir Herbert Tree's temperament savors all his utterances and invests them with the mellow taste of a good sound vintage, which improves in quality the more thoughtfully it is tested on the palate. Nothing better of its kind is likely to cheer the heart of man in these dark days of anxiety and depression.—London Daily Telegraph, Jan. 12.

Feb 12 1917

Patriotism and Pronunciation.

As the World Wags:

What think you of the sentiments of 50 years ago? Viz.:

All hail to the American Eagle!
To the proud bird of freedom, all hail!
The bird whom no man could inveigle,
Nor put salt on his beautiful tail.

Not until today have I had occasion to recall the lines since Mr. Scragg first taught them to me in the little old brick school house at the cross ways; but now comes my grandson and wants to know if I really can believe the Germans are trying to inveigle us into the war.

I ask you! SIDNEY CHESTER.
L Street Baths.

Pepper and Salt.

As the World Wags:

Is the notice, so often seen in Greater Boston: "Police take notice," a declaration or a statement, and how should it be punctuated? F. A. L.

Is it not the expression of a demand: "Police Take notice"? But perhaps we are addicted to commas.—Ed.

Two New Words.

Englishmen reproach Americans for introducing strange words into the language. What is to be said of two words that have recently made their appearance in England?

A sentence in the bill issued by the Railway Executive committee runs as follows: "The passenger train service will be considerably curtailed and decelerated." Does any one know the use of "decelerate" in this country?

The other word is "disislanded." Aerial navigation has "disislanded" the British. Now the verb "island" is in good repute, and one of its meanings is to isolate. Is "disislanded" therefore "correct"?

Noble "Breeziness."

We all like to read about the nobility in England and the untitled aristocracy in New England. Lord Headley, 62 years old, was brought before the Cadi in London for being drunk and disorderly. It was on the Waterloo platform that Lord Headley was shouting and singing at 7 P. M. Cautioned, he replied sternly: "Look here, I am a very powerful man. I am Lord Headley." When he was removed to the street he resumed his song and incidentally threw his arms around a woman, who, not appreciating an aristocratic embrace, screamed and ran away. He began to curse and swear when told he must behave, but at the police station he admitted his condition, for he proudly said: "I know I am drunk, you damn fool."

The arresting policeman, asked if there were many alcoholic vocal noblemen at the Waterloo station, replied: "Every day." "What! Peers of the realm?" "Oh, no."

Lord Headley, when his appeal was heard, explained his behavior: "I was excessively sleepy, and the trouble with me is that I have had a great deal of difficult engineering work to attend to. As I have a lot of children who make a lot of noise I have to work at night, sometimes until 4 A. M." This sometimes caused him to go to sleep in railway carriages, and on this particular night he must have dozed off on a bench at Waterloo Station. Anything that happened to him must have been due to the lack of rest and brain fag.

"I swear on my honor as an Englishman and as a peer of this realm that I had no more than a couple of glasses of stout on that day, and it is perfectly impossible that I could have been drunk."

But his chief defence was that he was a "breezy person and a good singer. I am really." If he sang or danced on the platform, it was when he was asleep or half asleep. Questioned about his throwing his arms about a woman, he answered: "No, and I do not believe I did it. If I had, she would not have screamed. If she had screamed, she would have been the first woman who ever did." Did he put his hand on a constable's chest? "I shouldn't mind doing it. I would put my arms around his neck. I might pat him on the back or pull his nose. There's no harm in that, you know. You see, I am rather a breezy person." The appeal was not granted.

War Note.

The drapers in London are nervously trying to find a new name for Berlin wool. Have "German silver" and "Prussian blue" been thrown overboard? Has the title of the old story, "The Prussian Vase," been changed? And how about "Prussian alkali," "Berlin gloves," "Berlin black," "Berlin iron," "Berlin work" and "German measles"?

HELEN STANLEY,

SYMPHONY HALL—Helen Stanley, soprano, and Harold Bauer, pianist, in joint concert. Program:

Should He Upbraid.................Bishop
Le Rosier ....Rousseau
Gia il sole dal Gange............Scarlatti
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair..Haydn
Andenken ....Beethoven
Fruhlingslied ....Mendelssohn
Miss Stanley
Sonata Appassionata..........Beethoven
Allegro molto—Aria con variazione—Finale presto.
Mr. Bauer.
Aria of Donna Elvira from "Don Giovanni" ....Mozart
Miss Stanley.
Impromptu in A-flat............Schubert
Air de Ballet from "Alceste"..Gluck-Saint-Saens
Ballade in A-flat...................Chopin
Mr. Bauer.
Cycle: Frauenliebe and Leben...Schumann
(Woman's Love and Life)
His Image, The Wedding Ring, He the Best, The Noblest, Tears of Happiness, Supreme Happiness, Mother Love, Thou Ring upon My Finger, Forsaken.
Miss Stanley and Mr. Bauer.

Miss Stanley made her debut on the Boston concert stage yesterday and was given an ovation by an audience of 800 persons. The audience was friendly from the start. Seldom has there been a more enthusiastic one in the hall.

It was the second time that Miss Stanley has sung in public in this city. In 1914 she sang one of the roles in "The Jewels of the Madonna" with the old Boston opera company at the Opera House. Formerly she was a choir singer in New York city. She is a protege of Mrs. Philip Armour of Chicago. Miss Stanley's voice is clear and sweet. She appeared to good advantage yesterday, but the audience began to tire toward the end. The people would have been just as well satisfied if the program ended with Mr. Bauer's encore number. When an audience is tired it is wise to let it depart. No matter how good the following numbers, they are not sufficiently appreciated.

Miss Stanley has a pleasing personality. Her infectious smile is also an asset. She won the hearts of the audience at the outset with her singing of the first two numbers. Both were sung exceptionally well. The audience demanded the repetition of Rousseau's "Le Rosier." At the conclusion of the aria of Donna Elvira from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the applause continued for a full five minutes. She was forced to return to the footlights time and time again to bow her thanks. Judging from yesterday's reception, she should not remain a stranger to Boston. Her success here is assured.

Mr. Bauer was at his best, which means that lovers of the pianoforte had their fill of fine music. His rendition of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata was a treat. The runs in Schubert's Impromptu in A-flat and an encore were exceptionally well executed.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Miss Helen Stanley, soprano, and Harold Bauer, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 11 A. M. "Die Walkuere," interpreted by Miss Frances Nevin. Miss Marion Tufts, pianist.
Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by the Society of Ancient Instruments. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Charles Cooper. Beethoven, Sonata op. 31, No. 3; Schumann, Des Abends, Aufschwung; Brahms, Intermezzo, op. 117, No. 2, Ballade, op. 118, No. 3; Chopin, Sonata

in B flat minor; Debussy, Reflets dans l'eau; Chopin-Liszt, Chant Polonais; Chopin, Etude op. 25, No. 5; Moszkowski, Caprice Espagnol.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Cecilia Society, Chalmers Clifton, conductor. Palestrina, Adoramus te; Vittoria, O Magnum Mysterium; Tschaikowsky, Light Celestial, Cherubim song; Grainger, Brigg Fair; Gretcheninoff, Sun and Moon, Planting Flax; Bantock, Seal-woman's Croon, On Himalay; Taneleff, Sunrise. Mme. Povla Frisch will sing two groups of songs.

THURSDAY—Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert in the Tremont Temple Course. Alice Nielsen's selections: Ronald, Down in the Forest; Molloy, The Kerry Dance; Kreisler, The Old Refrain; Beach, The Year's at the Spring; Cadman, Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute; Converse, Above the Branch of the Olive Tree, from "The Sacrifice"; Ganz, The Angels Are Stooping; Parker, The Lark Now Leaves; Foster, Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground; Brewer, Fairy Pipers; Foster, Old Black Joe; Woodman, An Open Secret; Arditi, "Il Bacio"; and with Cara Sapin, contralto, a duet from "Madama Butterfly." Mme. Sapin will sing these songs: Gluck, I Have Lost My Eurydice, from "Orpheus"; Spross, The Awakening; Cook, Wid de Moon; Niedlinger, On the Shore. Ralph Smalley, 'cellist, will play these pieces: Grieg, Sailor Song; Cadman, From the Land of the Sky Blue Water; Casella, Chanson Neapolitaine; G. Faure, Lamento; Hollmann, Tarentelle. John A. O'Shea, organist, will play an overture based on American patriotic melodies.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Wright Symons, baritone. Lully, Bois epais; Sarti, Lungi del caro bene; Lotti, Pur dicesti; Caldara, Salve Amiche; Carissimi, Vittoria; Verdi, Credo, from "Otello"; Fontenailles, Fleur dans un livre; Duparc, Extase; G. Faure, Adieu, Lydia; Svampa, Ave Maria; Paladilhe, C'est ici le berceau; Gertrude Ross, The Open Road; Loewe, How Deep the Slumber of the Floods; Easthope Martin, Absence; Hageman, Do Not Go, My Love; Nightingale, Hageman, The Joyous Wanderer.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Winifred Christie. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 10, No. 3; Schubert, Moment Musical; Brahms, Intermezzo; Korngold, Scherzo, from op. 2; Chopin, Sonata, op. 58; Debussy, Les Tierces Alterees; La Terrace des audiences du clair de lune, La Soiree dans Grenade; Rachmaninoff Prelude in G; Moszkowski, Concert Etude in G flat.